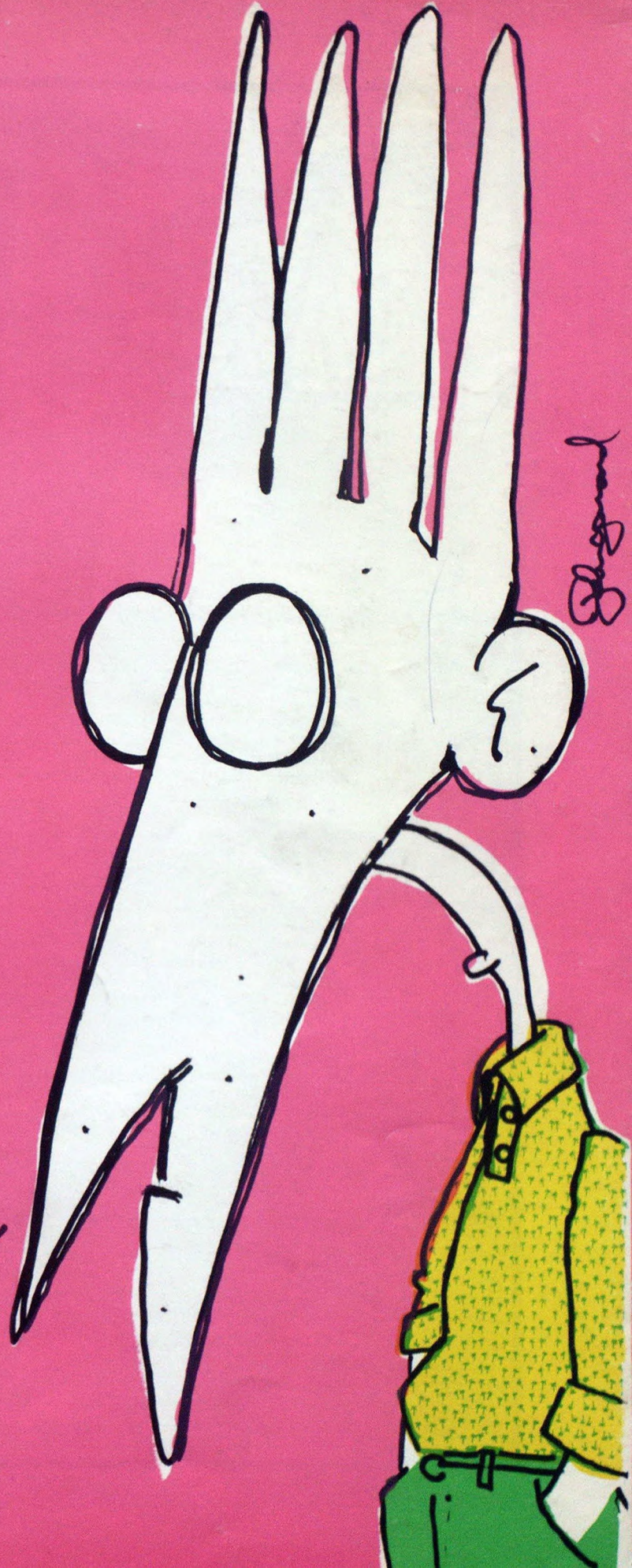


# PLAGUE

IF YOU  
SEE THIS MAN  
CALL NYU SECURITY



# PLAGUE

VETERAN APPROVED!

Say!  
Have you  
had your  
soup  
today?

Vol. 6 No. 1 September 1982

## EDITORIAL

The following is the second in a series of Plague editorials, dealing with the issues that affect us all each day:

Feet are kind of funny-looking.

That's our opinion. What's yours? We'd like to know. Editorial replies (in seven words or less) may be left in Box 80, 21 Washington Place. We may even print those replies that we agree with.

Well, we hope you're all proud of yourselves. While you were out having a good time lying around the beach, we were stuck in a dirty, smelly office working night and day just so you could laugh when you went to school. We don't ask much: maybe just a postcard now and then so we know that you're not dead. But no, Mr./Ms. Bigshot, you don't have the time for that, do you?

In case your conscience should start to bother you, our address is Box 80, 21 Washington Place, New York, NY, 10003. Or you could call us (just for a couple of minutes) at (212) 475-9741 or X 4046. And if you should happen to find yourself in the neighborhood, you're always welcome to stop in on us in Room 403, 21 Washington Place.

By the way, we never told you who the funny people of the month were over the summer. June's funny person was Danny Bonaduce ... Charles Nelson Reilly took over for July ... August featured Shelly Berman ... And September is dedicated to Shirley Hemphill.

Oh, and before we forget, a special "thank you" to Les Kaufman of Don Fedderson Productions for all of his invaluable help. Listen, Les, we know a nice girl... if maybe you'd like to meet her, we've set something up for Thursday at 8:00.

It's  
CUTE

funnyman of the month



Shirley Hemphill

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If you'd like us to say hello to you next issue, contact us at room 403-404 of the Student Activities Annex, 21 Washington Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

Our mailbox is number 80.

Our phone numbers are 475-9741 and 598-4046.

What's yours?



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## LAUGHS



## Metropolitan Editor

— Richard J.T. Brown

Subterranean Editor—Sholly Fisch

Farm Editor—John Gernand

Travel Editor—Steven Korn

Science Editor—Peter Reiser

Finance Editor — Bob Young

Arts and Leisure Editor

— Steven Doyas

## GET THIS NEW VALUABLE COLLECTION

### Contributors

Adam Asnes, Zlatko Batistich, Doug Brod,

Margaret Burke,

Marlon Campbell, John Cosachov,

David Loshin, Ed Morrissey,

Oskar Retch,

Steve Roman, Margaret Walas

...and "the wacky neighbor",  
Dave Greene.

Feel  
years  
younger

Comedy

CIRCULATION: VINCENT NADILE



# TERROR-LOVING



*Female punk, who would rather listen to records, drink and talk to her punk friends than get a job.*



*The punks' diet. "Proper nutrition means nothing to them," said the brave mother of one of these devils.*



*The destructive maniac "Pooh" and his "old lady," smile sarcastically at our photographer. These punks love nothing more than snickering at our society. His "name" was no doubt taken to deride the great author A. A. Milne.*

Punks, such as those pictured on these pages may, by the end of this decade, pose a greater threat to our way of life than either the Soviets or cocaine abuse in the National Football League.

Theirs is a sick new movement which has dangerously begun to seize control of an ever increasing number of young American minds. They are remorseless violence worshippers seeking to spread fear throughout the university community. Several are rumored to have set armchairs on fire for no valid reason.

Take a look at these vermin - if you can stand to. Look at the weird hair styles and the odd way they dress. They are different from the rest of us, and will undoubtedly stop at nothing until we all look like them.

Sgt. Jan Murray of the NYU Security force, who specializes in punk surveillance, explained, "They look strange, unlike the mainstream youth of today. As yet, they have not caused any problems, but by our estimate, that is part of their calculated plan. The fact that you may not see many, or even any, of these punks on the street on campus is no reason to feel safe. We figure that they are either hiding or roaming around in disguise. For this reason, we can't relax. If they think we are off-guard, they may feel free to strike. Although we've never actually encountered any of them, we know they love violence, for two reasons. First, in the few pictures that we've seen of them, they look so innocent - when punks look innocent, chances are good that they're guilty of something. Secondly, we've heard of one punk in England



*Two punk-beasts viciously destroy the slipcovers in a neighbor's home. When asked why, one animal responded, "It was a giggle." What will they do for a "giggle" after all the slipcovers have been destroyed?*

# PUNKS THREATEN NYU'S FUTURE by Vic King

(REPRINTED FROM THE *MIDNIGHT WASHINGTON SQUARE GLOBE*)

who had in his possession a book called "Hamlet" - which was filled with page after page of depictions of anti-social activities—including murder. That weasel won't bother anybody over here, but what if others like him have read that book and they try to act out what they've read? If I were a law-abiding student, I'd get me a gun or torch or something to protect myself. You never know when you'll run into one of these punks. No one has yet, but when they decide to strike, we had better be ready to beat their brains in."

And just how many of them are there? Insiders familiar with the FBI investigation into the activities of these punks reveal the Bureau's estimate that their number has doubled in the last six months. The exact number is being kept secret, for fear that if people knew how many there were, others might be encouraged to join with these anti-social hoodlums, hastening the day when they feel they exist in sufficient numbers for a successful strike.

While we are dealing with an enemy known to us only through a few photographs, there is one known interview with a close friend of one of these punks. In it, he reports that his friend "has no interest in looking for a job. He's very arrogant and on one hot day, he told me he'd kill for an ice cream soda. I believe that he was serious. He's my friend, but frankly, I'm damn scared."

The imperative point is to prevent these terror-loving punks from striking first. What can you do to protect NYU? Primarily, if you see anyone who looks like they've stepped out of a 1952 *Life* magazine, they're probably one of these violent punks, so beat the hell out of them. Get them to tell you where the other punks are. Then beat the hell out of them too. If we beat the hell out of all these barbaric freaks before their reign of terror begins, NYU can be saved. If we take arms against terror-loving freaks and annihilate them, one problem facing America will have proved solvable at the local level. Then we can get on with the really important matters facing this country, such as breaking the NFL players association and teaching its leaders a lesson about undermining America with labor uprisings.



Typical scene at a punk club in New York City. Look at their sick costumes and depraved dances. Is it already too late to protect our children from succumbing to the same sick fate?



Normal couples fear for their lives when these punks invade the ballroom. It is every decent person's nightmare, but it is all too real.

by S. Korn



REVIEW

# BOOK OUTLOOK

Richard J.T. Brown



## WHORES IN NAZI UNIFORMS

Anonymous;  
180 pp.; CDL, P.O. Box 101,  
Murray Hill Station, N.Y.

A barber who was cutting Adolph Hitler's hair once asked the Fuhrer if he was in love. "I never love," he exclaimed, "I only amuse myself." This anecdote, recorded in *Whores In Nazi Uniforms*, is just one of a collection of fascinating new discoveries reported in this small paperback.

In this anonymous release, we learn that Hitler's favorite dinner was sauerbraten and potatoes, and that he ate like "a slob." After one particularly vulgar eating spree, Hitler chugged down a full bottle of white wine, slammed the empty bottle down on a table, and shouted at a girl, "Now, let's fuck." This incident is perplexing, however, considering an earlier allegation in the book that explains how he "always found it impossible to achieve an erection." One cannot help but begin to question the startling new concepts reported in this book.

The book centers around the lives of Heinrich Winkler and Monica Langendorf, two young Germans who became intimately involved with the Nazi leaders in Berlin in the late 1930s. As far as previous research has shown, the role of these two people as an integral



part of the Nazi inner-circle is an entirely new historical discovery, never before researched or explained. Unfortunately, however, this discovery is obscured by the



For example, did Ms. Langendorf *really* say; "Oh Heinrich...I'm going to come. Oh, yes, it's so very nice. I can't take it. Fuck me harder. Yes, oh, yes. I love you, baby. Oh I love you so very much." And who can verify or guarantee the authenticity of the report that she once exclaimed, "I am feeling very excited. Something is beginning to grip me. Oh my, yes, harder, harder, harder."

"Paul," a twelve-year-old member of Hitler's Youth Corps, explains to Ms. Langendorf; "I want to be a rough Nazi. Nazis are real men. They make love to beautiful blonde women and beat people up on the street." Once again, did he *really* say that? Did he *really* say "make love?!" The research in this book seems invested with blatant misuse of literary license.

The description of Goebbels (and the perverted activities he performed with his club foot) is introduced at too late a point in the book...a point at which the reader's credibility has been extended too far. The reader cannot avoid becoming a bit cynical, doubting the information found in *Whores In Nazi Uniforms*.

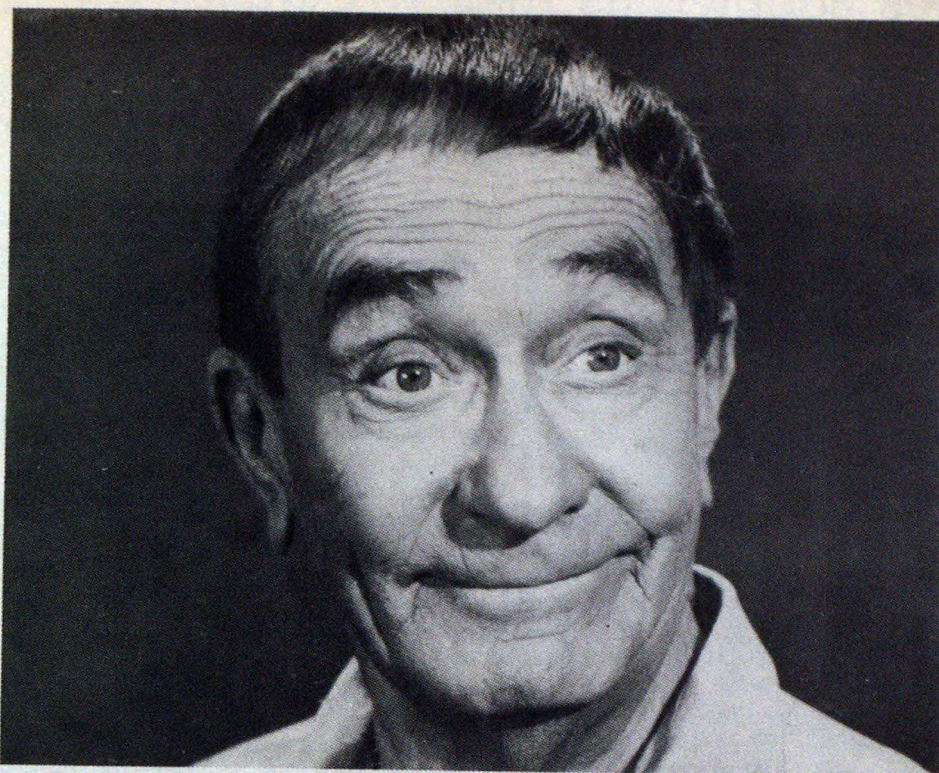
After all, if the reports are ~~true~~, how come this book can only be found at the bookstores in the Times Square area? And, how could this research have been left undiscovered for so long? Something smells fishy.



Hitler: "Anonymous" author of *Whores?*  
*Impotency and a club foot*

over-extended and painstakingly detailed descriptions of their sexual activities. Is the author trying to examine their psyche?...Or perhaps parallel Nazism to sex drive? Neither theme is clear. The sex almost seems obligatory.

Well over ninety-percent of this report on the Nazis during WW II refers to their sexual activity, described in such graphic detail that it is doubtful whether the accounts are accurate, or indeed, true.



---

“Guys who steal tires are a menace to the community,” he said in an episode of *My Three Sons*. It is this sort of profound insight and biting wit which have made William (“Bill” to his friends) Demarest the legend that he is...

---

American readers love celebrity biographies. For almost as long as there has been a film industry, the book-buying public has displayed a seemingly insatiable appetite for works which reveal the “intimate details” of an entertainer’s life. While this craving has ensured a profitable market for such titles, the genre has had to deal with persistent criticism. Questions have been raised about the merit of these “tell-all” books (such as the recent Elvis by Albert Goldman)—their lack of depth and their reliance on the titillation of reader’s emotions with sensationalized tales of their subjects’ bizarre sexual habits and anti-social behavior when off-screen.

Should we care to read about a person’s private foibles merely because their talents lie in the entertainment field? Are their problems really any different from our own? These questions will surely re-surface with the publication of the latest book of this kind, written by a Goldman protege: *Bill: The Man Behind The Apron* by Lamont Sanford, a chronicle of the life of the legendary character actor William Demarest. The Plague is pleased to have the following exclusive excerpts from this forthcoming, sure-to-be controversial book, taken from Part I of Bill, entitled “A Violation Of All Applicable Laws.”

\* \* \* \* \*

...Samuel Demarest paced back and forth, to and fro, on that fateful February twenty-seventh in 1892. He stroked the handlebars of his moustache and wiped the sweat from his worried brow. Time and time again, he walked the length of the hospital waiting room, his eyes darting towards the door, anxious for any sign of life.

Suddenly, the door opened smoothly and Samuel Demarest froze in his tracks. A young nurse, a starched white angel of mercy entered the room. Her lips slowly parted to form words. “Mister Demarest,” she said in her own sweet, innocent way, “you have a son.”

William Demarest had been born...

# The Beatles adopted as their trademark the haircut earliest vaudeville act. Those less informed believed the



Bill (center) poses with two women (left and right)

...In 1925, the world was growing accustomed to the new fad of flagpole-sitting. Flappers danced the Charleston, happily unaware of the coming Depression. It was in this era that Bill, bidding a fond "23-skiddoo" to his successful vaudeville, musical comedy, and boxing careers, decided to broaden his horizons. And so, he turned his attention to the growing industry of film.

His one-man conquest of Hollywood proved easier than he had expected. To keep in practice during his journey to the glittering movie capital, he landed a job with a Los Angeles radio station. While Bill was performing, a Warner Brothers man entered and caught part of his hilarious act. Howling with glee, he offered Bill a five-year contract on the spot.

Bill easily took the film world by storm, starring in over twenty unforgettable silent classics, such as *Simple Sis*, *The Gay Old Bird*, and *The Butter and Egg Man*. The Demarest invasion was well underway.

But the limited medium of silent film could not even begin to contain the full scope of Bill's talents. Realizing this inevitable fact, Jack L. Warner walked into his brother Harry's office one day in 1927.

"Harry," he said, "we've got a problem."

"Yeah?"

"Well, you know Bill Demarest?"

"Sure! I was just watching *Five and Ten Cent Annie* in the screening room again. The guy's great!"

"I know. That's the problem."

"What do you mean?"

"Demarest's got too broad a range of talents. Silents are never going to hold him. I'm afraid he'll go back to vaudeville."

"So offer him more money."

"Not good enough. Money didn't keep him in boxing."

"Well, what do you suggest?"

Jack paused for a moment. Then he softly spoke. "What do you think about putting sound into movies?"

Soon after, Warner Brothers released its first sound film the smash *A Night at Coffee Dancs*, featuring Bill's classic vaudeville act, pratfalls and all, at its best. Then came Bill's (and the world's) first all-talking, all-singing motion picture extravaganza, *The Jazz Singer*. The film ostensibly starred Al Jolson, but to audiences, it is William Demarest's performance which shines through like a beacon in a sea of mediocrity...

By the summer of 1944, Bill Demarest stood unchallenged as the No. 1 attraction at movie box-offices across the country. More than Abbott and Costello, Clark Gable or Shirley Temple, Bill fueled the passions of the American filmgoer. His appeal was universal, to an almost mind-boggling degree. Old and young, tall and short, man and beast - all felt equally close to the cuddly curmudgeon up on the big screen. Schoolyards in rural and urban areas alike were routinely transformed into early-morning battlegrounds, forever echoing with the sound of flying fists of youngsters squaring off to win the right to play Bill when they re-enacted their favorite scenes from *Miracle of Morgan's Creek* or *The Great McGinty*. Signature dialogue such as "They're at it again," "Why you...", and "I oughta..." became as much a staple of friendly conversation on the nation's Oak and Elm Streets as "Hi neighbor, how are the kids?" Against this background, perhaps it is now an opportune moment to reflect on the factors which combined to make Bill Demarest the most popular film actor of his time.

First, it must be understood that in post-war America, the entire profession of "character actor" would enjoy a new status as the object of uninhibited public affection. Character actors reigned, not only



Nikita Khrushchev (center) poses with Bill (right) and Freddy Steele in a publicity shot for Paramount's "Hell The Conquering Hero"

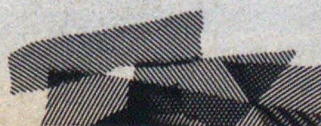
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# that the seven-year-old Demarest had worn in his haircut to be original, but Demarest fans knew better..

---

in Hollywood, but in all segments of society. The soldiers returning from Europe were honored; the character actor was revered. Previously, only the champion athlete or the mighty conqueror of foreign lands enjoyed mass adulation on a similar scale, except that now, after 3 years of global conflict, the public was more eager than ever before to give their love to strangers who made them laugh. More than anyone else, Bill Demarest was responsible for improving the public attitude about character actors and paving the way for their new position upon the public's pedestal. Singlehandedly, his work provoked a historic shift from the longstanding attitude that character actors were "Satan's Agents on Earth" (*Variety*, May 12, 1940) or "The Embodiment of Evil" (F.D.R.'s State of the Union Address, 1937).

What Bill did was basic. He brought the elements of effective character acting to everyone's attention. Once exposed to a master at his craft, the public responded by opening their hearts to him, as if he were an old friend. The character actor at his best was at once profound and utterly non-cerebral, inconsequential yet central, spritely yet plodding; in short, an embodiment of both the contradictions of the times and those of a more timeless nature, such as in the relationship between man and his god. True, a character actor was rarely the star of a picture, but then, how often was the star of a picture a character actor? This summarized the thinking of the studios in the late 1940s, for if it was your "stable of stars" which brought the audience into the theater, it was the character actor whose name they spent hours trying remember on the way out. Such an investment of time was never lavished by the public on the recall of the name of a studio's "main draw." Realizing this, the



**Bill has appeared in more films than any of the Beatles**



**Bill appeared in "My Three Sons"**

studio gave free rein to the character actor and Bill Demarest was *the* character actor. Therefore, it was only logical that Bill was given free rein over his movements on the studio grounds.

\*\*\*\*\*

To the public, Bill was Zeus and Hollywood his Olympus. At Paramount, this was an attitude they tried to discourage in Bill, fearing what he might demand from them come contract time. Nevertheless, his confrontations with the studio were many and legendary on the backlots and soundstages there. One Friday afternoon during the filming of *Life Begins At 8:30*, in which a distinguished actor is reduced through drink to being a street corner Santa, Bill strode into the office of Paramount executive Rudyard Kipling.

"Get this, Jasper. Here I am, driving down Hollywood Blvd. I'm lookin' around, I see lots of 'stars'. Sure, some of them you'd recognize, but some of these new guys I never even heard of, and they got hundreds of screamin' dames runnin' in front of their cars, tryin' to get a look at 'em. Anyway, I pull up to this red light, see, and what happens? My lemon conks out. I think I need my brakes aligned," Bill proclaimed. Kipling flew into a rage and steadfastly refused to consider it. His employees were film technicians, not mechanics; the studio did not have the necessary parts for that make and model car; to order them now would still mean three weeks until they would be delivered.

Bill continued to press his case, throwing his arms forward in disgust. "My mechanic, he eats like a horse, too...charges me a 'labor time' the hour he spends pickin' oats off the floor. I tell you, they're all thieves."

"Bill," Kipling countered, "we cannot align your cars brakes. That's how it has to be, and that's how it will stay!"

"Well," Bill paused for a beat, "then I guess I'm just going to have to walk." Calmly, he stood up and left the office.

This episode was powerful testimony to Bill's power in Hollywood. Even the casual suggestion that Bill might walk off the set was enough to bring the all-powerful industry moguls to their knees. Monday morning when Bill's wake-up call came, he found his car pulling up outside, a rotund man from Ed's Garage applying freshly aligned brakes.

...And yet, despite his long career, Bill is probably best known for his stirring performances as Uncle Charley O'Casey on *My Three Sons*.

In 1965, all was not well for *My Three Sons*. William Frawley, a five-year veteran of the series, was leaving. The producers of the show were in a panic, visions of unemployment checks dancing before their eyes. Who could they possibly get to replace Frawley?

It was then that Fred MacMurray spoke: "Why not get Bill Demarest?"

The producers were stunned. Surely a film and stage actor of William Demarest's stature would never condescend to a regular part on a weekly television series. "That's like asking Vincent Price to appear on *Batman* in a bald wig!" someone said.

But the producers had forgotten about the long friendship between Bill and Fred MacMurray. And they hadn't reckoned on the loyalty of Bill Demarest.

Bill agreed to do *My Three Sons*, setting off innumerable advances for the program. CBS, seeing

the obvious potential of a series featuring William Demarest, immediately snapped up the program from ABC. To fully exploit Bill's value, they had Don Federson Productions begin shooting the show in color. (In retrospect, it is indeed a shame that such processes as Sensurround and Dolby Stereo were not available at the time. Imagine the possibilities: bringing the full spectacle of William Demarest into millions of homes each week.)

And Bill's impact was not limited to the studios. He moved one viewer to write a letter to CBS:

Gentlemen:

I like the new guy better than the old guy...

...Millions of jubilant fans across the nation and around the world rejoiced when Bill was nominated for an Emmy for Outstanding Performance by an Actor in a Supporting Role in a Comedy for the '67-'68 season. And those millions, outraged, cried "Fix!" when the award went to Werner Klemperer for his role of Colonel Klink on *Hogan's Heroes* instead. But Bill assuaged the ill feelings by addressing his public. Leaving the awards presentation, he turned to the irate crowd and said, "Hey, knock it off, will ya?" Awards were not important to Bill. He looked towards the East, and in his heart, he knew that the best was yet to come...



## LETTERS



### AN OPEN LETTER TO RON

Dear Ron,

Hi. How are you and Nancy? Listen, have you managed to talk little Ronnie out of this dancing nonsense yet? You know how much we'd love to take him into the business with us. I still think selling aluminum siding would do wonders for him. After all, look what it's done for me.

Peg and the kids are down with flu at the moment, so I've got to muddle through on my own in the kitchen. Hey, remember those cookouts on the ranch when we were kids? Those were the days, huh?

Aunt Ida says you were out to see her and Uncle Fred a few weeks back. So when are you coming out to see us, you old son of a gun? I know you're pretty busy these days, what with being president and all, but there are family responsibilities too, you know. DC isn't that far from Fargo. Besides, if you take a couple of days off to see us, what's going to happen? You going to get fired or something? (ha, ha)

If you can make it, though, try to come the first weekend in October. It looks like our bowling team is going to make the finals (Oct. 2nd), and it would be great if the President of the United States was there to cheer us on.

Well, Peg's calling me, so I'd better sign off now. Love to Nancy. And bring me one of those little Catholic statues from when you went to see the Pope.

Love from all,  
Charlie Regan  
the First Cousin

HELLO, I AM HERE TO RELATE A STORY TAKEN FROM

# FBI CASEBOOK OF CRIME

NAMELY, CASE # 35789, THAT OF MASTER OF  
DISGUISE MELVIN SHMERTZ, THE GENTLEMAN THIEF.



ON JUNE 11, 1979, SHMERTZ  
ROBBED A MIDTOWN MANHATTAN  
BANK AND KILLED ONE OF THE  
GUARDS. SINCE IT WAS A NEW  
YORK BANK, NO ONE SEEMED TO  
NOTICE.

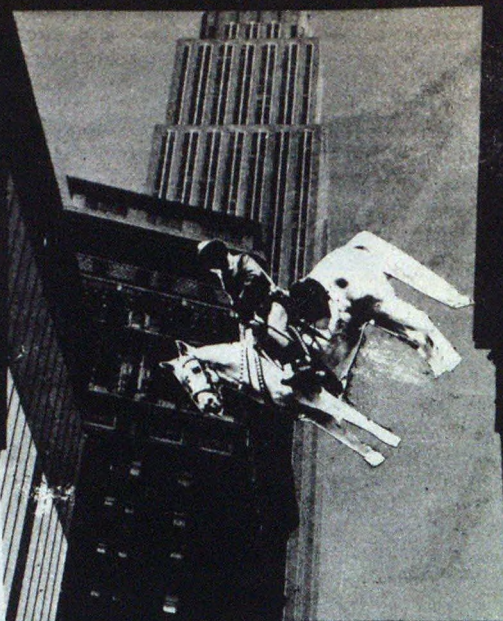
POLICE SURROUNDED THE BANK--



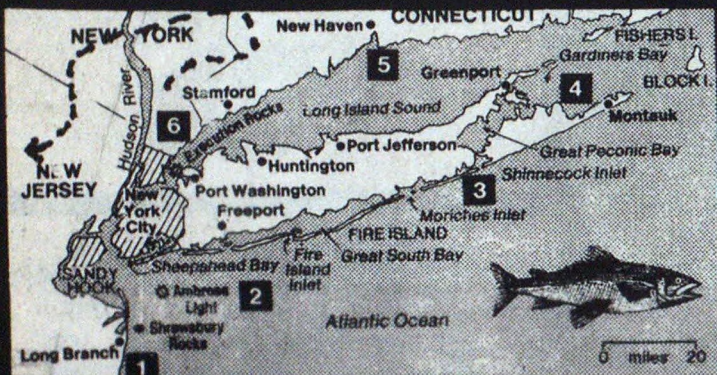
BUT THEIR EFFORTS WERE HALTED BY THE BANK  
MANAGER, A DERANGED MAN WHO BELIEVED HIM-  
SELF TO BE A COWBOY WITH A RARE SKIN CON-  
DITION.



FIGURING IT SAFEST TO HUMOR THE MADMAN, SHMERTZ DRESSED AS AN INDIAN.



BUT LUCKILY FOR SHMERTZ, THE INSANE SAVINGS AND LOAN DIRECTOR SOON FELL TO HIS DEATH, TRYING TO MAKE HIS HORSE "JUMP THAT THERE GORGE."



SHMERTZ FLED, MAKING TWO MISTAKES. ONE: HE CROSSED STATE LINES, SO HE WAS NOW IN FBI TERRITORY.

1 & 2

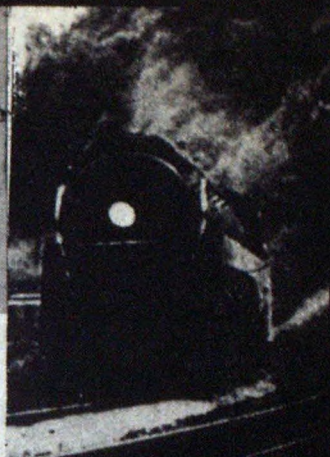


TWO: HE MADE THE TRIP DISGUISED IN BLACKFACE. NOW THE NAACP WAS ALSO AFTER HIM.

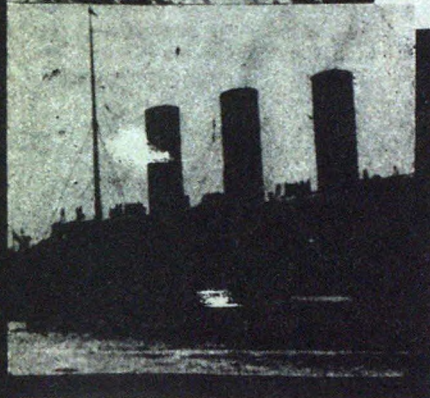
THE TWO ORGANIZATIONS CLOSED IN, BUT LUCK WAS TO BE WITH SHMERTZ ONCE MORE.

ALL PURSUIT WAS CUT OFF BY A ROMANTIC INTERLUDE.





AT LAST, THE CHASE WAS ON.



EVENTUALLY, SHMERTZ FOUND HIMSELF IN SOUTH AMERICA, DREAMING OF AN EASY LIFE FINANCED BY HIS ILL-GOTTEN GAINS.

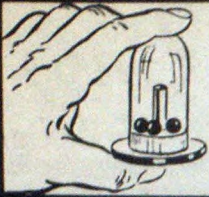


BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE. SHMERTZ SOON MARRIED "QUEENIE" PERON, WHO HAD SIMPLY SEDUCED A THIRD-RATE NATION. SHMERTZ'S LIFE BECAME A LIVING HELL, PROVING ONCE MORE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY.



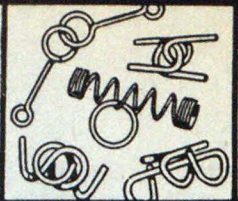
CASE # 35789 CLOSED.





# TIDBITS

WE PROBABLY HAVE IT!



## TALKING DOG IN THE CATSKILLS FUNNIES



## SURREAL AD

*Whatever became of?*

Colonel Sanders...?



He Died.

NOW



Like popcorn. Pick it up and you have to finish it!—MIKE DOUGLAS

WHATEVER BECAME OF...?

149TH SERIES  
by RICHARD LAMPARSKI

Cloth \$17.95, paper \$8.95, now at your bookstore.



SOMEBODY YELLED 'STOP THIEF!' AND LIKE A DAMN FOOL, I STOPPED."

# HOLLYWOOD *Hot* live

by Bill Weber

While the final box office receipts from Labor Day weekend are still being tabulated, it seems that the film biz has enjoyed another record breaking summer in 1982, as millions flocked to their local screens in an effort to escape seasonal humidity, TV reruns, and the Herpes II epidemic. An astonishing 50% of the cinema ducats sold this season went to patrons of four films created by the same man. At the age of 31, Roger Spiegelman is one of Hollywood's first billionaire directors, and his current blockbuster *Aquaboy — His Adventure on Land* is expected to become the first movie to gross \$300 million domestically. Although critics have compared his films to those of directors as diverse as Hitchcock, Truffaut, and Joan Rivers, it is his popular success that has drawn the widest praise, earning Spiegelman the moniker "The Lunchbox Filmmaker."



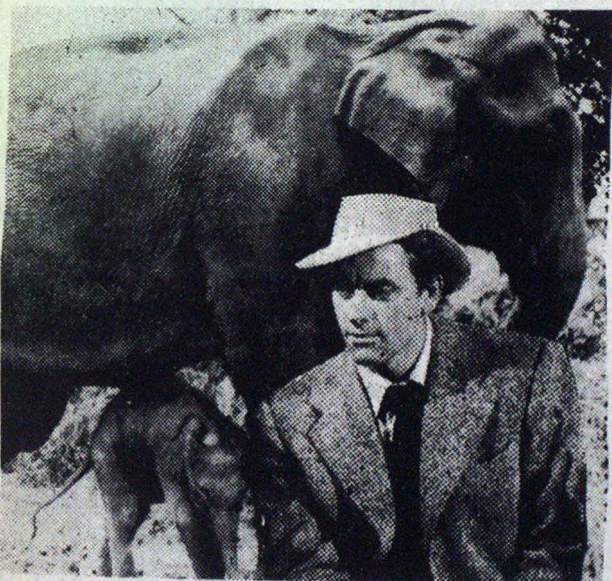
The director at six (left) and today

Roger to helm three *Twilight Zone* episodes.

"Sure it was tough being the only pre-pubescent director on the lot," he admits today. "The crew would steal my lunch money, throw me around the set a little...but I knew that I'd get out of TV someday. And after a dozen years of being hung from catwalks by my shoelaces, I made the jump to films." Spiegelman flashes a satisfied grin. "And all those crew bullies now have kids who are shelling out to see my movies a few dozen times each."

Last summer, the Hollywood wunderkind's thrill-a-minute adventure about a fearless elephant hunter, *Ivory Tusks of Ceylon*, became an all-time money-earning champ. (A sequel, *Golden Tusks of Nepal*, is in the works.) That film's re-release, along with a revival of *Sharks Beyond the Stars*, the new thriller *Ghosts in the VTR*, and the phenomenal *Aquaboy* have netted Spiegelman half a billion dollars this year. After finalizing his purchase of the San Fernando Valley last month, the young tycoon has begun work on a new project: a musical remake of the Abbott & Costello film *Dance With Me, Henry*, with Steve Martin and Phyllis Newman to star.

"I just want to keep making solid, entertaining films — while growing as a director *and* a person," Spiegelman emphasizes, standing at a self-conscious 5'6". Indeed, he fears that his flick-saturated past has crippled his ability to distinguish movies from real life. When his girlfriend walked out on him two years ago, he sat motionless in a chair for five hours, waiting for the closing credits to roll. More than once, he has been observed yelling "focus" and "frame" while merely walking along the street. "It's not that much of a problem in southern California," Roger shrugs. "Almost everyone else here thinks life is a planetarium show."



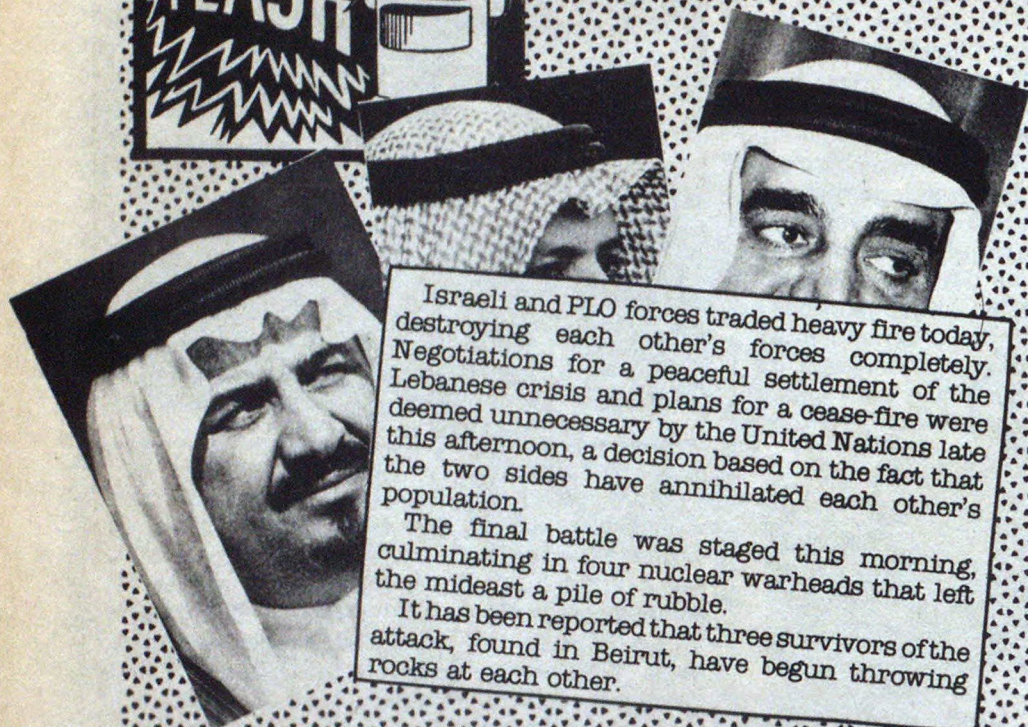
A scene from *Ivory Tusks of Ceylon*

"As a kid, I lived at the movies," Spiegelman said recently from his Marina del Rey houseboat. "In fact, I ate and breathed film. My respiratory system adjusted somehow, but I nearly died of malnutrition at 6; my enzymes couldn't break down celluloid." Restricted to a diet of three reels a day, Spiegelman's movie-made childhood led him to the Universal backlot at age 11 in an attempt to sneak his way into the industry. His resourcefulness paid off: for three consecutive board meetings, he impersonated the studio president, and was caught only when a keen-eyed aide observed that the chief's suit appeared to be seven sizes too large for him. Impressed with the youngster's spunk, the TV department signed



# NEWS NEWS

Always AT YOUR SERVICE



Israeli and PLO forces traded heavy fire today, destroying each other's forces completely. Negotiations for a peaceful settlement of the Lebanese crisis and plans for a cease-fire were deemed unnecessary by the United Nations late this afternoon, a decision based on the fact that the two sides have annihilated each other's population.

The final battle was staged this morning, culminating in four nuclear warheads that left the mideast a pile of rubble.

It has been reported that three survivors of the attack, found in Beirut, have begun throwing rocks at each other.

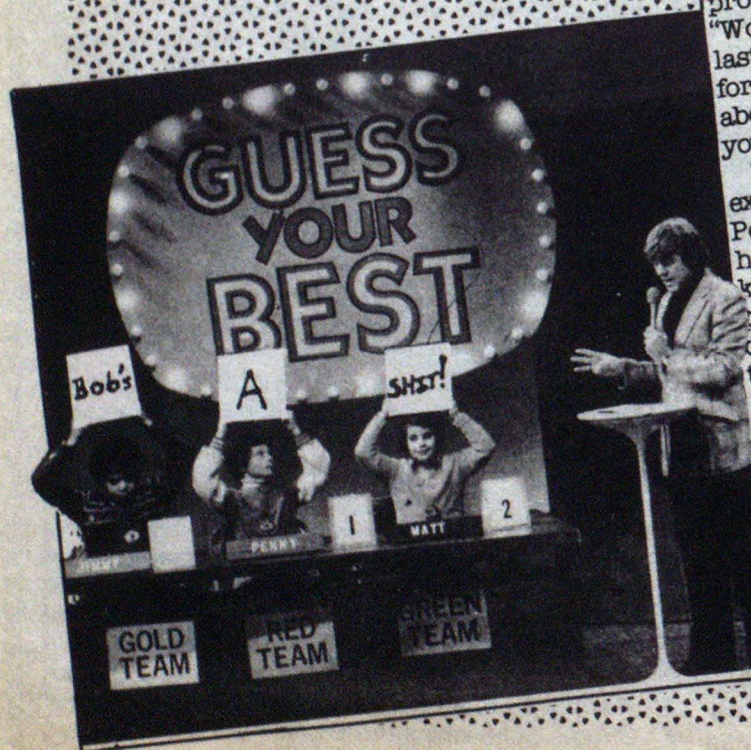


Bob McAllister, host of a popular children's program in the early 1970's, tried to recreate his "Wonderama" television show during a taping last week. Retaining the original format, plans for a new syndicated version of the show were aborted when McAllister discovered a change in youth's attitudes.

"It was a disaster," said McAllister as he explained the difficulty involved in the taping. Pointing at a bandage wrapped around his head, he related one incident: "I handed one kid a kitchen gadget and said, 'What the heck is it?' (a popular feature of his former program)...the damn kid throws the thing at my head, and then the little bastard laughs at me!"

After continuous harassment from the children during the taping, McAllister eventually threw his arms in the air and stormed off the set. Apparently, McAllister became most distraught when the guests on the show made a mockery of the "Guess Your Best" segment, a children's game show which had always been the host's favorite feature.

McAllister says that his future plans include a trip to Florida, where he plans to retire by early Spring.





# \*MOVIES\*

NOW PLAYING



It floats effortlessly over its landscape, seeing all from a marvelously cockeyed perspective all its own."

—Vincent Canby, NY Times



## AN OFFICER AND Annie

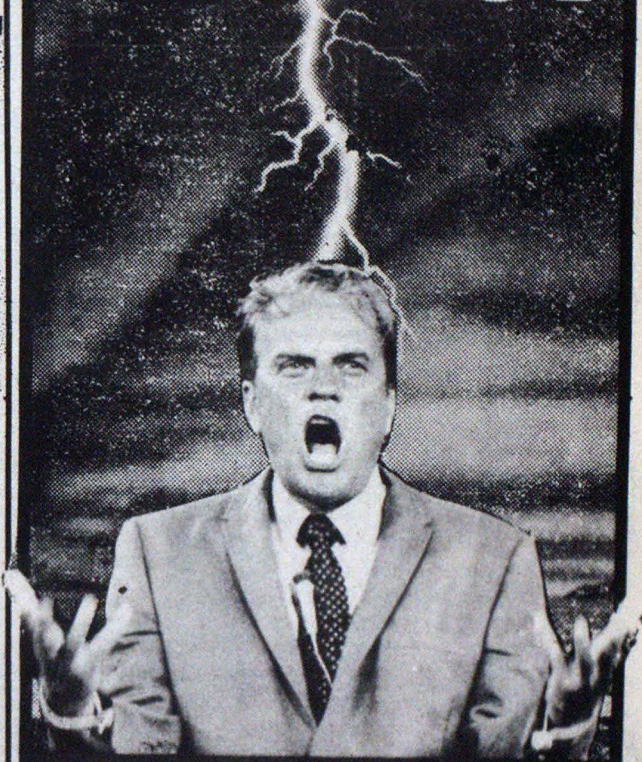
VIOLENT STORIES OF: ☒ DOMINATION ☒ GHETTO SEX  
☒ INCEST ☒ SADISM

STARTS FRIDAY

WARNING: SOME MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC MAY FIND CERTAIN SCENES IN THIS FILM OFFENSIVE AND SHOCKING The Management



## PAUL MAZURSKY'S THE PEST



SPECIAL EARLY & LATE SHOWS

DOLBY STEREO

LOWER EAST 3rd Avenue

COME WITH YOUR GIRLFRIEND  
YOU'LL ENJOY IT BETTER!

"THE SICKEST MOVIE  
I'VE EVER SEEN." —REX REED

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO

### SWAMP THING

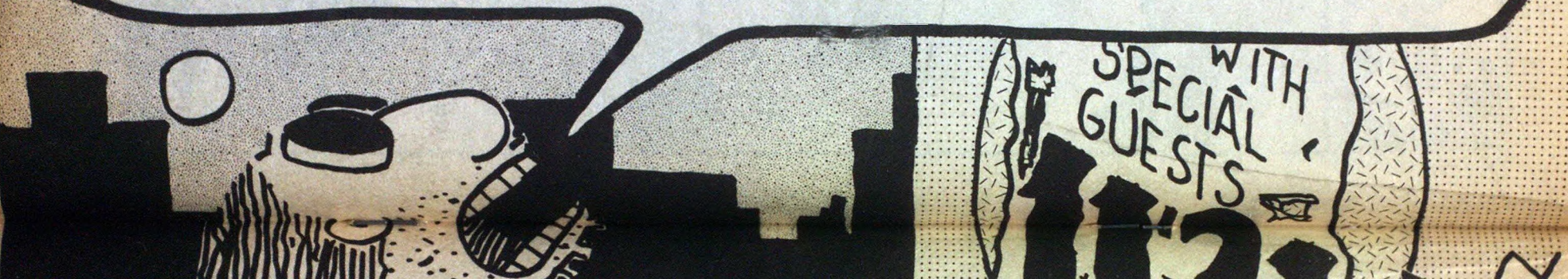
CASEY DONOVAN • SCORPIO  
Directed by RON HOWARD



Warning: If you are offended by graphic subject matter, we urge you not to see this film.

THE PLAZA PRINCE

David Peel / and the Lower East Side!



11:21  
eleven twenty one  
1984  
LIVE ONSTAGE

Rockin'  
Rock'n'  
Roll

WEDNESDAY  
SEPT. 22  
FREE

COMING IN OCTOBER TO

Danceteria

FULLY AIR-CONDITIONED!

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BEYOND  
VALIDITY

9:00 PM  
eisner club  
auditorium  
boebs student  
center



# NEWS --- NEWS --- NEWS

OUTSTANDING

IMPORTANT!

MARVELOUS!

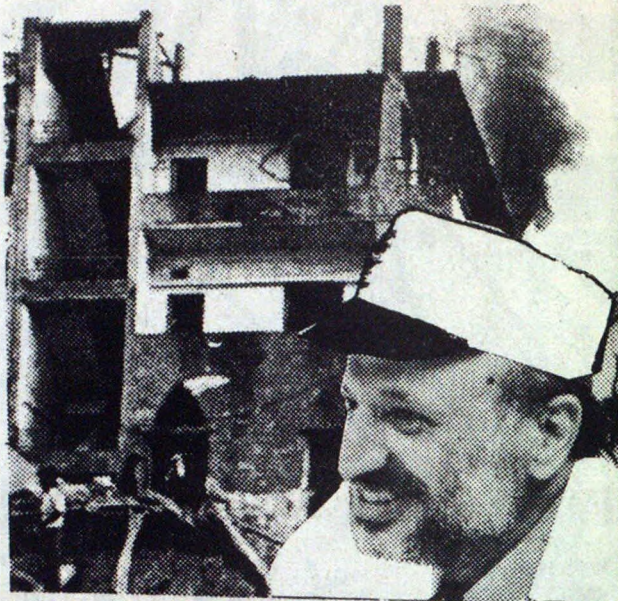
In an attempt to bring a permanent end to the bloody Middle East strife which has intensified in recent months, New York mayor Ed Koch has proposed that a Palestinian homeland be established in the South Bronx. The Koch proposal, dubbed "The Koch Proposal" by American negotiators, was relayed through diplomatic channels and resulted in a secret visit to the blighted area by PLO chief Yasir Arafat last week. The terrorist leader, disguised as a Mister Frostee ice cream vendor for security reasons, was reportedly intrigued by the sector's topography, strategic location, and ambience. "When I close my eyes, smell the smoke, and hear the gunfire," Arafat said, "it could almost be west Beirut. One vanilla?"

An outraged Prime Minister Menachem Begin maintained that the proximity of Palestine to the United Nations headquarters would have to be countered by construction of a new Israeli air base, preferably in Long Island City. Begin flatly rejected Koch's promise of the Guardian Angels' presence as a peacekeeping force, shrieking to a divided Knesset that "we cannot trust Reagan, let alone Sliwa!" Meanwhile, Mayor Koch denied that his offer was a political stunt designed to boost his gubernatorial campaign. "I'm doing this for world peace, but the radical left doesn't like that," Koch sneered. "Besides, imagine what this will do for the tourist trade. Manhattan to Palestine on the IRT!"



大概我也不會去北京, ANYWAY, 我

Trying to increase its organizational unity before the 1984 Presidential election, the entire Democratic Party married itself at its midterm convention this summer in Philadelphia. Party sources refuted the rumor that the wedding was "necessary" because the brides had all been impregnated by Ted Kennedy.



As a service to those of our readers who are devoted Royal Family-watchers, Plaguetone News is pleased to exclusively present a summary of little Prince William's activities in Buckingham Palace yesterday.

7:40 am-Awakened by the Royal Marine Band's rendition of "London Bridge."

10:30-Fails entrance test as a special officer in Her Majesty's Secret Service for the third time.

11:15-Fed by nursemaid.

11:30-Regurgitates into the Queen Mother's hair.

2:10 pm-Breast-fed by Princess Diana.

3:15-Breast-fed by Prince Charles.

4-8-Plays with Lord Mountbatten Memorial Rattle.

8:30-Bedtime story: Ferocious Maggie and the Nasty Argie Bastards.

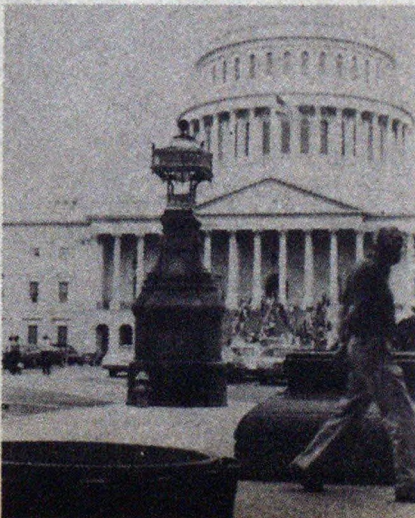




# washington bureau

While the legislative procedure for considering President Reagan's proposed constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget has barely begun, the White House staff is already optimistic about the bill's eventual chances for becoming law. Reagan, whose projected deficit for fiscal 1983 is the largest in budgetary history, says that the measure will "protect our nation from future presidents who would botch things as badly as we have." Other proposed amendments on the Administration's backburner would limit the Presidential age to 65, fix a permanent ceiling on defense spending, add to the tax burden of the rich, and prohibit an unemployment rate of more than 7%.

Yet another Congressional scandal erupted last week when Rep. Hiram C. Wedgely (D-N.H.) was indicted for violating a little-known federal statute which requires members of Congress to wear socks in the House and Senate chambers. An FBI probe—code named "Socksam"—secured damning testimony from three House pages and a cleaning woman, all of whom swore that they saw Wedgely surreptitiously remove his shoes during a late-night session to rub his feet. "They was bare—no cotton, argyle, wool—nuthin'," the scrubwoman told investigators. While three Congressmen in the '50s were censured for having large holes in the toes of their socks, Wedgely is the first to face the full charge of bipedal unadornment. Seen here trying to dodge the Capitol Hill press corps, he faces expulsion from the House and a 20-year sentence if convicted.





NAME THIS RABBIT

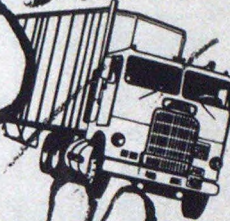
# SORRY, NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT

HEAT



HEY OUT THERE! I  
DON'T WANNA BE TWO-  
DIMENSIONAL ANYMORE!

Funnies



SOUTH

JCT  
NORTH

ALT

TO

OSKAR  
Retch  
00000



WEST



HIGHWAY SYMBOLS



E



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

EAST



U

# DOCTOR ODD

## AND A HITCH IN TIME

STEVEN A. ROMAN : STORY & ART  
© 1982

PART 2

FOR THOSE WHO CAME IN LATE (SHAME ON YOU!): COLLEGE STUDENTS MATT TROUGHTON AND LIZ CHANDLER ENTERED A PORT-O-SAN AND FOUND THEMSELVES IN A LONG CORRIDOR. OPENING A DOOR, THEY DISCOVERED A LIVING ROOM DOMINATED BY A TRIANGULAR CONSOLE. ANOTHER DOOR HAS OPENED, AND...



THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, AND INTO THE ROOM STEPS A MAN ATTIRED IN AN ODD ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHING, TOPPED OFF WITH A FLOPPY BLACK HAT AND A LONG SILK SCARF.



MUTTERING TO HIMSELF, HE CROSSES OVER TO THE CONSOLE AND BEGINS A SYSTEMS CHECK.



WHY ME? WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?



APPREHENSIVELY, MATT APPROACHES THE STRANGE FIGURE.



WELL, OF COURSE IT IS! THE TADPOLE HAS THE CAPABILITY TO EXCEED ITS INTERIOR DIMENSIONAL LIMITATIONS!



WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!



FREEZE!



WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING IN MY TIME MACHINE?





BEFORE DR. ODD CAN STOP HIM, MATT PULLS DOWN ON THE LEVER! WITH A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE, THE TIME MACHINE DEMATERIALIZES!

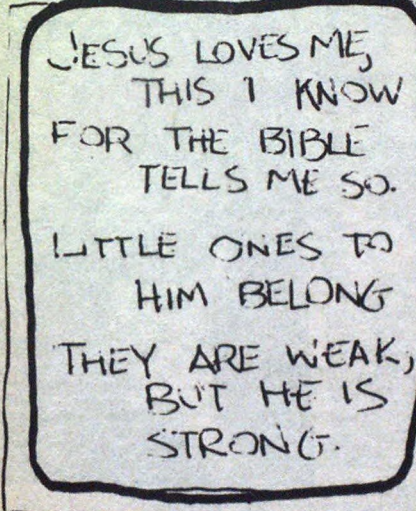
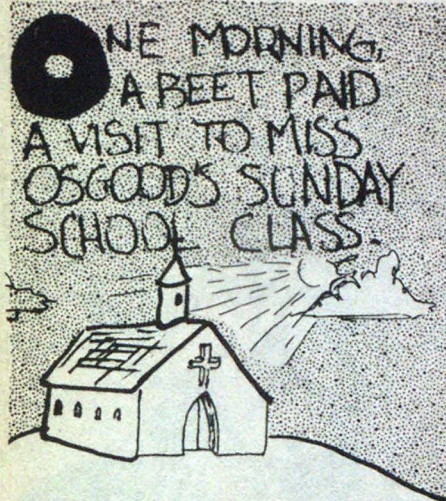
MMMM!



G  
L  
I  
K  
\$  
S  
h  
m  
o



# VEGETABLES



# AT THIS VERY MOMENT

BY  
OSKAR  
RETCH  
© 1981

I TRY TO THINK OF MYSELF AS  
A RATIONAL, THINKING PERSON WITH  
SOME DEGREE OF HUMAN DIGNITY.



I TRY TO THINK I AM  
IN CONTROL OF MY SITUATION  
AS A RATIONAL HUMAN BEING.  
OFTEN, I AM.



I AM IN CONTROL, I CAN  
THINK OBJECTIVELY OF ANY  
SITUATION THAT PRESENTS  
ITSELF.



I CAN SPEAK AND ACT CALMLY TOWARD PERSONS FOR  
WHOM I HARBOR STRONG FEELINGS...



...ABOUT THINGS THEY WOULD HESITATE  
TO TELL A TRAINED PSYCHOLOGIST...



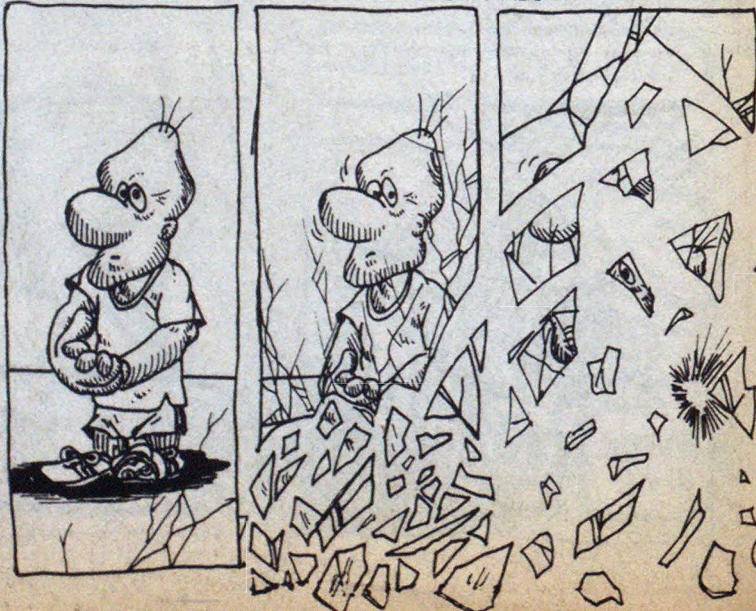
...AND I CAN TAKE IT  
IN STRIDE.



## AND THEN...

ONLY FOR A  
SHORT WHILE...

... THE SUPPORT WALLS CRUMBLE  
AND FALL AWAY WITHOUT EVER HAVING CRACKED.



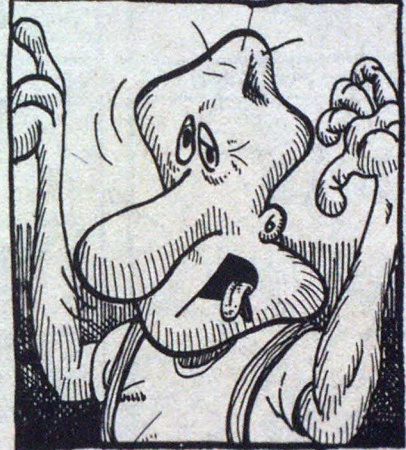
THE ROOF CAVES IN, TONS OF ROCK AND EARTH FALL ATOP ME, THE FLOOD WATERS RISE AND ENGULF ME BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO THINK....



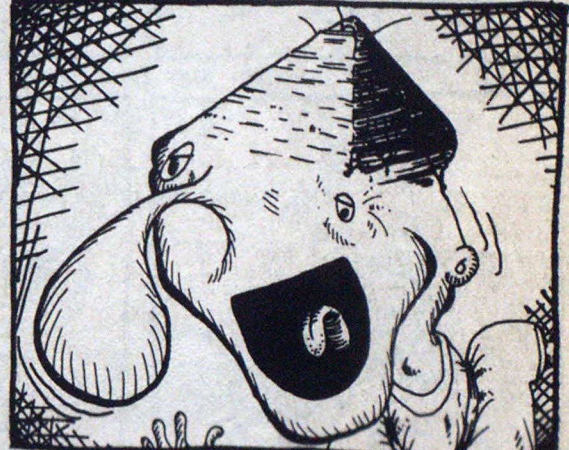
I GO GA-GA. FULL TILT WHOOPDEEDOO BOZO, YAKKETAYAKKETA BAH P-TWANG FWEEP-FWEEP KABOOM, I GO.



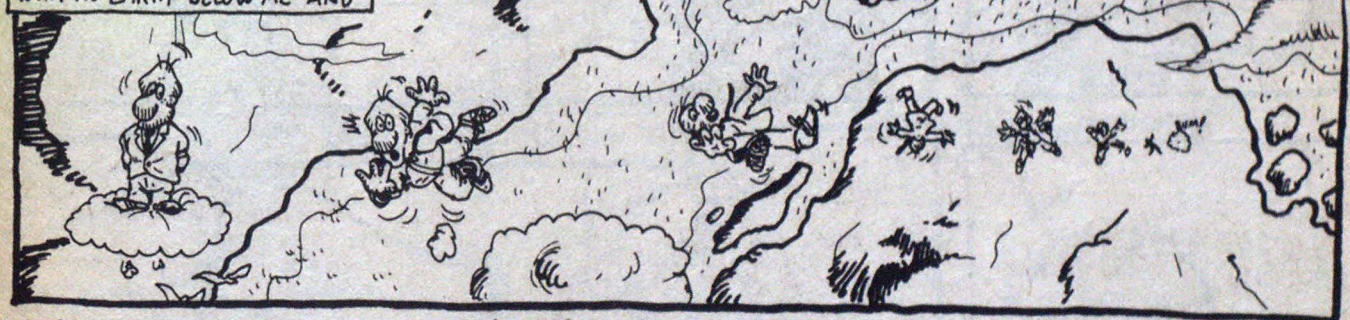
SUDDENLY STANDING IN MIDAIR WITH NO EARTH BELOW ME AND



I SPIN, FALLING WILDLY,



MADLY GROPING IN THE AIR.



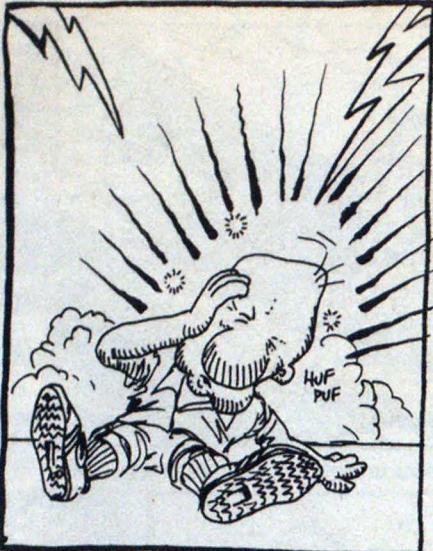
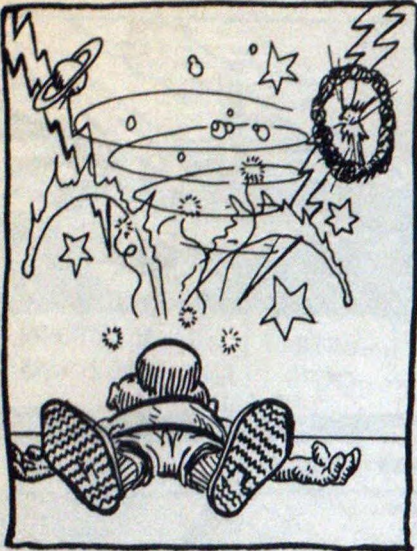
A BRICK IN THE FACE...

HAMMER BLOW ON THE HEAD...

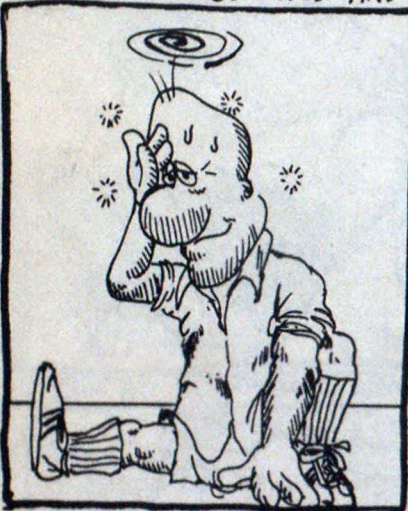
A PUNCH IN THE HEART...



...AND I'M FLAT ON MY BACK, SHORT OF BREATH,



CONFUSED AND TRYING TO COLLECT MY DIGNITY AND



RATIONALITY AGAIN.



IT WILL NOT COME AS EASILY, THIS TIME.



Oskar  
Retch  
10/20/81

WMS '82  
RUBIN  
8:00

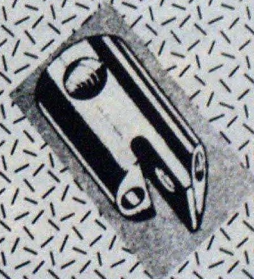
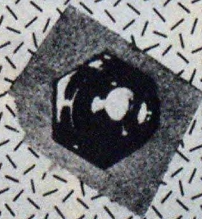
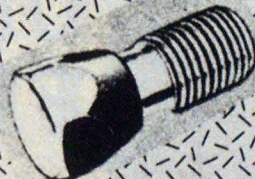
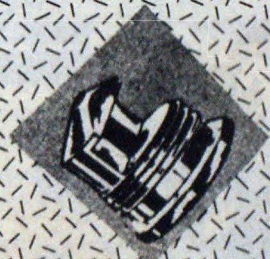
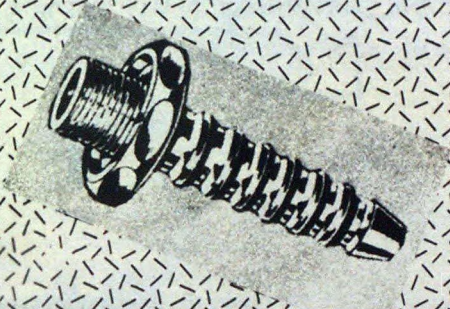


THE PLAGUE'S FALL '82

# PRODUCT REVIEW

## "Dreams for Tomorrow ... Tools for Today"

<p>HEX NUT</p>  <p>NAS679</p> <p>H01 H10 H31</p>	<p>HEX NUT—160,000 PSI.</p>  <p>H16</p>	<p>12 POINT NUT, REDUCED WRENCH—160,000 PSI.</p>  <p>H22</p>	<p>12 POINT NUT, HIGH PERFORMANCE, 1200°F.</p>  <p>H19517</p>
<p>6 POINT NUT, REDUCED HEIGHT</p>  <p>NAS1891 MS81045 MS81043</p> <p>H14 H14L H14M H41 H41L H41M H42 H42L H42M</p>	<p>SELF-ALIGNING 6 POINT NUT, DEEP C'BORE, HIGH TEMPERATURE</p>  <p>H19201 H19210</p>	<p>12 POINT NUT, REDUCED WRENCH—220,000 PSI.</p>  <p>H23</p>	<p>12 POINT SOCKET WRENCH</p>  <p>WS15</p>
<p>6 POINT CAPTIVE WASHER NUT</p>  <p>HW14 HW14M HW41 HW41M HW42 HW42M</p>	<p>WASHER—SELF-ALIGNING, 6 POINT NUT</p>  <p>K19202 K19211</p>	<p>12 POINT NUT, REDUCED WRENCH, 1200°F.</p>  <p>H33</p>	<p>TWO-LUG ANCHOR NUT</p>  <p>MS81047 MS81048</p> <p>K1000 K1001 K1031</p>
<p>HEX CAPTIVE WASHER NUT, C'BORED</p>  <p>HW17</p>	<p>SELF-ALIGNING 6 POINT NUT —160,000 PSI.</p>  <p>H19300</p>	<p>12 POINT NUT, REDUCED WRENCH, HIGH PERFORMANCE, 1200°F.</p>  <p>H35</p>	<p>TWO-LUG 100° C'SUNK ANCHOR NUT</p>  <p>MS81049 MS81050</p> <p>K1100 K1101 K1131</p>



ALL  
ABOARD!

SAY,  
FRESHMAN

**NYU  
club  
fair  
'82**



Look... You're stuck  
here now, so  
you might as well try  
to make the best of it.

Thursday,  
September 16th  
10:00 a.m. to  
4:00 p.m.

Washington Pl.,  
between Greene St.  
and  
Washington Sq. East.



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THE  
WALLS  
IN  
SEARCH  
OF  
THAT BOOK?

**END YOUR SEARCH!**

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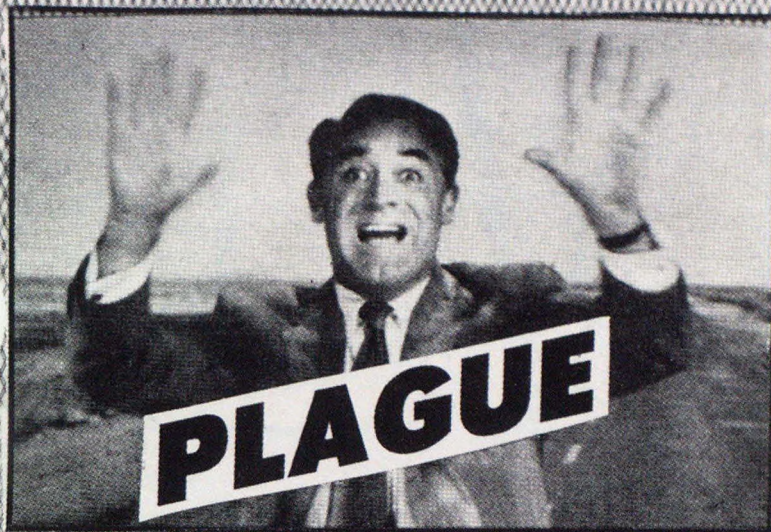


**UNCLE  
FLOYD**

Congratulations!!!  
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**5** Nights  
A  
Week!





## A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

Did you know that, according to Robert Scholes, "The activities of readers and spectators in the face of artistic or recreational texts involve both a passive or automatic translation of semiotic conventions into intelligible elements and an active or interpretive rearrangement of textual signs into significant structures?"

You probably didn't—until you read it in *The Plague*, NYU's magazine of quality and distinction. Sure, you can learn a lot by reading *The Plague*, but by joining the staff of *The Plague*, you can both learn and teach.

*The Plague* is the only magazine at NYU and it is written, illustrated, produced and managed entirely by NYU students. If you are committed to a serious exploration of the human condition through satire, would like to acquire valuable magazine production experience or are simply attracted by the opportunity to bore your classmates by publishing the long quotations of obscure intellectuals, contact us today. Visit our office in Room 403-404 of the Student Activities Annex, 21 Washington Place. If you'd prefer to phone us, our number is 475-9741 or NYU extension X4046. You can leave us a note in mailbox #80 at the previously mentioned address.

*The Plague* — humorous discourse for the discerning reader.



IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT HERE, WRITE US.

# PLAQUE

IF YOU SEE  
**THIS**  
MAN, CALL  
NYU MENTAL  
HEALTH SERVICES.

**598-3237**

ask  
for  
Yetta.



-OSKAR ROTH