

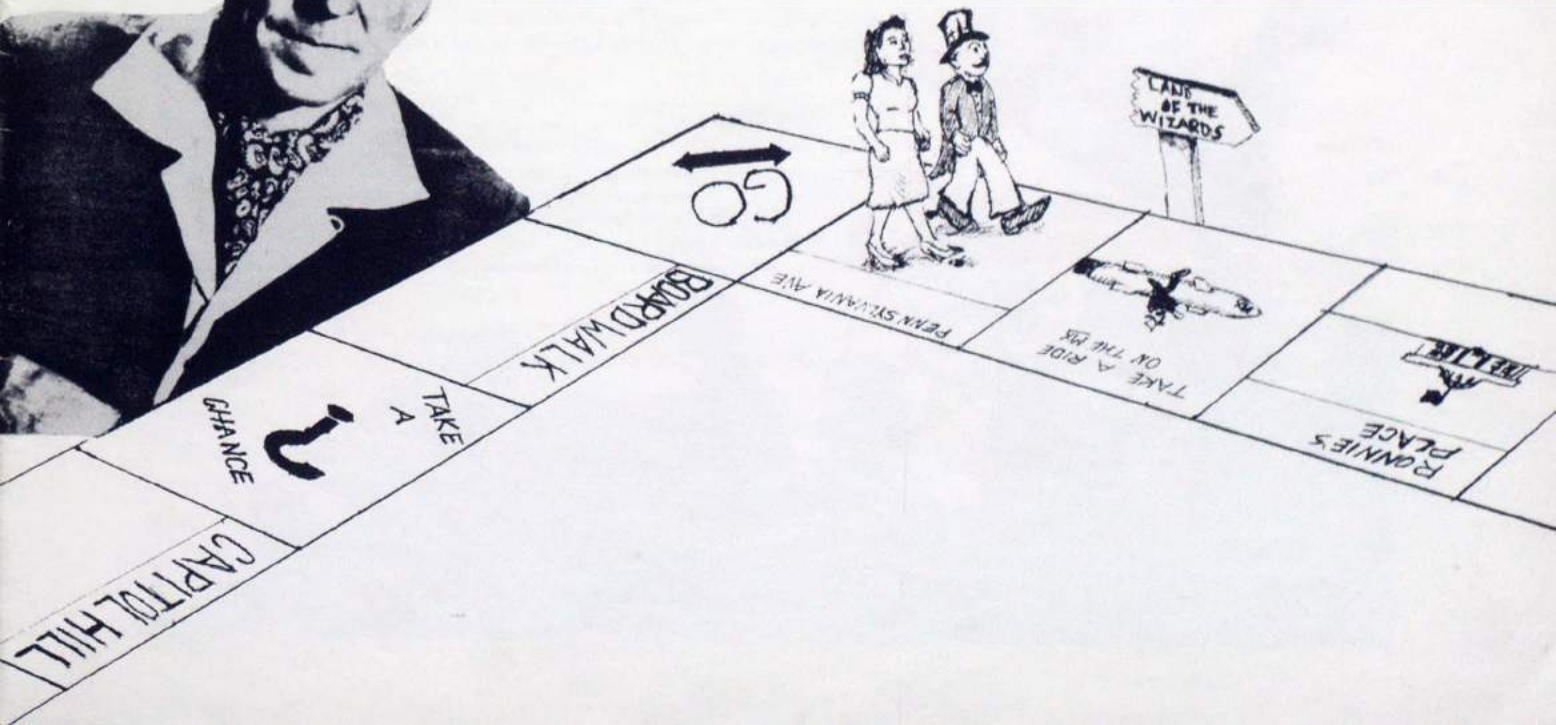
Vol. 5 No. 3, March 1982

THE PLAGUE

"NYU's Only Intentionally Funny Publication"



DOROTHY IN THE LAND OF THE WIZARDS



PLAGUE



"NYU And You"—Arto Lindsay, Vol. 5 No. 3, March 1982

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Illustrations—J.C.

GEORGE YAKICH

Has a calm exterior — Hard as a rock. But inside his heart is big — He's always worrying. Can be found in the bandroom on the drums.



QUAIL



WREN



A few reminders before we begin this month's issue. This is "Marty Allen month" throughout North America—celebrate it any way you deem appropriate. Shecky Greene will be funnyman of the month in April. Also, may we remind you to watch SCTV, David Letterman, and the Uncle Floyd Show. It would not be a bad idea to buy the Bob & Doug McKenzie album either, if you want to laugh, eh. Of course, if you want to meet them, you've got to go to the Great White North, to find us, you've only got to go as far as 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 (212) 475-9741 and 598-4046. Call today, supplies are limited. Finally, thanks to Vin Scelsa for all the years of entertainment. Let's hope he's back on the radio somewhere in N.Y.

RETRACTION

In our last issue (Vol. 5, No. 2, Dec., 1981), Mr. Arto Lindsay was erroneously quoted as saying, "NYU, Man." His actual, immortal words were "NYU and You."

We apologize wholeheartedly for any inconvenience this error may have caused to you, our reader. The person responsible for the misquote has been castrated and now assures us (in a high-pitched, squeaky voice) that no further errors of this sort will appear until the end of time.



DOROTHY IN THE LAND OF THE WIZARDS

CHAPTER 1

In Which Dorothy Gets A Job

Dorothy was 18 years old when she left her small house in the midst of the Kansas prairies to attend a university in a big city, many miles away. When she arrived, Dorothy, who looked a little like a young Judy Garland, took an apartment in a rooming house near her new campus. She studied diligently and always paid her rent promptly, with the money her Uncle Henry sent from home. He could afford to pay her rent, but she needed assistance from the government to meet the sizable tuition demanded by the university. Dorothy's promptness endeared her to her landlord, Mr. Fields, a bald-headed man whose cigar seemed to be as permanent a fixture in his mouth as his teeth.

Endearment, to Mr. Fields, was motivated solely by the date and hour he received his tenants' rent. If it was after noon on the first of the month, his regard for you descended below his regard for "the lowest scum on Earth." This standard even applied to people who didn't live in his building, since the first question he asked when he met someone new was invariably, "When do you pay your rent?"

Thus, Dorothy knew she was in for trouble when she received a letter from Aunt Em. It informed her that the government had decided that Uncle Henry, a truck farmer who had been planting flat-beds for years, yet never understood that 18-wheelers just don't grow on trees, was no longer in an income bracket eligible for tuition assistance.

Dorothy was philosophical about the situation, as you might expect a philosophy major would be. Caring greatly for her education, she put what money she had to that purpose and approached the rent problem from a practical standpoint. First, she changed the lock on her front door, and she developed ways to sneak into the apartment. She soon owed 6 weeks' back rent and Fields had not yet been able to intercept her.

However, one day when Dorothy climbed up to her apartment's back window, she found it nailed shut. Then she heard Fields laughing below. "Thought you could fool me, did you, young lady?"

"Please, Mr. Fields, you wouldn't put me out on the street, would you?" Dorothy asked.

"And let you off without paying your rent? That was your plan all along, wasn't it? Oh, no—you are going to get a job. Here—it just so happens my brother has a job available at his amusement park. There's his address. Now, you work for him and he'll pay me back what you owe. Oh, one more thing—don't carry any open flames near him. Fire brings out certain satanic urges in him, and I'd hate to have to lose a day's work to hose him down again. Now get moving, he's expecting you."

All the way to the amusement park, her thoughts were troubled by the prospects that Fields wasn't kidding and that having to take a job would affect her grades adversely, but that ceased to concern her when she arrived at "Friendly Fieldsie's Funland." Quickly, her thoughts turned to survival. The place was gray and unkempt and seemed to be deserted. She had been expected though, because there to the side of the entrance sat a green plastic bucket filled with soapy water, next to a mop which had a little note taped to it. This read: "DOROTHY, SCRUB 'DA KOOKY CRAZY HOUSE'. I'LL BE BACK SOON, AFTER I'VE FINISHED WATCHING THEM PUT OUT THE FIRE DOWN THE ROAD."

Dorothy strode nervously toward this walk-through attraction, which was on the right side of the grounds. On its front it promised the patron would "feel the sensation of being buried at sea." Dorothy began to wonder if a college education was worth this. She sighed. If she ever wanted a real job, society said she had to get a college education. She had no choice but to go inside and get to work.

One hour later, after polishing a variety of annoying items, such as collapsing benches, image-distorting mirrors, and stairs which moved from side to side as you tried to climb them, she still failed to see the "attraction" of such

a place, and was relieved to reach the end of the trail. All that was left was a pitch black room in which the patron had to stumble until somehow finding the exit to the street. She was glad she didn't have to clean that and also that she had the choice of going out the same way she came in, avoiding the dark room, an option not available to patrons because of the door which locked behind them. . . . which Dorothy now noticed she had forgotten to leave open. The only way for her to get back outside was to keep going forward—through the blind hallways of the dark room.

CHAPTER 2

In Which Dorothy Arrives In The Land Of The Wizards

After proceeding uncertainly for what seemed an eternity, repeatedly smashing her face into walls which were invisible even 1 inch in front of her face, she finally saw a crack of light in the darkness. Happily, she moved toward it, determined that no matter what, she was quitting this job immediately if she got out alive. She leaned into the wall and it gave way. Elated at the sight of daylight, she ran out. The sound of the door slamming behind her seemed the best she had ever heard, until she looked around.

The land before her was not "Friendly Fieldsie's Funland." For one thing, it looked fit for human habitation. In fact, it was a marvelous, fantastic land on the banks of a river. The landscape was dominated by parks of green and buildings and monuments all colored white. The whole place had an unexplainable aura of authority about it. Confused and frightened, she instinctively turned to go back to "Da Kooky Crazy House," only to see that it had vanished. Where she thought it would have been, there now stood a strange little man.

He had a round face, dominated by a large white moustache. On his head sat a black top hat and his body was cloaked in a black morning coat. His shoulders were shrugged, his pants pockets turned inside out, and his palms were held out flat and faced upwards, as if to say that he had no money. Dorothy moved toward him, and as she did, the little man began to speak in a high squeaky voice.

"Excuse me, my good woman, my name is Frump. I don't believe I've seen you here before, perhaps you could help me. You see, my luck has lately taken a temporary downturn, through no fault of the Grand Wizard's, of course. I owe this poor tax of \$15, a school tax of \$150, and I've been assessed for street repairs. Recently, I've been in and out of jail quite frequently, but I assure you the experience has only reaffirmed my belief that, given time, the Grand Wizard's program will work. Perhaps when you report back to him, you might mention my name for special attention. I. . . ."

"Grand Wizard?" Dorothy interrupted. "What, of Wrestling? Who are you talking about? Where am I?"

"You mean you're not a wizard? But that's impossible. I thought I was the only one in this land who isn't a wizard, except for the air-traffic controllers, but I haven't seen any of them since the Grand Wizard marked that strike against them in his book of naughty deeds. Don't you know that this is the Land of the Wizards? Here reside those who decide what course the policy-makers of the civilized world will follow. Just how did you get here and where are you from, miss. . . .?"

"Dorothy is my name, Mr. Frump."

"Oh, please, you needn't be so formal. Call me Frump."

"All right, Frump," Dorothy began, "one minute I was cleaning out this hideous ride in an amusement park, the next I came out and found myself here."

"Walk-through attractions in amusement parks, of course," Frump nodded knowingly, "the one link between the civilized world and ours."

"Please, Frump, I have to get back home. I've got final exams coming up, and besides, if I'm not home, Mr. Fields will rent my room to someone else and probably sell my clothes."

Frump rubbed his moustache. "I suppose that would trouble one. I wouldn't know, you see, I just walk around in circles until it's time for me to go back to jail. You know, no sooner do I collect \$200 than someone comes and takes it, and me, away. Anyway, the only one who could help you would be the Grand Wizard, chief of all the wizards. You'll like him, he's so friendly, I'm sure he'd help you."

"Well, can we see him?"

"No."

"What do you mean 'no'?"

"Well, the Grand Wizard is a busy man, or so they tell me. Besides, he does not handle details, like deciding to send you home. He listens to his aides, the sub-wizards. They recommend action, and only then does he decide. What you have to do is convince a sub-wizard to suggest to the Grand Wizard that it's in his interest to send you home."

"You know," Dorothy remarked, "this sounds a lot like a book I read once. This 'Grand Wizard', you're sure he's not a fake?"

"Of course," Frump affirmed, "why he's been our Grand Wizard for over a year now and you can feel the difference all throughout the land. Why, last year, my poor tax was \$16 and my school tax was \$155."

"But if you are the only non-wizard, why collect taxes at all?"

"Tax policy is all the wizards have had to play with since they mistakenly sent "Pac-Man" to the civilized world. Boy, were the wizards of War ever mad when that happened. The Grand Wizard had to give them 26 billion extra jelly beans to shut them up."

"So, 1 sub-wizard and I can go home?"

"Well, you'll need more than one. You see, the wizards feud with each other for the Grand Wizard's ear. The more wizards you convince to like you, the better."

"Will you come with me, Frump? You must know the wizards and where they stay."

"Certainly, Dorothy, I've got a few matters to take up with them myself. They do their best to ignore me; with you here perhaps they will listen. I want to try to get in on an investment in some property by the Boardwalk." The two started to walk along the park. "Let me warn you, the Grand Wizard is a fine man, just stays in the palace, sleeps, and never bothers anybody, but the sub-wizards are a bit strange. Don't be scared and keep your eyes open. They could be anywhere at any time doing anything." Frump continued talking as a silver dog, shoe, and cannon walked by. Dorothy was not altogether sure that she wouldn't have been better off staying on Uncle Henry's truck farm, tending the garden of small cars her uncle had started during the 1973 oil embargo.



CHAPTER 3

In Which Dorothy and Frump Happen Upon A Wizard

Dorothy spied a building in the distance. "What's that?" she asked Frump.

Frump squinted towards the building. "It's the Grand Magical Woodshed, I think," he said. He grinned a knowing grin. "I think we're about to meet a wizard or two." He squinted towards the building again. "Then again, it might be a Dairy Queen," he added.

As they approached the building, Dorothy saw that it looked like a crumbling woodshed. "Well, it's not a Dairy Queen," she observed. Then she saw two men. The one was young, had dark hair, and wore glasses. The other had grey hair and a rectangular face. Both were wearing dark, three-piece business suits. "Those are wizards?" she asked in wonder. "Where are the pointy hats and flowing robes and things like that?"

"Conservative suits suit conservatives," Frump replied.

"Oh," said Dorothy, having no idea what Frump meant.

They continued to walk towards the building. Soon, they were close enough to see that the two wizards were hanging their heads in grief.

"Oh, woe," said the one, sadly.

"Oh, anguish," said the other, miserably.

"Oh, misery," said the one, unhappily.

The other paused.

"Well?" said the one, tearfully. "Your turn."

"Give me a minute. I'm thinking," said the other, mournfully. After a moment, he spoke. "Oh, agony."

"Oh, existential despair," said the one, ruefully.

"You're really good at this," said the other, enviously.

"Excuse me," said Frump.

"Oh, we have visitors," said the one, rising to his feet. "Hello. I'm the Budget Wizard, and this is my friend, the Ex-Wizard."

"Frump here," he said, "and Dorothy there."

"Charmed. I'm sure," said the Ex-Wizard, lamentingly.

"We were hoping you could direct us to the Grand Wizard," said Dorothy.

The Ex-Wizard burst into tears.

"Did I say something wrong?" asked Dorothy.

"Well, actually," admitted the Budget Wizard, "we're the wrong people to ask if you want to see the Grand Wizard. You see, the Grand Magical Woodshed"—he gestured towards the decrepit building—"is where those who have fallen from Grace are sent."

"And you've fallen from Grace?" Dorothy asked.

The Ex-Wizard has fallen further from Grace than I have. . . .but yes, we've both fallen."

"What did you do to fall from Grace?" Dorothy asked. Frump kicked her in the ankle for her indiscretion.

"Back when the Ex-Wizard was still the National Security Wizard, he accepted a gift of magic dust for arranging a meeting between some visiting Rising Sun Wizards and the Grand Wizard's wife."

"What's wrong with that?" asked Dorothy.

"That's what *he* couldn't understand," the Budget Wizard replied, pointing to the Ex-Wizard. "You see, he forgot to give some of the dust to the Grand Wizard. Whenever any wizard receives a gift, part of it must go to the Grand Wizard by divine edict. Or if not by divine edict, at least by parcel post.

"At any rate, when the Grand Wizard found out, he banished the Ex-Wizard to the Grand Magical Woodshed for all eternity or twelve thousand miles, whichever comes first."

"I see," said Dorothy. "But what did *you* do?" Frump kicked her in the other ankle.

"Me?" the Budget Wizard sighed. "I told the truth."

"You were punished for telling the truth?" Dorothy asked, kicking Frump in the ankle.

"Yes," said the Budget Wizard. "I told the people of the land that the Grand Wizard's magic wasn't really as good as he said it was. That was the truth, and I said it, and the Grand Wizard banished me here temporarily to learn my lesson. From Wiz kid to washout in one easy step. But I *have* learned my lesson. Here, I'll sing you the moral of my story."

"That's really not necessary," said Dorothy.

"No, no, I insist," said the Budget Wizard. "Here it is:

*"The first Grand Wizard, so they say,
Told the truth in every way.
Chopped down a tree,
Then told 'em he'd done it,
So they showed him the land
And told him to run it.*

*"But zounds and forsooth!
I say that's a fable!
I'll tell you the truth
If you're willing and able. . ."*

"He's got a really lousy voice," Dorothy muttered.

"Shh. Don't be rude," Frump muttered back.

"You know, you're a real pain in the ankle," Dorothy told Frump.

The Budget Wizard continued, oblivious of the conversation:

*"Tell a lie!
Tell a lie!
All the world
Loves a lie!*

*"Tell 'em what they want to hear!
Tell 'em to be of good cheer!
Tell 'em things are going well,
The world is bright, and life is swell!*

*Don't tell 'em the truth,
Or you'll end up like me.
Tell a lie! Tell a lie!
And yooou'll beeeee freeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"*

The Budget Wizard waited for applause. The Ex-Wizard sobbed quietly.

Suddenly, an orange card marked "Chance" appeared in the Budget Wizard's hand. "It's a Grand Magical Message from the Grand Wizard!" the Budget Wizard exclaimed.

"I always thought Grand Magical Messages are written in fiery letters ten miles high," Dorothy whispered to Frump.

"Cutbacks," Frump replied.

"Go directly to Grand Palace," the Budget Wizard read. "I've been pardoned!"

"In that case, can you tell us how to get to the Grand Palace?" Frump inquired.

"Certainly! Certainly!" the Budget Wizard exclaimed happily. "I'll even go with you!"

"Are you sure you remember the way to the Grand Palace?" Dorothy asked warily.

"I'll ask my magic computer for the route," the Budget Wizard replied excitedly. "And if you don't like the answer, I'll just change the program. Just give me a minute to gather my personal defects."

"Your personal *effects*," Dorothy corrected him.

"Yes, those too," he replied.

Shortly, they were ready to go. The Ex-Wizard bid them a tearful goodbye and watched them fade into the distance.

CHAPTER 4

In Which The Travellers Are Taken By The Underground

Dorothy, Frump, and the Budget Wizard soon found themselves travelling upon a bleak road of broken cobblestones. Gradually, the gay colors of the parks alongside the road were being replaced by ugly greys and shadowy blacks as the trio progressed down the path, into a dense, wooded area. The cheerful chirping of birds that they had heard earlier slowly transformed into ominous shrieks and a hum of impending doom. Frump commented, "This place reminds me of Baltic Avenue, one of my old haunts."

In the heart of this foreboding forest of dark, twisted nature, a shiny object reflecting a crack of light near the side of the road caught Dorothy's eye. Fearful to move towards it, Dorothy stared at it cautiously until—before she or the Budget Wizard could do anything—Frump ran towards it.

"NO!" Dorothy and the Budget Wizard screamed in united horror as Frump waddled towards the shiny object.

"Don't go near that thing," Dorothy cried, "for we don't know what it could be in this terrible, terrible place!"

"Yeah," added the Budget Wizard, "I don't think we're in Kansas anymore!"

"No Shit, Sherlock!" Dorothy mumbled to the Budget Wizard.

Nevertheless, Frump, always the inquisitive one, disregarded their protesting and picked up the object. His eyebrows burrowed and his moustache wiggled as he attempted to determine what the object was. It was a cylindrical plastic disc. Wrapped around it was a long ribbon of shiny, brown synthetic fiber. He excitedly ran back to Dorothy and the Budget Wizard to show them what he had retrieved.

"Well what do you know!" the Budget Wizard said in disbelief. Grabbing the object and examining it, he whispered, "My God, this is recording tape. . . and if I'm not mistaken it contains at least 18-and-a-half minutes worth of —." He stopped speaking when Dorothy tugged at his shirt. He looked up to see that a group of stern-faced men wearing three-piece suits had surrounded the three of them as he spoke.

"Wh-Who are you?" the Budget Wizard sheepishly asked the group that had surrounded him and his friends.

"We are the leaders of 'The Newest Right'," stated one of the men coldly. "The name is Howard Phipps," he added, "and I represent the Conservative Caucasian Caucus. To my right is Terry Dollar, of the National Conservative Political Actors Committee."

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted Dorothy, "but why are you men here? And who are all of these other neatly-groomed men?"

Phipps explained that the area was developed as a refuge for frustrated conservatives by the "Near-Middle-Aged Republicans," once the "Young Republicans." This group, along with the members of "The Newest Right," had taken to the political underground as they planned ways to deal with the "pseudo-conservative" Grand Wizard who had betrayed them.

"The Grand Wizard had promised us the world," Phipps sighed, "but then his slothful activity proved he had gone soft. . . he keeps putting off the banishment of abortion, he avoids the enforcement of prayer in schools, he won't take a hard stand on that evolution crap, he won't eliminate food stamps and welfare, and then the Bastard

appoints. . . God. . . he appoints a. . . wo- . . . woman to the Supreme Court of Wizards! You see, we need a stricter Grand Wizard." Phipps smiled, then quickly altered his face to a scowl when he noticed that the Budget Wizard was hiding something behind his back.

"What are you hiding?!" Phipps demanded.

"Oh. . . nothing," the Budget Wizard replied, as he held the audio tape out before him.

"Gasp," gasped Phipps as he looked at the object. "Gasp," gasped Dollar. And so on went the gasps around the circle.

"W-W-Where did you find—*that?*!" asked Phipps with a sense of horror in his voice. As he spoke, he joined the other men in the circle in looking away from the object. "You must see the almighty Dr. Martin Warbond, keeper of 'the Frame,' about this!" he demanded. The other men voiced their approval of Phipps' decision, and closed in the circle.

Against their will, the three were dragged through a dark, winding path, and were left inside a large cave that was illuminated by huge torches. Suddenly, a man could be seen approaching Frump. By this time, Frump had taken the tape and was juggling it between his hands.

As the figure drew nearer, his odd characteristics became clearer in the flickering light of the cave. He was a short, white-haired man with a sense of bitterness etched into his face. His eyes were particularly frightening—two blood-shot marbles that emitted fluorescent, half-crazed, intense beams through dirty horn-rimmed eyeglasses. Fearfully, his eyes constantly scanned the room, squinting as he made unclear little noises with his throat. His speech pattern had an unusually choppy quality that displayed an indefinable accent. His hair was neat, yet his clothing was an unkempt collection of rumpled checkerboard that had not been pressed for quite some time.



"O.K., Pinko!" the figure shouted at Frump. "Are you gōntta gimme tat dape, or do I haf ta *take* it from you?!" Frump, terribly frightened, froze and stiffly stood staring in silence at the ogre.

"No vun treat me like dis!" he snarled at Frump. "I am Dr. Martin Warbond, head uv the untergrount conservative movement. . . and I say you gimme tat dape, you commie scum!" he screamed.

Reaching his arthritic hands out towards Frump and shuffling his feet as he slowly walked, the man shook as he moved.

It was Dr. Warbond, alright, thought the Budget Wizard to himself as he looked on with curiosity. "Don't worry," he whispered to Dorothy, "the nut's harmless. They say he used to do conservative television commentary in the civilized world for Chanel No. 5. The guy finally went berserk and fled reality when a doctor told him he suffered from 'complex paranoia'."

Warbond cast a threatening stare at the whispering Budget Wizard, then quickly turned and darted back towards Frump. "Your mother vas a pig, und your father is the Devil!" Warbond shouted at Frump. "Gimme tat damned tape!" he screeched until his voice cracked, his face grew red, and the veins in his temples bulged in a fit of fury.

Sheepishly, Frump handed Warbond the tape. Warbond smiled and snickered to himself as he grabbed the tape and locked it inside a safe on the wall behind a painting of Eisenhower. As he backed away from the painting, the other three noticed that he gave a little salute. "Vat a man," he said to himself, smiling as he shook his head back and forth.

"Forgif me fer gettin so excited before," Warbond apologized to the three. Baring a mouth of tiny, straight teeth, he smiled and began to show them some of his memorabilia. For nearly three hours, Dorothy, Frump, and the Budget Wizzard were subjected to an exhibition of Goldwater banners, "Nixon's The One!" buttons, Senator Buckley buttons, stacks of old copies of *The National Review*, "Peanut Farmer Go Home!" bumper-stickers, and countless other items praising conservative ideals.

Next, he began reciting military material he had taken great pride in memorizing for some unrecognizable purpose. He knew a lot about the military, and felt that others would share in his fascination of such information.

"In *Our Army Today*," Warbond happily quoted, "it says: Before a battry begins firing it progrestes trough an

orderly development design to moof it up in support of the Infantry. Artillerymen call dis processt "RSOP," for short. Dis cryptic vord ist made from the initial letters of vords "Reconnaissance," or search for goodt position; "Selection" of the position wit goodt concealment and exploitation uv possibilities fer camouflage; "Occupation," vich means settding up the opservation station, hooking ub the signal communications und placing de gunds in position; and "Position," fer firing, vich includes the coordination uv all de battry as vell as adchustment by fire upon a prominent feature ont de landscape for later referendce. Heh, heh!"

Warbond had grown very excited and was speaking quickly by the end of his display of knowledge. His maniacal smile had once again transformed into a stiff upper lip of anger, for as he was speaking, he noticed that his three "guests" were attempting to escape the cave.

"STOP!" Warbond shouted at the three as they looked at him and begged for mercy. "You damn liberal intellectuals," Warbond yelled, "vat's da story wit you arrogant subversives. . .you're all wit da KGB, aren't you??!" He shuffled towards the three and stood face-to-face with Dorothy as he demanded of her: "Quick!—Who ist Marilyn Monroe? Vat ist a Mickey Mouse? . . .C'mon commie menace scum, ANSWER ME!"

"Hold on!" interjected the Budget Wizard, as the other three stared at him in disbelief. "Who do you think you are shouting at my friend like that?" scolded the Budget Wizard. "You should be ashamed of yourself," he said, adding, "Who do you think you are. . .some kind of screwy demagogue like Senator McCarthy?"

"Screwy?!" yelled Warbond. "Dit you say 'Screwy?'" he added with disbelief. "Screwy schmooley I say to you, you. . .you Khrushchev-lover, you!!" Warbond screamed with such fervor now that mucous flew from his lips as he spoke. "So dat's vy you vanted dat 18-ind-er-haf-minnit tape, ain't it Bolsheviks? . . .you tried to steal American reel-to-reel tape, and make de U.S. uv A. get soft und destroy der America's moral fibre vit subversion and satisfying de blood-dirsty dictatorial rule dat our boys fought so hard to stand beside her, and guide her. . .und all dose damn bra-burners and flag-burners und draft card-burners und. . ." And so on he spoke for thirty minutes, growing more and more incoherent as the rampage continued.

Eventually, Warbond was squirming on the floor in convulsions, screaming, "De only Gook an American can trust ist a gook dat's covered vit yellow rust! Ve must reimpose der grain embargo!" As he began to sing a chorus of Spike Jones' "Der Fuhrer's Face," Dorothy, Frump, and the Budget Wizard could not help but pity the sickly state of this shell of a man. Slowly and cautiously they approached the exhausted Warbond, who lay whimpering on the floor.

Gently, Dorothy patted Warbond on the shoulder and said, "Don't worry sir, we didn't want your tape. . .all we are seeking is the Grand Wizard."

Warbond appeared near-death as he lay breathing unevenly on the floor. A pathetic little crooked smile came over his whitened face as he gently nodded to his three visitors. "If. . .if you find him," he gasped, "please tell him uv my friends here und their 'Newest Right'. . .und. . .und how he must act de way his supporters vant him to . . .und. . .ach. . .dis ist most important. . .der Helenski agreement must not be adhered to. . .Soviet legitimacy. . .never. . .int. . .Eastern. . .Europe!" One tear poured down Warbond's cheek, a tear he quickly wiped away.

Dorothy, Frump, and the Budget Wizard solemnly said good-bye, and slowly left the cave to search for a way out of this strange little community in the center of a jungle. This detour in their travels had not aided much in their search for The Grand Wizard, and so they all agreed on one condition; None of them would approach any more shiny objects they might encounter in the road.

CHAPTER 5

In Which The Travellers Encounter "Big Jim"

Hurriedly tramping away from the cavern, Dorothy and her two companions found themselves entering an immense forest. Before long, a raucous hubbub of high-pitched voices and thunderous crashes could be heard up ahead; simultaneously, the trees seemed to be thinning out. Dorothy dragged the two reluctant men along, and when they reached the clearing, they beheld an incredible sight.

A small army of little bearded men swarmed about them, nearly all of whom were forcefully chopping down trees; a few strays were chattering homicidally at each other, hissing and spitting. All wore bright orange baseball caps with the logo "RB" in front, plaid flannel shirts, grimy hip boots, and what looked to be pantaloons made of animal fur. Each man held two axes, and was engaged in hacking at *two* adjacent trees by swinging his arms back and forth like a frantic calisthenics instructor. As each tree fell, three or four of these ferocious man-beasts hoisted it above their heads and trooped away with it.

Just then, a large birch crashed in front of the trio. The Budget Wizard shrieked and jumped into Frump's arms. The little men seemed to notice them for the first time; one stepped up to Dorothy with murder in his eyebrow. "Who might you be? How dare you disrupt our work!" he rasped squeakily.

Dorothy struggled to speak. For the first time, she saw that these ghastly dwarfs had thick forearms of wood, with axeheads at the end of their arms. "P-pl-l-lease, sir," she stammered. "I am Dorothy, the Meek and Gainfully Employed. My friends and I seek an audience with the Grand Wizard."

"The Wizard!" scoffed the horrid dwarf. "We cannot help you. We answer only to Big Jim."

"Who are you little critters, and what are you doing?" harrumphed Frump.

"I am glad you asked," the dwarf grinned. "We are the Resource Beasties—called the Reebies by most folk. Our duty is to extract the earth's resources so that they may be used for the greater glory of God, the Grand Wizard, and Big Jim Watt, not necessarily in that order."

All the Reebies halted their work and sang their anthem:

We chop wood, we mine the mines, we're Nature's fundamentalists

As users of her massive wealth, the true environmentalists!

If you're a real American, please get out of our way,

We've seven National Forests to eliminate today!

We take what Mother Nature gives, not one of us will rape her;

Will those who cry "O! Spare the trees" use cured sheepskin for paper?

At using up Earth's finite stores we're skillful and adroit

Don't nag us on the meaning of that silly word—"exploit."

"I hope your axe-hands are sharper than your irony," sighed Dorothy. "But we don't want to interfere with your work. . . Let's go, fellas."

"Just a moment," wheezed Frump. "I'm tired, and I want to count my Travelers' Cheques." He wearily sat on a nearby box, unaware that it was a TNT plunger. A charge of dynamite blasted open an adjacent patch of earth, which was bare but for a few tree stumps.

"Great Pulitzer's Ghost!" Frump cried. "What's this?"

The Reebie who had spoken before was astonished. "You've done what only Big Jim is authorized to do. Now you must deal with him!"

Behind Frump sat row upon row of explosive plungers, and, on the horizon, a frenzied human figure sprang from one to another with the elan of an enchanted gymnast. Blast after blast shook the surrounding area, one after the other, raining rock and dust upon all and choking them with clouds of dirt. Seemingly oblivious to it all, the mad figure continued to jump from plunger to plunger. After depressing the last one, he executed a perfect back flip and landed directly in front of Frump.

"I assume you're the fat fool who depressed my plunger?"

"Y-y-yes, sir-er-err," the fat fool quaked.

The dust finally began to clear, and Big Jim stood tall and smiling. He wore an expensive Stetson, a dull blue suit, and steel-rimmed glasses. "That'll be a \$500 Strip-Mining Infringement Tax," he announced.

Frump clapped his hand to his forehead. "I won't pay—I can't!" he wailed, turning his pockets inside-out. When a trio of Reebies held him at axepoint, however, he removed five bills from his left sock.

"Big Jim!" the Budget Wizard snapped. "Are these stunted woodsmiths on the Wizard's payroll? We can't afford them!"

The rangy cowboy squinted in surprise. "The Budget Wiz?" So you're the head of this troublemaking brigade! No, the Reebies aren't paid—they work out of Love and Faith. Love of Man's wisdom in consuming the Almighty's gifts as fast as he can."

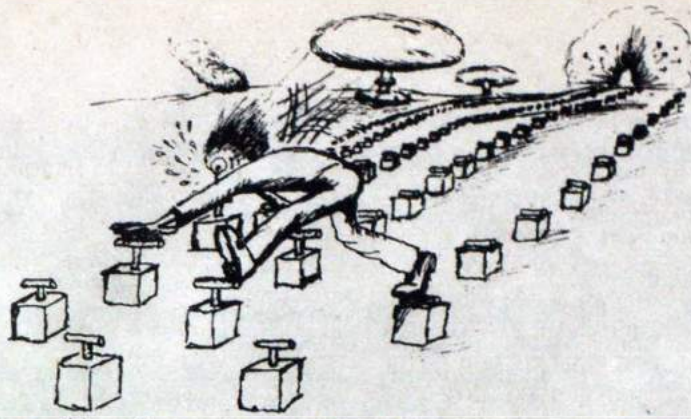
"Amen!" chorused the Reebies.

"Faith in the good corporate Saviors to whom this land now belongs."

Out of the craters in the newly scarred wasteland popped a score of happy, sparkle-eyed gentlemen clutching leases. "Amen!" they assented, disappearing just as quickly.

"But look at this land—it seems to have been destroyed," Dorothy piped up.

"Not true, my little heifer," winked Big Jim. "Look at the rills, the crevices, the precipices. I'm sure the Lord admires our man-made deserts, as well as our wax flowers. When the Jews were still his Chosen People, they wandered through a wasteland for 40 days and 40 nights, didn't they? But in case you don't believe Big Jim, here's a Federal inspector to back me up." A large ferret-faced man with a badge reading "EPA" stepped forward, mumbling "I seen a lot worse, let me tell ya." Big Jim pressed two bills into the man's hand as he left. "His salary."



"Are you sure all this wreaking of havoc is necessary, sir?" queried Frump. "Seems a tad, er, reckless to me."

Big Jim glowered and scratched the soil with his spurs. "Reckless? Listen, gramps, I was ordained by the Grand Wizard to give this country back to the *people*. . . the real people, not the John Quincy Audubons who weep over every endangered owl or condor! To give it back to the hunters, the timbermen, the miners! The people who can understand that an oil field in a national park won't upset its ecology! In short. . ." He reddened, his voice rising. "To save it from **THE LIKES OF ROBERT REDFORD!**"

Frump broke a thin splinter of wood off a nearby stump and began to pick his teeth.

Big Jim's voice turned to ice. "Do you know what you are doing?"

"Hm?" asked the depleted millionaire.

"You are illegally utilizing the resources of a private forest land. Seize him!" Jim cried to the Reebies.

The three travelers presently high-tailed it out of the Woodco Amalgamated Timber and Pine Cone Reservation, their flight enormously assisted by the meager 12-inch strides of their pursuers. Big Jim cursed and went fishing with a harpoon.

CHAPTER 6

In Which The Evil Wizards Descend

The trio continued along, but Dorothy appeared to be losing her patience. They were travelling on yet another deserted road and her faith was waning.

"You know, we've met all these wizards, just like you said we should, but I don't seem to be any closer to home than when we started."

"That's no problem Dorothy, I'll just run the information through the magic computer and see what it says we should do," the Budget Wizard said. He did, and the results were unequivocal. They should switch tactics immediately.

"No, Dorothy, if we stay with this program, gathering wizards' favor one at a time, just as we've been doing, eventually you will get home. Just be patient," the Budget Wizard assured her.

Frump looked up at the computer screen. "That's not what it says," he exclaimed. "It says that this way is futile and will never get us to the Grand Palace, that the way to attract the attention of the Grand Wizard is to scare him by courting the favor of the Evil Wizards. Why didn't you tell the truth?"

"One visit to the Woodshed is enough. If you want to go, fine. As for me, 'Tell a lie. . .'" He began to hum.

Dorothy demanded to go to the den of the Evil Wizards. She had decided to listen to the computer, although she was not too fond of the "good wizards" she had met and the prospect of meeting evil ones did not fill her with much more joy.

"Well, if you insist, but I'm warning you, they are villains and must be feared. Their ways are strange. To them, a little lie is like the end of the world," the Budget Wizard lamented.

They travelled across the grass-covered mall, toward the "Dome of Doom," now within view. It was white marble with a long staircase, perhaps a few hundred steps high, leading to the dome. There on the steps were hundreds of disoriented wizards, all participating in individual uncoordinated activity.

Two of the Evil Wizards emerged from the crowd. One was tall and well-built despite a noticeable back problem. He looked a bit like a New England sailor. The other was overweight, older than the first, with a bull-dog like face and a gray patch of hair atop his head. He spoke first, in a tough voice of the people. "Is that a real girl and a real penguin, Budget Wizard, or did you fabricate them too, so that we might be led to believe that you have friends?"

This made the Budget Wizard furious. He said that he had not lied before, that he had told the truth the way he had seen it, and it was not his fault that his glasses were poorly prescribed. They proceeded to argue while the other Evil Wizard slid over to Dorothy.

"I . . . ah . . . wanna be the . . . ah . . . Grand Wizard." He paused, waiting for a reaction. Dorothy didn't say anything, so he continued. "My . . . ah . . . brother was the . . . ah . . . Grand Wizard, so . . . ah . . . why can't I? I wanna

be the Grand Wizard. I wanna, I wanna, I wanna. . ." He began to cry.

Meanwhile, the arguing continued a few steps away. "So, Mr. Budget Wizard, how much will one and one equal this month?"

"Gee, I don't know," he replied, "Why don't you appropriate a few million for a new committee to study the question?"

"You don't care about the poor."

"You had a lousy round at the Bob Hope Desert Classic this year."

"Your actions hurt the working men and women of the country."

"But I've got a mandate," the Budget Wizard sang, sticking out his tongue and placing his thumbs in his ears while wiggling his fingers. Another Evil Wizard, wearing gym shorts and dribbling a basketball came up to Dorothy and the other Evil Wizard. "What do you say we play some ball? Coach is busy, we're not going to go over the new plays for the '82 season for a while yet. Then, maybe we could get some of your clam chowder."

"That sounds. . . ah. . . fine, Wizard From the Wrong Side of the Hudson. Why don't you. . . ah. . . give this young lady your. . . ah. . . playbook to. . . ah. . . hold?"

"Fine idea," he said as he handed her the book. The Budget Wizard wheeled around and saw her with it. He jumped high and giggled. "We have your plans for this year's reaffirmation of the wizards! When the Grand Wizard hears about this, I'll be his favorite again. He'll let me have the green jelly beans." He ran to Dorothy. The Evil Wizards surrounded their Speaker to caucus.

"Let's get out of here!" the Budget Wizard said.

"OK, let me give them their book back first. They asked me to hold it."

"NO! That's our ticket into the Palace."

"But that's stealing. Would the Grand Wizard want us to steal?"

The Budget Wizard took out a picture of the Grand Wizard. "Look at that face. Would that man do something illegal? Of course not, that's what he's got sub-wizards for. Give the book to Frump, he understands."

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders and gave the book to Frump. Meanwhile, the Evil Wizards broke caucus, apparently divided on what to do. Half charged, half fell asleep. As the Evil Wizards drew near, a yellow card appeared in the Budget Wizard's hand. It said, "Take A Ride On The MX To The Office Of The Wizards Of War (Do Not Collect \$200). Immediately, they vanished underground.

"How could you let them beat us again?" the Speaker asked the basketball dribbling wizard.

"I thought we were playing a zone defense," he replied, "I figured someone else would pick her up if she got by me."

"Well, did you at least see where they were sent?"

He nodded yes and told the Speaker. "It figures. Break out the piggy bank. If we want to get in there and get our plans back, we're going to have to throw some missile money at them."

A group of Evil Wizards started toward the Grand Palace. In the back, several others latched onto the group, wailing "I wanna be Grand Wizard, I wanna, I wanna. . ." The Speaker Wizard turned and sent them back to the Dome. He knew that if any of them ever set foot in the Grand Palace, it would probably take 6 months for him to drag them out again.



CHAPTER 7

In Which The Wizards Of War Speak To The Travellers

The world swirled all about Dorothy, Frump, and the Budget Wizard. Clouds of colors rose and fell, mixed and split. The rainbow of tones began to merge. And when the colors had blended together everything was white.

"It's all so clean and bright," Dorothy said. "This must be the Grand Wizard's Palace. Right, Davie?"

"I think we're very close now," the Budget Wizard replied.

"This is amazing," Frump said. They started down the hall in which they had appeared.

"Everything is so spotless," she said.

"It always starts like this with each new Grand Wizard," the Budget Wizard began. "But, the walls and doors get greyer and greyer as time goes on. Once, not too long ago, these walls were black. The Grand Wizard of then had been caught doing evil deeds."

"These walls are so pure this Grand Wizard must be very virtuous," she said.

"If you're not caught you're chaste," he replied.

Dorothy and Frump and the Budget Wizard proceeded down the hallway. There were many doors along the lengthy corridor; all were plain, simple, modern pine—except one. It was intricate, antique, and made of oak. "This looks like an important person's door," Dorothy said. Below the door lay a mat. It had a starred border with an inscription that read: "This Is A Welcome Area Situation."

"Not a very economical use of words," the Budget Wizard mumbled.

"Let's go in," Dorothy said.

They entered into a vast, cavernous office. They had not gone more than a few steps into the room when a brilliant search light blinded them.

"Halt all physical manifestations of directional progression!" a voice demanded.

"Huh?" said Frump.

"Keep still," said Dorothy.

"Let's get out of here," the Budget Wizard said. "I don't like it—this place looks awful like a woodshed, or somethin'."

"Identify yourself, and state your purpose."

"I'm Dorothy, and we're here looking for the Grand Wizard."

Is he here?" Frump asked.

"Who's that?" said the voice.

"That's Frump," said Dorothy.

"Well, what the deeply subterranean, torrid, suffering situation is a Frump? He looks like some kind of monkey."

"No, no. He's not a monkey," she said.

"You sure? He could be a gorilla. You know they're out to get me."

"Oh?"

"Yes, it's a whole campaign!"

"Well, none of us are gorillas—we are, well, I'm not quite sure about Frump here, but we are all people!" Dorothy insisted. "Won't you shut off that light?"

"Yes," said the Budget Wizard, "it's very expensive to keep an arc-light like that burning for so long. Now that I have the orange card and the Evil Wizards' Playbook I have to start worrying about budget costs like—" He was interrupted by the voice.

"My God, is that the Wizard of the Budget? Get him out of here—he's a security risk. You two can stay, but he must leave. If he blabs on himself who knows what he'll say about me!"

"Oh, but Davie's been trying to see the Grand Wizard with us for so long; can't he stay, please?" Dorothy asked.

"Well, . . . okay—but he'll need to fill out forms to do it. First there's the 1040 form—everybody has to fill out one of those—then there's the Q/J23-47 form and B-139/40 form and the R2/D2 form. . . and, well, I'll just let you get started," the voice said ominously. There was a creak and a grinding sound. A trap door opened over the Budget Wizard's head and dozens and dozens of forms fell on him, burying him up to his neck. Pink forms, blue forms, red forms, yellow forms, and white forms. Big forms, little forms, fat forms, skinny forms—lots of forms.

"This is ludicrous!" the Budget Wizard screamed.

"Do you want to make a formal complaint?" the voice asked. "If you do there are forms for that. . ." Suddenly green forms, long forms and obese forms began to fall on the Budget Wizard. "Stop! Stop!" he cried. "I'll fill them out, no complaints. . . just gimme a pen."

"You need form 22 for a pen," the voice replied. Form 22 floated down from the trap door and landed by the Budget Wizard's nose.

"But, I can't fill out the form for a pen without a pen," he said.

"Sorry, but you can't get a pen to fill out the form for a pen without filling out the form for a pen," the voice answered.

"Wait a minute," the Budget Wizard said, ". . . I have to fill out form 22 to get a pen. . . but if I had a pen then I wouldn't need form 22."

"That's an accurately articulated approximation of the form formulation. But, I guess since you are so

thoroughly submerged in the paper mountain, it's safe to turn off the search light." After the search light went out the room lights came on, but Dorothy could still not see because of the retinal damage caused by excessive exposure to extreme illumination. "Is this grounds for a civil suit?" Dorothy thought. She couldn't quite understand why that idea had come into her head—perhaps the Land of the Wizards was beginning to affect her. Then, quicker than you could say "ambulance chaser," her sight came back. "Too bad," she thought, "...but maybe I could get punitive damages?" She suddenly remembered that the little tape recorder she used in class was in her pocket. She pulled it out to make a memo for her lawyer. (She had heard that memos were very important in this land; indeed, so were lawyers.) She dropped the recorder back into her pocket and looked up to see a two piece, double breasted, four button, charcoal grey pin-stripe suit with double vents, peaked lapels, flap pockets, and pleated trousers walking towards her. She could see the suit fine—but there was no one in it!

"Is that you?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Yes."

"But you're invisible."

"You need an appointment to see me."

"How do we get an appointment?"

"Speak to my sergean—er, I mean secretary about arranging one. He ought to be around here somewhere."

He reconnoitered the room. Dorothy, too, had a chance to look around the enormous office. In one corner a pile of sandbags guarded a machine gun emplacement. In another barbed wire and land mines were scattered about. In other parts of the room were bombs, and rockets, and tanks.

"I don't see him," Dorothy said. "Maybe he hurt himself on all those sharp things you have in your office?"

"What? None of this shingle topper works. I have to get it from that Wino—the Wizard of Defense."

"But if you're the Grand Wizard why don't you just fire him?"

"Well...I...er...ah—" He was interrupted by a group of men who burst open the elegant and hand crafted door.

"The Evil Wizards!" Dorothy cried.

"We must pay the way! We must pay the way!" they chanted. They each had handfuls of money which they were throwing about the room, and they were making a trail with it. It was a twisting trail which curved back on itself many times and finally exited through another doorway. As the Evil Wizards were making their way across the office Frump took out the playbook from his pocket to see if he still had it. One of the Evil Wizards grabbed it from him, and scurried off with it clenched between his teeth.

"You are a gorilla!" Dorothy snapped.

"Aaamggghhh!!!!" the Budget Wizard screamed. The Evil Wizards ran from the room. Just then two more men burst into the room. They were carrying a missile. They looked around. They ran through the office following the trail of money laid out by the Evil Wizards.

"Who were they?" Dorothy asked.

"They're Minute Men. They move those missiles every sixty seconds so the Communist Wizards can't find them. It costs a lot of money, but we must maintain a margine of safety."

"If this margine costs so much," Frump said, "then why not use butter?"

Now it was Dorothy's turn to kick Frump in the ankle.

"Say, Frump," he said, "that's not bad...you know I may have a deputy post for you. However, now that I think about it, we need guns not butter."

Dorothy was beginning to have her doubts about the suit they were talking to.

"But, please sir, are you the Grand Wizard?"

"I reserve of necessitation the careful caution to caveat my response to the question as you have contexted it. The very act of definitizing an answer is not an experience that I haven't not been through occasionally."

"And in English?" Frump asked.

"Go to Europe if you want English," he snapped.

"But are you or aren't you you?" Dorothy said. She was beginning to get mad.

"Well, give or take a heartbeat or two."

Dorothy was now quite mad, and when she got mad she had a habit of putting her hands on her hips which she now did. She felt the tape recorder in her pocket. She pulled it out; it was still running.

"Wait," she yelled, "I have it here on tape!" Just then the man in the suit became visible. He was a grey haired man with a hale appearance. He was over six feet and had a stern face. Dorothy recognized from the Budget Wizard's photo that he was not the Grand Wizard.

"You're not the Grand Wizard, are you?" she said. "You told us you were."

"Mistakes were made. I didn't make them."

"Yes you did. I have it here on tape" she said.

Just then, he grabbed the tape recorder and took out the cassette and he swallowed it. He handed her the recorder.

"Hey!" she cried. "That's my tape you just can't take it like that!"

"I've eaten the tape—that makes it an internal matter and none of your business," he replied. The conversation was interrupted by the sound of footsteps coming from the doorway behind them. They turned around to see the murky outline of a man standing just inside the office. He stepped into the light. Dorothy could see his face—it was a ghostly white.

"Who's that?" she whispered.

"It's the Wizard of Defense," he said. "What do you want here, Wino?"

"Checking on my missiles, that's all," Wino said.

"Excuse me Mr. Wizard," Frump said, "can you direct us to the Grand Wizard?"

Wino laughed. "You certainly won't find him here. . . oh, don't tell me the Wizard of State here has been trying to pass himself off as the Grand Wizard again. Alright, I'll tell you what to do—"

"I'm in charge here!" the Wizard of State bellowed. "It just so happens that the Grand Wizard is off flying to some important place and he's left me in charge of the Land till he gets back. And I won't let him down!"

"Quit your lying!" Wino yelled.

"You lie like a rug," Frump said. The Wizard of State looked very embarrassed. He was ashamed (that he had been caught). He began to disappear. He faded away until only his chagrin was left.

"Please Mr. Wizard will you tell us how to get to the Grand Wizard? But, first can you help my friend?" Dorothy pointed to the paper mountain. The Budget Wizard's head was just visible at the very top.

"I guess he needs a pen," Wino reached into his pocket and pulled out a pen which he threw to the Budget Wizard. He managed to free an arm and grab it.

"It's the kind of pen we use in the Land of Defense," Wino said. "It writes in invisible ink!"

"But can I use it, then?" the Budget Wizard asked. "I mean no one will be able to read the forms."

"Nobody reads those forms—why would any one want to?" Wino said. "Besides, it doesn't matter if nobody can read them just as long as you have filled them out." In a short time the Budget Wizard had tunneled his way out of the paper mountain. As he was digging his exit, Dorothy asked how the land had come to be filled with so many forms.

"Well," Wino started, "four score and seven forms ago our forefathers brought forth a new system, conceived in Liberalism and dedicated to the proposition that all forms are created equal. One form is as good as the next so we seem to always end up with the next and the next and the next. But the Grand Wizard will change all of this! He'll fix it! He has the mandate!" Wino's eyes glazed over. He just stood there in a trance.

"But how do we find him?" Dorothy pleaded.

There was no response. He stood there for a long time, and then he finally spoke.

"The time has come," the Wino said, "to spend for many things

for gas grenades and nuclear raids

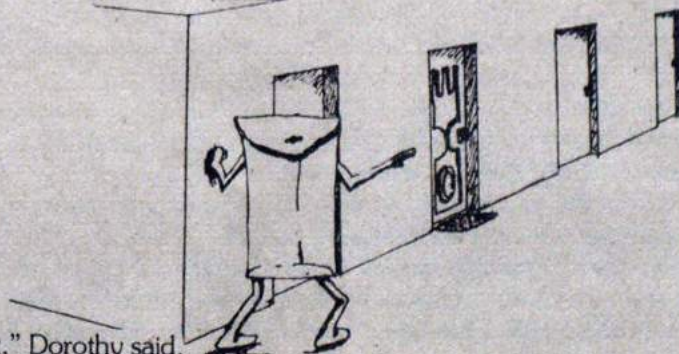
and submarines with wings."

"Let's get out of here, you two," Dorothy said. "This guy's crackers."

They left. But, they were not happy about it for they still had not found the Grand Wizard and they were no closer now than before. They continued their journey down the corridor. When they turned the corner they saw a large manilla envelope strolling down the hall towards them.

"Who are you?" Dorothy asked.

"I'm the Ex-Wizard's Walking Papers. Have you seen him?"



"No, I think he's left," Dorothy said.

"This is terrible; I must find him. I must serve myself." With that he was off down the hall and around the corner. But they could just hear him exclaim as he turned out of sight, "See you soon, Daviel!" The Budget Wizard shuddered and clutched his little orange card tightly.

"You know I don't really need this job anyway. Maybe we could get . . . ah, the hell out of here. How 'bout it?" he said.

"You told us we were close. . . besides. . ." She stopped and stared.

"What is it, Dorothy? what's wrong?" Frump asked. Ahead of them, at the end of the corridor, was a portal. It was like no other that she had ever seen. Fine gold leaf patterns surrounded delicate ivory sculpture. The carvings gracefully ascended the archway and gently meshed over the center of the door. Lush blue and scarlet silk velvet bunting hung from the wall. The entire scene was illuminated by two small but potent lamps. The glowing crystal domes rested on spiraling chrome columns.

"Oh! That door it's so beautiful. Only someone very important could be behind that. Let's go in. . ." She rushed to the door and turned the knob. . .

CHAPTER 8

In Which The Wicked Witch Of The Palace Confronts The Travellers

"Oh!" Cried Dorothy. They were in the fanciest room she had ever seen. The furniture was red velvet, and red velvet curtains hung at the windows. The floor and walls were deep blue. A beautiful crystal chandelier swung gently in the room's center, and everywhere sat potted palms and mirrors and more crystal.

"This doesn't look like any room I've ever seen in Kansas," Dorothy whispered.

"You're not in Kansas," Frump whispered back. He was shivering and biting his nails in a very worried way.

"What's wrong Frump?" Dorothy asked. "You look spooked. And where's David gone to?" She found him cowering behind one of the palms, muttering over and over, "Spending, deficit, imbalance of power. The strap. I'll get the strap."

"We've got to get out of here," Frump whispered in a very hoarse voice. "She'll empty our pockets in the name of charity, she'll publicly humiliate us, she, she. . ."

—She who?—Dorothy was about to ask, but just at that moment a pair of french doors opened, and a very thin woman wearing a blue Kenzo kimono sailed into the room.

"Is that my china?" the woman fairly sang. Her kimono sleeve brushed a crystal ornament and it tinkled pleasantly.

"Why, she's not at all scary!" Dorothy said. "She's very gracious."

"Oh, you don't know her kind," Frump rasped. "It's an illusion, an act. All of them, Evelyn of the East, the Many Married Elizabeth, this one—they win you with grace and perfume and then BAM, you're trapped, you're under their control. All of them have power, and this one's the most powerful."

Before Frump could say more the woman spotted them and sailed, graciously, in their direction.

"Why, you're not my china!" she exclaimed. "Who are you?"

"If it please, M'am," Dorothy said, giving a short curtsy, "I am Dorothy of Kansas via an Eastern university, and this is my friend Frump."

"Frump?" said the woman, peering closely at the little man. "Have you paid your charity tax?" Frump shivered.

"We are here to see the Grand Wizard," Dorothy continued.

"The Grand Wizard?" said the woman, still staring at Frump. "Are you some of the Truly Needy?"

"I don't think so," said Dorothy. "I just want to go to school."

"School!" said the woman standing up suddenly. Her voice acquired a cold edge. "The Grand Wizard is napping. Come back some other time." And she turned to leave.

Just then a loud blast of trumpeting issued from an adjacent room, and a butler in knickers and a powdered wig entered.

"The First China!" he cried. He was followed by another man in greasy overalls.

"Nancy of the West here?" the man asked. He was chomping on a cigar.

"I'm she," the woman replied.

"Sign here," said the workman, shoving a stack of yellow slips under her nose, "in triplicate."

Then turning his head he shouted, "O.K. guys, bring 'em in."

More loud noises issued from the other room, screeching and shuffling noises, and thousands of winged, blue-suited monkeys flew in carrying straw packed crates.

"Bureaucrats," Frump whispered, "public servants. She's got them doing *her* work now." He shuddered.

The monkeys and crates and triplicate forms all made quite a commotion there in the blue room. The monkeys jumped and screeched and pried off lids, straw and paper flew, and Nancy of the West ran from crate to crate crying, "My china! My china!", grabbing plates and hugging them to her Kenzo. In the midst of it all a harried chef with a white hat and a spoon ran up to Nancy and fell prostrate at her feet.

"Madam, madam," he pleaded. "We are out of flour and the budget doesn't allow us to buy more. How can I make bread for the charity luncheon this afternoon?"

"No bread?" said Nancy of the West, hardly paying attention. "Well then, we'll have to serve them cake." She waved her hand, and two bureaucrats dragged him, sobbing, from the room.

—My, my—Dorothy thought—things *do* happen strangely here. I don't think I'll *ever* get back to school—

"Let's get out of here," Frump cried, tugging on Dorothy's dress, "while we've got a chance!"

"No," said Dorothy firmly. "I've got to get to the Grand Wizard, Frump. I've come this far; it would be silly to give up now." She marched resolutely up to Nancy of the West.

"Excuse me," Dorothy said. "I've really got to find the Grand Wizard. You see I'm. . ."

"You again!" Nancy shrieked. "Go away, leave me alone, can't you see I'm busy!" Just then Nancy looked down at the floor.

"What do you have on your feet?" she asked, her voice acquiring a machiavellian edge.

"Nothing. Just shoes," Dorothy replied.

"*Just shoes!*" Nancy shrieked, again. "*Just shoes.* Those are Guccis—Gucci slippers! Do you know how long I've been looking for *just* those Guccis? Where did you get them?"

"I, I bought them," quivered Dorothy, "at this old thrift shop."

"I want those Gucci slippers," Nancy continued shrieking. "Give me those Gucci slippers."

"No, no!" cried Dorothy, backing away from Nancy and her blue-suited monkeys. "Please, you don't understand. You can have your silly old slippers. I just want to go to school. No please. . ." Just then Dorothy noticed Frump. The commotion was finally too much for him. He stood among the crates, reeling, ready to faint.

"Frump!" Dorothy cried. She turned to Nancy of the West. "You wicked old witch, look what you've done to him." She ran towards Frump, grabbing the first thing she could find to keep him from fainting. It was a huge crystal punch bowl filled with champagne and strawberries. With a great heave she swung the bowl in his direction. Punch flew in all directions, soaking Frump, the monkeys, and all the precious china.

The room fell silent. The bureaucrats stared in horror at the crates. Dorothy froze, still holding the punch bowl. Nancy of the West turned ghostly pale. The dishes were melting! Nancy's white china was only refined sugar!

For a wild moment Dorothy knew that the whole strange land was only refined sugar, that at any moment the white columns could crumble and the white statues could melt and there would be nothing left. Just a pile of refined sugar.

"We've got to get out of here!" Dorothy cried. She grabbed Frump, who was still very disoriented, and pulled him among the crates and monkeys towards the nearest door. As they were running Dorothy heard Nancy wailing behind them.

"It's melting, it's melting. \$200,000 worth of china melting. How can I show my face in public again? What will Jackie O. say? What a world. What a cruel world. . ."

CHAPTER 9

In Which The Palace Troika Detain Dorothy

After running for quite some time, through large, dusty hallways, Dorothy, Frump, and the Budget Wizard found themselves standing in front of the Supreme Portals of the Royal Hall of the Grand Wizard—and confronted by three men guarding the doors.

"Who are they?" Dorothy said to Frump.

"Those men? Why, I don't know! I've never gotten this far." Meanwhile, the Budget Wizard's face had turned white with fear.

As they neared the three men, one of the three said to the Budget Wizard, "Oh. So you're back, eh?"

The Budget Wizard bowed as low as he could, and said, "Yes, by the grace of the Grand Wizard. And if I may—"

"No you may not. Be on your way, will ya, ya Knucklehead," said a second.

The Budget Wizard turned to bid Dorothy farewell. Meanwhile, the three men continued their discussion.

"Who's a Knucklehead?" the third official asked, as the Budget Wizard slunk away to a small corner of the palace.

"You are!" said the first, as he poked him in the eyes.

"Woowoowoowoowoowo!" cried the third. He started slapping himself in the face.

"Stop it. Stop it! STOP IT!!!" Dorothy yelled. "Who are you?"

As one, all three turned to face her. "Who are we? Who are we?" they all echoed in non-belief.

"No fair," said Frump. "She asked first."

"Who are we? Why, we're the Troika—the Personal Guardians of the Grand Wizard," said the first. "It is we who decide who gets to see him—"

"—or what is important enough to wake him up for, like that dogfight. Nyuk nyuk nyuk nyuk," butted in the third.

("Shut up!!!!" Boom on his nose. Slap on his face. "OOOOOOOHHHHHHH!!!!!!")

"As I was saying, it is we who make all the important decisions around here, because it is up to us to see what issues are really important. My name is Beaver. He," he said, pointing to the second, "is the Baker. And he, (here he pointed to the third) is Moose."

"But I don't understand," said Dorothy. "I thought the Grand Wizard made all the important decisions!"

"Well, the truth is that the Grand Wizard sees nothing that doesn't pass our approval. The three of us together form a strong front that protects the Grand Wizard from nasty things that He shouldn't know about," said Beaver.

"Do you mean to say that the Grand Wizard has never seen anything that hasn't passed you?" Dorothy asked.

"That's exactly what we mean, Toots!" piped in Moose.

The Baker spoke up. "Well, actually in some cases it has happened. Did you ever go to the Woodshed?" Dorothy nodded.

"The Grand Wizard knew about that slimy character, that ex-wizard, even before I did. And it's only because," he said, looking towards Moose, "that bonehead told him!"

"I'm sorry," said Moose.

"Yeah, I'm also sorry you're a bonehead."

"But enough of this. Who are you and what do you want?" said Beaver.

"My name is Dorothy and I'm from Kansas via a large metropolitan university," Dorothy said. "I really must talk to the Grand Wizard—it is *very* important!"

Frump stepped up. He answered, "My name is Frump. I came along for the ride. I'd also like to collect my \$200 salary."

The three men suddenly jumped into a huddle. The names "Frump" and "Dorothy" were noisily bandied about (along with some kicks in the rear, slaps in the face, pokes in the eyes. . .) until, just as suddenly as they "connected," they separated.

The Baker spoke up. "We have come to a decision. First of all, Frump, your name is number six on our most wanted list. Guard! Take him to jail. And don't pass Go or I'll brain ya. And as for you, Dorothy, we have decided to put your situation on our agenda for future reference. We will be talking about it at breakfast tomorrow morning. Come back, say, by ten o'clock. We'll let you know."

The sound of "Let me go! Let me go! I don't want to go to jail again! Here's fifty bucks. let me go!" echoed from down the halls of the palace. There wasn't even time for Frump to say goodbye.

"But I have to see the Grand Wizard as soon as possible!! I have to get home!! What will I do??!" Dorothy was on the verge of tears.

"Awwww! Let the poor kid in, Moose," said Beaver.

"Wait—if we make you an assistant—deputy—under-secretary of a wizard, we could give a message to give to the Grand Wizard. But go quietly—he might be sleeping!"

And so, after the long trek, Dorothy was finally going to see the Grand Wizard—and hopefully get back home.

CHAPTER 10

In Which Dorothy Meets The Grand Wizard

Upon entering the doors Dorothy found herself in a huge oval-shaped office. Stacks of file folders filled with dog eared papers and forms occupied most of the room's area, blocking Dorothy's view. A small path ran down the center of the office. Dorothy made out a massive desk at the end of the path. The desk, too, was piled high with the folders of documents. At the desk sat a man who was intently shuffling through the files, and looking at the papers they contained. Dorothy watched him for a time. He seemed to be well dressed, and although somewhat wrinkled, in good physical health. He picked up a 6000 page report. Oblivious to the woman from Kansas, he began to page through it. She coughed deliberately. The man continued to look at the voluminous manuscript.

"Excuse me," Dorothy loudly asked as she politely curtsied, "is this the office of the Grand Wizard?"

The man continued to concentrate on the papers for about three minutes more, then raised his head. He looked at Dorothy. "Hello," he said warmly, "I am the Grand Wizard. You must realize that the job of Grand Wizard is one which requires quite a bit of paperwork as you can see. I am very busy right now. Please come back some other time when I am less busy. Now, if you'll excuse me I must review this lengthy, lengthy report on the Wizardry of Defense budget. If you love your country, be patient. Things must get worse before they get better." The man winked and turned back to his desk and began shuffling.

Dorothy watched him for a while and waited for him to say more. He remained silent as he continued to look at the report. She began to walk between the stacks toward the desk. Her eyes welled with tears. "My name is

Dorothy, sir. I am from Kansas. I have come a long way from home and have endured quite a bit and I just want to go home." Dorothy's eyes grew tearful. "I just want to return to the plains of endless flat fertile farmland filled with flourishing bright, shiny cars and trucks. You are the only person who can help me Mr. Grand Wizard, sir. Please listen to me."

The Wizard did not respond to this as he reached for the large Defense report. He began to look at it again. Every page was blank.

"Please don't ignore me," she weeped softly.

The Grand Wizard continued to look through the disheveled pile of documents. "Hello," he said warmly. "I am the Grand Wizard. I am quite busy right now. You must realize that the job of Grand Wizard is one which requires quite a lot of paper work as you can see. Please come back some other time when I am less busy. Now, if you'll excuse me, I must review this lengthy, lengthy report on the Wizardry of Defense budget. If you love your country, be patient. Things must get worse before they get better." Again he winked and turned his attention back to the report in front of him.

By this time, Dorothy had stopped crying; she had been faking it anyway. She was, however, dumbstruck. She couldn't understand why the Grand Wizard felt the need to repeat himself. She didn't believe that he was all that busy. It seemed that he was just trying to find an excuse to get rid of her. This angered her. Dorothy rushed toward the Grand Wizard. She stopped and curtsied. "Mr. Wizard, sir," she said indignantly, "I don't think you're being nice at all. I don't need to tell you how rude it is to treat someone who has come so far just to speak with such disregard. What have I done to you to deserve such treatment?" She waited for a response.

The Grand Wizard did not reply. He began to shuffle the documents on his desk again. After a few minutes he raised his head. "Hello," he said warmly, "I am the Grand Wizard." In a fit of rage Dorothy removed one of her gogo boots and threw it at the Grand Wizard's head and hit a strange looking optical device directly behind him. The sound of breaking glass and metal resounded loudly in the room as the shoe smashed into the device. The Wizard disappeared from behind the desk.

"Who is making all the gosh awful racket?" asked a muffled voice which sounded similar to the Wizard's. Dorothy looked around the room to see whose voice it was. A stack of documents shifted and fell over.

"Damn it!" said the Wizard as he stepped over the toppled pile of paper and walked down the path to the desk. Inspecting the damage behind the desk the Wizard sadly turned to Dorothy and said, "Did you do this?"

"No," said Dorothy nervously. "Well, not really. I mean, well, I didn't mean to."

"Well, that was the best holographic projector money could buy. Why did you have to go and break it? It's better than 3-D. You don't need glasses." The Grand Wizard was wearing a robe and some sunglasses. He had been sitting under a sun lamp. In his hand was a copy of *Popular Mechanics*. He had been reading an article about holograms. He showed Dorothy the diagrams and pictures. "I like pictures," he said to his visitor, "they make the words easier to understand."

"Yes," Dorothy said, "but what about me?" She was concerned.

The Grand Wizard thought for a while. "You broke my hologram. It was brand new. It was better than 3-D, too. This is an affront not only to myself and the office of the Grand Wizard, but to the pride and security of this great land of ours and its citizens. There is only one thing I can do."

"What?" asked Dorothy. She was more concerned.

The Grand Wizard dug under a pile of folders and loose papers and pulled out a spiral bound notebook. On the cover of the notebook were the words "Book of Naughty Deeds." He opened the book and reached for a pen. "Now, who are you?"

"I am Dorothy the Philosophy Major. I come from Kansas."

The Grand Wizard paused. He thought for a while and smiled. "Ah, Kansas," he said. "I know where that is. Yes, I have had the pleasure. . . ." He reached for a pen. As he wrote, the Wizard spelled aloud.

"Please don't do that, Mr. Grand Wizard. Please hear me out."

"I'm all ears," said the Wizard as he smiled and cupped his hands to his ears. Dorothy began to tell him her life story.

The Grand Wizard listened politely and thoughtfully. He asked the girl to repeat the parts of the story he didn't quite understand so he could hear them a second time. "That's a very interesting story," the Grand Wizard said when Dorothy finished talking. "I must hear it again some time."

"You must understand that we are caught up in hard times," said the Wizard as he moved behind the desk to open a drawer. He pulled a copy of the *Washington Post* from the drawer, leafed through it until he found a page with a picture of a well-dressed woman walking through a snowstorm with a poodle on a leash. The woman wore material and so did the poodle. "You see," he said as he showed the picture to Dorothy, "even that little dog knows enough to wear a coat when it's cold outside."

"But I don't understand," said Dorothy.

"Well, you have broken the law. You must be imprisoned, but remember although you may encounter hardships you must be patient."

Dorothy was shocked. She couldn't believe that she had endured so much inanity only to be sentenced to a prison term of indefinite length. "Please don't do this to me," she pleaded.

This interrupted the Wizard's train of thought. He forgot about incarcerating Dorothy. He tried to think of something to talk about. Drawing a blank he dug a copy of *Newsweek* from the disarray on his desk top. "Look, I'm even quoted."

The Wizard was euphoric. It tickled him to see his words in print. Everything he said made so much more sense to him when he saw it in print. Joyfully, the Grand Wizard opened a large jar of jelly beans which sat on his desk. "Care for one? The pink ones are very good."

Dorothy slowly shook her head. She was in shock.

"Why are you so sad?" asked the Wizard. "That's what's wrong with you young idealists. You just can't be realistic, can you?"

"I'm not an idealist," she said. "I just want to go home."

"That reminds me of a story I think Abraham Lincoln used to tell. Or was it Henry Fonda? Anyway, two young boys had an argument. Finally one day the taller of the two boys confronted the other. 'I'm taller than you,' he said. 'Yes, you are,' said the shorter boy. You see, that's the way it should be in this magnificent country of ours. That's why we don't need welfare—sometimes welfare recipients kill other people, students can kill people, so can scientists and artists. Do you know how many people are killed in our national forests each year? Yet my critics expect me to provide assistance so that this carnage may continue. That is unpatriotic." The Wizard looked at his watch and thought about it. "It's time for me to go to bed," he said. He turned and headed for the door.

"What about me?" she sobbed.

"Oh yes," said the Grand Wizard as he turned back to her. "I almost forgot." He snapped his finger, and turned away. An orange Chance Card appeared in Dorothy's hands as the Grand Wizard closed the door behind him. She looked at the card. A little man who resembled Frump was depicted on it; he stood behind bars. Printed on the card were the words "Go Directly to Jail."

Dorothy was stunned. She didn't quite know where the jail was, and whether or not she was expected to go there herself. She sat there and tried to sort it all out. She continued crying. At the other side of the office the door creaked open as a feminine form entered. Dorothy looked up. "Who is there?" she said.

"Oh," said the woman with some chagrin, "I never get the entrances right."

"Who are you," said Dorothy as the woman approached her.

The woman smiled. "Don't you recognize me? I'm Eve Arden," she said.

Dorothy looked at the smartly dressed woman. It really was Eve Arden. She looked just like she did on TV.

"Wow," said Dorothy. "Where's Kaye Ballard?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Why are you here?"

"Oh, I don't want to go into it. There's been too much exposition in this story as it is," Eve replied.

"That's not very funny," said Dorothy.

"In your lifetime, how many good lines do you remember me having?"

Dorothy thought about this for a while. No memorable lines produced by Ms. Arden's lips came to her at all.

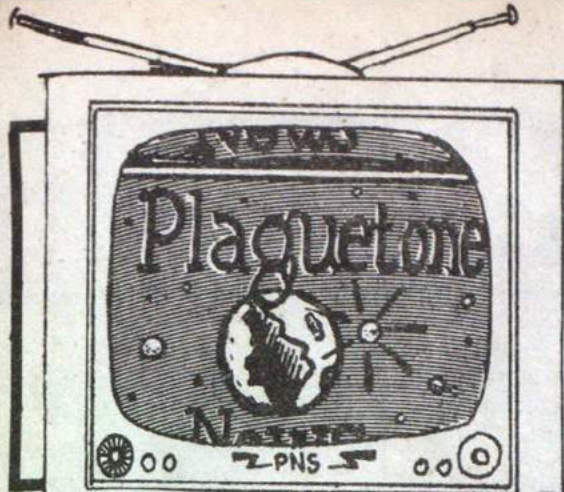
"Look," said Eve, "I'm just here as a device to end this story." She smiled. "I have something for you," she said digging through her purse. She pulled a yellow Community Chest card from her handbag and handed it to Dorothy.

"Go to Kansas," said the card. Said Dorothy as she disappeared in a puff of smoke, "Thanks Eve. There's no place like home."

Special section concept and editing: S.K.
Regular features editing: P.R., B.W.

Chapter 1 and 2—Steven Korn
Chapter 3—Sholly Fisch
Chapter 4—Richard J.T. Brown
Chapter 5—Bill Weber
Chapter 6—Steven Korn and Warren Rosenzweig
Chapter 7—Peter Reiser
Chapter 8—Margaret E. Burke
Chapter 9—David Loshin
Chapter 10—John Gernand



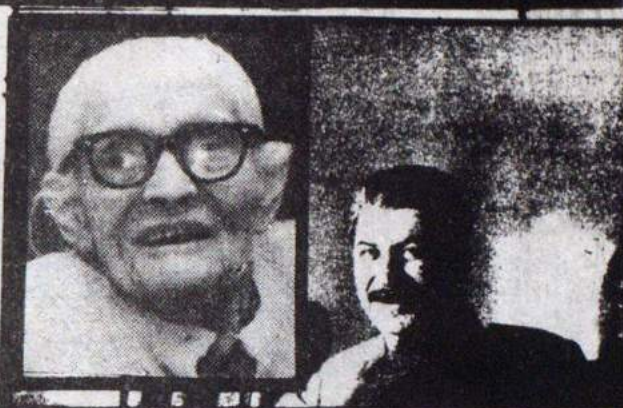
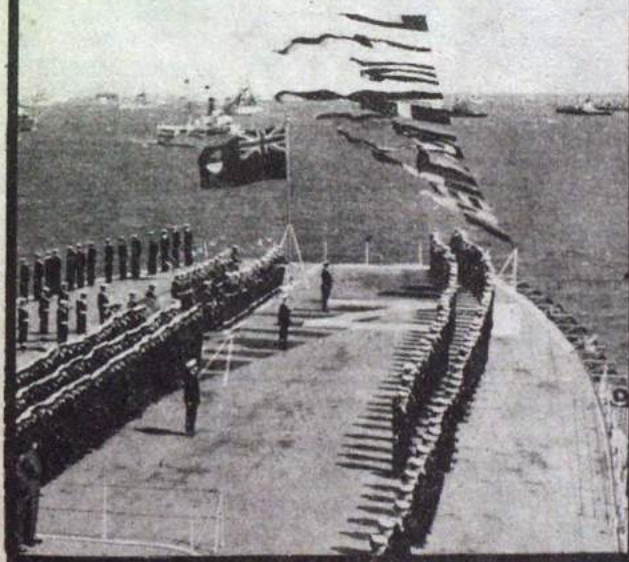


LAKER IS BACK IN BIZ

The London Times today reported that Freddie Laker has borrowed 1.3 million pounds in order to set up a new Trans-Atlantic passenger-carrying company. Reportedly, Laker is using the money to purchase used Royal Navy Aircraft carriers and 30,000 oars.

"I'm really sorry about stranding all those people," Laker said, "and everyone with a good ticket is invited to travel with me again."

Laker's new "Boat-train Service" is expected to begin next week. Tickets are restricted to those who are in strong physical condition and able to withstand sustained whippings. The London-New York trip takes six to eight weeks.



Yosette today (inset) and the good old days

102-year old Yosette Forinskey recently shocked her fellow residents at a retirement home in Darien, Conn. when she confided to them that she is actually former Soviet dictator Josef Stalin. After her claim was confirmed by an international team of experts, the former Red Lord of Russia faced the press for the first time since she staged her death 29 years ago. "I was a sweet old lady trapped in the body of a mass murderer," Yosette recalled tearfully, "so I flew to Stockholm for my operation, then on to this country. I just wanted to make doilies for the rest of my life. And those winters in the Kremlin were awful—the heat never worked!"

Asked to name the contemporary she most admired, Yosette didn't hesitate. "President Roosevelt—what a handsome fellow. He may have been dying, but he tickled me under the chin at Yalta!"

In a previously unpublished photo, Brigadier General James Dozier is seen immediately after he was rescued by Italian police from the clutches of Red Brigade kidnapers in February. By the general's own account, he was forced by the terrorists to listen to what he called "hard rock" for hours at a time. *The Plague* has exclusively learned that the Red Brigade playlist included the Moody Blues, Christopher Cross, Barry Manilow, and those badass rockers, the Carpenters. "How good it was to hear my Don Ho albums again," sighed Dozier.



In an official press release, the State Department has announced four more of its 36 reasons why increased U.S. military aid to El Salvador is in no way analagous to the beginnings of American involvement in Vietnam two decades ago.

—"El Salvador" is two words, while "Vietnam" is only one.

—The Mekong River does not run through El Salvador.

—While both U.S. presidents who served during the escalations owned ranches, one was located in Texas while the other was in California.

—Women's skirts were somewhat shorter in the Vietnam era.

NEWS BRIEFS: D.L., B.W.

CAMPUS HIJINKS



Three NYU denizens whose Guaranteed Student Loans for next fall are in jeopardy can be seen here, playfully grappling for a \$5 bill on Washington Place.



Pope Irving I?

In last Monday's edition, the *New York Post* once again provided an unexpected boost to Mayor Ed Koch's future career opportunities—by asking their readers whether he should seek the highest office in the Roman Catholic Church. By Thursday, over 300,000 "Koch for Pope" coupons had been received, and the response was "an overwhelming 'yes!'" according to poll coordinator Cub Yella.

When asked for his reaction, the mayor said, "Well, I hear that Vatican City is dead as far as live theatre is concerned. But I've always wanted people to kiss my ring... Maybe." Koch is reportedly taking catechism lessons from Terence Cardinal Cooke, and has been asking City Council members if they wish to confess anything to him.



Fun



With



Sports

by Steven Korn

Did you see the finals of the \$115,000 Roloids Open bowling tournament, held in Florissant, Missouri and broadcast on ABC a few weeks ago? Rarely have I ever seen such elegance, swiftness, and dexterity exhibited by athletes in such a pressure-packed, important event. As each ball rolled down the glistening lane, causing each pin to drop with a violent crack, I found myself riveted even closer to the television set. I don't care what anybody says, the bowlers of today could certainly hold their own against the champions of yesteryear—the great men like Gil Zunker, Junie McMahon, and the legendary Bus Oswalt of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

But I'd be willing to wager that most of you missed this event, and it's not your fault. A competing station in town had the nerve to program the film "Satan's Cheerleaders" starring the lovely and vivacious Yvonne DeCarlo opposite the bowling tourney. How are people supposed to decide what to watch? It's no wonder the Professional Bowlers Tour is so overlooked, having to contend with an obvious conspiracy to draw viewers away. One of the unfortunate truths is that television is a business, with no regard to the needs of its audience. Would it have been so hard to schedule the movie at 4:30, after the Roloids Open was over? I think not, and I hope others will join me in condemning such callousness in counter-programming and maybe, just once, TV programmers will consider the needs of the public.



Of course, with the end of the bowling season comes baseball and with baseball, the new season

of baseball cards. For those of you not familiar with the medium, many of us spent inordinate amounts of time, money, and energy gathering collections of these pieces of cardboard bearing likenesses of baseball players. To those of you never afflicted with this particular madness, it might seem a singular waste of the above-mentioned resources. Perhaps their popularity will become clearer to you after some exposure to my favorite feature on the baseball card, the cartoon blurb on the back.

For the uninitiated, in most years, the cards featured the venerable storehouse of information, at least they did when I was collecting. What I'd like to do now is share with you some examples of the information delivered here, and I think this by itself will help you understand why baseball cards are so popular, and how they bring a fan closer to his heroes. I must emphasize, all of the following information actually appeared on baseball cards.

"Charlie had a fractured knee cap in '69."

"Cookie recently received his U.S. citizenship papers."

"Dwight grew 3 inches since entering pro ball."

"Joe Garagiola campaigned for President Ford in 1976."

"Abbott & Costello's most popular act was called 'Who's On 1st.'"

"Henry Kingman of the 1914 Yankees was born in China."

"Boots enjoys reading."

"Darrel likes to go bowling."

"Billy's hobby is drag racing!"

"Tommy likes modern music."

"Paul's hobby is mechanical drawing."

"Sandy's hobby is playing dominoes."

Compelling, eh? Of course, in some years the company decided to ask questions on the back of the cards instead. Using those, I'll close with a "Fun With Sports" quiz. See how many you can answer, baseball fans.

1) How many night games did the Cleveland Indians win in 1952?

2) What was Chuck Hartenstein's nickname?

3) Who was famous for hitting with his "foot in the bucket"?

4) What is Diego Segui's *most* effective pitch? (Emphasis added)

5) Who was part of the "Shoe Polish" incident of '57?

ANSWERS

4) His forkball
5) Nippy Jones

1) 33
2) "Twiggy"
3) Al Simmons

Desmond I

LOU TANNEN — YOUR HOST



LOUIS TANNEN,

120 W. 42nd Street, New York

Hello. My name is Lou Tannen. You probably don't know me, but you should because I'm a really nice guy. I want to be your friend. Come, take my hand and I will tell you the story of Desmond. Below we start with naughty Desmond at the age of 12. He did not like his probation officer because he used to hit Desmond on the head and call him "bastard"



A probation officer counsels a youngster



school crossing guard



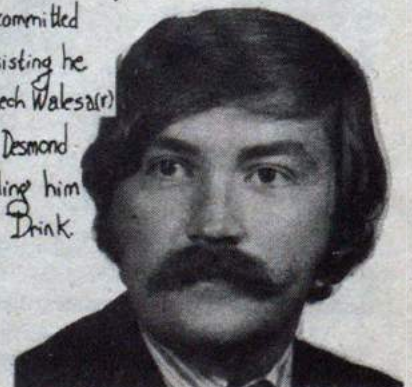
As Desmond got older, he had a crush on the school crossing guard. He tried to impress her with flashing bowties, but she ignored him.

A Celtic name from the Irish Kingdom of the Fitzgeralds.

DESMOND



So Desmond began to drink heavily and have nightmares of Larry Kenney and Uncle Floyd (i.). A man who was later committed for insisting he was Lech Walesa(r) saved Desmond by telling him "Don't Drink."



Celtic (sel'tik; esp. Brit. kel'tik), adj. of the Celts or their language. —n. the group of languages spoken by the Celts, including Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, and Breton. Also, Keltic.



LEAR

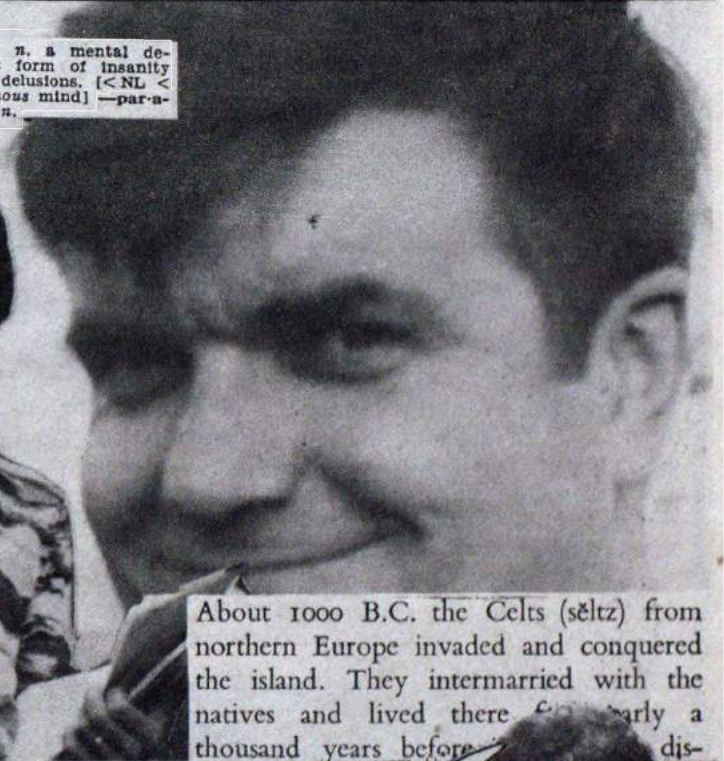
A Celtic name meaning The Sea.

One night, Desmond and his friend Lear were brutally attacked at the 9th street station of the path train. While Lear was choked to death by a distant relative of Herpo Marx, Desmond had his face trampled by a deranged man who sang "TIPPOE THRU THE TULIPS" as he attacked.

Since the attack, Desmond had become paranoid.

For some reason, he became particularly cautious and frightened when he found himself near men who liked to grin..... He decided that a drastic change was needed in his life.

par-a-noi-a (par'ə-noi'ə), n. a mental derangement, esp. a chronic form of insanity characterized by elaborate delusions. [<NL <Gk., ult. <para- amiss + nous mind] —**par-a-noi-ac** (par'ə-noi'ak), adj., n.



About 1000 B.C. the Celts (seltz) from northern Europe invaded and conquered the island. They intermarried with the natives and lived there for nearly a thousand years before dis-



LOUIS
See Lewis.

Well, I, Louis Tannen, am sorry to say that this is the end of this installment of the saga of Desmond. If it were up to me, I would stay and tell you more. But the problem is that that guy to the right simply decided to stop writing my monologue and went out to get a haircut. Sorry.....



WALLET



Trends: Having Guests for Dinner

The New York dinner party circuit is experiencing widespread ennui: what to serve for dinner? Haute Cuisine is getting the cold shoulder from hosts bored with traditional fare, and Nouvelle Cuisine has lost its nouveauté. Nothing seems to excite the sophisticated palate; as in the current drug crisis, it has all been tried.

Ever mindful of growing trends in the food biz, the *Plague's* Consumer Research staff has scoured the city for dining alternatives. In a small shop in SoHo we've discovered what we predict is the overture to an American eating revolution.



Juan Seda, owner of the Peru Head Shop, sees cannibalism as the wave of the future. Born deep in the Peruvian interior, Seda was raised on a steady diet of human flesh. Five years ago he packed up some utensils and favorite family recipes and left his native land for a life in the New World. After receiving his MBA in Management from NYU Business, and a New York state certificate in food service, Seda set up shop.

"I perceived a need for my services here in the United States," he told a staff reporter. "I read about these oral frustrations of you Americans and thought to myself 'Juan, what these people need is a little human flesh.'"

A case in point. "I was walking down West Broadway the other day," Seda elucidated, "and a man came up to me and said 'I haven't had a bite all day.' So I bit him. He looked much better afterward. Cannibalism has kept Peruvians satisfied for centuries, so why not Americans?"

Seda, a healthy, happy, thirty-five year old speaks from first hand experience. "I ate my mother at a time when you Americans were just dreaming about it."

He points out that human flesh is not only satisfying to eat, it's economical.

"23% cheaper than chicken," he assured us. "Poulet a la Bordelaise for four comes to about \$9. Chop up a Pakistani in your Bordelaise, however, and you spend only \$6.90. Tastes good, too. A little like frogs legs."

Is there any special part of a person that's better to nosh on, we asked Seda.

"Well, that all depends on the occasion and on individual taste," Seda replied. "My brother, Pedro, he's a leg man. I prefer the upper arm, but at parties I always give my guests head." And head is just what Seda's shop specializes in.

"I thought I would focus on the Gourmet market until cannibalism finds widespread popularity. The most delicate parts of a person are found in the head—eye lids, ear lobes, lips. Always the most sought after."

Not the genitals?

"No. We'd much rather enjoy them the way you Americans do."



Does Seda have a favorite dish, one he could perhaps recommend to prospective customers?

"My sister was a great dish. Then there was the time Mom served Sloppy Joe—just chopped in tomato and a little garlic. Wonderful! But those were once in a lifetime meals. I'd say for a beginner, buttered toes are easy. Great on toast! Lady fingers are nice to nibble on. Once you get started, there's no end to the creative ways you can find to serve people!"

Seda is quick to point out that acquiring a taste for your fellow man does not necessarily lead to barbarism or a disregard for healthy living. "People are too quick to assume that a cannibal will eat just anybody who's lying around. Not so! Most of us are very careful about who we have for dinner. Do you know how bad most meat is for you!? I only eat vegetarians, myself."

Margaret Burke





The death of *Wanker Wagner*, lead singer and self-flagellating force behind the rise of the *Viral Infections* super-band, sent shock waves through the rock press and the local cognoscenti in unparalleled proportions. Wagner, 23, a former St. Louis gas station attendant who left his hometown only a month ago in search of "easy livin' and cheap dope," died Friday night in his bathtub after reportedly pouring two cases of Scotch into his nostrils. "He died the way he lived man, what can I say, it's a drag," muttered Virals bass player *Sapho Shard* outside her late partner's 10th Street apartment. As she spoke, several grief-stricken youths impaled a skunk on the building's front door. "It's our memorial," they proudly explained.

Wagner and his band began their meteoric surge to the top of the underground on the previous Monday at The Hole on White Street. Wagner, his nude body covered with black greasepaint (save for a white stripe running down his back), performed sexual antics that "made Morrison and Jagger look like fuckin' eunuchs" according to one of the club's 36 patrons. Fortunately for the *Viral Infections*, they were all music critics for the *Village Vise* and *NoHo News*.

By Wednesday noon, knowledge of the band's tough yet transcendent fusion of "Skunk Punk" and "Skunk Skronk" had spread all over town. They would've played to SRO crowds the next two nights had The Hole not been converted into a shelter for the homeless—on

by Bill Weber

Hello Song

Music and Lyrics by
Lenore Genova



Tuesday. Instead, they laid the foundation for their immortality by spending 21 hours in the studio ("Enough for six albums" says Rigor Records' *Colonel Tom Ghoulis*), followed by a marathon groupie-bang, which



culminated in *Wanker Wagner's* demise late Friday. The Virals' debut EP, *Goats and Monkeys*, will be released next week. . .

Family members report that *Frank Zappa* is still alive for no apparent reason. . . **MUZIK NOTES** is offering a series of free concert tickets to the first reader who can conclusively prove that *Foreigner* and *Journey* are different bands. Send your evidence to Not-So-Heavy Mettle, Box 80, 21 Washington Place, NY, NY, 10003. . . *Police* lead singer *Sting* is said to be negotiating to play the title role in the forthcoming Broadway musical *Heathcliff*, written by "rock opera" magicians *Tim Rice* and *Andrew Lloyd Webber*. Based on Emily Bronte's classic *Wuthering Heights*, the show will "re-

main faithful to the spirit of the original, despite some artistic liberties which we've taken," say co-creators Rice and Webber. The setting has been moved from the moors of 19th-century England to contemporary Kingston, where an aspiring reggae musician wins the heart of a sugarcane heiress until he contracts a mean dose of syphilis. Set for the supporting case are *Chrissie Hynde* as Catherine and *Jimmy Cliff* as (Bob) Marley's Ghost. . .



THIS WEEK'S TOP TRACKS

1. "CENNAFOL' (NA NA NYAH NA NA NA NA NYAH NYAH NA NA NA NA NA NYAH NA)" W. Giles Band
2. "SWEET LITTLE THIRTEEN" Van Halen
3. "(GOT MASHED POTATOES, AIN'T GOT NO) TALENT" Neil Young & Lazy Hoss
4. "PROFITS IN THE MATERIAL WORLD" Police
5. "I CAN'T LISTEN TO THAT" Hull & Oats
6. "PHYSICAL" Joan Jett
7. "OLD BRITS" Rod Stewart
8. "THEME FROM 'CHARIOTS OF FIRE'" DNA
9. "KING OF THE ROAD" Elvis Costello
10. "STAIRWAY TO MOLSON" Bob & Doug McKenzie

© A%!! @ 1/2 99%? ...



NOTICE, IN THIS CASE, HOW PERCEPTUAL MODULARITY IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON MY CONTINUED TWO-DIMENSIONALITY...
...IN RELATIONSHIP TO...
...IN TERMS OF...

