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THE PLAGUE



*Christmas
Issue*

PLAGUE



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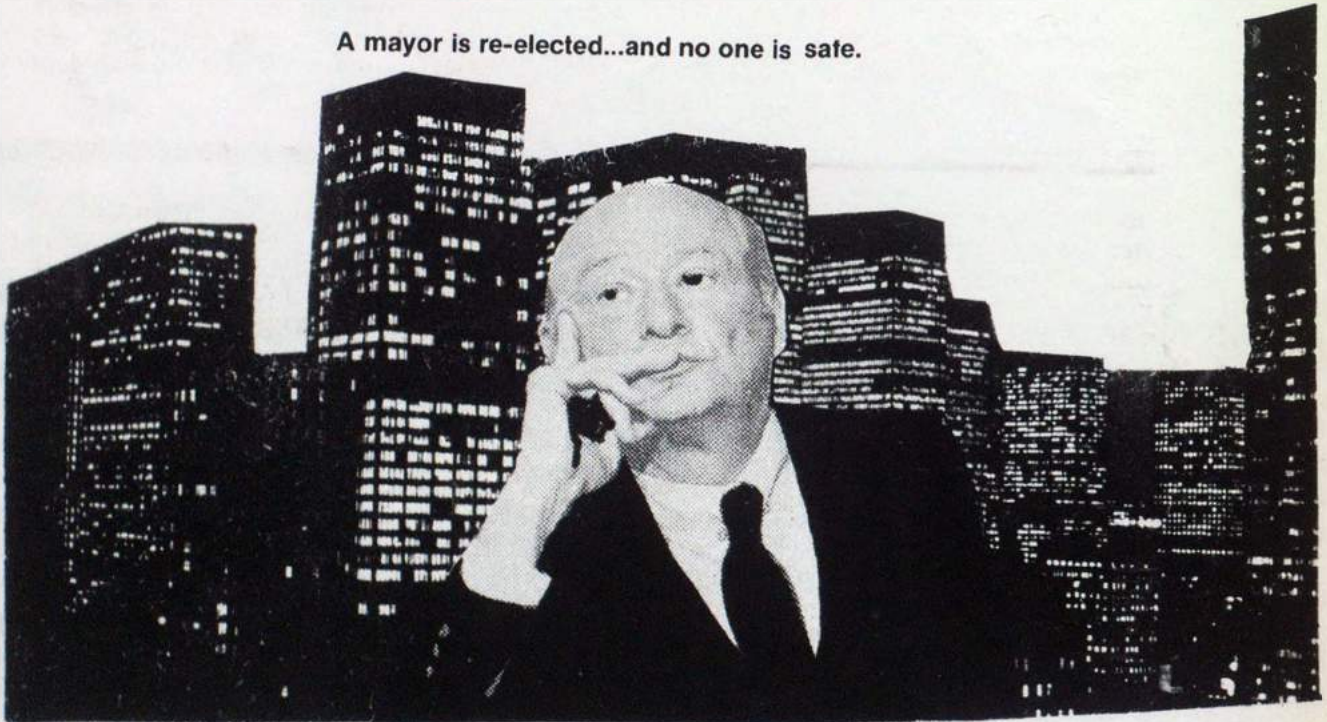
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Gouse, David Loshin, Kieran O'Leary, Joe Pinto, Charles Sklar.

Now that we are the only legitimate journalistic outlet at NYU, we feel obliged to take an editorial stance, on various issues affecting our world. We do not advocate alternate side of the street parking regulations in Rio De Janeiro. We applaud the return of Pat Buttram to network TV. We'd like to say hello to John Ficarra of *Mad Magazine*, Veronica Geng of the *New Yorker*, Michael Mace of the *UCLA Satyr*, Emily Kortoon of Warren Weaver Hall, Connie of the Bursar's Office (Rich and Robert are fine), Uncle Floyd, Marvin Kitman of *Newsday*, the original Gumby, Enrique, and Alvy Moore for bringing joy to millions as Hank Kimball on "Green Acres." If you'd like us to say hello to you next issue, contact us at room 403-404 of the Student Activities Annex, 21 Washington Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. Our mailbox is number 80. Our phone numbers are 475-9741 and 598-4046. What's yours? Whatever it is, we're happy to see David Letterman back on NBC regularly. Grant Tinker should be make philosopher-King of the U.S.

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— "NYU, Man"—Arto Lindsay—

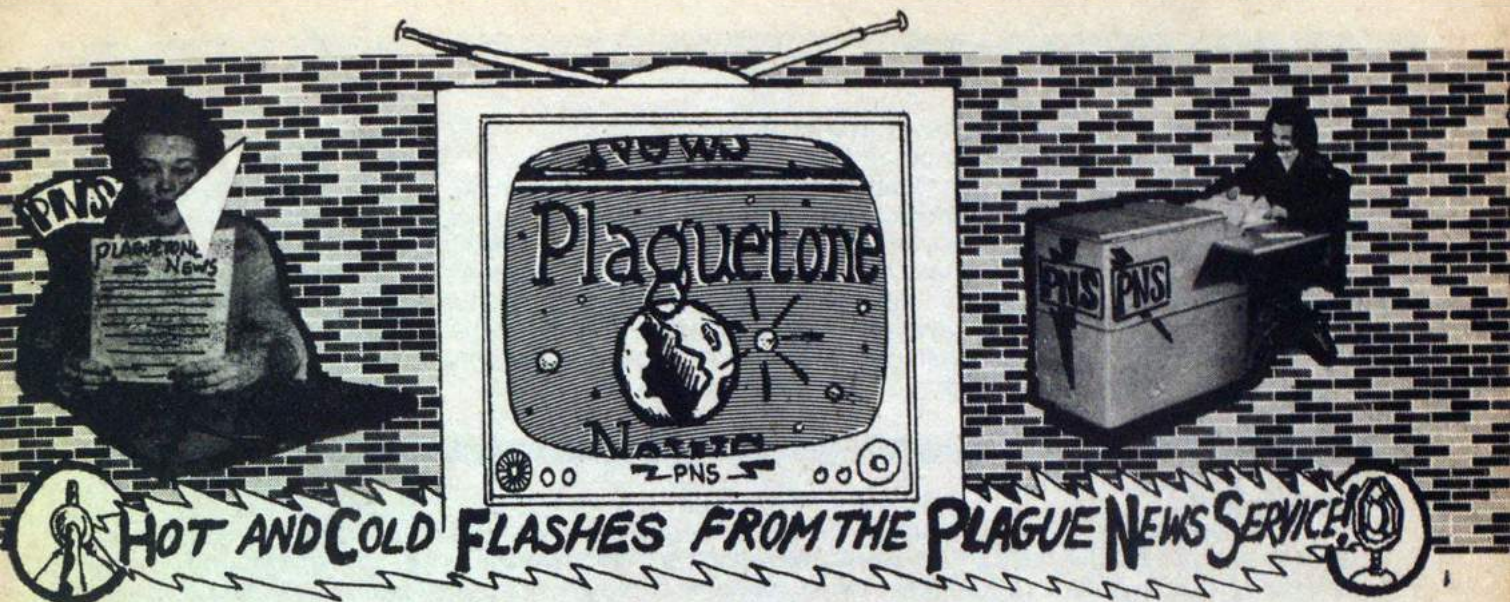
A mayor is re-elected...and no one is safe.



PRICK OF THE CITY

Directed by DAVID GARTH

<p>A CINEMA 5 THEATRE MURRAY HILL 34TH ST. NEAR 3RD AVE. 685-7652</p>	<p>THE New Yorker 2 A NEW YORK THEATRE 8th WAY AT 88TH ST. 580-7900</p>	<p>RKO CINERAMA 1 8th WAY AT 47TH ST. 975-8369</p>	<p>RKO 86TH STREET 1 86TH ST. & LEX. AVE. 289-8900</p>	<p>LA Gemini 1 2ND AVE. AT 64TH ST. 832-1670</p>
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The Defense Department has begun work on President Reagan's plans for securing the placement of the MX missile by "hardening" existing silos rather than shuttling the missile via a secret rail system. The newly hardened silos, protected by a 12-foot shell of cement, linoleum tiles, and floor wax, will take an extra three-fifths of a second to melt when hit by a Soviet warhead.

Construction of the B-1 bomber is a key in the Reagan defense program, but the President recently admitted that it was only a matter of time before Russian defense experts would build an effective counter-weapon. "We'll just keep closing that 'window of vulnerability,' and they'll keep opening it," said Reagan with a twinkle in his eye. When asked if this meant a fruitless and eternal arms race, the President smiled uncomprehendingly and left for Camp David.

On the budgetary front, the Administration is holding fast on school lunch price hikes. When told that this eliminated 3 million needy youngsters from the federal program, budget director David Stockman replied, "Not true. If those kids are really hungry, let them pawn their switchblades for lunch money."

The threats of the Coalition for Better Television, a fundamentalist protest group campaigning against "immoral" TV programs, have apparently ended with a secret compromise between the group and NBC-TV. Due to pressure from CBT and similar organizations, the network "neutered" the central character of its **Love, Sidney** series by eliminating all references to his homosexuality. In return, CBT's leader, Rev. Donald Wildmon, was neutered at the Mayo Clinic last week. Rev. Wildmon is converting to Mormonism and plans to join the Tabernacle Choir as a soprano.

Outgoing New Jersey governor Brendan Byrne will have no need to go job hunting when he ends his eight-year reign in January. Byrne has accepted the position of assistant custodian at the new Meadowlands sports and entertainment arena which bears his name. "I feel that it's important for an ex-governor to lead a life of responsibility and dignity," the Garden State's chief executive said. Prior to getting the custodial job, Byrne had planned to serve as a meat locker door hinge in Hackensack.

BW

dots...

Hey!

What?

What are we doing here?

A riot of student athletes was narrowly averted at the 3 month old Coles Sports Center late last week, thanks to the swift action by a member of the NYU administration.

The mob grew agitated when the facility's equipment was reported missing, halting all activity. The lawless horde was on the brink of impetuous activity when Student Affairs Director Connie Dondore came to the rescue. Ms. Dondore had annoyed student groups only last month when she was quoted as saying that Loeb Student Center was originally built for the primary use of the students "but that was a long time ago" and that it was no longer a "student" center, meaning the administration could take for itself room space which would otherwise be used for student activities. "She's got balls!" the student mob was reported to have cried out upon seeing her arrival with substitute equipment. It was distributed, the group dissipated, and calm was restored to the area.

SK

Saudis Nix Deal

Today, in reply to the Senate's approval of President Reagan's Arms Package, Abdul ibn-Suliman, Foreign Minister to Saudi Arabia's King Fahd, told reporters, "We'll take the F-15s, but we'll be damned if we are going to take America's EARWAX! Don't you think we've got enough of our own? What do you think we would do with it, anyway? Oil our machines? Make Candles? If we wanted to do that sort of thing, we've got enough oil of our own! Next, you'll be trying to sell us your belly-button lint!"

Calvin Coolidge was unavailable for comment.

DL

NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!

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

Readers Dearest,

Ever since I started my column, people have been complaining that I don't have enough education for giving advice. Well, those people will have to find someone else to bother, because I am proud and pleased to announce that I have just received a doctorate in counseling psychology from the Idaho Flybynight University. My diploma arrived at my home yesterday, fresh off the presses. So, in case my responses to your letters start to improve in quality (just joking), you'll know why.

Dear Priscilla,

Please help me. I am a 14-year-old girl who is madly in love with Ricardo Montalban, you know, the guy who plays Mr. Roarke on "Fantasy Island." I'm just dying to go to bed with him and, if he's not too busy, have a meaningful relationship with him, too. I hear that you've been around a lot, Priscilla, so I figured you can help me get in touch with him. Thanks a lot.
Got the Hots. Los Angeles.

Dear Hots,

Sure, I'd be glad to be of assistance. Last I heard, Ricky is free on Tuesday nights, from 6 to 10 o'clock. But if I were you I'd call him at work, because once I called him at home and his wife answered. It could have been pretty hairy, except that I was lucky and a brainstorm hit me. I pretended that I was a viewer of "Fantasy Island", so I asked, "How does a six-foot tall woman do it with a midget?" His wife chuckled and answered, "My husband is the tall guy on the show" and hung up. Well, anyway, his number is 757-2438. Just tell him Prissy is a good friend of yours.



PROFESSOR PETER J. REISER'S SCIENCE AND GOSSIP CORNER;

I had planned to put an announcement (or Warning?) for this column in the last issue of *The Plague*; it would have been an invitation to NYU students to send me suggestions for what to write on for the next article (and I don't mean paper). However, due to a type-setting error and general editorial carelessness—the invitation was never printed. In spite of this, I did receive one suggestion from a SEHNAP student; she wanted me to write an article on ESP, but since I don't believe in that pseudoscientific nonsense, I decided against it.

The invitation still stands: send your suggestions to **The Plague** c/o Science and Gossip Editor. Leave them in our mailbox at 21 Student Annex. (No. 80).

A rather disturbing development has come to my attention and I think it serious enough to warrant immediate discussion; I refer, of course, to NYU's glaring lack of a drug problem. Now it's bad enough that there's no sex on campus and that most people's idea of rock music is WPLJ or WNEW, but no drugs? This intolerable situation must cease. Students at NYU are being deprived of a vital and stimulating (to put it mildly) part of the "college experience." Ask anyone in Main Building what a "714" is and he'll just point to the odd-floor elevators. According to a recent Washington Square News survey only 43% of the students polled knew the difference between a roach clip and a roach motel. And a surprising 47% plus an unsurprising 12% (for a total of a slightly surprising 59%) said that they had never scored drugs from Washington Square News...er, I mean Park dealers. A quick chat with a dealer confirmed this.

"What percentage of your clientele are NYU students?"

"Damn little. Hey, that's a nice coat you got."

"Yes, well when you do have NYU students what do they buy?"

"Jus' grass, nickle bags, joints—y'know. Say, thas' a' 40 long, aint it?"

"No it's a 38 long."

"Say I got a .38 right here—but it ain't long it's short, real short, gimme the coat."

Well, there you have it—drug traffic at the Square is so light, the pushers have to resort to stealing coats. Now I realize that if people wanted a "college experience", they sure wouldn't have come to this diploma factory, this aggregation of trade schools—but what better place to do drugs than NYU? After all, no one owns a car so there'd be no auto accidents and it's not as if there were much class work. And the professors certainly couldn't tell (or care) if their students showed up for class wasted.

All in all, drugs are depressingly absent from the NYU social scene (such as it is). Why, the last Fiji party I was at didn't even have liquor or pot, let alone ludes or coke. And they call themselves a fraternity? Why if it weren't for transfer students, from Columbia, UCLA, and University of Kentucky, there'd be no drugs in the dorms.

In conclusion, let me point out that the reason people go to college (especially this one) is not for education—but to avoid having to go out into the real world for four more years, and if it's reality you're trying to avoid—What's better than drugs?

Dear Priscilla,

I am a 50-year-old housewife who has a secret ambition to be a mud wrestler. The other day I walked by this "bar" in the seedy part of town and saw a sign, "Help Wanted: Mud Wrestlers." I just couldn't resist so I walked in, and before I knew what was happening they had me rolling around in mud. It was then that I knew I found my calling, so I told them I would start work immediately. Here's my problem: my husband is the president of one of the biggest corporations in the country. What should I do?
Gertrude, Greenwich, Conn.



Dear Priscilla,

This may seem like a minor problem, but tough. My wife and I have been happily married for 10 years; that is, until she had a nose job. The operation went fine, except for one little mistake — she has only one nostril. Whenever I look at her I break into a fit of hysteria, and for some strange reason this makes her mad. How can I make her have a better sense of humor?
What a scream! Oklahoma.

Dear Gerty,

Why don't you ask your husband to invite the chairman of the board to the bar for a drink?

Dear Scream!

If you also had a nostril removed I'm sure she would start to get the joke. Also, both of you will save a considerable amount of money on Kleenexes, cold remedies, and cocaine.

by Kieran O'Leary

Let's face it—TV just isn't what it used to be. With the departure of outstanding programs like **Mr. T** and **Tina**, **The Donna Reed Show**, and **Lost In Space**, a part of our nostalgic affinity for "the good old days" has returned. We are now left in a sea of despair, battling grade-B schlock that threatens to eat away at what little intelligence we have left. In my ongoing quest to promote the finer side of television viewing, I have uncovered, much to my pleasant surprise, untold pilots for television shows which may never make it to your and my TV screen. There are many potential shows, but none have as much potential as the ones I have picked to be hits. Among them:

THE CLONE CLOWN: A happy-go-lucky genetic engineer splices the genes of a celebrity every week. The first guest is Candice Bergen, who must promise that none of her clones will appear in upcoming movies. Also featured, famous triplets.

BERGMAN GOES BERGMAN: The two Bergmans, or Bergmen as the Swedish film community lovingly refers to them, team up to produce the most electrifying drama series in television history. Ingrid Bergman delivers stunning half-hour soliloquies on contemporary themes like inflation, communism and water fluoridation.

HATE BOAT: Married and live-in couples share laughs and frustrations as they sail through the Bermuda Triangle, desperately trying to lose their mates.

PARALLEL UNIVERSE: Rod Serling and Walter Cronkite host this fascinating show which takes you behind the scenes of the most fascinating place in the universe—the place where those socks you swore you put in the dryer but don't turn up go—the parallel universe, a fascinating palce brought to you by two of the most fascinating people in the world today, this world, that is.

4

TV Update

In Defense of Top Snyder—

We all know that there are many obnoxious people who are regularly seen on the tube, but for some strange reason Tom Snyder has taken the harshest beating. Just imagine, some hack journalist up in Poughkeepsie had the gall to proclaim him "The King of TV Sleaze." Hasn't this jerk ever heard of Richard Simmons? Personally, I believe Tom Snyder is so stupid and incompetent that anybody who would criticize him is being inhumane. Also, don't they all realize that without "tomorrow Coast-to-Coast," energy consumption in this country would be much higher, and similarly, production in the workplace would be much lower. Each night millions of Americans say "It's time to go to bed" the minute Mr. Snyder's face appears on their TV screens. As a result, lights go out and people wake up in time for work. To the writer up in Poughkeepsie: You are overlooking the valuable public service this man is unintentionally performing.

Now for a glimpse into the TV of the future.

The following is a list of TV movies and specials that will be seen sometime before the turn of the century, provided that there isn't another actor's and/or writer's strike, and/or directors strike.

1. "Rona talks to Jodie and Johnny"—It is the year 1990 and John W. Hinckley has written a best-seller while in prison. He makes so much money that Norman Mailer arranges to buy him his freedom. In this special, Rona Barrett interviews John Hinckley and his new wife, Jodie Foster, in their Upper West

Jodie Foster, in their apartment at the Dakota building on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. They discuss the hot new TV sitcom which they both star in, "The Actress and the Assassin." Rona then follows them as they fly to Rome to see the Pope at the Vatican.

2. "The Way It Was: A New Wave Retrospective"—Hosted by Dick Clark. Along with the celebration of the 50th anniversary of American Bandstand, Dick Clark interviews the Ramones at Kutcher's Country Club in the Catskills, where they are the opening act for Rodney Dangerfield. Afterwards, they are seen performing some of their current hits, including "Anarchy in the Deli" and "The KKK Took My Credit Cards Away."

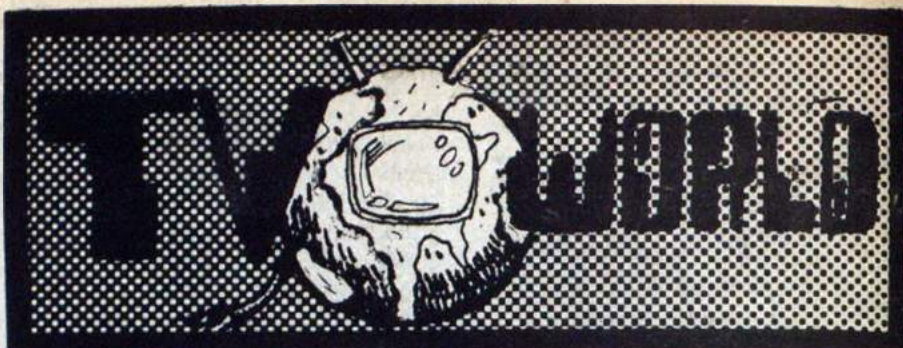
3. "How to Keep Fit After You Reach 100"—Hosted by Jack La Lanne. At 105, and still going strong, Jack La Lanne reveals his secret to the nations. Uninformed sources say that he consumes large amounts of alcohol and Quaaludes, and also hangs out with Dick Clark a lot.

4. "Jerry Falwell on the Minnesota Strip"—A documentary that begins with the Reverend's attempt to reform prostitutes, but concludes as the prostitutes start reforming him. His changing personal attitude toward their profession is focused on, from it being an "immoral lifestyle" to a "lucrative business" that provides him with numerous rewards, such as a pink Cadillac.

5. "My Mother, the Computer"—This movie brings you the 1990's version of one of the great disasters of television history. Like its predecessor, this version pits man against machine, but this time the man drives the machine crazy, rather than the other way around.

6. "The \$1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 Pyramid."—Host: Dick Clark.

by Donna Gouse



1 **License Renewed**, by E.N. Phleming. (\$8.95) James Bond drives again. 3

2 **A Dog Pees on His Master**, by Warren Mach. (\$6.95) A profound and haunting novel of innocence betrayed. 1

3 **Bob the God**, by Dick Berry. (\$10.95) Bob the God is trapped by a seductive nuclear physicist. 4

4 **Seven Plays**, by P.J. Parker. (\$12.95) Adolf and Jimmy are new at word processing but know the secret meaning of Sir Kevin Northrop's last words, which he said to his wife Hilda, who was having an affair with their bisexual milkman, Ted, an intimate friend of W.S. Jones, the mad scientist currently planning to blow up the universe if his daughter Ann does not find an apartment in New York, where people say that the mysterious Mr. Eric saw the

movie that changed his life, a movie about a spy who falls in love with Barry Olsen, the writer, whose real name is known only to someone's mother, a woman who appears but once, and there only to curse the villainous Stephen, who has alienated his only son by another marriage, and now sees the psychiatrist Barby, who smokes heavily and has been seen at McSorley's.

5 **The Tide**, by Bill Burke. (\$8.95) A mean tide wipes out some big cities. 2

6 **Burning Bed**, by Schlock Novel. (\$13.95) A hot romance with a cover that actually sweats in your hands. 6

7 **Inside Reagan's Brain**, by G. Trudeau. (\$5.95) A journey Dante would be proud of. 9

8 **The Soul of Tedium**, by Peter Amos. (\$6.95) A thriller about a turtle who runs away from home. 7

9 **The Iliad**, by Homer Homer. (\$9.95) Sex and violence before there was television. 10

10 **Frost Fighter**, by Betty West. (\$11.95) A door to door Ragg wool sweater salesman saves Rhode Island from the blizzard of 1985. 8

PLAGUE

BEST

SELLERS

1 **The Hollywood-Perma-Weight-Loss Diet**, by Judy and Harold. (\$14.95) How to stop eating and die. 2

2 **A Matter of Smell**, by Penelope Anderson. (\$7.95) A lucid, intelligent, lyrical, witty, self-revealing, and frank look at the tragicomedy of our intermingled yearning, manipulation, appreciation and distrust of several common bathroom smells. 4

5 **Central Park West**, by T. Marlborough. (\$11.95) An urban cowboy tells about herding cattle on 79th Street. 5

7 **The Official Preppy Jokebook**, edited by Libby Beanbach. (\$7.95) Why did the alligator cross the road? 6

8 **The Best of Dear Abby**, by M. V. Buren. (\$9.95) Letters from Must Know, Gay and Happy, Very Worried, Suicidal, and others. 7

10 **Stars**, by Carl Sagan. (\$15.95) The scientist

8 talks about "billions and billions". 5

9 **From Bauhaus to Bathroom**, by T. Wolf. (\$12.95) A critical look at contemporary architecture. 10

3 **The 1980's: Countdown to Armageddon**, by Al Lindsey. (\$8.95) Tick-tock, tick-tock, BOOM! 1

6 **Black Market**, by Joe Wilbur. (\$8.95) How to invest your money, get wealthy, and beat inflation by selling children. 9

The Eyes Are the Doors of Perception

by Father F.J. Finamore,

Ph.D.,

Mail Order Ministry

What do I see with these precious jewels, a gift from God, that is hidden from the famished souls of the poor and deprived?

When I see a door, I see my eyes, a gateway to the secrets of hidden souls so far, so gone in time and space which only I can see.

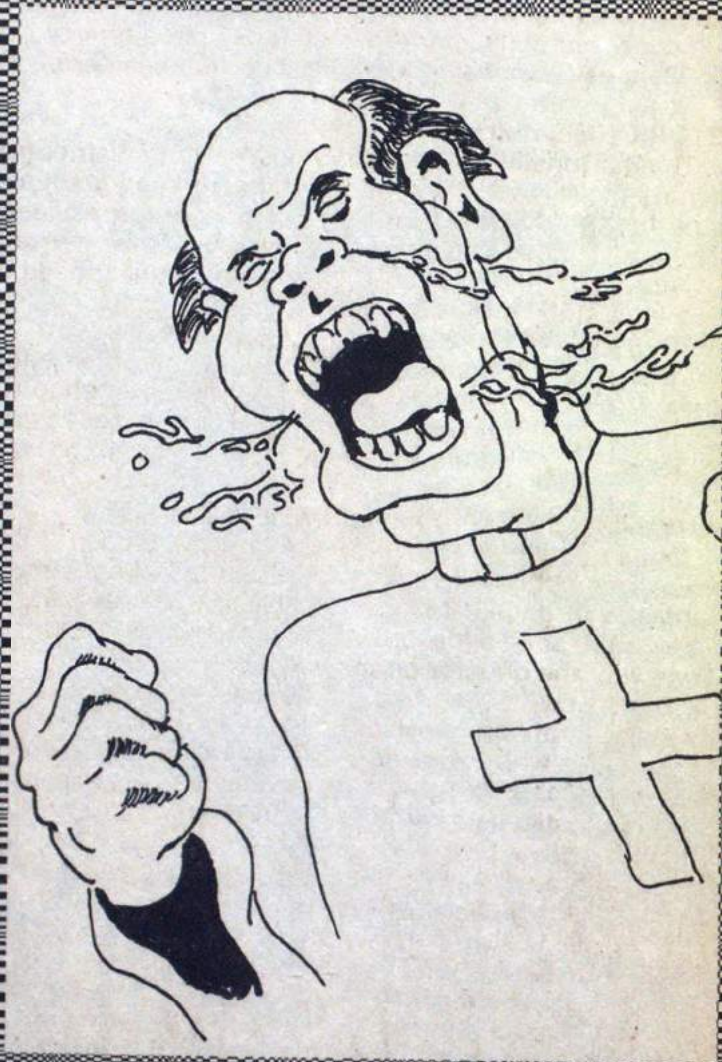
When I see a wrinkled face of an old, sweet woman, who has just crowded into the seat next to me on a crowded train, I yell in my peaceful soul, destroy her, destroy her kind, for they make people suffer! The bitches, God save their souls. Praise the Lord.

When I see a stark black fountain pen, I see the sin of man. The parasitic behavior of the male animal. It urges the user into fornication. Damnation.

When I see a voluptuous young woman, I cry to God, why have you put this creature of temptation on this savagely beleaguered earth, for they create sin. Enlighten her! Consecrate her!! Pork her!!! Show her salvation from the Devil's pleasures. For I am the sword, and I will save her.

When I see a young 10 year-old boy, I see the seed of sin. And I call on God, and pray, "With this knife I release him from sin, I cut away the malignant organs, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

I am God's warrior and through my eyes I see sin. I kill sin with my hands. I save souls by looking through doors where you can't see and I lead you to Heaven.



Wisdom of the Wallet

Consumer Advice from Margaret E. Burke

Adoption can be a harrowing experience for any childless couple. Many are frustrated by their inability to find that special, caring agency, one that answers such questions as: What legal problems will we encounter in adopting? How can we be sure of the child's true parentage? Will he love us unquestioningly? Most prospective parents give up the fight and spend their money on a home computer system. We at the **Plague** don't blame you, not one bit. To help remedy the situation, our consumer rights staff has rated four of New York's top adoption agencies according to whim and caprice; we present their findings here.

STORK (Cedarhurst, L.I.)

The McDonald's of adoption houses, Stork distributes babies to 300 outlets nationwide. At the central facility, specially trained inspectors (all graduated of Diaper U., Stork's managerial school) sort through the little tykes, checking them for resilience and uniformity. Babies worthy of the Stork seal are stamped and shipped to local branches where they're kept in a monitored, sterilized environment. Although healthy and moderately priced, Stork babies tend to have bland characters, and most often grow up to become accountants.

MRS. SMITH'S (Lexington Ave. at 33rd St.)

Mrs. Smith handpicks each and every one of her babies, and she grabs 'em **young**, often pulling them from their mother's womb in delivery. Her shop is small and prices are high, but each child is unique and given loads of personal attention. No assembly line babies here! She can fill a special order for you if you don't find what you're looking for, but there is a nine-month wait.

ORPHAN ANNIE'S (Columbus Ave. at 81st St.)

Its name-recognition boosted by the popularity of Broadway's **Annie**, this relatively new establishment caters to has-beens and could-have-beens who wish to live out their theatrical fantasies through their children. The owners, Lee and Susan Andrews, guarantee that all the kids come from solid show business backgrounds. Most are the product of chorus girls and extras who slept with the director on the way up.

"Right now," Susan told the **Plague**, "we have a little Merrick and a Fosse, and our Beverly Hills branch has an entire selection of 2 year-old Polanskis."

For those who can't afford the big-name kids, the Andrews have a large line of unknowns to choose from. Although the unknowns are less expensive, Lee and Susan believe they have just as much potential as a two month-old DeNiro, for example.

"Sure these kids are nobodies," Lee told us, "but that doesn't mean they don't have what it takes to make it. We have a philosophy here at Annie's—there are no small babies, only small parents." Orphan Annie's is closed Mondays.

SAUL'S BABY BASEMENT (Allen at Delancey)

Babies, Babies, Babies!!! That's what Saul Bloomfield advertises and that's what he sells: over 500 kids in all colors and sizes. The "basement" is an old shoe warehouse—the smallest infants still sleep in the shoeboxes Saul found when he moved in. The place is dirty and noisy, and you have to sort through piles of kids to find one you want, but what Saul's lacks in ambiance it makes up in price.

"Every baby's bargain," Saul told out reporter. "You want fancy, you go uptown and pay their prices. You want a baby, you come to me. And for nice customers like you, I make a special deal. See that kid without a finger? 10% off."

Saul also sells you his grandmother, for a price.



FUN WITH SPORTS

by Steven Korn

Now that the 1981 baseball season has been over for a few weeks, perhaps it is finally possible to reflect upon it with a degree of objectivity.

I think the main thing we can agree on with hindsight's benefit is the blessing-in-disguise the mid-season strike turned out to be. Without it, the exciting split-season format would never have been adopted. So-called experts maligned this format, but any clear thinking individual knows its value. After all, so-called experts also malign Reaganomics. I think the only mistake the baseball administrators made was in not splitting the World Series as well.

The owners made a logical move in dividing the season, into halves, knowing it would increase excitement in the game with maybe an incidental increase in their ticket sales & receipts. Bravo, I say, but imagine how much better the fall classic would have been if it had been split too. The Yankees would have won the first half of the Series 2 games to 1, and the Dodgers would have won the second half 3-0. This would have made necessary a third half, which would only have meant more excitement, more TV money, more ticket sales, and more insightful commentary by Howard Cosell and Jim Palmer. Perhaps we would have even had enough time to meet the Dodgers' minor league "up close and personal," vital information which I was really upset ABC failed to include in its coverage.

Some might wonder what would have happened if the Yankees went on to win the third half of the World Series by 2-1, giving them the championship even though they would have lost 5 games while only winning four. The same narrow thinkers who condemned the plan in the regular season would probably complain about this, crying about injustice or some other such nonsense, but I think their arguments are easily defeated. Just remember, there were teams with a better season-long records than either of the league champions. A hypothetical complaint that the split World Series format had stolen the championship from the Dodgers would have to consider that if it were not for that very system, they wouldn't have even been there to lose it. This, I believe, is the logic of the wise baseball team owners, and that's good enough for me. Write to Commissioner Bowie Kuhn & tell him you want him to adopt these plans permanently, and make the grand old game even grander.

The second point I'd like to make in reference to the World Series, is not as joyful as talking about the split season. Right now, I would like to apologize to George Steinbrenner on behalf of everyone affiliated with New York University. We let you down, our boss. Oh, I know that some in the university community probably feel they supported the team to the best of their ability, but that's their ability, but that's their damn business if they want to feel that way. As for me, I'm deeply ashamed of their performance as fans during the play-offs and I can promise you that come the spring semester I'm going to do all I can to see that it doesn't happen again. We're going to work on the basics, the "charge" yell, the "dee-fense" chant, etc. We'll practice the "Reg-gie" once we know if its going to be usable or not. And no fireworks, I promise. In the meantime, thank you for fighting for us. Thank you for doing so, even though your apology shows your battle wound, since we obviously lack the maturity to accept defeat as part of the game. Your apology to us was a beautiful gesture. I hope this one to you helps you to forgive our transgressions.

Notes from the end zone: More split season converts — N.F.L. owners are weighing a plan to split into 4 four-game seasons. Playoffs will involve the 3 division winners in each mini season, plus 4 wild card teams for a maximum of 16 qualifiers in each conference of the 28 team league. . . . Damn the Cosmos' soccer team owners to eternal hell-fire. When they lost Soccer Bowl '81 to the Chicago Sting of the North American Soccer League, I did not hear any talk of an apology from Warner Communications. I understand those in charge of the Cosmos are foreigners. . . . Former New York Mets' TV and radio announcers Steve Albert and Art Shamsky have been signed to star in two motion picture remakes. First, they will take on the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby roles in the re-make of "Road to Bali" with presidential advisor Ed Meese III in the Dorothy Lamour part. Following that, Shamsky and Albert will headline in the re-make of Summer '81's eighth largest grossing film, Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams. . . . New York Post sportswriter Steve Serby has retired from boxing after his humiliating defeat at the hands of N.Y. Jets quarterback, Richard Todd. Serby has announced his intention to switch to professional wrestling, signing to fight the survivor of the Bob Backlund-Greg Valentine "Texas Death match." Serby has explained that in combative sports, wrestling is much more analogous to his former newspaper's position in journalism. Rupert Murdoch has reportedly offered to buy Serby a glittering sequined robe, if he'll agree to take as his ring name, "The Rabid Australian."

Following upon the heels of the smash New York gigs of their current American tour, the **Rolling Stones** have announced the Big Apple dates for their next three continental go-rounds. After consulting his cash-flow charts and the editorial board of the **Wall Street Journal**, businessman and singer **Mick Jagger** produce the following schedule: June 13-14, 1984, the Brendan Byrne Arena in New Jersey, and June 20-22, Madison Square Garden; May 7-9, 1987, Yankee Stadium, and May 15-16, the newly refurbished Radio City Music Hall; October 4-6, 1990, the Great Lawn in Central Park, and October 12-13, the Fritz Reuter retirement home in Union City, N.J.

New wave superstar **Adam Ant** revealed recently that he has become a born-again Jew. Ant, pictured here wearing teffillin (leather prayer straps) around his hand and wrist, now sports pais (uncut locks of hair dangling from the sideburns). When asked what compelled him to accept Judaism, the tribal rocker replied, "I met up with some Native Americans who had some objections to me Indian-inspired music, but they scalped me wrong bloody head."...All the beautiful people at last night's grand opening of the city's hottest new club **GRXPMQF** grooved into the morning to the music of **The Turd**, the group that tore things apart last year in Tierra del Fuego. It was the band's first performance in a civilized nation...

SICK FLICK DEPT.: Director **Ken Russell** is still trying to buy the film rights to the **Sheena Easton** hit "(My Baby Takes the) Morning Train." Says Russell: "It has unbelievable potential for a full-length feature. The minute I heard it, I could see the albino conductors in nylon bodysuits. I want to make each car of the train representative of one of the seven deadly sins...depravity on wheels, so to speak. I've already hired 65 midgets for the dream sequence."

Rumored for the leading role of the Motorman are **Roger Daltrey** and **Ringo Starr**... The merger that



- THIS WEEK'S TOP TRACKS**
1. "ENDLESS SONG" Diana Ross and a Commodore
 2. "PHYSIC" Olivia Newton-John
 3. "THEME FROM 'BREAKER MORANT'" Sheena Easton
 4. "BUTCHER BABY"/"I SAW HER STANDING THERE" Slim Whitman and The Plasmatics
 5. "BE A TURD (PART 3)" The Turd
 6. "PROP ME UP" Rolling Stones
 7. "YOU ARE LOVED" The HumbardGrandchildren and Liz
 8. "KIM CARNES EYES" Bette Davis
 9. "SORROWFUL, DEPRESSING BALLAD" Carole Bayer Sager
 10. "ARTHUR'S THEME (THE MOST VAPID YOU CAN BE)" Christopher Cross

the whole rock world was talking about came to an abrupt end the other night when **The Plasmatics'** lead singer **Wendy O. Williams** ended the group's union with newest member **Slim Whitman**. Top-selling balladeer Whitman had signed with the group two weeks ago in an effort to gain a larger, more varied following. His first (and final) performance with the sex-and-violence oriented punk band came to a stunning conclusion when, while Whitman warbled the band's hit "Butcher Baby," Williams grabbed a chainsaw and proceeded to bisect him at the waist. She later commented: "You know? I mean it was cheaper than slicing up my guitar like usual. Besides, do you like have any gum or, you know, a carrot or something?"

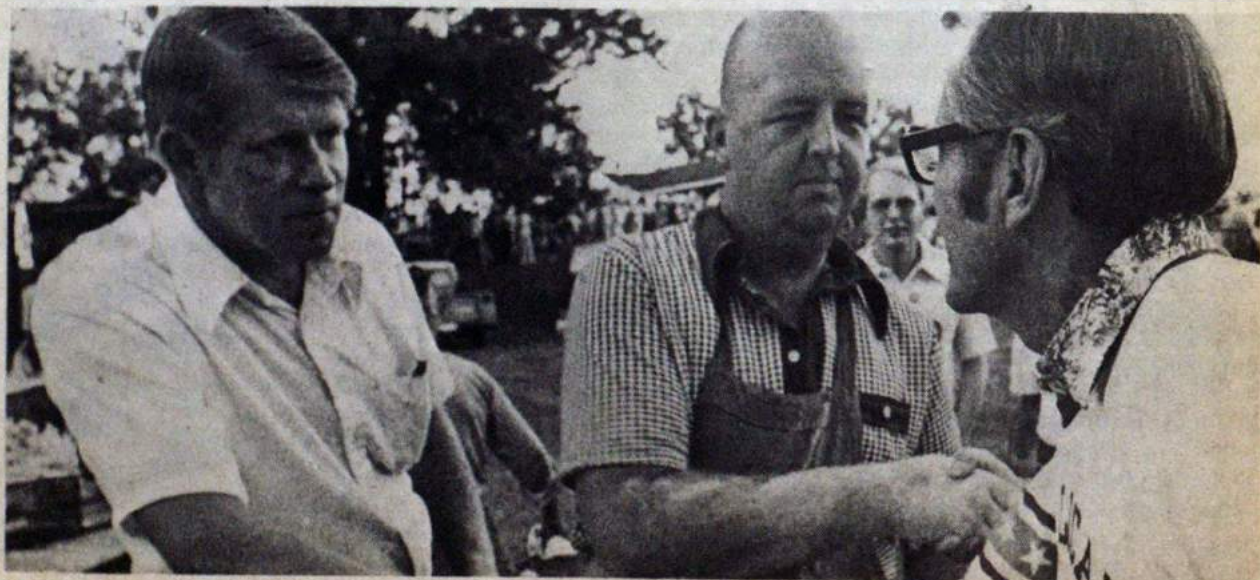
...If you take a look at the October issue of **Heavy Metal**, you'll see a short essay on the horror genre written by none other than **Johnny Ramone**. **Dee Dee** and **Marky** are currently collaborating on a high school text entitled **How to Talk and Write Good**. Not to be outdone, Joseph Hyman (a/k/a **Joey Ramone**) has submitted copies of his 358-page manuscript on the existential philosophies of Camus and Kafka to publishing houses around town...



Pokey's Anthology Of Contemporary Works In The English Language

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Pegasus

by Margaret E. Burke

It was hot. When it's hot it's time to have a drink, and it was hot. It was time to have a drink.
"Cognac?" I said.
"Yes," she said.
I motioned to the waiter.
"Cognac," I said.
"It is very good cognac, Senior."
"Good. Bring the cognac."
"Very good." He brought the cognac. It was very good. It was hot. The day was. The cognac was good. We drank the cognac. I thought about her and about all the homework I had to do before the weekend ended.
"Do you love me?" she said.
"Yes." I kissed her. She was very beautiful.
"Let us never leave each other," she said.
"Yes," I said, "but what is your name?"
"It doesn't matter," she said. "It only matters that you and I shall love each other always."
"Yes," I said. I kissed her again. We sat at the table and drank cognac and made love and felt the hot heat of the sun and the cool cool of the evening and watched the people walk by sometimes alone and sometimes in twos and threes but always always walking by and the waiter came with the check.
"Your check, Senior."
"Yes," I said. I paid the check. She began to go.
"Wait," I said.
"Yes?" she said. I kissed her. She was very beautiful.
"Promise me we will always be in love?" I said.
"Yes," she said.
I bent to kiss her again.
"No," she said. "It is time to go. I must go now." She went. I watched her go. It was nice to watch her go. I watched her until she was gone. Then I called the waiter.
"Yes?" He said.
"Cognac," I said.
"Very good," he said. He brought the cognac. I drank the cognac. I thought of this woman and all the women I had known and all the homework I had to do before the weekend ended. I made my way through the streets filled with people and back to my room. It was dark and quiet. The room was. I poured myself a glass of cognac and began to write.

QUESTIONS

1. Does the author take a single attitude, or several, toward cognac? Try to specify the attitude.
2. What does the author mean by the last sentence? The 17th sentence?
3. Is there any way in which the author's account of this experience can be considered a personal victory?
4. Compare this story to a "screwball comedy" film of the 1930's & 40's. How are they similar?

When You're A Stranger (Growing Up)

If
I were
a fat pig
I would like mud
and I would not be
sitting here writing about pigs

Poems by
Warren Rosenzweig

Mashing and Chopping

Mash,
Chop, chop,
Mash, mash, mash,
Chop, chop, chop, chop,
mash, mash, mash, mash, mash,
Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop.

QUESTIONS

1 This poem has been called one of the best examples of sustained irony in the English language. Irony is always used with the danger that it will go over readers' heads & they will take what is said literally. What does Rosenzweig do to prevent this? Is line 1 ironic? At what point do you begin to suspect that he is using irony? What further evidence accumulates to make you certain that Rosenzweig is being ironic?

2 Does the poem shock you? Was that the poet's intention?

3 Is this poem consistent with the definition of style as a centaur?

The Reason

Looking into the future and seeing
the past,
We know the truth is whole.
Life is swamp gas,
No matter how low.

From the beginning to the end,
And from smallest to largest,
Life is swamp gas,
No matter how low.

Forgetting my love,
Or remembering my enemy.
Life is swamp gas,
No matter how low.

Why this should be,
I do not know.
Life is swamp gas,
No matter how high.

QUESTIONS

1 What is the thesis of the poem's argument/ Where does "The Reason" become clear?

2 How does "The Reason" relate to little-league football?

3 Could you discern from this poem that the author spent several years in a federal maximum security prison?

Transcience

Charles Sklar

In the poorly lit corner of a Bleecker Street restaurant, Amos Greene sat, lighting a cigarette. The match temporarily illuminated his face and for that brief second the intuitive observer, noticing the smoker's expression, would have recognized the meaning behind it and could have, perhaps, prevented the event that was presaged by it. If only someone of experience in these matters had observed Mr. Greene during the flicker of the flame—all could have been saved, or at least subdued.

Greene rose from his seat, ablaze cigarette in hand, and made his way to the men's room. Inside, he urinated, washed his hands, splashed some cold water on his face, and combed his hair. He had been conditioned as a child to always look his finest. He practiced this family instilled ritual to the point of ridiculousness, never leaving the house wearing torn underwear just in case he got into an accident. This had been a joke of Greene's mother, but Greene had always taken it seriously.

During his sojourn to the bathroom, a menu had been set on Greene's table. He opened it and strained his eyes in an attempt to read it, but the lighting was too poor. Noticing the table next to him was empty and adequately lit by a table candle, he moved. The menu, now visible, occupied Greene for a moment, and then he set it down, hoping his waiter would notice. Unfortunately, this waiter was not very alert and Greene had to wait ten minutes to order.

"Not only will I not tip him," thought Greene, "but I'll also say something nasty about his mother."

While waiting to order, Greene passively watched the activity of the other clientele. He had a unique perspective; a kind of outsider's view from his seat, one table to the right of the poorly lit corner. Only one, when returning a smile from a pretty girl, did he become anything more than an observer. Being a handsome man, Greene often received smiles from pretty girls. He had his mother's sturdy jaw and piercing blue eyes. All he had of his father's was his gold watch.

In time, the waiter came.

"Are you ready to order?"

What an idiot you are, thought Greene.

"Yes. Is the whitefish fresh today?"

"Fresh every day, sir."

"I'll have that then, and the fresh vegetable."

"What kind of dressing would you like on your salad?"

"Oil and vinegar. Can I order a half-bottle of wine?"

"Certainly. What would you like?"

"Some Pinot Noir if you have it."

The waiter began to write Greene's choice on his pad, saying "Pinot Noir" to himself as he wrote, but immediately after saying it he burst out with, "Excuse me, sir. Are you aware that Pinot Noir is a very strong red wine, hardly complimentary to fish?"

Irritated, Greene bit back. "Yes, I am well aware of what I ordered!"

"In most cases 'the customer is always right' is an adequate principle to live by," the waiter shouted with near-schizophrenic glare in his good eye, "but are you aware that 'Noir' means black in French. BLACK! a recognized symbol of death. How dare you ruin a good meal with an inappropriate wine!"

"Your mother is a lying, thieving whore in a leper colony," Greene said with relish.

The waiter grabbed Greene by his necktie, noting that it wasn't real silk, and wrestled him to the carpeted floor. A struggle ensued. The two men grappled on the floor, trading punches and insults. At one point, the waiter dealt Greene an excruciating blow to the abdomen, to which Greene replied,

"Your eyebrows are growing together."

Eventually, Greene weakened, and the waiter, breaking loose from the mix, stood up, drew a pistol from his red dinner jacket and shot Greene six times.

If only someone of experience in these matters had observed Mr. Greene during the flicker of the flame . .

The Life And Times of Clarence Birdseye

I like asparagus.
Have some peas.
The turkey on your plate is dead,
But the stuffing lives on.

Sing sing sing to thee,
Mr. Birdseye. . . tra la leel
For frozen vegetables
Are such a pleasure to me.

Mr. Mold may get you meat,
But he'll never touch you frozen broccoli.

Adam Asnes



Lovers Laying Down

Frank Finamore

Motionless,
'Cept for a tongue,
Growing, Growing, Growing,
One flat:
One on top,
A laying mat.
Juices flowing,
Breath pushing,
Hot blooded bliss,
ecstasy gushing
Another Kiss,
Mother's turn.

QUESTIONS

1. In the context of this poem, explain the term "consumer skills" and pagan fertility worship. Are they similar in that context?
2. Is this a cool world or what?
3. Compare this poem with "The Uncle Floyd Show". Write an essay on the similarities and differences.

Imagery

As the sun sets over
The sinister shining sea,
Satan begins his
Samba with my soul.

by Adam Asnes

Comprehension

Quote me never more.
I go to see me, right?
Do you go to see you. . . ?
he he, HE
Play Dough, Moe.
Where is Peter Tork?
See him play with Moe.
te te, TE.

MTA

Stranded in mid-tunnel, lights dimming, a
jerk and then another, Wond'ring if
richard ravitch had a mother.

When Two Are Three

Charles Sklar

A long time ago (some year B.C.), there lived a man named Alex, who made his living selling whitefish in the town market. He was a proud man who ran his business with great care, always making sure that his fish were fresh, and when they were not, making sure that he set up his stand up-wind.

Besides being cautious in his business dealings, Alex was also very shrewd. He knew a good deal when he saw one, and he almost always came out on top when making a transaction with a fellow entrepreneur.

Once, when doing business with a local gefilte fish manufacturer, Alex had used his wheeler-dealer technique to make a major financial killing. He was buying 500,000 gefilte fish for the Passover rush and he got them for half-price by holding out for a bulk rate.

Alex's cautious nature and shrewd instincts were a winning combination. His business prospered, he became fat (which in those days was an indication of either wealth, or an intense passion for Oreos with Double Stuff), and he was able to give his family the finest of everything. They had the fanciest clothes, the biggest house, the nicest furniture, and best of all they didn't have to eat whitefish.

It seemed that everything was going in the right direction for Alex-at least it did before Oshkin came to the market.

Oshkin, who was also a whitefish salesman, opened his stand right next to Alex's, and within a week almost all of Alex's customers were buying their fish from Oshkin.

What would cause an established and happy clientele to so suddenly change their buying habits? The answer was quite simple, really. Before subjecting his fish to public inspection, Oshkin would paint a red stripe on each one. The whitefish-buying public, sick of such a bland looking product, was attracted to the brightly colored fish at Oshkin's stand, resulting in a loss to Alex's business.

While this innovation of Oshkin's was a revolution in the seafood industry, eventually leading to such financial triumphs as the blue-gill and the rainbow trout, it was a total disaster for Alex. With only a few loyal customers left, his business could not survive and it went under.

Financial ruin had a terrible effect on Alex and his family. They had to pawn all their belongings, go back on a diet of whitefish, and Alex's twin daughters-Maureen and Doreen- had to go into tag-team wrestling to make ends meet.

As for Alex himself, he lost all of his hair and developed violent twitching throughout his entire body. When he was stricken with a sudden attack of these twitches he looked as if someone had put ice in his jock. Shortly after acquiring this affliction, Alex ran up an enormous bill in a china shop when an unexpected bout of twitching caused him to destroy service for 47. These attacks persisted, and although he created a new dance craze, Alex continued to run up bills with local shop owners, which he could never pay.

Once a respected pillar of the community, Alex could not bear the disgrace of being in debt, not to mention having daughters who constantly lost in the ring, and so he decided to put himself out of his misery. He did the sinful deed by waiting for a bout of twitching to come upon him, and when one did he gave himself a shave.

His obituary read as follows:

Alex, beloved husband and loving father,
died today. Doctors say the cause of death
was excessive nicking.

"THEM" POEMS

PIG-POKERS

How 'bout them pig-pokers?

Ain't they neat?

Pokin' them pigs with the soles of their feet.

Pokin' 'em there and pokin' 'em here
Pokin' their fingers into pigs' ears.

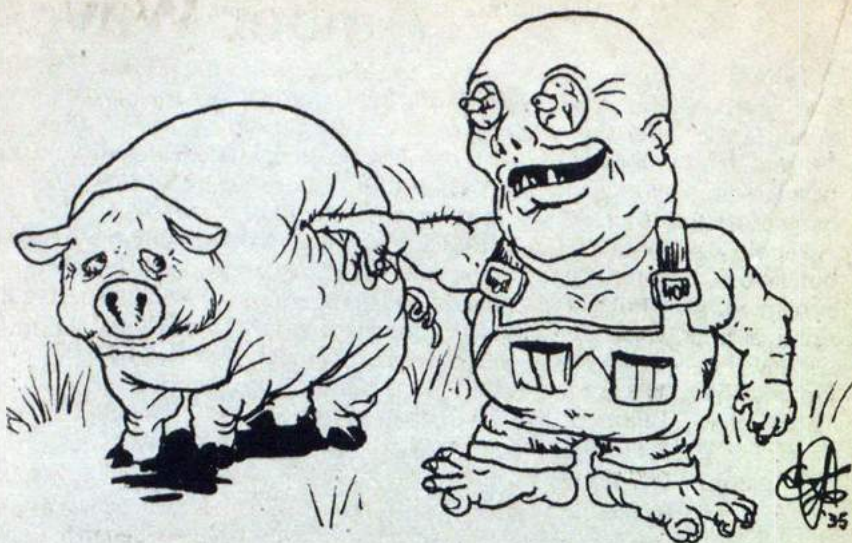
Pokin' them pigs from dawn 'till night
Pokin' them pigs with all their might.

They poke 'em with their knees and
they poke 'em with their toes
Pokin' them pigs with the tip of their nose.

They poke 'em in the head and
they poke 'em in the face
Pokin' them pigs all over the place.

Well, how 'bout them pig-pokers
now that you met 'em?
If you don't like 'em it won't upset 'em.

—John Gernand



SCUM SUCKERS

How 'bout them scum suckers suckin'
that scum?

Suckin' it down into their lungs.

Suckin' it to and suckin' it fro.

Watch them scum suckers

Go man go!

Suckin' it up and suckin' it down

Suckin' that scum all around

Suckin' scum here and suckin' scum there

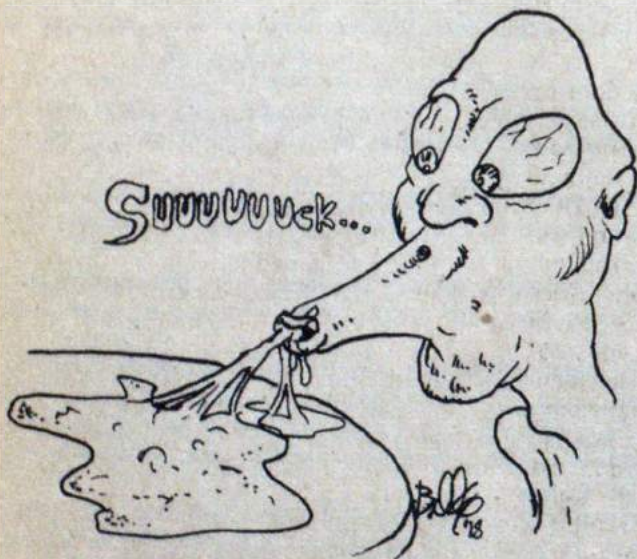
Scum suckers suckin' scum
everywhere.

So, how 'bout them scum suckers

Suckin' that scum?

Don't you think they're loads of fun?

—John Gernand



REQUIEM FOR A BEAR

If Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't Fuzzy Wuzzy,
Then who was he?

—John Gernand

Amber Waves

by Steven Korn

Tibor turned to me and asked if I had any rotgut in the house. "You know what I mean, something like 'Red Eye'," he prodded, "*whiskey that's gritty and putrid which makes a man feel vile and loathsome and certain that death is near after drinking one shot of it from a dirty glass. Y'got anything like that in your liquor cabinet?*"

I said that I tended to doubt it, but if he insisted, I would look. Rummaging through the rows of glass bottles, I failed to discover anything that would satisfy Tibor's desire for rancid alcohol. Still, it would be rude if I didn't offer him something to drink, so I grabbed a bottle of an admirable Chablis and returned to the living room.

I apologized for being out of 'Red Eye' and placed the Chablis on the table. I told him he could help himself to it, but Tibor just stared silently at the floor. Suddenly, he leaped to his feet in an uncontrollable rage. "Damn you," he screamed, "why not just offer me milk? This is a drink for a child. I need a drink which will give me mange, a man's drink, a drink which smells like a circus menagerie." Tibor picked up the Chablis and threw it through the front window. His eyes were afire with obsession, "I must have 'Red Eye'," he proclaimed, "What about your neighbor? Do you think he's got any rotgut in his house?"

"He might," I allowed. "Heh, heh, then let's go ask him if we could 'borrow' some," Tibor said with an ominous, sinister chuckle. He took out his revolver and, after stroking it lovingly for a moment, placed it in the holster on his belt. Tibor turned off the light, and we stepped out into the night and walked next door.

Tibor rang the bell. Mr. Smith came to the door. I could feel the sweat dripping down my back as Tibor greeted the bewildered man. "Got any rotgut?" Tibor queried. Smith began to cry and told us how lonely he was, and how long it had been since he had heard as friendly a greeting as Tibor's had been and would we mind doing him a favor now that we were all pals. He wanted to know if we would mind sticking our fingers in one of the electric sockets in his house because that morning he had been watching a Tom & Jerry cartoon and Jerry had stuck Tom's tail in an electrical outlet and watching Tom shriek had made Smith laugh louder than he had since he was a boy and father let him trade grandmother's truss for orange shoelaces and a burlap sack full of peanut brittle, which didn't help grandmother's hernia very much, but he got a tremendous laugh out of the look on her face when father told her about it and he thought that watching us electrocute ourselves would make him laugh again.

I declined the offer, but Tibor said he would gladly electrocute himself for some rotgut in a dirty shot glass. Smith began to cry hysterically and said we were selfish because we had a chance to reduce a human being's suffering and wouldn't do it. Tibor suggested we try the next house. As we were leaving, we heard Smith offer us a dollar if either of us would lick the top of a 9-volt battery for an hour, but we just kept walking.

I knocked on the door. Tibor asked Miss Jones, who came to the door naked (she never dressed in the summer because she didn't like light clothing and she never left her house anyway) if she had any rotgut. She said she might, but first we would have to answer a question. "What has one voice and yet becomes four-footed and two footed and three footed?" Tibor answered affirmatively, "a garbage truck." I mentioned that I thought that was the answer to a different riddle when Miss Jones slammed the door in our faces.

In the wake of rejection, despairing, Tibor walked over to the curb and sat down. I joined him there and as a gentle breeze whistled by, I suggested we begin to think about the important things in life, hoping in the process that Tibor would recognize the futility of obsession. I thought about the number 6, man's inhumanity to his fellow man, phonics, and sour cream. Tibor thought about poverty, DC-3 aircraft, Fisher-Price toys, religion, Franz Kafka's garden in Prague and defensemen in the 12 years-and-under roller hockey league in Bronxville, N.Y.

Thinking about these things raised hundreds of questions in our minds. Is sour cream somehow related to man's inhumanity to his fellow man? Does anyone employed at Fisher-Price toys drink rotgut? How many make 6? Why are men like Mr. Smith lonely? Why would a 12 year old in Bronxville willingly put himself in the direct path of an airborne ard rubber disc, just to keep it from going over a line into a net? There were no answers. Tibor was a bubbling cauldron of contrasting emotions. Here he was, devoting an entire evening of his life to a search for rotgut, but now he wasn't certain rotgut was the most important thing in the universe anymore. He recalled the last time he drank 'Red Eye', his goldfish died and he felt lonely. Maybe he shouldn't have shared his rotgut with the fish. But he had been taught it was good to share. Tibor said he didn't know how he would react if he ever saw rotgut again. "I have recognized the futility of obsession," he sighed.

Along the curb where we sat, a mobile home had since parked. The driver came out of the orange Volkswagen beetle in which he lived and asked us if we wouldn't mind taking some rotgut off his hands. Tibor reached for his revolver, and I feared the look in his eyes. But then, he suddenly reached out with his other hand and took the bottles from the man. He drove off and I asked Tibor what made him change his mind. "I don't know," he said, "All of a sudden I just felt thirsty again." We walked the short distance back home and Tibor poured himself a shot, drank it and said he was going back to his house to watch "Hazel". I laughed. Tibor is young.

Finally alone, I lay back to grasp the implications of the day's events. Almost in an act of desperation, I realized there were none and I decided to go to sleep, tomorrow would be another day. Then, I remembered the line from Shakespeare, "Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer." Not one of the Bard's better lines, but then I realized he was talking about me all those years ago. I turned on the TV and made a note to pick up some 'Red Eye' the next time I was at the supermarket.

Untitled

eggs
milk
toilet paper
lettuce
pickles
peat moss
dog food

—Anon.

This anonymously-written work is a masterpiece of modern literature. On the surface, it appears to be no more than a common shopping list. But as anyone familiar with literary exegesis knows, it would be insolent, even boorish, to take a work at face value and ignore its many deeper levels of meaning.

Once we struggle past its simplistic exterior, the work reveals itself to be a brilliant metaphor. As in Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*, the answer to this Sphinx's riddle in "Man," as the work traces a man's existence from the womb to the grave.

The eggs symbolize the beginning of life. An egg is ovoid, standing for the cyclical quality of life. Or, on a more basic, biological level, the eggs can represent the ovaries of the mother.

Once born, a child is nourished through milk. On a physical level, mother's milk allows the child to exist, while mentally, the child is nourished through the milk and honey of wisdom and learning.

Through the child's adolescent years, the development of thought and personality is fragile and easily torn. Hence, the symbol of the easily torn toilet paper.

The list's next symbol, the lettuce, poses a somewhat more difficult, but hardly insurmountable, problem. It is a puzzling symbol, but once we consider the connotations of lettuce, the answer becomes remarkable clear. The lettuce is the symbol of young adulthood, the "salad days," as it were.

But salad days do not last forever, as they eventually turn sour. When cucumbers (part of our proverbial salad) turn sour, they become pickles, the next item on the "shopping list."

Once life has turned sour, death cannot be long in following. Death, along with subsequent burial, is personified in Peat Moss, which quickly follows the pickles.

Yet, this is but the penultimate entry. And it is the last line which is the most poignant and symbolic of all. The dog food clearly alludes to Hamlet's "We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service — two dishes, but to one table."

All in all, this is truly a masterwork which brilliantly interweaves the simple with the complex, the prosaic with the poetic, and the revealed with the hidden. It is indeed a shame that the poem's deepest mystery, the identity of its author, has yet to be solved.

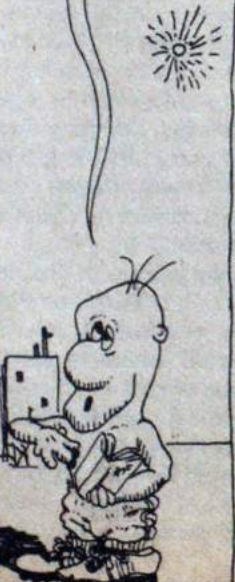
AY POME by GUY RICH

Halloo, OY SHUD LOVKE FOR TUU REED
TUU YISU AYE DOAA OY HAY RITTN
ENTYTULLED "199" HEAR ET TEZ
FOURTWINTH!

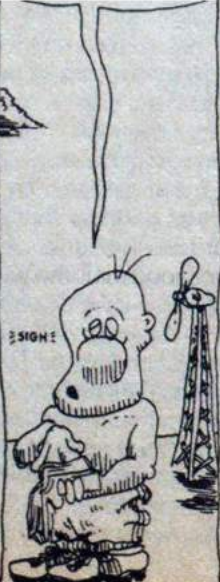
"ONE NINETY NINE
ONE NINETY NINE,
THERE'S NOTHING SO FINE
AS ONE NINETY NINE..."



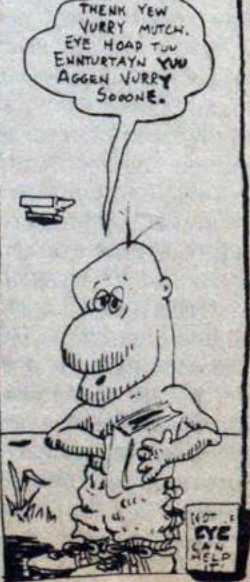
"IN THE SUNSHINE
THERE'S ONE NINETY NINE,
AND DOWN IN THE BRINE
THERE'S ONE NINETY NINE"



"IT'S OH-SO DIVINE
THAT ONE NINETY NINE,
STRAIGHT ON DOWN THE
LINE
OL' ONE NINETY NINE"



"OH ONE NINETY NINE
ONE NINETY NINE
NOTHING SO FINE
AS ONE NINETY NINE"



THANK YEW
VURRY MUCH.
EYE HOAD TUU
EHTURTAYN YEW
AGGEN VURRY
SOONE.

NO
EYE
CAN
HELP

by John Gernand

“Get up son”, cooed _____’s mother with artificial pleasantness, “You don’t want to miss your breakfast.” _____’s mother was named Betty-Q. She was a pretty woman for her age, in spite of the three foot length of steel tubing which protruded awkwardly from her forehead. Betty-Q. She wore a pink plastic lapel pin on her pink apron which covered her pink housecoat. The button read, “I prefer pink.” Betty-Q. Her smiles always brimmed with synthetic cheer. She had few cares other than feeding her family at unreasonably early hours of the morning. Betty-Q. She had been a cheerleader in high school. Her favorite song of all time was “I’m a Little Teapot.”

"It is too bad that you are so late." Vern's chortling voice broke ———'s concentration. "I have already eaten all of this morning's breakfast foodstuffs," he hissed through his smiling teeth. It was true; the eggs, the muffins, the milk, the juice, the jam, the butter, everything was gone. Even the shredded wheat, save for a few persistent crumbs which nestled in the corners of Vern's mouth. This too was typical, for ——— always took too long, and Vern, whose name was actually Leonard, was always too greedy and impatient to wait for his son's arrival to begin eating. This was exemplary of Leonard's behavior.

_____ played purposelessly with his table setting. It was now eleven minutes after nine. As he always did at this time, _____ posed the following question to his mother:

"Well," cooed Betty-Q, buying time as she wrung a pink sponge with mock thoughtfulness. "I think that's a question for your father."

Leonard chuckled. "Your mother and I gave you your name simply because we couldn't think of anything else and we haven't come up with anything better." Betty-Q. began to softly weep with token sentimentality. Leonard looked his son squarely in the eye. He smiled. "Would you like to see my track ribbons?" he asked. As was not unusual, ——— burst into tears. "Now son . . .," sobbed Betty-Q. with half-hearted interest. ——— clumsily jumped up from the table and rushed out of the pink imitation porcelain tile kitchen. He was 31 years old.

"Gosh!" exclaimed — as the rotund little civil servant screamed in agony. "I'm really sorry Mr. Lard."
"You should be, son," yelped the pink little man as he stared at the bone which protruded from his thigh.
"Where are you off to in such a hurry as to treat an employee of you country's government with such malice?" he moaned.

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The injured little cherub in uniform exploded. "What?" he screamed in agony. His thick skin turned crimson as every fat cell in his body vibrated rapidly in unison. The supermarket was an important place to the small porky postman; it was where he purchased his food. Food sustains life. One must eat food or face certain death. It was that simple. "If it weren't for the supermarket we'd all be dead and buried!" scolded Mr. Lard before falling unconscious due to loss of blood.

—— rushed off. He crashed through the immaculately shaped ½-plastic hedge and landed on the sidewalk with a bounce. As usual, the thick rubber soles of ——'s shoes rippled under his weight. —— weighed 327 pounds. He ran toward the supermarket.

As he trotted through the parking lot, —— was almost run over by a green Hudson Hornet, driven by Curly Litter, an embittered ex-cop who had been suspended from the force for reckless driving. Typically, Curly had just dropped his wife off to do her shopping. Curly hated shops and he hated shopping. He thought of this hate as his car barrelled between the rows of parked cars, bearing down on ——.

"It serves the faggot right," said Curly to himself as he watched —— bounce up on top of the hood and carrom off his windshield. In Curly's opinion, the entire shopping process was reserved for women and faggots. Curly's definition of "faggot" is a man who does a lot of shopping. It's that simple. Curly wasn't a faggot and he wasn't a woman. He was a man. A real man, on his way to do a real man's work.

For Curly, this work consisted of ten hours of sitting in the rec room of his house and eating fried pork fat sandwiches while watching "Hollywood Squares." "Hollywood Squares" was the only show ever broadcast on the local television station. Curly liked George Gobel the best. Sometimes he wondered where Wally Cox and Charlie Weaver were now. —— landed face first on the parking lot's asphalt surface with his usual lack of grace.

—— got up and staggered into the store. What was it he wanted? He couldn't remember. A twelve pack of cream filled chocolate eclairs caught ——'s eyes. Growing dizzy & bleeding profusely he reached for the bright pink boxes of the creamy pastry delights. The linoleum-covered floor rolled beneath his feet. He fell forward on top of the eclair display crushing to the floor the flakey sweets under his tummy.

"You alright, Babe?" inquired a decidedly feminine voice. —— looked up, but could not see. His eyes were covered with a highly arbitrary mixture of chocolate icing, blood, cardboard, lymph, cream filling, cellophane, and flesh. The female form began to giggle. ——, covered in the Mixture of bakery glop and his own body fluids, was about the cutest thing she had ever seen.

—— wiped the crusty ooze from his face. Standing there in front of him was Kitty Litter, Curly's wife. A voluptuous nymph, Kitty was six feet six inches in height; she weighed 187 pounds. Not an ounce was out of place. She wore black stretch pants and a yellow bowling shirt. Her waist was wrapped in a large jeweled championship wrestling belt. Kitty was a lady wrestler. Today her hair was a deep crimson color; her lips which were wrapped around a menthol Charlton, matched. As usual, Kitty wore rubber underwear.

She pulled —— to his feet. —— realized that his front was covered with tasty bakery goods. He began to eat the eclair remnants affixed to his person.

"Oh honey," cried Curly's spouse, "don't eat that. It ain't good for you."

Having never previously been confronted by, what he believed to be, a woman of extreme beauty, —— stopped eating. He was lost for words. "But," said —— as he became filled with awe, in addition to being already filled with his maximum daily quotient of pain, frustration, and confusion.

"I got something for you that's really tasty," whispered the lusty female grappler with a not-so-subtle undulation of her copious, well rounded hips. She produced a sandwich. Head cheese on white bread with lots of catsup. ——'s favorite. —— reached for it, but Kitty pushed him away.

"First you must do me one favor," taunted the redheaded giantess.

"What?" asked ——.

"Let me have your baby," demanded Kitty.

"I would happily give you my baby," apologized ——, "if I had one."

Kitty sighed. —— was a real dense one—just her type. What a Man, she thought. "Why don't we talk it over at you place," she suggested.

—— agreed ecstatically. He didn't have many friends, and it would be nice to take someone home to introduce to his parents, if for nothing else, just to prove to them that he did actually know another member of the human race. This person was a real live woman, too. Va-va-voom!

Of course Kitty had not guessed that —— still lived at home with his parents. She surmised that ——'s habitat was a more romantic locale—the culvert of some secluded sump ditch or perhaps under a massive compost heap. Mmmmm, she could almost smell the moist heavy musk of rotting organic matter. Poor girl, if only she had known the truth. Kitty rushed —— outside the store. She hailed a cab. It was now 5:47pm.

"We'll be in luck," chuckled —— proudly, "We'll get home just in time to eat supper with my parents!" Kitty was horrorstruck. She had no plans for a nice little evening with Leonard and Betty-Q. No, she had another thing on her mind. One thing. Sex.

Hot sex. Smelly sex. Sweaty sex. Wet, wonderful, bouncy-bouncy sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex. Sex with ——.

20 She wanted it, and she wanted it right away. —— continued to bleed.

Kitty wanted to have sex with ——— in an airplane. A chartered cargo plane headed for Miami, empty except for ——— and herself. This was quite normal for Kitty. As usual, she ordered the driver to drive to the airport. Upon arriving, she chartered a plane and wrote a bad check to cover the costs. The ticket agent smiled broadly as Kitty handed him the check. He gazed happily at it and giggled wildly. He kissed it passionately and began to sing. Kitty was the only patron he ever had. He knew the check would bounce, but to him bad business was better than no business.

"Where are we going?" asked ——— as he pulled a jagged piece of broken cartilage from his nose. He looked at it for a moment and tossed it into a nearby ash tray. "I can't tell you," replied Kitty. "It's a surprise." ——— loved surprises. He smiled with anticipation. He couldn't wait to find out what the surprise was. Maybe it was a dry cleaning franchise.

Once the plane was airborne, the crimson haired would-be adultress wrapped her arms and legs around ———. She kissed him passionately. This was a long, sensual kiss. She stuck her tongue into ———'s mouth. It was full of blood. She gagged and vomitted. Today, as every other day, she had eaten only a bowl of corn and a handful of croutons. These were her favorite foods.

——— was in a haze. He didn't understand any of this. He didn't know where he was and he didn't know who he was. He did know, however, that he was hungry.

"Oh Lover," moaned Kitty with realfake passion, "take off my clothes and fornicate with me." She moved ———'s hands to the top button of her blouse. ——— looked at his hands questioningly. He looked at the buttons. His mind went blank. Funny, he once knew something about those little plastic disks. He fondled the one in his hand. It was smooth and shiny. He liked it.

The plane cruised toward the Sunshine State. It was 12:01 a.m. As always, ——— was dressed like a pirate.

STRUNK

by Richard J. T. Brown



Where are you Jud?

Please sing "Daisy A Day" for me.

Silence.

I don't hear you, Jud.

Warm, witty, one of those rare people who truly deserve to be called "entertainer"

Maine echoes with silence.

I giggle as you wear your funny bald head and silly wig.

The "Laugh-In" set has long since been destroyed.

Please sing your lyrics, "Well, the self-eating watermelon ate himself last night...never used a knife or fork, much to our delight...No he's gone, without a trace of rind." STOP!

The seaplane crashes.

Jud! Jud! JUD! God, Jud, don't go!
Damn life! Mean life!

just one more chorus, jud

please

we have it in our power to begin the world again

the endless ebony river flows
out of the percolator into my lap
the coffee is black and

scalding

i guess i should call my mother
i have a class tomorrow
at 1:20
maybe i'll get there a little early
raid kills bugs dead but not
bugs bunny
i wonder if it will rain
shakespeare's dead
the bean sprouts are in bloom
i have to wash my hair

—g. gosharootie

QUESTIONS

1. To what extent do you think the lines "Shakespeare's dead/the bean sprouts are in bloom" are metaphors for the decline in society's respect for the arts and its displacement by science?
2. Study closely the layout of this poem. How would you compare it to "Hope/Truth" on P.
3. In line 6, gosharootie asserts "i have a class tomorrow." How can he know this? Do you think he's right? How do you know?
4. Describe someone you know with a strong personality that has contrasting characteristics. Is that person similar to "i" in this poem?

Passion in My Pants

E. "Jack" Hugh Lazhun

One more Saturday's sun has spitefully set
And she won't answer my calls to wrest me from doom;
I can't summon her. She won't come (or grow wet)
So tonight's object of passion: my Fruits of the Loom.
O, blest practice, good standby, last vent for my jism:
Alone in the night, only source of relief,
I'll never have moist dreams, bouncing lust through a prism
But lacking good padding might just stain the briefs.
A week's worth of ants need a much finer picnic
Than six *Penthouse* centerfolds spread on the bed;
These women of glossy! they just make your palms stick,
A love of real flesh would stand me in good stead.
I need her, I want her! But she's washing her hair
So time to deal another hand of carnal solitaire.

QUESTIONS

1. In what connection and to what purpose does Lazhun use the following expressions? Explain the image or allusion in each:
 - a) "One more Saturday's sun has spitefully set" (line 1)
 - b) "Alone in the night" (line 6)
 - c) "a much finer picnic" (line 9)
2. Compare Lazhun's use of the image of "washing hair" to gosharootie's use of the same image in his poem (p.).
3. Is this poem evil? How does the poem's meter & rhyme scheme affect your conclusion?
4. How did Darwin define evolution? Is that what this poem is about?



Freda Sporzcyk was a college student who overdosed on Dexatrim pills and ran the entire length of the New York City subway system in 8.3 seconds in 1977 before collapsing on the steps of the IND Atlantic Avenue station some minutes later. Freda has left behind poems which tell of her somewhat painful existence and which hopefully, will touch a part of us in a way no other works have. The following is the first publication of her collection entitled

DEATH POEMS

by Freda Sporzcyk

I. You bound my mouth with fifty Brillo pads and stomped
my shin until it bled, throwing
bricks and globular things until it hurt...

IT HURT!!

And you with teeth like ivory keys, grinning
as you jabbed and kicked,

clawed and bit,

crushed and pummeled

My face into a nearby stucco wall.

My crimson eyes and crimson teeth

and crimson crimson crimson brain

(Stuck on a broomstick, no doubt) reeks of your touch and
SPITS it out all over the ground. There, you bitch!

II. Death is like eating a piece of cake when you have a cold: it's
harder to swallow.

III. I beat my head with cedar boards

Until I ran around and fell down dizzy in the dust.

I threw myself in front of the 1976 Chevy Impala with the rust on the fender because I knew he knew I was
coming but he walked right over me as if I were asphalt on the roof of his mouth. That's okay.

Our tennis date is still on for tomorrow, isn't it?

IV. I stuck the live wire down my lungs and fried with delight

At the crawly electric shocks sailing through my organs.

I felt the weird explosion like the sound the world makes

When it dries up. And I wondered—why isn't my hair messed up?

V. BITE my head off, please, and chew it up and spit it out,

And savor the taste—and then give it to the Salvation Army

In case some poor soul needs one!

VI. Slit, slit, and the veins pop out/Slit, slit, and the blood pours out?

Warm and ripe/I lick my wounds and/Slit, slit, my face falls off/

Slit, slit, my teeth fall out—on the ground like croutons in

Blood soup/Slit, slit, gush, gush, like Alka-Seltzer on the rise.

First, there was "Dawn of the Living Sal", then "Noon of the Living Sal", only to be followed by "Dusk of the Living Sal." Now comes the final installment in the odyssey of everyone's favorite anti-hero, Salvatore Abruzzi.....

MORNING BECOMES ELECTRA OF THE LIVING SAL

by Bob Young

In our last episode, Sal Abruzzi, and his girlfriend, the naked 90 year-old former B-movie star Maria Montez, after stopping into the Slimy Lizard Bar and Grill just 30 miles west of Philadelphia, were on their way to Pittsburgh in the hopes of meeting, and perhaps working for George A. Romero, who is presently in the midst of filming "Night of the Living Dead." Sal, of course, for those of you not familiar with the 'Sal' saga, met Maria while hitchhiking on the New Jersey Turnpike after escaping from the Bronx, where he murdered both his parents. The year is 1968 as Sal and Maria finally arrive in Pittsburgh....

SCENE: A small movie crew enters a large white house located in a suburb of Pittsburgh one morning. Sal and Maria drive up towards the house and see the crew entering. Sal, as always, is a mess. He is surrounded by flies and there is a smorgasbord of stains on his off-white t-shirt and torn blue jeans. 90 year-old Maria Montez is still naked and looks as if she has just emerged from a bath that lasted three years.

Sal: Holy shit! There he is! There he is! It's George Romero! I saw him going into that house!

Maria: Oh Sal, really? That means your dream is finally going to come true! You're going to meet George Romero!

Sal: That's right, babe! Pull the car up in front of the house.

Maria pulls the car up in front of the white house and parks it. Then, she and Sal get out and walk into the house. As they enter, they are taken aback by all the lights and cameras.

Sal: This is it! This is Hollywood! This is how they make movies.

Maria: (sadly) I know. I was a movie star once.

Maria begins to weep. Sal gently wipes away the snot running from her nose.

Sal: (sweetly) C'mon you old fart. This is the happiest day of my life. Cheer up. And look, there's George Romero! Hey, George!

George Romero is in the middle of talking to the stars of "Night of the Living Dead", Duane Jones and baldheaded Karl Hardman. He looks over at Sal and Maria with disgust.

George: Excuse me for a second, fellows.

Karl: Sure.

George approaches Sal and Maria.

George: Excuse me, the extras aren't supposed to be here until this afternoon.

Sal: Extras? Whadaya mean? I'm Sal Abruzzi, your biggest fan. I've come here for a job!

Maria: And I am Maria Montez, famous movie star, and Sal's bitch. I am a fan of your too.

Maria gives George a "come hither" look. George turns pale.

George: Look, if you're not with the extras, I'm afraid the both of you will have to leave.

Just then, actress Judith O'Dea comes up to George.

Judith: George, I'm having trouble with the script. Why do I think Johnny is still alive after I saw him being killed?

24 **George:** Because you're supposed to be in shock and not in control of your senses.....like this man over here. (He motions toward Sal)

Sal: (smiles) Yeah. So George, when do we start work?

George: I'm afraid you can't.....

Then, George gets an idea. He smiles.

George: You start tonight!

Sal and Maria both jump for joy. Maria hugs George, who immediately pries her loose from him.

George: (to the crew) Let's delay shooting for a half an hour. I have to take a shower.

That night, about twenty extras are out in front of the house, all made up to look like the dead. Sal and Maria are among them. A scene is about to be filmed. George Romero yells "Action!" and the dead all walk slowly towards the house. From one of the second floor windows, molotov cocktails are being thrown at the dead by "Mr. Cooper", as portrayed by Karl Hardman. At the same time, "Ben" (Duane Jones) emerges from the house with a torch to ward off the approaching dead. Just then, George yells "Cut!"

George: I'm sorry I had to stop in the middle of a scene, but I just received word from the butcher that the animal entrails we have to use for the next scene tonight won't be delivered until tomorrow night. However, I have to film that scene tonight, so give me a little time to decide what to do.

Sal is concerned.

Sal: Gosh, George is upset. I wish I could help him.

Maria: You're such a wonderful person, Sal.

Sal: Yeah, I know. George needs animal entrails, but I'm gonna get him stuff even better than that.

Sal grabs a man standing next to him who is also an extra, and punches him in the face. The man falls to the ground, unconscious. Sal then lifts his left pants leg, and removes the small ax taped to his leg. He plunges the ax into the man's chest and twists it around so that the gash widens. Sal then drops the ax and, with his fingers, pulls open the man's chest and continues ripping the skin until the gash reaches down to the man's navel. Maria looks approvingly at Sal.

Maria: My wonderful Sal. Going out of his way to help George Romero. What a hunk of man!

Sal pulls out the man's heart from his chest. Then, Sal sticks his head into the man and, with his teeth, pulls out his intestine. Sal drops the intestine on the ground.

Sal: That intestine tasted real good. I love to suck on mucus.

Just then, George Romero runs over to see what is going on. He looks at Sal with horror.

Sal: (smiling) See, George, now you can film tonight!

Maria: Ain't he wonderful!

Maria kisses Sal on his bloody lips.

EPILOGUE — Now, I'm sure you're wondering what happened to Sal and Maria and George Romero after that little "incident" on the set of "Night of the Living Dead". Well, as you may have guessed, George was not too pleased with Sal's "thoughtfulness." Sal was promptly arrested and sent to the Pennsylvania Institute for the Insane. He, however, still works for Romero. Sal became the technical advisor for all of Romero's films, including "The Crazies" and "Dawn of the Dead." Of course, all the technical advisement was done by phone since Romero refuses to go within twenty miles of Sal. Sal, as of this date, is still in the institution, currently writing a book about his homosexual love affair with Harry Britton, the "Husband's Lib" advocate who spent some time in the same mental institution. Maria Montez, after sending a "Dear John" letter to Sal, dedicated her life to tracing the family tree of Joe DeRita of "The Three Stooges" fame. So far, she has found a link between DeRita and Leon Trotsky. Maria hopes to produce an ABC miniseries on DeRita's roots called "DeRita's Roots."

Christmas... that time of year
when Santa Claus comes
down the chimney....



light bulbs

a strange film

