

Volume 4, Number 3

March 1981

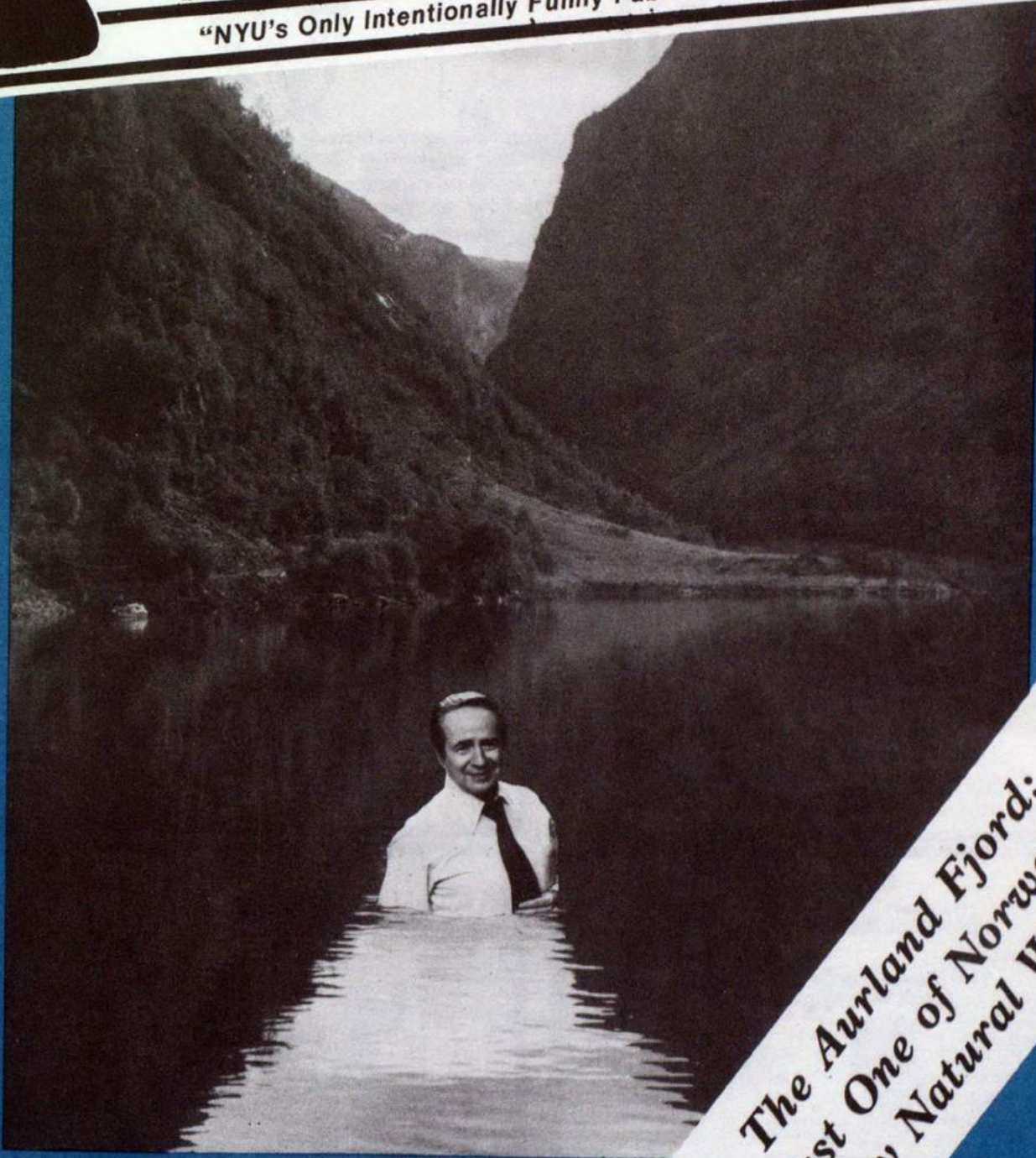
the

PLAGUE

"NYU's Only Intentionally Funny Publication"



NYU
Ram 1



The Aurland Fjord:
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Many Natural Wonders

"I AM NOT AN ANIMAL!
I AM A HUMAN BEING!
I...AM...A MAN!"



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NANCY
is MOMMY

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ALUMNI FUNNIES

PLAGUE



Volume 4, Number 3
March 1981

"Knowledge is power" -Sir Francis Bacon (1619)
-Pete Rose (1981)

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It is said that you don't read this part of the contents page. If so, you will not know that THE PLAGUE is published 5 times a year. You won't know that we'd like you to visit our venerable office-museum in room 504 of the Student Activities Annex, 21 Washington Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. You'll be ignorant of the fact that notes can be left for us to read in either Box 79 or 80 of the aforementioned building. You won't phone us at (212) 475-9701 or 598-4044. And, most importantly, Fred Silverman will not know that we want to see The David Letterman Show on NBC, Saturday nights at 11:30. Thank you Uncle Floyd, Marvin Kitman, and Larry Kenney

HERE I AM, BACK
AT NYU AFTER
31 YEARS!



THE OLD
VARSITY LUNCHEONETTE
IS GONE...



MILK! THEY
HAVE A LIBRARY
NOW!



WHO THE HELL
IS ELMER
BOBST?

AND GIRLS!!



STUDENT
LOUNGES!



XEROX
MACHINES!
DORMS!
PEPSI
MACHINES!

SOMOVABITCH.
WE HAD NOTHING
IN 1949.



BUT IT WAS
ONLY \$9 A POINT!



Lippman 4/81

CONTRIBUTED

BY
PAUL LIPPMAN, NYU SCHOOL OF
COMMERCE, CLASS OF 1949.

a comprehensive study comprising a lengthy diatribe and an extensive extrapolation on the basic metaphysical nothingness of our existence, or

BLOTTO IN BRICKTOWN

by ken follet

"Selma? SELMA?!" the rotund fetid zoroastrian blatted at his occidental housekeeper, Selma. Selma, it seemed, you see, was on occasion completely deaf in one of her pearly, parsnip-shaped ears, and when she stuffed dishrags in her other, as oft she did on hot days like these when there was nowhere else to keep them handy, she would become as unreachable and dense as stew left in the pot too long. On those occasions, poor Master Onondaga would be forced to resort to bopping her pearly, undersized cranium with an antique gavel he'd swiped from an auction on the other side of the railway tracks. So much for tenuous subtlety, he thought resignedly.

BOP! The ornate, inlaid, bejeweled, iron gavel caught pearly Selma right between the ears, and the echo reverberated around the room for a few long moments before she managed to turn her irises in his general direction. As he suspected, a green terrycloth hung half out of her good ear, probably stuffed in deep enough to dislodge a few second molars inside her pearly, waxen mouth. One of her bobbypins had come loose and was dangling down dangerously near her forearm. How could he ever tell her how much he loved her?

"Yes, Master Onondaga?" Selma perklessly replied in a pearly monotone, spitting out a second molar which barely missed entering his bulging watch pocket, soared across the foyer and landed on the ornate ashtray in the trophy room with such an unsettling clatter that old Lord Exvin awoke from his drooling sleep and began to loudly reenact one of his more daring encounters from the days of his less stagnant youth:

"Ca-ROWS?!" Lord Exvin replied to Selma's pearly projectile perturbation. "Ca-rows, you ask?! Of course there were crows, woman, there are *always* crows in situations like these! Phillip, the trooper, was the first to point out that one of the dark-winged dearies might perch on the land mines we had set that morning. Philip, died of strangulation next winter when his Saint Christopher medal shrunk. It seemed an insoluble conondrum. But I had the answer. 'We'll simply have to uproot all this corn and burn it, Lieutenant,' I barked at the snot-mouthed



kid who was running our platoon. With the corn gone, the crows wouldn't bother to land. The logic was inescapable—or so I thought . . ." Exvin stared into the fishbowl filled with cranberry sauce at the end of the room for a moment, and almost slipped back into sleep again before he erupted:

"Fifty-seven troopers rushed into the cornfield to prevent the crows from landing. Not one of them thought about what would happen if *they* stepped on one of the land mines . . ." His grizzled eyebrows pushed themselves together into a shape suggesting one of the major land faults in the Ukraine. "We had veal for supper that night."

By now, the tooth had ceased to clatter in the trophy room ashtray, and the living carpet, Peter, was surely glad of that. He sighed inaudibly. It was so lonely in this spot of floor he covered, only the stuffed cockeye salmon and taxidermied roadrunners kept Peter company in here. How he wished he was back in Mikey's quarters! Mikey was the gardener, and lived a secret life as an electrochistic herbvestite. He would (for kicks) dress himself like a Christmas tree, complete with garlands, ornaments, and (especially) electric lights, then he'd douse himself with water and

thrill to the current running through his festooned body. Peter missed the old perv terribly. Hanging out with stuffed mongeese, bush babies, hermit crabs, and wooly mammoths is just not my cup of tea, Peter thought to himself. How much a sponge can resemble an interdimensional time-space warp if you used your imagination a bit!

"Yes, Master Onondaga?" Selma queried again, this time launching a tooth right into the master's bulging watch pocket. The wheezy boar had been ogling her for the past half-hour, after sharply clouting her pearly noggin as if she was someone he could boss around. What in Chiron's knapsack did he want anyway?

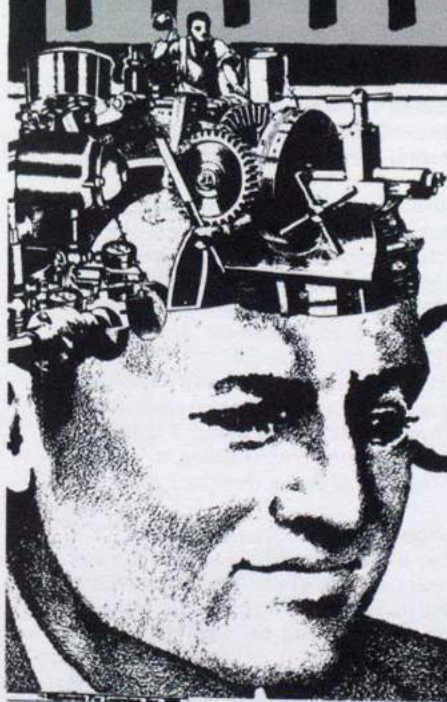
She was reminded of Orchard Lake. Kenneth and she had frolicked so merrily on those sparkling waters (fully clothed, of course). And to think it would all end this way. Kenneth's father, the great Lord Exvin, reduced to a simpering stump recalling that same damnable crow story thrice every hour; Kenneth himself woven into a living dustrag that she kept close by her at all times; and Master Onondaga, this whimpering simp of a blimp, this whim, constantly gazing at her for days

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THE **BIG**

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BOOK of
little knowledge



1,000,000
0,000,000s
of FACTS!!!!

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There is no other purgatory but a woman. —Francis Bacon

Annual Life Quality Index

The Life Quality Index, (LIQUID), is an annual compilation of various statistics, (environmental, social, economic), the sum total of which reflects the overall quality of life in the United States. The statistics are drawn from as many mundane and obscure areas as can be thought of. Early in 1980, the data was tossed together in a Radio Shack portable 109 home computer, producing a jumbled mess. Numbers, either plus or minus, were tacked onto the results. The numbers do not necessarily have any connection with the previously collected data. To extract a single life quality index for 220 million people is, after all, an impossible and insane task. However this is what people buy an Almanac for and so so here is the LIQUID for 1981.

AIR: There is still air. In fact, as far as scientists can tell, there is still the same volume of air as last year. In all probability there is the same amount of air as 10,000 years ago. Since most Americans still adhere to the principle "the bigger the better", there is no cause for alarm. Tests have confirmed that, indeed, the gaseous components of air are shifting wildly. There is much less oxygen. Volumes of Carbon Monoxide, Nitrous Oxides, and Carbon Dioxide are all up. Since populations do tend to accumulate in areas of the country where the latter gases are found in greatest proportion, it can only be deduced that there is a desirable quality to these gases. Air quality therefore has been designated a plus 3 on the LIQUID.

WATER: The northeast has been in the grip of one of the worst water shortages in the area's history. The western seaboard has been plagued by massive flooding. If the precipitation percentages of the two areas are averaged for the past year an almost ideal rainfall for growing wheat is arrived at. Since wheat can be sold to the Russians there is every reason to designate water quality on the LIQUID at a plus 2.

SOIL: Over the past year much alarm has been raised over soil contamination. Industrial pollutants have rendered areas such as the Love Canal in Niagara, N.Y. uninhabitable. Radioactive waste disposal threatens to become a major problem. A bright star, often overlooked, is the continued eruption of Mr. St. Helens. Millions of acres of molten lava have poured forth already. Lava solidifies. Lava is eroded by wind and rain. Eroded lava becomes a principal element in fertile soil. Billions of bushels of wheat can be grown in fertile soil and sold to the Russians. True, the lava from Mt. St. Helens has not yet eroded and replaced the contaminated soil. It will someday though. In essence then lava is like a long term investment. If America needs anything it's long term investments. Soil quality has therefore been given a LIQUID rating of plus 4.

COST OF LIVING: The value of the dollar has continued to diminish. All attempts to contain the economy seem to be futile. Families feel the monetary pinch with each month. All factors in the cost of living are rising at phenomenal rates: housing is up, food is up, utilities are up. Care should be taken in evaluating these factors. Consider the cost of dying. Traditional burials are up 300% from ten years ago. What options do Americans have? A paltry rise of 12% in the cost of living, or a 300% rise to the cost of dying. The choice is obvious and should be welcomed as good news. The cost of living therefore gets a LIQUID rating of plus 0.5.

EDUCATION: Performance levels of tested students this year are atrocious. Compared to a college student of 1925 today's college student is at a ninth grade level. College athletic programs are turning out some of the brightest football and basketball players in the history of sports. Once integrated into professional sports these college grads obtain competent agents, lawyers and enviable contracts. Another plus is the high degree of proficiency these players often display later on in life as sportscasters. The days when millions have to suffer through a whole two hours on the tube with the likes of Howard Cosell are fading fast. Good news from the educational system and a plus 10 on the the LIQUID.

Running the individual LIQUID numbers through the computer the delightful sum of 19½ points is arrived at. 19½ is higher than 15, or 3, or 1 for that matter. If 15, 3 and 1 are added, 19 is obtained. Subtract 19 from 19.5, the LIQUID total, and there is ½ left. One half isn't much, but it is still indicative that the quality of life in the United States has not changed much. Or something like that.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the symptoms and the context in which they are occurring.

The Mass Media In America

Part 1—The Media's Impact on the U.S. Population

The mass media in the United States is very complex, due to the fact that there is so much of it. The most popular forms of mass communication are television, radio, newspapers, magazines, smoke signals, and graffiti, not necessarily in that order. Because of this constant bombardment of stimuli which Americans are subjected to each day, the U.S. population is the most informed in the world. Many scientific studies have been conducted over the years to determine exactly how informed Americans actually are. The results of these studies were compiled into the following list of the most significant findings.

1. More Americans know who shot J.R. than who Walter Mondale is.
2. 90 percent of American schoolchildren think the word "relief" is spelled R-O-L-A-I-D-S.
3. Eighty percent of the subscribers to *Time* and/or *Newsweek* admitted that they never actually read the magazines, rather they display them on a magazine rack in order to impress guests in their home.
4. The reason why Americans prefer TV news programs over the newspapers is because watching TV doesn't make your fingers black like newspapers do.
5. The people who read *U.S. News and World Report* are not the same people who watch "Love Boat".
6. It was originally believed that 95 percent of all American homeowners have a room designated as a library, until it was discovered that they were referring to the bathroom.
7. It has been observed by child psychologists during the past decade that an infant's first utterance is no longer "mommy", rather it is "batteries not included".
8. Eighty-five percent of Americans aren't aware that people on television are actually bigger in person.
9. Ninety percent of American teenagers have had an allergic reaction to AM radio.
10. A majority of Americans believe that reality provides a pleasant diversion from television and movies.

Two conclusions can be drawn from the above finding. One is that the mass media has had an enormous impact on the lives of Americans and the other is that the U.S. population is very weird.

Part 2—The Most Popular Forms of Mass Communications in the United States

1. Yelling—This is the oldest and most popular method of distributing information in the immediate vicinity. The survival of this medium of communication does not depend on advertising revenues, so it is therefore the cheapest. A license from the FCC is not mandatory; the only requirement is an adequate set of lungs.
2. Books—These objects are considered obsolete by many segments of the population. The fact that their use requires literacy is their major drawback. However, this particular drawback can be disregarded when books written by Jacqueline Suzanne are considered.
3. Personal Ads in the Village Voice—The origins of this form of communication can be traced back to the mating behavior of the primitive caveman. According to anthropologists, unmarried cavemen (and cavewomen), regularly sent smoke signals to one another, one puff of smoke indicating one is looking for a heterosexual, two puffs, a homosexual and three puffs, a bisexual. Four puffs indicated that this individual prefers a jogger who is into health foods.
4. Newspapers—Even though the U.S. has an abundant supply of these, some mass media researchers are beginning to doubt their influence as a chief source of information. However, they warn that the newspaper must not be underestimated, since it provides excellent protection in birdcages and when packing delicate china.
5. Rona Barrett—The chief source of information in the U.S. It is estimated that more words have passed from her mouth than from all the printing presses before the 19th century combined.

Ronald Reagan's Six Favorite Movies

- (1) *Patton*
- (2) *Kent State: The Right Thing To Do*
- (3) *The John Birch Society Story*
- (4) *The Green Berets*
- (5) *They Died With Their Boots On* (The story of Custer's Last Stand)
- (6) *Hellcats of the Navy*

Ronnie comments: "The movies I've selected represent good, clean American values—whatever they are. Personally, I feel nothing beats the homespun charm of *Bedtime For Bonzo*."

Law is a bottomless pit.



'It is folly to rake leaves before they have fallen from the tree.'

FOLK MUSIC is music performed by its practitioners for people who want to listen to it. 90 percent of today's folk music was written centuries ago on plasticine slates utilizing cuneiform characters. Each generation tried to hide it from the next, but curiosity always got the best of the children, who found it and once having heard it, determined that they would hide it from their children, obviously with no success.

There are three types of folk music: Dance Songs, Legendary Folk Songs and Folk Songs About Porcelain Objects. The third kind is the only one popular in the Western world.

Folk Songs About Porcelain Objects is the newest form of folk music. It was first played in the 1900's, but the names of the early composers are known only to the wind today, and the wind isn't talking. Folk songs about porcelain objects are poetic in character and speak directly from the singer's soul. A famous example is the lyric from "O Sole Mio" written in Italy:

*Who is worthy of porcelain?/Where can it
Be found/ In a box made of molded clay in a
Norwegian
Valley/ Or through chance encounters in parts
Unknown? I can/ Not tell. I want to go to
Argentina. I/
Want to sing like Alfalfa, The Little Rascal./
But what of Mr. Sidney Fields? Will he slap me/
As he so often did Lou Costello, but not Mike
The Cop./
Power breeds fear./ I ramble incoherently./
Oh! That I might warble as a sparrow/ Oh! My
Self/
Ah, porcelain! Ah, humanity!//*

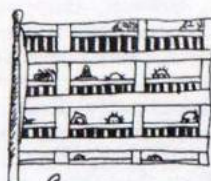
In the U.S., folk songs have dealt exclusively with porcelain objects. Thoroughly American are such classics as "The Cowboy Laments About the Kitchen Sink", "The Foggy Foggy Dew Clings To My Bathtub", and "Poor Wayfaring Stranger Can't Find the Commode." The music division of the Library of Congress has all these titles and more, including all 150,000 songs about porcelain recorded by Arlo Shakespeare, the premier American folk singer. American audiences have also become familiar with such famous folk singers as Burl Ives, Woody Guthrie, Bob Dylan, Crazy Guggenheim, and Chim-Chim the Chimp, all of whom write incredibly moving vignettes focussing on porcelain objects.

Five Reasons Not To Do Movie Sequels

- (1) **Jaws II**: Too much sex and violence.
- (2) **Rocky II**: Not enough sex and violence; also too much of Sylvester Stallone.
- (3) **Superman II** (Released in Europe): Superman gets it on with Lois Lane when he could've done Valerie Perrine in the last picture.
- (4) The last four James Bond movies; **Live and Let Die**, **The Man With the Golden Gun**, **The Spy Who Loved Me** and **Moonraker**: all starring Roger Moore, whose lame impression of Burt Reynolds is saved only but the proliferation of gadgets and nifty-looking women.
- (5) **Airport 1975, 1977, 1979**: Bunch of aging, used-up has-beens pay off their drug and booze habits by making complete fools of themselves in these glossy grade-Z films.

(Compiled by Mister Ed's Book of Bad movies.)

FLAGS of the PLANETS of the UNIVERSE



CONDO



NARWHAL



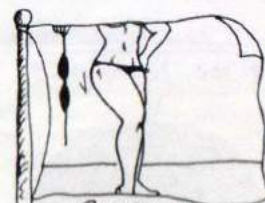
DAFFIDUCK



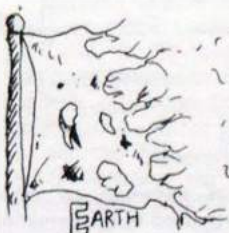
MINISCULE



SPA



CHEESECAKE



EARTH



MUCUS



GEEK-SPITTOONE

SOURCE: KREPOTKIN BOOK OF BLATANT INACCURACIES (1996)

SELECTED PLANETS OF OUR UNIVERSE

CONDO

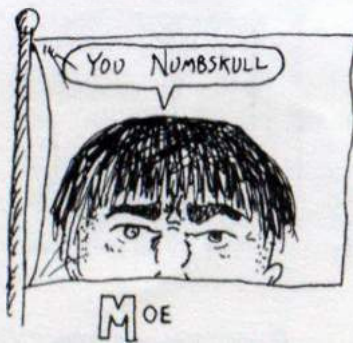
Condo is entirely populated by retired people from the Crab Nebula. They go to this sunny planet to relax. Typography consist of oceans and beaches. The people live in condominiums all over the planet. The government is headed by Red Buttons who does ads for "that Red Buttons place in Deerfield Beach."

The economy is supported by a vast swamp-drainage program, with no goal. There are, however, shopping malls, doctors of every kind, dietetic and regular restaurants and all are drive-in. Movie theaters provide entertainment for visiting children.

Cultural notes: The retirees are a kvetchy crew. Instead of relaxing, they complain about their terrible relatives (who they see virtually every day), and about modern life, low morals and other things that didn't exist when they were "that age."

Language: How was your fliiiiiiight? That's niiiice. how's schooooool? Gee, you look so taaaall. Let me look at you. All grown up now, my my. Just like your mother/father.

Demographics: No-one except the laundrymen, security guards and nurses are under 65. The retirees come from all over the Nebula, particularly Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. All retirees are noted for their overconcern about health or over-hospitalization. The natives consume Geritol by the supertankerload. All engage in one-upmanship about their hard lives, or their serious illnesses . . . the sicker the better

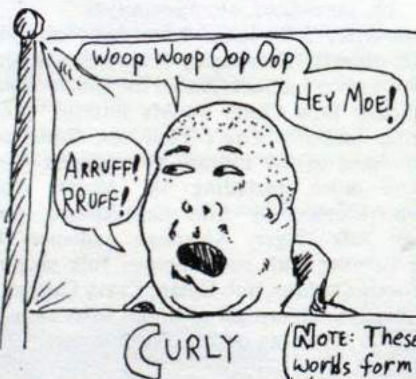
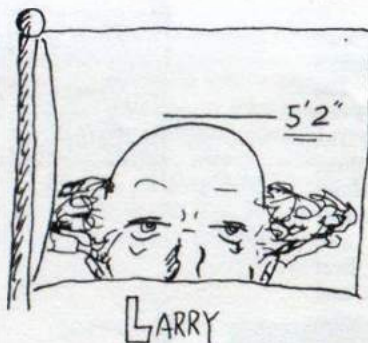


NARWHAL

Inhabitants: Narwhals named Fred
Population: Unknown

Major industries: Exportation of narwhals to other planets, and the inventing of cliches used in conversation of most other planets.

The inhabitants export trained expert narwhals by packing them into the RR train and dispersing them throughout America and Europe. Narwhals have spread throughout galaxy M31 despite their aquatic nature because of their incredible genius and their ability to rewrite the script of their evolution, using every TV cliché they have invented. Now there are Narwhals in every government around the country. It is believed that I.M. Bennett, President of NYU, is a narwhal because water is seen splashing out of his office and into the Atrium of the Bobst Library by the ton. However, NYU officials attribute it to an accident in the twelfth floor little boys' room.



ALBERT MERRILL

The main industry here is training high school dropouts and college graduates who can't get jobs in any field. On this planet, they become Refrigerator Repairmen, Barmaids, Croupiers, Truck Drivers and so on.

Their creed is the promise of high-paying jobs. In practice, however, money earned goes down the Time Payment Tuition tubes. Not only do the inhabitants of the planet learn jobs, but they learn to speak ve-ry slo-ow-ly, and in mo-no-syl-lab-ic words for television commercials. As a result of the vast educational opportunities offered by Albert Merrill, Earth is flooded with air conditioner mechanics, truck drivers, and blackjack dealers who are unemployed. However, they are "trained in a job ev-er-y-one looks up to", like stilt-walking and they don't have to eat "sand-which-es a-gain, ho-ney, you know I hate them."

Name: Funicello

Sun: Two large nebula

Major Life Form: 2-legged organisms wearing black hats with ear-like appendages

Population: 24

Name: Sagan

Sun: Billions of light photons

Major Life Form: Billion legged organisms

Population: Billions and billions and billions and billions

Name: Sigma Freud

Sun: Oedipal Complex

Major Life Form: Sexually inhibited humanoids

Population: No information given; why should they? It's none of your business. Leave them alone.

Name: McDonaltonius

Sun: Silver Grill

Major Life Form: Ground, black soybean protein cell surrounded by 2 white layers of starch membrane.

Population: 35 Billion served

Name: NYU

Sun: O-Moola-Mucho-Moola

Major Life Form: Ivy-League type humanoids on ego trips

Population: 25,000 (and 3 in SEHNAP sector)

Name: Orga II

Sun: Morrisonia-Boydia

Major Life Form: Cut-throat pre-meds

Population: 250 and dwindling

(Note: These three worlds form a federation)

CULTURE

Australia: Australian cultural achievement is best exemplified by the pith helmet. Popular dances include the Pith Helmet Hop and the Mexican Pith Helmet Dance. National song favorites are "Pith Helmet Patty" and "Oh My Pith Helmet." Favorite dishes consist of fried and oiled pith helmet, as well as special holiday meals of baked boxing kangaroo.

Africa: Chief export is iron. Chief imports are pith helmets, worn by explorers searching for lost tribes and even more iron. The continent is divided up into 754,835 separate governments, with constitutions drafted by scriptwriters from "Here's Lucy." Literature consists mainly of oral traditions, but since not even a Harvard PhD in linguistics could hope to master a fraction of the tribal dialects, funny jokes from Africa are rare.

USSR: Slavs, Slobovniks, Slavsky, Russky, Reds or Commie Bastards; you've heard them all and now that we're mad at Russia once more, you'll hear them again. Just read any installment of Little Orphan Annie, or peruse a few of the old Li'l Abner comic strips, and you'll find out just what Godless, pointy-headed little serfs these red devils are. Popular dances include the Afghanistan Sniper Hop and the Wheat Import Scramble.

Germany: We used to be even madder at Germany than we are at Russia, but now we suppose they're okay. West Germany is even more okay than East Germany, and just about everybody knows what a bargain Volkswagens are. Lederhosen is almost as popular in Germany as pith helmets are in Australia, and wienerschnitzel is one of the most important exports, rivalled only by big, curling moustaches. National dances include the Clickity-Clack and the more intricate Clickity-Clickity-Clickity-Clack.

England: Kings and queens and knights in shining armor and Alec Guinness and Richard Dawson and Tudor dances and drinking songs and accents that just about no American can really do well and steak and kidney pie and silly T.V. shows. Need we say more?

U.S.A.: The very best country in the whole wide world, and why not? Where else could a failed actor become supreme leader, unless it was Eva Peron in Argentina? Chief imports include just about everything everyone in the world makes and chief exports include everything everyone in the world needs. The United States is divided into two main regions: New York City and the Wild West. National dances include the Apathy Strut and the Right Wing Retreat. Chief activities on the East Coast include psychoanalysis; chief activities on the West Coast include psychoanalysis in a hot tub.

China: The chief export of China is Taiwan and we're not going to talk about either until this silly sibling rivalry between the two is straightened out and they both kiss and make up. Look, mother and I love you both. Honestly.

The Mideast: Ditto.

Canada: Chief export is its national anthem, chief import is draft dodgers. Such imports have dropped to zero in the last decade, but business promises to pick up again under the new U.S. administration.

United States of America: LITTLE KNOWN PLACES OF INTEREST

The United States is known world-wide for its many interesting and exotic landmarks. From the Statue of Liberty in the east to the Golden Gate Bridge in the west with all the many Liberty Bells, Sears Towers, Cadillac Ranches, and Mount Rushmores in between, the U.S.A. has, as Margaret Mead once said, "more landmarks than there is land to mark." With so many interesting places in America it is understandable that some have become lost and forgotten through the years. Their obscurity, however, does little to affect the real estate or novelty of these interesting places of interest.



The World's Largest Avocado Inca Dinca, California

Donated to the town of Inca Dinca by philanthropist Al B. Gahdammed, this 80 foot Avocado was grown in the Amazon Valley. It was pickled and placed in the town's courthouse square in 1937 with the intent of increasing Inca Dinca's tourist trade and boosting the economy of the town. Inca Dinca went bankrupt in 1952, in spite of being the site of the World Avocado Sitting Championships of 1938, '43, and '50.

The Twin Towers of Kenopocomocco County Kenopocomocco County, Missouri.

In 1883, Kenopocomocco County's twin cities, Any and Nowhere, were steeped in a vicious and heated rivalry. To prove the superiority of their town, the citizens of Any built a large obelisk. The following year the townspeople of Nowhere built a similar structure. This proved once and for all that Nowhere is as good a place as any.

Asparagus City, Indiana

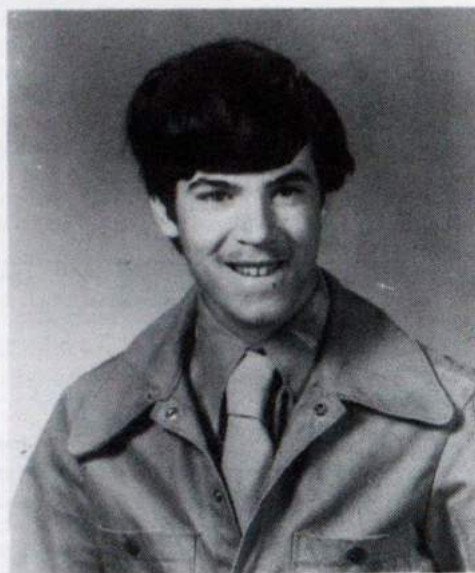
This city, which is the only claimant to the title of "Asparagus Capital of Indiana", celebrates the glory of the green, edible member of the lily family every other leap year with the Southeastern Indian Asparagus Fair. This gala event consists of many parades, dances, parties, races, concerts and other festivities. Of special interest to the adventurous and the inquisitive are the Asparagus Queen contest; the Asparagus Fancy Dance and Not-So-Fancy Dance Contests; the Asparagus pie-eating Contest; the Asparagus Beer Drinking contest; the Asparagus Spitting Contest; and, for the young at heart, the Albert Speers Underwear Judging Contest.

The Idaho Genital; Benign, Idaho.

This prehistoric rock formation is located in a remote region of northern Idaho. Because of its resemblance to a human penis it was used as a fertility symbol by local tribes of Indians. Its location was forgotten by the mid-1900s. But the Benign Penis was rediscovered in 1973 by a feminist commune, the members of which, wielding hammers and chisels crafted the penis into a vagina.

THINGS THAT BOBBY SMITH DOESN'T LIKE

(Entry is excerpt from best-seller *Things I don't like*, by Bobby Smith)



I don't like butter. When I was little I didn't like butter. Now that I'm older I still don't like butter. Someday I might like butter. But right now I don't like butter, and I probably will never like butter. Besides, I don't like bald people.

For years I haven't liked trees because I saw one fall down once. I never go near them, because I don't know if one might fall down on me one day. I also don't like when animals are personified in cartoons. Which reminds me . . . I don't like volleyball nets or Aunt Bea (or Opey, Otis, Howard, Emmett and anyone else involved in "The Andy Griffith Show.").

I don't particularly care for Hume's theory on compatibilism. In all sincerity, I can not accept a society in which the individual's actions are directed by a combination of free will, determinism, and responsibility. After all, Ledger Wood has already shown us the absurdity of "free will" by stating that such a theory can not be empirically proven. And I don't like the way Fred Flinstone has really big feet and his wife Wilma only little feet. Other things I don't like are:

- 1) I don't like when I go to visit someone's house and their dog keeps sniffing me in embarrassing places.
- 2) I don't like people who scotch tape cardboard pumpkins on their windows every October.
- 3) I don't like embalming fluid or funerals, where people who haven't seen the dead person in years show up and make believe they are "concerned." Then they gather in little circles saying morbid things like "Well, he looks good . . . they did a good job on the face."
- 4) I don't like American Legionnaires, particularly those with diseases.
- 5) I don't like people who like butter.
- 6) I don't like dolls that crawl, urinate, or talk when you pull a cord out of their back. Also, I pity G.I. Joe for the ridicule he must get from the other dolls for having no sexual organs and "Hasbro" stamped on his buttocks.

- 7) I don't like people who are secretive about their biological functions, particularly in crowded subways when everyone ends up looking at me as if I did it.
- 8) I don't like Wink Martindale.
- 9) I don't like bicycles with flowered baskets, streamers on the handle bars, and/or baseball cards connected to the spokes with clothespins.
- 10) I don't like feet if the toes have been amputated.

MORELY SAFER'S FAVORITE RECORDS OF THE PAST 50 YEARS

1. Mister Rogers: Let's Be Friends
2. Slim Whitman: Yodeling
3. The Robert Goulet Christmas Album
4. "She's Working Her Way Through College (So She Can Gain Some Knowledge)"—Original soundtrack Album Featuring Ronald Reagan, Virginia Mayo, (Captain) Beefheart and (Don) DeFore
5. Laverne and Shirley Sing
6. Mister Rogers: Let's Be Together
7. Hillbilly Heaven: Compilation of songs by country and western performers who died
8. Florian Zabach: An Hour of Love
9. Bob McAllister: Does Anybody Here Have An AARD-vark? (45 RPM)
10. Mister Rogers: Won't You Be My Neighbor?
11. The Odd Couple Sing

MORELY SAFER'S FAVORITE APPETIZERS

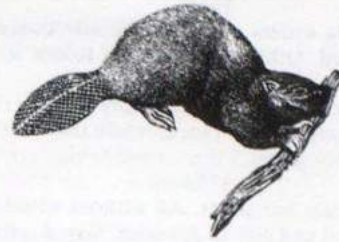
1. **Old World Potato Salad:** Boiled potatoes, onion, ham, garlic and vinegar, covered with thickened cherries.
2. **Chocolate Soup:** Chocolate broth, seasoned with Bourbon, and mandarin oranges.
3. **Asparagus Stalk Salad:** Raw asparagus stalks, drenched with ox blood, and served with bear vomit.
4. **Finger Sandwiches:** Fingers placed between slices of white bread garnished with parsley.
5. **Cream of Spinach Soup:** Spinach with broth mixed with milk, and fresh U.S. Grade A bananas.

MORELY SAFER'S FAVORITE SILVER PATTERNS

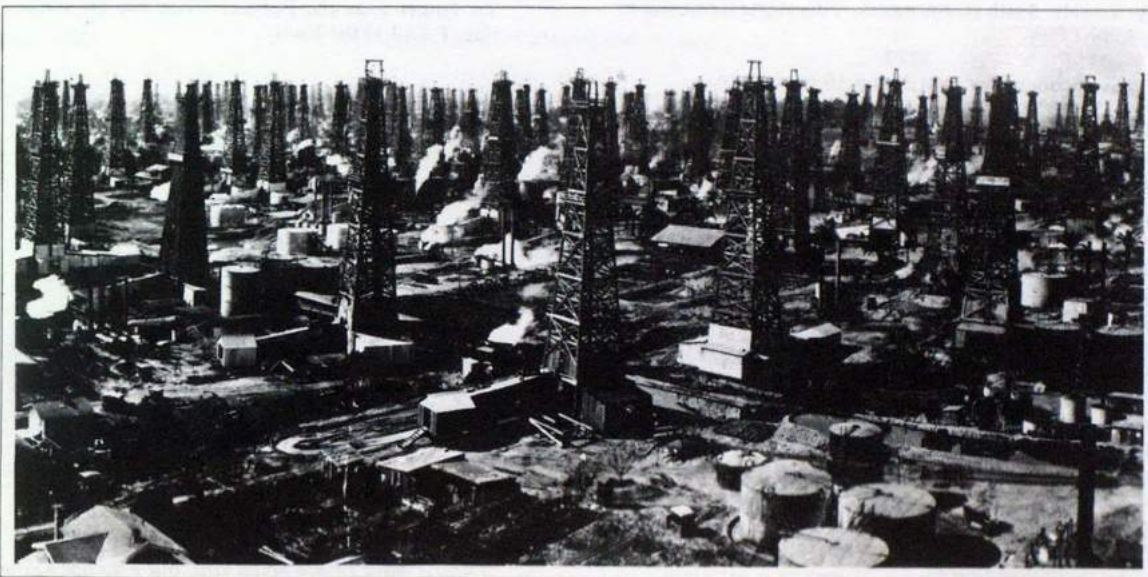
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|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Sparkle Plenty | 11. Albert Einstein Memorial |
| 2. Rose of the Swamps | 12. Beatlemania |
| 3. Luxor | 13. Foolish Preoccupation |
| 4. Christian-Judeo Martyr | 14. Phantom of the Opera |
| 5. Monkey Shines | 15. Radical Chic |
| 6. Holloway Sterling | 16. Pagan Martyr |
| 7. Licentious Desire | 17. Old Modern |
| 8. TWA | 18. Souvenir From Atlantic City |
| 9. Hare Krishna | 20. A.R.A. Dining Services |

Life's too short for chess.

Beaver, Barney The, 1835-1919, American industrialist and philanthropist, b. Massacre, Michigan. His father was a weaver who found it increasingly difficult to find work in Michigan factories, so the family moved to Allegheny, Pa. (1848). Barney worked as a bobbin boy in a cotton mill, then advanced himself to become (1859) a superintendent for a large steel conglomerate. He saw America's need for steel by 1873, and concentrated on steel production by acquiring steel companies and applying his efficient business methods. By 1900, his corporation controlled most of the iron mines, coke ovens, ore ships, and railroads in the country. He sold his company for an estimated \$250 million, and devoted the remainder of his life donating his fortune generously. Like other philanthropists of his time, he believed the "rich men are "trustees" of their wealth and should administer it for the good of the public."



Barney The Beaver (above) posed for this funny photo of what he jokingly called "Working Scum" in 1906.



Barney's Allegheny plant (left), which he built himself in 1860 with his mouth.

FAMOUS PEOPLE WITH NO VOWELS IN THEIR NAMES THROUGH THE AGES

410

Rome sacked by Alaric, The Goth; by Genseric, The Vandal, 455. Bfbstlk, The Foware sells buttons and T-shirts at each sacking.

731

Mayan empire begins. The great writer Ghszt arrives in Maya; he creates "Courageous Cat and Minute Mouse" there, 732; "The Frog", 733.

1000

Leif Erikson's Norsemen reach Vinland, land of grape vines. Whgtzck falls off the boat one mile offshore and is never heard from again.

1014

Brian Boru, Irish king, defeated the Danes at Clontarf. Jpph survives.

1066

William of Normandy conquers England. Hrldlf, William's milkman, is declared Postmaster General.

11262

Genghis Khan, Mongol Chief born. Mnpln acts as midwife.

1300

Dawn of Renaissance proclaimed by Fltmgn, the elf.

1348

Black Death (bubonic plague) spreads through Europe. Tmcrvl opens the first ice cream parlor anyway, in Prussia.

1453

Constantinople captured by Ottoman Turks. Crtshnp, the Moose Breeder, doesn't care, is beheaded.

1477

First book printed in England, Rckwll reads it, buys the film rights.

1478

Rckwll is hanged. Film rights lapse, never re-optional.

1492

Christopher Columbus sails westward. Fp, his muse, is on board, and falls asleep. Fp awakens, 1512.

1519

Hernando Cortes conquers Mexico. Tkndlc attempts to conquer Brazil, but when he arrives, he finds that it does not yet exist. He fails.

1568

Ivan the Terrible orders all who have no vowels in their names imprisoned. Other world leaders follow suit.

1569

Those without vowels in their names anywhere in the world are allowed to emigrate to France, where they establish the city of Paris.

1754

French and Indian war starts. All without vowels in their names are drafted and sent to America. Gsgrd resists, is arrested, and jailed without trial. While incarcerated, he invents the electric toaster.

1789

George Washington elected President. Dbgnbrznsk finishes second.

1805

Dbgnbrznsk has a son. First child to have two names without vowels, Smth Dbgnbrznsk. This starts trend still in vogue today.

1879

F.W. Wlwrth opens his first 5 and 10 cent store.

1881

President Jm Grfld, the only U.S. President with no vowels in his name, is shot.

1912

Wm Brr becomes the first Eagle Scout.

1934

Gsgrd released from Paris jail. He moves to New Orleans; elected mayor, 1977.

1950

Jhnnny Bdzyk, resident of Arizona, throws a radio through an art museum window. Immediately acclaimed as the first native southwestern avant-garde artist; moves to a cave after the Dodgers win the World Series, 1955.

1971

1970 census records 150 million citizens without vowels in their names.

1980

Vn Tmprrt wins the Pulitzer Prize for his book, "Rts: Th Hstr F Fml Wtht Vwls".

Four Easy Ways To Improve Relations with Law-Enforcement Officials

- (1) Liven up a tollway officer's day: **Drive past him at 100 m.p.h.** and chances are he'll follow in quick pursuit.
- (2) **Take a precinct to lunch.** Chances are the officers will remember this kind favor when it comes time for your murder trial.
- (3) Help make an officer's day less hectic: **Make a citizen's arrest** and then have the wrongdoer fill out special forms later signed by you.
- (4) **Allow a police officer to use your back yard for target practice.** His aim will improve immensely and your yard will be free of bothersome animals.

'Tis a brave mouse that builds its nest in a cat's ear.



I know what I have given you, but I do not know what you had for lunch. —Plato

Great Utility Infielders With No Arms Or Legs

"Hot Rod" Bumps . . . born 19/Sep/1908 played for the St. Louis Browns Pittsburgh Pirates and the Boston Braves. Led National League in scores . . . not in the park, but in the hotels, on the road. Father of triplets in 1927.

"Greasy" Zetelli . . . born 21/Jun/1910 played for the Philadelphia A's, Brooklyn Dodgers. Fattest player in baseball. Unable to complete double play because he fell over while making the peg. No baserunner slid into him, afraid of his colossal bulk. Retired to open health spa.

Pat Rockett . . . born 9/Jan/55 plays for the Atlanta Braves. In 1978, he had the lowest batting average in the National League, a measly .141, in 142 at bats

Vance Sheboygan . . . 8/Aug/25 played for the Milwaukee Braves and Kansas City Athletics. Regarded as dullest player in major leagues. Put bench to sleep with tales of experiences as plumber in off-season during seventh game of the 1957 World Series. Famous quote: "I just use the tools God gave me."

Mike Jorgensen . . . 16/Aug/48 New York Mets . . . He impersonates a first baseman.

Tom Grouse . . . 31/July/55 California Angels. Practical joker on team . . . some of Grouse's antics include putting a whoopee cushion into pitcher's rosin bag, and setting fire to the bullpen.

Henry Chappas . . . born 26/Sept/57 Chicago White Sox. The smallest player in the big leagues. He is a shortstop.

"Bad-Hands" Hansen . . . born 10/Apr/1891. Led leagues in errors. Played for the New York Giants and the Washington Senators. Was convinced he was playing football . . . caused by clonk on head in 1909. Now he is presidential adviser to Ronald Reagan, and youngest man on the staff.

Fred Stanley . . . 13/August/1947 Oakland A's. Long a stalwart of the New York Yankees, he hit One home run every year until 1980, when he lost his power stroke and was exiled to Oakland in punishment, for 3-5 years, depending on Judge Steinbrenner.

The man who does nothing never knows when he is finished.

The more you have forgotten to remember the less you have to forget.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF RED BUTTONS

Name	Most Quotable Quote
1. Warren G. Harding	"I am President of the United States. I am cool. Clytemnestra, bring me a Swanson Hungry Man Dinner and a Beef Jerky, for I am ... a man."
2. Homer	"Nay, but even so he saved not his company, though he desired it sore as one might a dinner."
3. Winston Churchill	"Were it were that I, as prime minister of Great Britain at its darkest hour, could get a dinner."
4. Francois Truffaut	"Hitchcock, even after the triumph of Psycho, ate dinner."
5. George Allen	"The future is now. I'll have dinner later."
6. Roland Barthes	"Gide was reading Bossuet while going down the Congo. Bossuet wrote inspiringly of how luscious dinner was there."
7. James Joyce	"It was late when I fell asleep. I had missed dinner for the eighth night that week."
8. Sigmund Freud	"It may be that the symbolic meaning of the hat is derived from that of the head, in so far as the hat can be considered as a continuation of the head, though detachable. Or it may signify an unconscious desire to be given dinner."
9. Virginia Woolf	"Cats do not go to heaven. Women cannot write the plays of Shakespeare. Why did Jane Austen, even after she asked 'Why did the fireman wear red suspenders?', provoking laughter from all sexes, never get a dinner?"
10. Barney the Beaver	see Barney the Beaver article

PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER MET RED BUTTONS

Name	Other Claim To Fame
1. Ronald Reagan Jr.	Canceled an appointment to meet and dance "Swan Lake" with Red Buttons at the White House when he became distraught at the discovery that the previous resident of his parents' new home had "the morals of a snake."
2. Jhnnny Bdzyk	Has no vowels in his name (see Famous People With No Vowels in Their Name)
3. Kleegman Ott	Wrote the screenplay for the film version of Blondie's record "Rapture."
4. Charlie Stoddard	Won an emmy-award for his portrayal of Gene Shellfish on The Uncle Floyd Show. Won an Oscar for his portrayal of the "Man From Mars" in "Rapture."
5. Armond Locke	Swallowed a hand grenade while sitting in the audience of The John Davidson Show when he discovered that Red Buttons was performing on the Merv Griffin Show that day.
6. Norman Goldberg	Mows the South lawn and referees BINGO at Century Village in Florida.
7. Tom Boutross	Directed an episode of THE BANANA SPLITS television show which contained no mention of Red Buttons.
8. The BeeGees	None
Zoltan Detragogue	Philosopher; author of "Do Frogs Know That They Are Green?"

Standard Forms Of Address

PERSONAGE	FORMAL LETTER	INFORMAL LETTER	INFORMAL MEETING
THE PRESIDENT	Mr. President:	Dear Mr. President:	Top Cat
THE VICE-PRESIDENT	Mr. Vice-President	Dear Mr. Vice-President	Poor guy
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE	Mr. Speaker:	Mistaah Speakaah:	That's a nice chair you've got
MAYOR OF A CITY	Mr. Mayor:	Hizzoner:	Hi, fella
FOREIGN DICTATOR	God:	My Lord:	Yes, sir
BOUNCER OF A HONKY TONK	Yes, sir	Yes, sir	Yes, sir
MCDONALD'S COUNTER GIRL	Not applicable	(can't read)	Sheila
GRAND DRAGON OF THE KU KLUX KLAN	O Most Exalted Dragon	Dear Drag:	You putrid, diseased mass of scum
DEREK TAGUE	Mr. Tague:	Dear Derek:	Who?

1980 SLIPSHOD AWARDS

(1) Thomas Edison's Lab Assistant: "The zany adventures of Zack McCoy, who constantly tries to keep his weird boss, Thomas Edison, from wasting time on foolish projects like the light-bulb", was halted in mid-production when network officials were told that Irish-Americans would be offended by the casting of Keye Luke as Zack.

(2) Bob and Bruce: "A couple of happy-go-lucky private eyes who live in Greenwich Village" was cancelled after one week when the network discovered that the two lead characters were too happy-go-lucky.

Other entries included:

Me and My Comrade: comedy about a CIA agent and his Russian KGB agent-girlfriend who constantly try to find time to defect to each other's country.

Sambo's Slaves: comedy-adventure spotlighting Sambo Jackson and his motley, fun-loving fellow slaves. Really Union agents, Sambo and his friends attempt to aid the North in winning the Civil War while keeping their cover as oppressed cotton-pickers on Mister Van Horn's plantation.

The Lude Squad: A group of young, hip, undercover cops pose as drug addicts so that they can turn on other addicts, then turn them in. Produced by Timothy Leary.

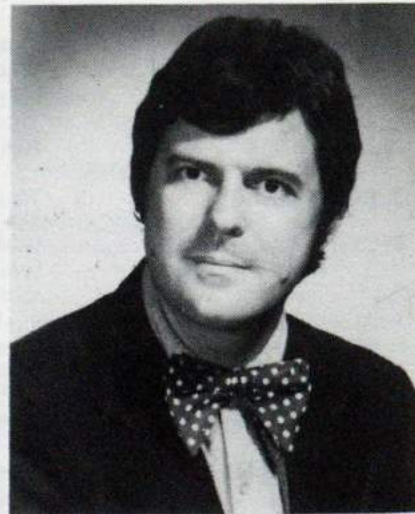
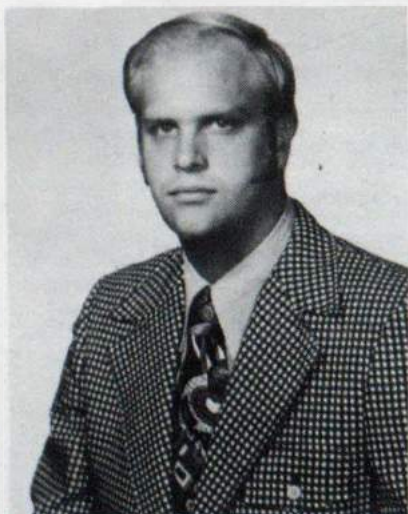
People Who Have Never Smiled But Insist On Wearing Loud Outfits (Persona Clashae)

Often found in large cities, these relatively mild-mannered people are scattered throughout most regions of America. Many work on a "nine-to-five basis," and are disliked (but trusted) by their peers at work. Their speech patterns, usually rapid faint inaudible whispers, are rarely used to express anything more than "No, I don't want any!" or "act your age!"

Dr. John Knopf of the University of Maryland produced a study on these individuals, and has found numerous results. They start out as loners in their early years, he

stresses, and by the time they reach their college years they begin roaming Woolworth's and J&J's to find attention-grabbing material. They find grotesquely "tacky" clothing from these polyester-pushers, and from that day on their lives are ruined. The individual finds himself more and more frustrated when the clothing produces negative results, and he withdraws himself from society.

For further reading, see *Bowling Alleys & What They Can Do To You*, *The Joy of Gauche*, and *I Turned In My Alligators For Garanimals*.



Clem Watkins, Jerry (Gerard) McPhearson, and Bob Bradley (above, l. to r.) are just three of the estimated 1000 people plagued by the degenerating personality disorder each year.

1980 Congressional Scientific Achievement Award Winners

GLYCOL ALKYNE of the planet C_6H_{12} received an award for his research in organic chemistry. Alkyne has proven that the element carbon does not exist, and therefore all organic chemistry instruction and any further research of the subject should be halted. This move is gaining support among all pre-med students in galaxy Netto. NERNST AZEOTROPE, former football coach on the planet Rockne, was honored for his personal work in weightlessness and invisibility. Unfortunately his award was forfeited when no one could zero-in on his whereabouts. V.D. HERPES' work to reduce the spread of the disease

monocucleosus was honored. However, his research led to an increase in more advance social diseases.

X's research on illiteracy was onhered at the arwords diner.

STANISLAW STIPLOSKI discovered the formula for the perfect American joke, but he lost it when he attempted to hide it from the universe in his tax return.

KREB ROTUND reported that oxygen is not involved in respiration. Instead, vinyl chloride has been found to be the main gaseous component involved in respiration. Unfortunately, Rotund died several months ago of lung cancer and his award was presented posthumously.

The Best Screen Play D.W. Griffith Never Read

NOON OF THE LIVING SAL

Salvatore Abruzzi, after brutally killing his parents Zorba and Eleanor, heads toward Pittsburgh in the hopes of landing a job with the famed director of the lighthearted comedies *Night Of The Living Dead* and *Dawn of the Dead*, George A. Romero. This is where our story begins.

SCENE: The middle of the New Jersey Turnpike in the early afternoon. Sal Abruzzi stands on the side of the road, hitchhiking. His clothes are torn and dirty, and mucus is cascading from his nose into his mouth. Sal wipes the snot from his face.

Sal: Jeez, I've been here for over five hours. How come nobody won't stop for me?

Just then, a red convertible speeds down the road. Sal sticks his thumb out eagerly, hoping that, at last, a car will stop for him. The red convertible slows down and stops. Jumping for joy, Sal runs over to the car. Behind the wheel of the car is a naked woman, who looks as if she is about 90 years old. Sal is taken aback when he sees her.

Woman: Hi, handsome. Want a ride?

Sal: Uh ... well ... okay. I guess so. You the only person that's gonna stop for me, I guess.

Sal hops into the car, which instantly drives off.

Sal: You know, lady, I'm glad you givin' me a ride like this, but I gotta tell you one thing. You're sure one ugly bitch.

Woman: You do not find my naked body attractive? You do not find my naked body sensuous?

Sal: I find your naked body disgustin'! Why you drivin' around like that?

Woman: Because I am a beautiful woman. I want men to see my body, because then they will want to make passionate love to me.

Sal: Lady, you dreamin'! Your body's uglier than Ronald Reagan's neck!

Woman: I am not ugly! I am beautiful! I was a movie star once! My name is Maria Montez.

Sal: Never heard of you, lady.

Woman: All of my films were directed by John Rawlins, and they were all very successful. I want to make a comeback. I'm soon going to be starring in a film with Aldo Ray and Sandy Becker called *The Slime People Invade Livingston Township*. It's going to be a hit!

Sal: Lady, why don't you shut your mouth and keep on drivin'? Everytime I look at you, I feel like I wanna puke.

They drive on a little further. Then, Maria pulls the car over to the side and stops.

Sal: HEY, YOU OLD BAT! Whattaya doin'!

Maria: It is time.

Sal: Time for what?

Maria: Time for you to make passionate love to me. She throws her shriveled body onto Sal. Sal, horrified, tries to fight her off, but she is too much for him. A few moments later, they become one.

It is the next morning. Sal is driving the red convertible down the highway, and he has his arm around Maria.

Sal: Last night was the greatest night of my life.

Maria: It was for me, too. You are much more passionate than Aldo Ray could ever be.

Sal: You are the girl of my dreams. You know what? I ... I ... think I love you. You're ugly as shit, but that don't matter to me. I love you.

Maria: And you, Sal, are the man of my dreams. You are incredibly handsome, virile, and a gentleman. You know how to treat a lady.

Sal: Thanks, toots.

Sal pauses a minute to blow his nose on his sleeve.

Sal: You know, you my first girl. The only other girl who ever liked me was my pet iguana, Zorbina. I think my life is beginning to change. Soon, I'll be working for George Romero.

Maria: Pull the car to the side of the road.

Sal: Sure, babe.

He pulls the car off to the side of the road and stops.

Maria: Make love to me, you heathen!



BIG BOOK

MORELY SAFER'S FAVORITE THINGS

Although best known as the lovable, albeit slightly pudgy member of the **60 Minutes** news team, **Morely Safer** has lived a very diverse and interesting life. As a result he is a man of a wide variety of highly cultivated tastes. Born to the husband and wife acrobatic team of Safer and Safer in 1925, Morely spent his formative years being tossed about on the rubber mats under the world's greatest big tops. At the age of 14 he left his family to fight with the Spanish nationalists in the 1939 Civil War; he became a hero when he single-handedly captured 3 tank companies. Years later Safer won the Nobel Prize in Physics for his work with Dr. David Oppenheimer on the world's first nuclear reactor, the Manhattan Project. In 1944 Morely focused his gifted interests on Hollywood; the following year he starred in his first musical, **Dancin'**, **Prancin'**, **Romancin'**, **Guerilla Suicide Battalion**.

The 1950's found him racking up more awards—the 1953 Pulitzer Prize for his multi-volume collection, **Everything You Wanted to Know About Everything**, the 1955 Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Oscar" for Best Director for the light comedy, **"Chop Off Their Heads and Toss Them In the Chili"**, and another Nobel, this time the Peace Prize for his efforts in negotiating the resolution to the Algerian Water Skiing Conflict of 1956. By the early 1960's Safer had rapidly ascended the corporate ladder to become president of Dow Chemical, a post he resigned in 1965 to take a job as a writer for the Captain Kangaroo show. Shortly thereafter he transferred to the news department at CBS where he became what he is today—the lovable, albeit slightly pudgy member of CBS television's **60 Minutes** news team.

Truly in his far flung adventures, Safer has come into contact with many things. Here are a few of his favorites.

MORELY SAFER'S FAVORITE COLORS

Color	Sources of Color	Quote Pertaining to Color
1. Permanent Green	Su Ling's Shirt Laundry, Mott Street, N.Y.C.	"All Greens Permanent"
3. Yellow Ochre	Burpee Seed Company	"Wonderful, delicious, hardy, tasty variety."
3. Vermillion Red	Juniper, New Hampshire	"Home of Vermillion Red"
4. Hansa Yellow	Michey Rooney	"Hey! Your Hansa Yellow!"
5. Morris Tan Cat	Morris the Cat	"Time for the old Morris tan the carpet trick."
6. Phthalo Green	Thucydides, <i>The Peloponnesian War</i>	"Thus the Spartans, in honor of Phthalo, god of higher profit margins, dyed their hair green and sauntered forth into battle."
7. Mauve-Mauve	Fred Mauve, Mauve Kanooters, Inc., Egmont, New York.	"You want felbart; I give you felbart. You want munza; I give you munza."

of
little
knowledge

MORELY SAFER'S FAVORITE SHOES AND SOCKS

Shoes	Socks
1. Tan Suede Hush Puppies.	Red and Black plaid stockings, 1 pair
2. Red and White saddle shoes.	Bobby Socks, 4 pairs.
3. Green PF Flyer high-tops	Cotton Knee Socks, 1 pair. Knit Ankle Socks
4. Oxblood Penny Loafers with the word "Phantom" stenciled on the sides.	Wool Clod Hopping stockings, 3 pairs.
5. Brown Georgia Giant Clod Hoppers.	Blue and Orange Paisley Print Polyester socks, 1 pair
6. Chartreuse Oxfords.	Multi-colored Toe socks, 1 pair.
7. Rubbermaid Flip Flops	Purple Spandex Hosiery, 1 pair
8. Alligator Cowboy Boots	Cotton Sweat Socks, 8 pairs.
9. Fred Mason Safety Shoes	1 Black and Brown Argyle sock on left foot; 1 Green, White, and Red Christmas sock with Holly Wreath Applique on the side on right foot.
10. Brown, White, and Black Wingtips.	

Quick Reference Guide by	Steve Korn
Annual Life Quality Index	John Gasior
Great Cocktail Parties of the Renaissance	Bill Weber
The Media's Impact on the U.S. Population	Donna G. ouse
RR's 6 Favorite Movies	Ed Morrissey
Folk Music	Steve Korn
5 Reasons Not to Make Movie Sequels	Ed Morrissey
Selected Planets of Our Universe	Dave Lippman & Warren Rosenzweig
Culture	Brian Feinberg
Places of Interest	John Gernand
Things That Bobby Smith Doesn't Like	Richard J.T. Brown
Morley Safer's Fav. Records of Past 50 Yrs.	Steve Korn
" Appetizers	John Gernand
" Silver Patterns	John Gernand
Barney the Beaver	Richard J.T. Brown
Fam. People with No Vowels Thru Ages	Steve Korn
4 Ways to Improve Relations with Law Enforcement Officials ..	Ed Morrissey
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People Who Hv. No Knowledge of Red B.	Steve Korn
" Never Met Red. B.	Steve Korn
Standard Forms of Address	Bill Weber
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1980 Cong. Scientific Ach. Award Winners	Warren Rosenzweig
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All illustrations by Steven Dovas
Bits of Wisdom created and compiled by Peter Reiser

You are now holding **OVER A MILLION FACTS** in your hands. Go ahead. Pick a topic. Now check the index. Is it there? Good. Do you have a question dealing with that topic? Well, there's no need to rush. Think up an **AWARD-WINNING** question at your leisure. In less time than it would take you to install an air conditioner, you'll have the answer ... **IN FACT**, you'll have a fact. And you'll know it is a fact, because you'll have read it in the **BIG BOOK OF LITTLE KNOWLEDGE**... The Reference for students and circus clowns, speechmakers and Maytag repairmen.

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What follows are **2040** of the **MOST USEFUL** and **INDISPENSABLE** pages in any library in this galaxy. It's almost criminal to get all this for only **\$24.95**. Show it to guests at a party and see if you'll be able to tear them apart from it.

Plague-tone News

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

March 1980

Landon In '84



Republican leaders announced their candidate for 1984 for president today. Said GOP **magnate Archimedes Q. Geritol**, "We are going in '84 with Alf Landon, because his age, and experience are what Americans are looking for in the wake of the election of Ronald Reagan."

Landon, who will be 96 in 1984, ran against Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1936. **Landon carried only Maine and Vermont in the worst drubbing a candidate for President ever received. Landon was the former Governor of**

Kansas, where his policy was unknown, even to Kansans.

The former Governor was asked for reaction from his Sun City, Arizona, retirement home. He said, "What's that you say, sonny?"

The Republicans believe that Landon has the solid age, and experience to continue what Reagan starts. Their only worry is that their chosen candidate dies between now and 1984, but **Archimedes Geritol** said, "Hell, we took that chance with Reagan, too."

Joggers Risk Developing Muscles

A just-released study conducted at the Institute of Cellulite Studies, Blubber College, has revealed that the legs of people who spend more time watching TV than jogging tend to shake more. The study was conducted by approaching college students in dormitory TV lounges and exercise rooms and demanding them at gunpoint to take off their pants. Once undressed, the scientists questioned the

students concerning their TV viewing habits and their amount of exercise. After their answers were received, they were told to do 200 jumping jacks or else. While the students were in the process of jumping, a miniature weather vane was placed by each student's thighs. It was originally hypothesized that much movement of the weather vane would be highly correlated with the wind produced by

flabby thighs. This hypothesis was proved valid—as those students who reported that they watch more than four hours of TV per day measured a significantly faster wind speed. In contrast, those who reported to do much jogging produced little effect on the weather vane, due to development of muscles. The researchers concluded that this study has no value to the scientific community whatsoever.

Amy Carter Announces Future Plans

Amy Carter announced tentative plans for her future career yesterday at her Uncle Billy's gas station in Plains, Georgia. Her plans included getting good grades, and becoming active in an important social issue. When asked to elaborate upon the social issue, she stated that she wanted to follow in her mother's footsteps, referring to her involvement with mental health issues. Ms. Carter explained that she intends to form an organization which would aid funny-looking children in the United States. She said to reporters, "This is a problem that has been severely neglected by both Democrats and Republicans, and it is time for something to be done to aid these un-

fortunate youngsters." Her plan included the formation of community centers where the children would receive treatment from trained professionals, along with support from peers who share their condition. Ms. Carter later remarked that her involvement with this proposed organization would be considered as an extra-curricular activity since school comes first. "My involvement with it should look great on a college application," she added. She also told reporters that her father has been stressing the importance of receiving good grades in high school so that she will qualify for financial aid when she applies to college.



New York To Become Washington D.C.

The MTA announced new services by New York buses today. Secretary D. Rayle Trayne said, "The new buses from Washington, D.C. have Washington destination signs, so we are changing New York names to fit the buses."

Henceforth, Lincoln Center is the Lincoln Memorial, the Statue of Liberty is now the Jefferson Memorial. Further changes: City Hall is the Capitol, Gracie

Mansion is the White House, Police Headquarters are the Pentagon, Greenwood Cemetery is Arlington, Hoboken is Georgetown, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art is the Smithsonian.

Secretary Trayne said, "These changes don't mean much, because New Yorkers don't accept changes anyway, so we can do what we like. Besides, becoming

Washington for a while will give us class, importance, and the president. Next week Washington will get our names and designations."

As part of this move, New York is scheduled to send Washington ten tons of uncollected garbage, and Washington is going to send New York ten tons of secret documents and shredded paper.

**By His majesty, Lord of the realm,
Defender of the faith, King of England,
Henry VIII.**

Special Notice to WSUC students:

Professor Jonston has been forced to cancel her lecture course on the importance of women in Western Civilization when it was discovered that women have no importance in the history of Western Civilization. Even Heloise was nothing more than Charlemagne's great grandson, the hunch-back Pepin, in drag.

Commented Professor Jonston, "Poor old Abelard—he lost 'em for nothing!"

Now, now we know what kind of response an article like this will invariably bring from the Women's Center. So, in order to save time and trouble, and the annoyance of having to find their letter shoved in our mailbox and the pain of having to thole one of their visits, we shall print what their letter is bound to say.

Here it is in all its vitriolic splendor:

From: Women's Center
To: *The Plague*
Re: "Article" about women in history

Dear scum:

We suppose you "people" find it funny to imply that women had no role in the shaping of Western civilization. What about women like Catherine the Great or Joan of Arc or Susan B. Anthony??? We are sick and tired of having to deal with this stupid, maligning muck put out by a bunch of disgusting, perverted twerps. You pathetic pile of pusillanimous pip squeeks don't have the slightest conception of the importance of women in history. Your degrading remarks are just another indication of the insensitivity you repulsive, deformed, twisted sickos have for the plight of women in society today. If that is the only kind of "humor" your deranged, stinking, rotten, festering "magazine" can put out then we feel that you mud-slurping, slime-sucking tapeworms should *not* receive one penny from NYU. The University should not encourage this kind of vicious slander. Furthermore, if you swiny wimps ever print anything of a derogatory nature about women again, we will not hesitate in having your loathsome, obnoxious, contemptible publication closed down. What happened to Abelard should happen to all of you—maybe that would raise your consciousness some.

In conclusion, you creeps are *the* most vile, hideous, appalling, licentious, insufferable, wretched collection of neurotic little half-wits we at the W.C. have ever seen. We would run you "people" off the campus—if we had one.

Sincerely yours,
Anne Thrax
Chairperson of Women's Center Taskforce

Portrait of Brenda: A Tale of Suspense at the NYU Advisement Office

To the casual observer, Brenda appeared as an ordinary NYU student. She had long brown hair with split ends and wore old, worn-out blue jeans with patches and a sprinkling of holes. Due to the fact that her father was the president of one of the 10 most profitable corporations in the country, she felt she had a moral obligation to look poor. Most people who knew Brenda described her as a "space cadet," a term used to characterize the sort of person who would wear a ski jacket in July.

One gray, blustery February day, Brenda received a notice in the mail from the NYU advisement office. On April 10, she opened the envelope, and inside it was a letter telling her to report to the advisement office immediately. She rushed over to the office on May 3, but along the way she got stuck in a Main Building elevator, delaying her arrival by three days. In a panic, she finally arrived at the office, only to be told that her adviser was out to lunch. It was nearly dinner time when he returned from lunch, when Brenda, a junior, was introduced to her adviser for the first time. The first question Brenda was asked was whether she could make the appointment for another day, since he had to get home to feed his goldfish. Brenda reluctantly complied with his request and arranged another appointment, which she dutifully reported to three weeks later, only to be informed by the secretary that her appointment had never been noted on her calendar. "Maybe I never really made an appointment; I might have dreamed that I did," Brenda told the secretary.

"That was probably the case," the secretary responded.

"Maybe someday I'll make another appointment," Brenda said.

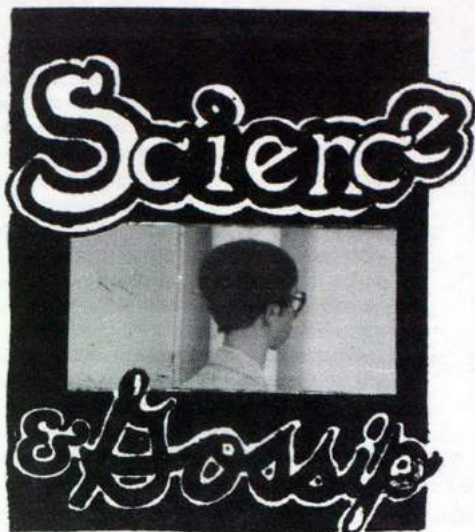
"There's no rush," the secretary added.

Brenda took the secretary's advice to take her time until the following September, when she received another notice in the mail telling her that she will never receive a B.A. from NYU unless she reports to an adviser as soon as possible. The thought of having to spend extra time at NYU made her break out into a cold sweat, so she put on her running shoes (clogs), and stormed into the advisement office. "What do you mean I won't graduate," she shouted in a voice so whoever was in the vicinity of Greenwich Village could hear her.

"Please take a seat; somebody will see you in a few minutes," the secretary calmly answered.

An hour later, Brenda was escorted into a room where she was again introduced to the same adviser she met the last spr-

Continued on p. 21



With Professor Peter Reiser

The first question that comes to mind when one reads the title of "Science and Gossip Corner" is the question, "What does science have to do with gossip?" Good question. The answer? One could get away with saying that this is a humor magazine and anything goes, but I'd like to think there's more to it than that. I'd like to think that the underlying relationship, the framework, of such a column actually has some bearing on our times and on our world. I'd like to think that such a column might not only relieve day to day tensions, but also help the reader in gaining some kind of understanding of the world and the people in it. I'd like to think that this column's importance lingers on after the laughs have faded, that this column has a value beyond simple jocularity. I'd like to think that by bringing together two extremes of society: the subjective, personal, parochial aspects of gossip and the objective, analytical, universal aspects of science, I would be able to help sort out the misplaced, misdirected, misinformed values that modern American society has. ESP, pyramid power, astrology, Scientology, biorhythms, and other pseudosciences are gaining popularity and acceptance—even on college campuses. These childish, superstitious frauds are being dangerously confused with scientific fact at a time when science is more important to our lives and our very existence than ever before.

I realize that by writing the first column on such a serious note, I might lose readers and "turn them off," but I'd like to think that NYU students realize that in today's complex world nothing is isolated, nothing can be completely blind to society, and I'd like to think NYU students will respect this opinion. Finally, I'd like to think you're swallowing all this garbage.



O.K. Sports Fans

by Dave Lippman.....

OK, sports fans, I'm Dave Lippman, your sports columnist. I'm gonna dig deep, uncover what's going on in sports, here and around the world!

In this column you will read of luminaries like Richie Hebner, Ed Farmer, Gary Allenson, Skoonj Furillo, Dr. Strangelove Stuart, Vinegar Bend Mizell, Dave "Tycoon" Winfield, and more!

I'll rip the lid off scandals, and tell the truth. OK, whoever pays me the most will get the truth as he wants it!

Your determined, muckraking reporter (phew, smell that muck) was nosing through Bob Murphy's garbage, trying to find a place to sleep. (They don't pay me well here, folks.) I found this incredible Mets promotional schedule. This is what you're going to see at Shea in 1981!

Yes, shocking as it is, more shocking than the Ali-Holmes fight, more shocking than the 1919 Black Sox Scandal (as if anyone really cares now) more shocking than a Con Edison high tension line, the magical Mets will have a promotional schedule! It's magic!

Bob Murphy scrawled on the top of it, "Here come the new Mets, ready to take on the whole National League, we'll win some games for you. We can go all the way this year, because we have a superlative team. Dyar Miller is excellent, Craig Swan and Pete Falcone are ready to come back and Hubie Brooks, Mookie Wilson, Mike Jorgensen, Bob Bailor, Wally Backman and Mike Cabbage will star for you. So come on out, have some fun, and cheer on the New New York Mets! The Magic is Back!"



April 10-Opening Day. Parades in the streets. Players are honored and make speeches. Awards are given out. 50,000 fans show. You fans guessed it. We open in Cincinnati this year.

April 13-Mets open at home against Philadelphia. 1 block parade in Flushing from subway station to the ticket booths by all the fans.

April 16-Senior Citizens Day. Ambulances standing by, volume on loudspeakers turned up, dietetic foods served, no rock music during batting practice, no old foggy jokes.

April 20-TV Game versus Montreal. Anyone bringing a TV to the game is admitted free.

April 30-Home Run Marathon. Entire Met team complete with Mike Schmidt in fungo home run hitting contest. Even the pitchers take their swings. Anyone who guesses how many more homers Schmidt hits than the entire Met team gets a fungo bat, and hired as chief Met scout and hitting coach.

May 11-Batting Helmet Day. Sponsored by Jordass Jeans—all fans 16 or older get free designer vinyl batting helmets to wear in discos, for the jetset, not for softball. Come on, trendy people! Softball is passe already! It went out with Billy Beer!

May 15-Narwhal Night. All fans with an IQ of 19 or under get a free Narwhal, that is guaranteed to protect your head from softballs.

May 21-Mets Trades Night. All fans get voodoo dolls of Mets dealt away in disastrous-deals plus pushpins.

May 30-Memorial Day Doubleheader (siamese twins admitted free) All fans are asked to bring memorials to parade on the track between games of the doubleheader for judging. The winner gets season tickets and a truss. The winner's name is put on a memorial in centerfield. Come one and all. Sponsored by Ajax Stone Designs Company.

Continued on p. 20

O.K. *Hydro-Lipid*

OK, now that I'm here, I'm going to tell you about the new O.K. Hydro-Lipid. It's a new kind of skin cream that's been developed by a team of scientists at the University of California. It's a cream that's made from natural ingredients, and it's designed to help you keep your skin healthy and looking good. It's a cream that's been tested and found to be safe and effective. It's a cream that's been used by thousands of people, and it's been found to be one of the best ways to keep your skin healthy. It's a cream that's been developed by a team of scientists who are experts in the field of skin care. It's a cream that's been tested and found to be safe and effective. It's a cream that's been used by thousands of people, and it's been found to be one of the best ways to keep your skin healthy.



With the O.K. Hydro-Lipid, you can keep your skin healthy and looking good. It's a cream that's made from natural ingredients, and it's designed to help you keep your skin healthy and looking good. It's a cream that's been tested and found to be safe and effective. It's a cream that's been used by thousands of people, and it's been found to be one of the best ways to keep your skin healthy. It's a cream that's been developed by a team of scientists who are experts in the field of skin care. It's a cream that's been tested and found to be safe and effective. It's a cream that's been used by thousands of people, and it's been found to be one of the best ways to keep your skin healthy.



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later, I got a letter from the president of the network telling me to make an appointment with his secretary for an interview. You wouldn't believe how excited I was about that! When I went to the interview I really tried to make a good impression, you know. I even bought a brand-new pair of Levis for the occasion. Anyway, on the day of the interview I was real nervous. I arrived at his office at 2 p.m. on the dot, kind of upset that I was missing "Hollywood Squares". The interview was a shocker—it only lasted a few minutes because as soon as I mentioned that I watched 13 hours of TV each day and that I was kind of upset about missing "Hollywood Squares," I was hired on the spot. And not just as an errand boy, but as Vice-President of prime-time programs, officially known as Vice-President of Big Ratings and Big Bucks. Pretty neat, isn't it?

Q: It sure is. So tell me kid, excuse me, I mean Mr. Jensen, what is your philosophy about the state of television in these most perplexing times?

A: Huh?

Q: How is your job going?

A: Oh. Real good, thanks.

Q: What do you do when you go to work each day?

A: It's a lot of fun. I veg out in this real comfortable chair in a big fancy office. And listen to this. In the office there's this wall with three, count'em THREE, TV screens, so that I can watch three different game shows at once! That's what I do most of the time, unless there's a meeting.

Q: Tell me about the meetings.

A: I was getting to it, don't get jumpy. Those meetings are pretty beat, a real bore. I just sit in this conference room with a bunch of guys in fancy suits. All I have to do is answer the questions that the president of the network asks me. What is funny is that he only asks me 3 questions at each meeting. These questions are, "What did you watch on TV yesterday?", "Which shows on this network kept you awake?", and "Were there any particular programs on this network that made you think?" He was always happy for some reason when I answered "no" to the third question.

Q: Do you think you have a long future ahead of you at the network?

A: I guess so. I hear that we've become the number one network since I joined. Can I go now? I really don't want to miss "Mork and Mindy."

Q: Sure. Thank you for your time. This was one interview I will never forget.

NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!



PHOTO - CHARLES AZAR

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

Dear Readers: you may be wondering why yours truly, Priscilla Priss, is starting the column, instead of some jerk complaining about an unwanted pregnancy or something. Well, the reason is this. One day it dawned on me that this is supposed to be my column, but your letters take up half the space. I should be the one doing the writing, since it is I who majored in journalism. By the way, since I minored in psychology, I am also a psychologist. To get back to what I was originally speaking of, what right do you have to be published in my, Priscilla Priss's column? If you want to see your writing in print, you better get your own column because from now on, I'm doing all the writing. And besides, why should I have to deal with all of your idiotic problems when I have enough of my own. From now on, dear readers, you are going to read about me, and MY hangups because I'm sick of yours—half of your letters aren't even titillating.

So here goes. I will begin by describing my background. I guarantee that it will keep your eyes glued to the page, since my life is much more interesting than most of yours, judging from your letters. Ann Landers, if you are reading this, you better not steal my idea, or else you will have quite a lawsuit on your hands.

My present name is Priscilla Priss, but I was formally known as Sheila Cheryl

ing. By this time, Brenda was noticeably agitated, causing him to ask her to take a seat. "I've received these notices in the mail . . ." Brenda began before she was interrupted.

"Are you married?" the adviser asked her.

"What?" Brenda replied, in a bewildered tone of voice.

"The reason why we've been sending you notices is because you didn't indicate whether you are single or married on your

Leibowitz. I was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., and as a result I have a real obnoxious accent. There's a lot more about me that's obnoxious, but I'll get to that later. I was a lonely kid, as all rich, famous adults like me once were. I think the reason why kids didn't like me is because I was born with 6 toes on my right foot. Kids are cruel to those with handicaps—or should I say footcaps (Ha!). I also wasn't too smart as a kid; I can remember standing outside of a room where my teacher was telling my parents the results of my IQ test and they were hysterically laughing. In order to compensate for my lack of brains, I would beat up everybody, even the school principal. I was big and fat so all the boys were afraid of me, and for good reason, since I must have been a scary sight. At least it payed off in phys-ed. I remember how I once hit a baseball so far that my gym teacher estimated that it landed in Queens.

Usually ex-tomboys have a story to tell about their transformation into a dainty young lady. Not with old Priscilla, dears, I am still the fat slob I was as a kid. If you think my childhood was traumatic, wait until I tell about my teenage years.

When I was around 13 or 14 years old, my parents started telling me that it is unladylike to be the star of the boy's wrestling team. At first I refused to quit, until my doctor warned me that if I continued, I would never be able to have kids. So I quit the team, and replaced wrestling with what would enable me to have kids—sex. As you all have probably guessed, I soon earned myself a reputation. After a while, it got so bad (my reputation, not the sex) that there was graffiti all over the school walls which said, "Sheila L., her flab isn't the only thing about her that's loose." Well, when I first saw that, my immediate response was to end my promiscuity cold turkey, but I soon realized that it was like giving up cigarettes—it's just not that easy. As a result, I said to myself, "Sheila, what are you crazy, why should I want to quit?"

I have to leave you in suspense, but space limitations prevent me from finishing this engrossing saga in this issue. I promise that the next installment will be even more spellbinding than this one, since it will include the story of my being arrested for disturbing the peace.

Portrait Of Brenda (cont.)

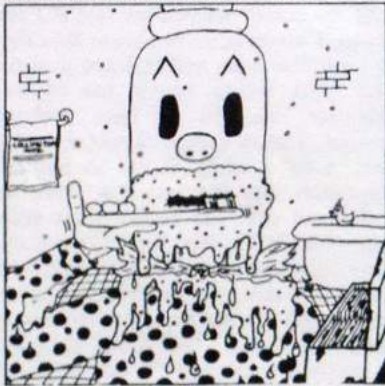
registration forms. If we don't have that information, you cannot graduate from NYU," the adviser explained.

"I'm single, I think," Brenda said with a sigh of relief.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, as long as it doesn't take too long, since my goldfish must be hungry," the adviser asked.

"No, there's nothing else, you've done enough for me already." Brenda replied as she walked out the door. She tripped over her clogs.

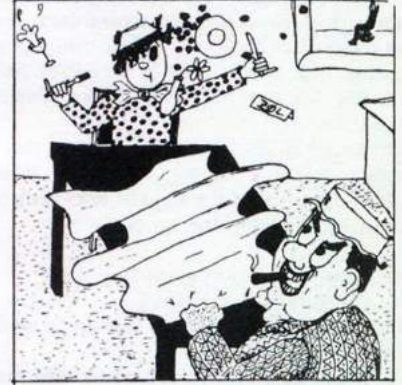
NOTE: Some magazines have a certain style to them, an unidentifiable panache, a *je ne sais quoi*, a kind of elegant sublimity, a way of life, if you will, perhaps, to look at things in a different light, a multi-limbed inflatable glass shrimp from Thailand, if that isn't extending the metaphor too far. Thanks to the omnipresence of our beloved Zol, the old fanatical fop of finesse, this old *Plague* certainly has more than its share of pious poise, enough in fact to make up for the lack of it in most of the other campus publications (*The Square Peg News*, *The Perrier*, and *The Calcutta Magoo* seem to be the ones most lacking that certain something). This issue, Zol will be guiding us through the multifaceted ravine of etiquette with the faithful assistance of his new helper Lance Lout, a close brother-in-law of one of the editors. Zol asks if the less well-bred readers who have probably already smudged these pages with melted Clark bars and marinara sauce would kindly do themselves a favor and turn to the Three Stooges section later on in this issue. He's sorry to say you slobs are too far gone to save.



1. The Etiquette Of Brushing your Teeth - I know some of you folks make a real quagmire of things when you try to brush your teeth. Pepsodent all over the bathroom mirror, Fluorigard spilled on the bathmat, dental floss hanging from the shower curtain rods. To use a phrase uncommon to such a class A-1 person as myself, ee-yuck! After talking this etiquette problem over with snob expert Amy Vanderblimp, I came up with this handy idea: individually squeeze out portions of toothpaste onto 3 * 5 index cards, and file them away in a card catalogue, a few cards for each day of the week. This will eradicate uncouth squeezing from the middle of the tube, along with giving everyone a use for all those index cards you have lying around. Always keep one's pinky extended as shown in diagram above.



2. The Refined Way To Perform Magic Tricks At The Dinner Table - My helper Lance Lout will now demonstrate how to perk up a quiet dinner without fear of making a gauche *faux pas* (translation: looking like a bonehead). Lance? "Thanks, Zool, old pal. Magic tricks are a really boffo way of livening up a dull dinner like this one we're at. I'll just grab this tablecloth and say the magic words—Prestone Chango Antifreeze! Now with a quick flick of the wrist, I'll remove this tablecloth without disturbing any of the cheap dinnerware on top of it. Ready? Now! . . . Er, oops. Here Zol, pick a card, any card . . ."



3. The Civilized Method Of Lighting A Candle - With my "helper" safely away in the next room watching Perry Mason reruns, I will now resume with my own less crass approach to teaching etiquette. I'm sure the proper way to light a candle has eluded many of you *savoir-faire* fans, as it is the only known and practiced by Queen Elizabeth, J. Paul Getty's lamplighter, John Belushi and myself. Hold the match in your right hand (the "good" hand) and strike against the matchbook with a sharp, downward motion. Keeping your nose raised high in the air, extend the match toward the candle and—

4. The Polite Way Of Cheering Up Someone In The Hospital - "HAW! HAW! Geez, you shoulda seen the great joke I pulled on old Zil back there! When that sucker lit that stick of dynamite he thought was a candle, I damn near died laughing! Haw, haw, haw! Well, let's drop by Saint Engelbert's Hospital and try to cheer up the old sap. It's amazing how a great big chocolate cream pie right in the puss can pick up your spirits. Haw, haw! In later visits, I plan to try dumping an ant farm in his bed, mixing Nestle's Quik into the IV bottles and setting his hospital gown on fire."



ETIQUETTE

BY JOHN RAWLINS AND HOWARD OSTROWSKY

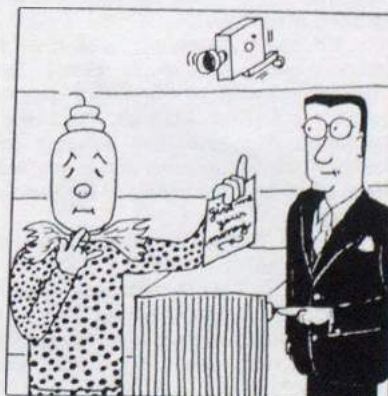
5. Charades For The Connoisseur - I'm back, folks. Thanks for all the get-well cards . . . among other things. But let's get to the matter at hand—the most enjoyable parlor game since Nerf balls were banned by the Home Safety Council, the one and only “charades.” I myself am no stranger to the marvelous magic of mime, having studied under such masters as Shiels and Yarnell, Mister Mum, the Cumeezi Bozo Ensemble, and . . . well, I'd say Marcel Marceau, but it's too hard to say. Lance will try to guess the facet of Freudian analysis I will be miming. Lance? “Uh, you're climbing up a tree? No? You're in the Antarctic? You have a pegleg? Aw . . . this is no fun. I know! I'll dump my pet squid, Squirmles, down the front of old Vol's leotard. Hey, that livened things up! Uh, you're climbing up a tree? You're in the Antarctic? . . .”



7. Writing A Formal Letter - It just happens that I am currently involved in a rather sticky credit situation at the local Sillibank. Since I'm such a suave and sophisticated writer, it will be no difficulty for me to straighten out this minor misunderstanding. On the way I'll drop off this formal letter Lance has asked me to bring to the teller's window. I wonder why the teller looks so pale? Perhaps he is not accustomed to reading such uppity, high-class pastafazool in his humdrum, workaday life. Now what could that alarm mean? Are we having a fire drill?



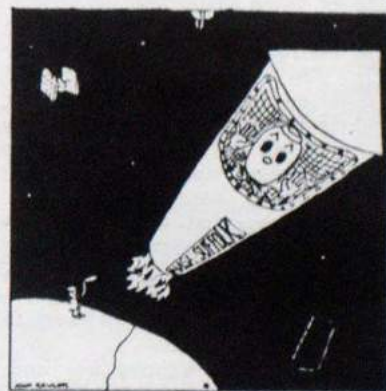
6. Lion-Taming For The Elite - With Lance at my side, disguised as a lion for greater authenticity and safety, I will demonstrate the swanky way to lion-tame. In today's world, wild animals are no longer chiefly restricted to the zoo, the circus, or Bayonne. A lion-taming act perks up any cocktail party, if it's done with class. We hasten to add that diversion should only be performed by trained experts like myself, to ensure that only the uninvited guests get mauled and chewed apart. Now Lance, heel! Jump through the hoop! Lance? Wait a second, you're not Lance! You're a real lion, in a lion suit, aren't you? I think next time I'll try to tame something a little more in my league. A slug, perhaps.



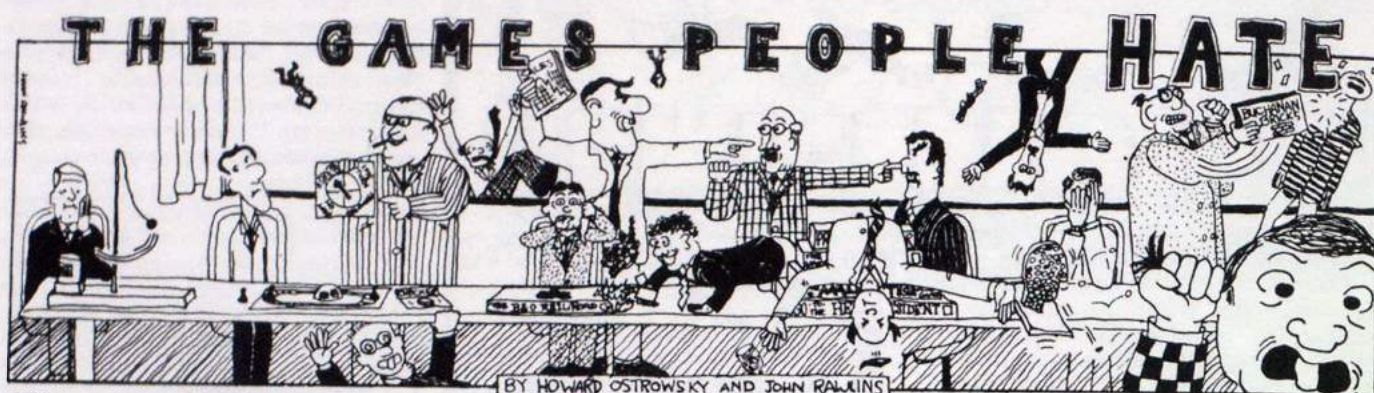
8. How To Get A Noted Humor Magazine To Post Your Bail - No problem for me. A quick call to Plague headquarters yielded the somewhat disappointing response, “Zol who?” Still no problem. Being a fictional character, I simply re-wrote this section of the article before it got to press. I made an incredible, daring, *polite* escape. Believe me.



9. The Etiquette Of Traveling To The Sun - Unfortunately, my ruining the credibility of this article somewhat upset the two gentlemen who waste their time writing these guides, so it was decided that instead of my last tip being the proper way of sorting poker chips, I would demonstrate the decorous procedure of voyaging to the heart of our solar system. Remember to keep both pinkies extended while soaring through space. See you all in ninety-three million miles or ten light-minutes, whichever comes first.



EPILOGUE: “Hey! Hi! Lance Lout here, hoping you all enjoyed my guide to etiquette. I had a great time passing along all that highbrow bullflop, and maybe next time I'll do a guide on something really boss, like Lance's Guide To Buying A Reliable Whoopie Cushion. Haw! Haw! I hope Zell remembered to pack his Solarcaine!”



a non-continuing, non-section, non-filler bit of nonsense

(The following is a transcript from a recent board meeting held at a very famous board games manufacturing company just outside Hicksville, USA. It seems Milton Matell Brothers had quite a lousy holiday season, as thousands of their games were returned to toy stores nationwide by disappointed tots and disgusted parents.)

"Gosh, C.J., what a lousy holiday season we had."

"Yeah, C.H. Thousands of our games were returned to toy stores nationwide by disappointed tots and disgusted parents. And believe you me, more heads are gonna roll than there are playing pieces in Stratego!"

"I don't understand it, C.J. I thought we had a pretty darn good lineup this year. I just can't believe that Skittle Yahtzee bombed."

"Skittle Yahtzee, yeah. After all, Skittle was big and Yahtzee was big. So a combination of the stupid violent aspects in Skittle and the cerebral dreary aspects in Yahtzee would have to be at least marginally successful."

"I'll buy that, C.X. After all, we did get Don Adams for the TV commercials."

"Yeah, well, just maybe it bombed because the damn dice cup never spilled out the dice when you hit it with the little wrecking ball."

"If Skittle Yahtzee was our worst seller, I wouldn't feel so bad. There were a lot of games that sold even worse than that one."

"Yeah, and we designed all of them."

"I suppose Red Chinese Checkers was one of the worst sellers."

"Not really, C.C., though those riots in Chinatown didn't help our public relations much."

"No, our worst seller was Pre-Med Marblehead. The one C.Q. thought

would be such a smash with the college crowd."

"A smash? You thought that pre-frontal lobotomy with marbles was going to be a smash? Sometimes I wonder about you, C.Q."

"Well, I'm not the genius who thought of repackaging Operation and calling it The Malpractice Game, C.D. We got sued by the A.M.A. and Parker Brothers at the same time for that brainstorm."

"What I want to know is who's the luminary who decided to redo Mousetrap as The Iranian Hostage Game?"

"Those same clownheads who designed that educational series of presidential board games, C.P.A. and C.3P.O. They've already been fired."

"They should have been shot for thinking up that Go To The Head Of The President game. Quiz questions on the Kennedy assassination, indeed!"

"Well, it did sell in Dallas."

"That and Buchanan Bricks were bad enough, but that Presidential Twister—phew!"

"Don't remind me! Right foot, James K. Polk, left hand Grover Cleveland."

"Now come off it, guys! If enough people knew what William Howard Taft looked like, that game would have made it!"

"Now, C.B. You're the guy who came up with those wildly successful spinoff games, aren't you?"

"Uh, yeah. Listen, the bank is an important part of a lot of games. So I figured it would be worth it to give it a chance on its own. After all, it was easy to produce. We just took leftover play money from all the other games, stuffed it into a box and told people to use their imagination."

"Maybe if it had a catchier title than The Bank Game..."

"Forget it, C.O.D. The game stunk!"

"All your spinoffs stunk, C.B.! The B&O Railroad Game, The Kamchatka Game—and how about this one? Checker!"

"Well, we saved money on plastic—"

"You're fired, C.B.! Take your playing piece off the board and get out! And while heads are rolling, let's take a look at these celebrity games you designed, C.Y.O."

"Gee, C.G., I can't explain why the Lee Iacocca Game sold only about as many sets as he sold Chryslers. After all, Milles Bornes was pretty popular."

"That was before the energy crisis. remember?"

"And I think the Voice of Harpo Marx game can be repackaged. All it needs is a different celebrity, I'm sure."

"A different celebrity? I don't see why, C.Y."

"Do you have a particular celebrity in mind?"

"Not really, C.I.A. I was hoping for a suggestion."

"Well, I'd say Marcel Marceau, but it's too hard to say."

"Shut up, C.O.II. And by the way, you're fired for dreaming up that stupid toy that helps kids to draw maps of the Mideast."

"What, you mean Cairograph?"

"You bet your community chest, buster."

"But wait, C.B.S.! You can't fire me! I've just thought up the greatest idea for a game since Cootie!"

"Great! Our sales will finally soar!"

"We'll all be promoted! I love the idea already!"

"Well, C. old buddy, what's your idea?"

(At this point in the conversation, the tape recorder jammed itself mysteriously. A few weeks later, a new game appeared on the market called The Game-Executive Game, in which participants are instructed to think up ideas for board games and mail them to Milton Matell Brothers in exchange for additional copies of The Bank Game. The corporation went broke and was bought out by a fly-by-night aluminum siding company a few months later.)

HEAVENS TO BETSEY,
ELIZABETH, IT'S...



AGAIN!!

BY COMMITTEE

(STORY, J.V.P. / ART, A.J.B.)

INSTEAD, WE GO TO
A BIG CITY SLUM,
WHERE LIFE IS HARD...



A CHILD BORN HERE DOESN'T HAVE A
CHANCE. BROTHERS WOULD KILL EACH
OTHER FOR A BITE TO EAT. OUR HERO,
HOWEVER, LIVES BETTER THAN THIS.

DUE TO THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, RALPH
GREW TO BE BIG AND STRONG.
BUT THEN AGAIN, THEY SAY EVERY-
THING IS BIGGER DOWN IN
TEXAS, EVEN THE FINE PRINT.



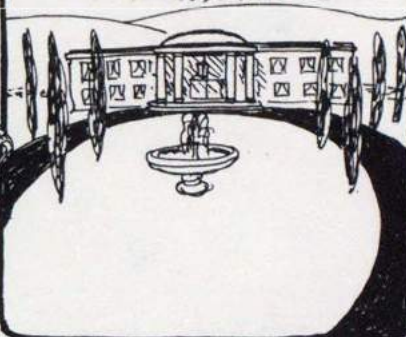
YOU KNOW,
FANS, A WHOLE
LOT OF YOU OUT
THERE HAVE BEEN
WONDERING "JUST
HOW DID OLD RALPH
BECOME SUPERRAT?"
WELL YOU MAY ASK.

ALWAYS BEING
WILLING TO BOW
TO PRESSURE,

WE PRESENT:

THE SUPERRAT STORY.

YOU SEE, IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS,
RALPH WAS LIVING IN THE
SPACIOUS MANSION OF TEXAS
OIL MILLIONAIRE, MARVIN GLUT.



RALPH WAS BIGGER THAN THE
REST, AND SOON BECAME THE RULER
OF THE ROOST.
HIS WAS THE GOOD LIFE.



THIS IS A
STRANGE
LABORATORY

MANY FREAKISH
AND UNUSUAL
THINGS GO ON
HERE. IT IS
MORE HORRIBLE
THAN A...

GROWN MEN BITE
THEIR OWN ARMS
OFF RATHER THAN
GO HERE!!!

UNFORTUNATELY,
THIS HAS NOTHING
TO DO WITH OUR
STORY.

BECAUSE OF THE SIZE OF THE HOUSE, THE
OWNERS NEVER REALIZED THAT THEY HAD
MICE. THE SERVANTS KNEW, BUT THEY
FED THE MICE IN AN ACT OF DEFIANCE
AGAINST THEIR RULING CLASS OPPRESSORS.



BY FEEDING YOU, LITTLE
RODENT, WE ARE SHIFTING
OUR ANGER AT OUR BOM-
BASTIC EMPLOYERS & SYM-
BOLIZING OUR RAGE BY
FEEDING YOU, THE LOWLIEST
OF CREATURES, THE FINEST
FOODS INTENDED FOR THE
MOUTHS OF THESE UN-
DESERVING SOUTHERN
ARISTOCRATS, SHONUFF

BUT ALAS, ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END,
AND AFTER A WHILE IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE
OWNERS OF THE HOUSE DECIDING THAT FARM LIV-
ING WAS JUST NOT THE LIFE FOR THEM. THEY
LOADED UP THE TRUCK & HEADED FOR THE BIG CITY.



WELL, FRED,
WE'LL JUST
HAVE TO
MOVE... I
HAVE TO
SEE
UNCLE FLOYD

EVEN THOUGH THE ULTIMATE
EXISTENCE OF THESE PEOPLES'
LIVES WERE SOON SATISFIED,
OTHERS' WERE DISRUPTED...
AS SOON AS THE MOVE TO
THE CITY WAS COMPLETED,
THE OWNERS STARTED
NOTICING THINGS THAT
WENT UNNOTICED IN THE
COUNTRY.
LIKE MICE, FOR INSTANCE.
NEEDLESS TO SAY, RALPH
SOON FOUND HIMSELF ON
THE STREET...
THE EFFECT WAS SHOCKING.
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS
LIFE, HE HAD TO FEND
FOR HIMSELF.

NUTS! WHERE DOES A
GUY GET ROOM SERVICE
AROUND HERE?



IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE RALPH NOTICED
SOMETHING INTERESTING... DUE TO HIS
WELL NOURISHED UPRISING, HE WAS
NEARLY TWICE THE SIZE OF THE BIGGEST
RODENTS IN TOWN.



NEXT:

- CAPITALISM!
- DOWNTRODDEN UNDERLINGS!
- MORE PICTURES!
- LESS VERBIAGE!
- NEBULOUS CON-
TENTIONS!
- + LESS!

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by JOHN S. ERNAND

THANK
you.

Edward

