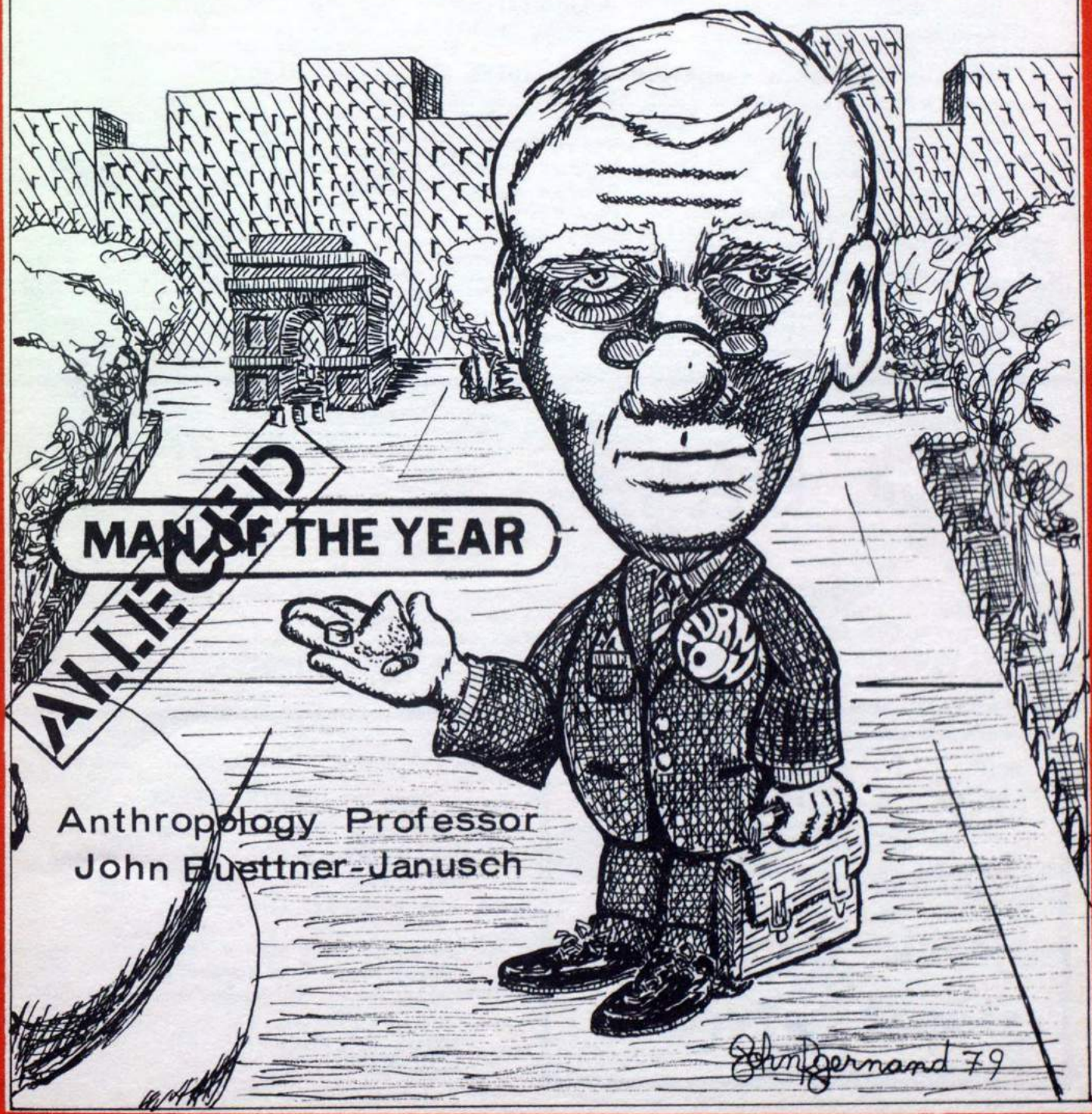


Rm1

vol. 3, no. 1

Dec. Nov 1979

THE PLAGUE



MAN OF THE YEAR

Anthropology Professor
John Ewertner-Janusch

John Germand 79



The Plague, NYU's humor magazine, presents its first issue for this school year. Any articles can be sent to us at 21 Washington Place, New York, NY 10003. **ROOM 504**

STAFF:

Editor and Founder
Vice President
Treasurer
Secretary

Howard Ostrowsky
Joe Pinto
John Rawlins
Joseph DePillis

Special thanks to these wonderful folks who helped with ads, ideas, layout, or all three:

Hyman Bender
Paul Colella
Felicia Donnolo
Pamela Ehrenkranz
Daniel Fiorella

Steve Korn
Manley Lamarre
Brodie Mack
Ray Morton
Lori Vogel
Andrew Yiannakos
Bob Young

John Gernand

And many others, who we may or may not have forgotten.



ZOL SAUS:



O.K., guys, I bet I know what you're thinking. You took one look at our cover and said, "Boy, there goes those Plaguos again with their slanderous comments on the downtrodden, responsible people-types!" Isn't that just like you jumping to conclusions like that! Shame, shame! We always support our beloved faculty members in times of crisis, and I think portraying one such professor holding a Contact, Anacin and Bromo-Seltzer is in only slightly questionable taste. Hope your flu clears up real soon, Johnny.



EDEN'S RESTAURANT

"A Wholesome Sandwich
Middle Eastern Style"

182 West 4th Street
(Between 6th & 7th Avenue)

exotic vegetable and meat specials

10% discount for NYU students

ODE TO DENNIS HOPPER by Bob Young

I saw a babe walking down the street
And I said, Babe, move your feet!
Come here, fly like a dove,
I want to give you some love,
Move your butt pretty fast,
'Cause baby, I am smashed,
We'll get it on, maybe,
Here and now,
You're something else, baby
Like wow!



500 LITTLE INDIANS

by Hyman Bender

With a new term comes new overcrowded classes, and new stratagems for professors who wish to cut down class size. The following is one sad example of what went on on Thursday, September 20th, the first day of classes.

* * *

As the 400 seats of the room are filled and the students begin to line the walls, the professor decides that it's time to begin.

"Hello, everyone. My name is Professor Hinkleton, and this is Philosophy 101. Please check your class cards to make sure you're in the right room." He strains against the glare of hundreds of class cards, hoping someone will inform him he's in the wrong room. But no one speaks, or leaves. (Those few who found they are in the wrong room are intrigued by the number present, figuring that all those people must know something.)

A hard light comes to Professor Hinkleton's eyes. "Well, I guess we'll begin, then."

"This course concerns itself with the Meaning of Life, and Its Ramifications for Everyday Living. We will begin with the dawn of man, and move our way up through the iron age by mid-semester. This study will make use of cave drawings and primitive tools, and draw on the findings of such various fields as anthropology, theology, and everything ever written by Charles Schulz."

"Now might be a good time to hand out the syllabuses." He picks up a pile of stapled papers five feet high and hands it to someone in the front row to pass back. "There are only thirty of them, so you'll have to share," he says.

"The reading list is designed to yield the balance of perspective necessary for the proper integration of my lecture material. The 40 books listed only scratch the surface, believe me. And while some of the works are pretty dry, and some of them--like Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, and Everything Charles Schulz Ever Wrote--make for fast and easy reading."

"I realize that some of these books are out of print, but they are nonetheless vital to grasping the dimensions of the course. And only three of them will cost more than sixty-five dollars. I will, of course, put these books on reserve in Bobst. Due to the size of the class, reserve time must be limited to 15 minutes a person, but with studious application a reserve work may be read in as little as three weeks. Uh, I assume everyone here has mastered some form of speed-reading."

"I don't believe in surprise quizzes to find out who's been doing the work and who hasn't. Such quizzes are childish, and we are all serious adults here. Instead, I'm requiring a twenty page paper to be handed in every week, relating the week's six books to a stone tool of your choice."

At this point, those standing near the door quietly leave. There is a scuffle in the third row for the last syllabus. "The daily lectures will supplement the reading, and try to relate what you've taken in to the cavemen and to the world around you. Most class time will not be taken up in lecture, however, as I am a strong believer in the Socratic method. I will call on each of you to express some belief you hold dear, and then defend it from vicious attack by myself and the rest of the class. In this manner we will cover religion, the desire for happiness, and the will to live."

All of those standing, and most of the back row, now decide to move on.

"The mid-term will consist of one essay question, such as 'Can you justify your continued existence, yes or no?' Those answering incorrectly will be given an F, while those answering correctly will not."

Two more rows empty out. Professor Hinkleton's eyes are cold as steel.

"The second half of the term will be devoted entirely to the theories of Sigmund Freud." There is an uneasy rustling. "There will be not much supplemental reading, as I seem to be the only one to have really understood Freud. Only a few key works by Freud himself will be required. The main work for most of you, then, will be to learn enough German to--" The rest of his sentence is drowned out as half of those left get up and walk out.

"The most important part of this section will be class participation. Each of you will be required to relate your personal life to the writings of Freud as see them. These comments will be graded for openness and relevance to the idea that everything is motivated by lust."

People are now moving out at a steady rate. "Much of this material will be on the final exam, so each class will be taped, and the tapes put on reserve at Bobst for study purposes. Those who tell the best stories will meet with me in special sessions, for inclusion in my book Student Responsiveness in the 60's and the 70's: A Comparative Study, and will receive special consideration at grading time for their cooperation."

The professor stops here, and watches a last few terrified students scrambling out the door. There are only 16 people left before him.

Professor Hinkleton's eyes become unglazed, his fists unclench; his stance relaxes. "Finally, a reasonable size," he sighs.

"Ja, mein Professor," answer the 16.



"I can understand foreign student exchanges but this is crazy!" *BM*

AND NOW
THE EVER-TELEVISION
ADVENTURES OF...

SUPERRAT

NOT TO BE
CONFUSED
WITH
YOUR
LOCAL
RAT

STORY BY:
BOE FINTO
ART BY:
PAUL
COLELLA

THE COMIC
STRIP THAT
REFUSES TO DIE,
EVEN THOUGH 4
OUT OF EVERY 5
DOCTORS SURVEYED
THINK IT SHOULD.

YES, THIS IS THE STORY OF A MOUSE,
UNDAUNTED BY THE MELLOWED-OUT
APATHY OF THE 70'S, HERO OF THE
YOUNG AND OLD, LEADER OF THE NIELSONS
A RAT YOU CAN'T HOLD DOWN!



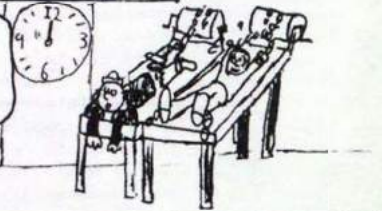
BUT ALAS, AS YOU MAY RECALL
RALPHIE, AS HIS FRIENDS
CALL HIM, WAS CAPTURED
BY THE VILLANOUS FORCES
AT CBS. THEY CAPTURED
HIM IN AN EFFORT TO
ELIMINATE THE RIVAL
NETWORK'S BIGGEST STAR
AND EMBARRASS FRED
SILVERMAN AT THE SAME
TIME.

LET US BRIEFLY SUMMAR-
IZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED
SINCE THEN. FRED IMMEDI-
ATELY STARTED A NEW
SHOW ABOUT THE SEARCH
FOR SUPERRAT STARRING
HIS OLD SIDEKICK, VINNE
VERMIN.

THE PLOT LINE INVOLVES THE SEARCH
FOR THE ONE MAN WHO KNOWS
WHERE SUPER IS.

BUT THE REAL-LIFE STORY
OF THE SEARCH FOR RALPH
DID NOT PROGRESS
SO WELL EVENTUALLY,
PEOPLE BEGAN TO
FORGET. EVEN FREDDY
SILVERMAN MOVED
ON. HE STARTED TO
BUILD NBC UP TO
NO. 1 WITH A
STRING OF HITS
THAT STARTED
WITH "THE
POSITIVE RATH"
AND INCLUDED SUCH
GREAT HITS AS...

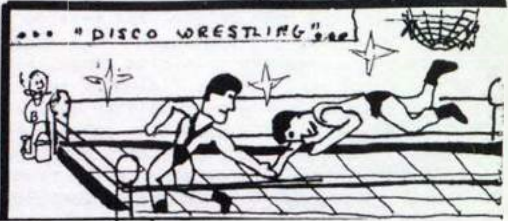
"THE WIDE WORLD OF SADISM"



IT'S THE ONE-
ARMED MAN!



THE SHOW
WAS AN
IMMEDIATE HIT



... AND, FOR THOSE WITH A
T.V.'S IN THEIR CLOSET,
"QUEEN FOR A DAY"



FRED'S REPUTATION, WHICH ALREADY WAS
HUGE, GREW EVEN MORE. YET, HE WAS SAD.

ALAS, THERE ARE NO
MORE CHALLENGES
LEFT, NO MORE HILLS
TO CLIMB, NO MORE
DRAGONS TO SLAY.
CHRIST, I'M BORED.

BUT WHY, WHY?
I AM THE BEST!
I'VE JUST HAD 3
STRAIGHT HITS.
I COULD BE
GREAT ANYWHERE.
HMM...



GLADYS!
GET PBS
ON THE
PHONE!



AND SO IT CAME
TO PASS THAT
FREDDY SILVERMAN
MOVED ON TO THE
CHALLENGE OF PBS FROM
HIS CUSHY JOB AT NBC.
BUT WHAT OF OUR
HERO? ISN'T THIS
HIS STRIP? WELL,
HE HAS GOT HIS
OWN PROBLEM'S
TO WORRY ABOUT...

We take you now to the NYU
Medical Center where Superrat
has been held captive by
CBS, since being kidnapped.
We join him assisting Dr. Vile...

Now Let's see where we can stick
this where nothing's
been stuck before.



Just what is that you're
pumping into me anyway?

1000 cc's of
Mrs. Butterworth's
maple syrup. We
want to see if
causes diabetes.

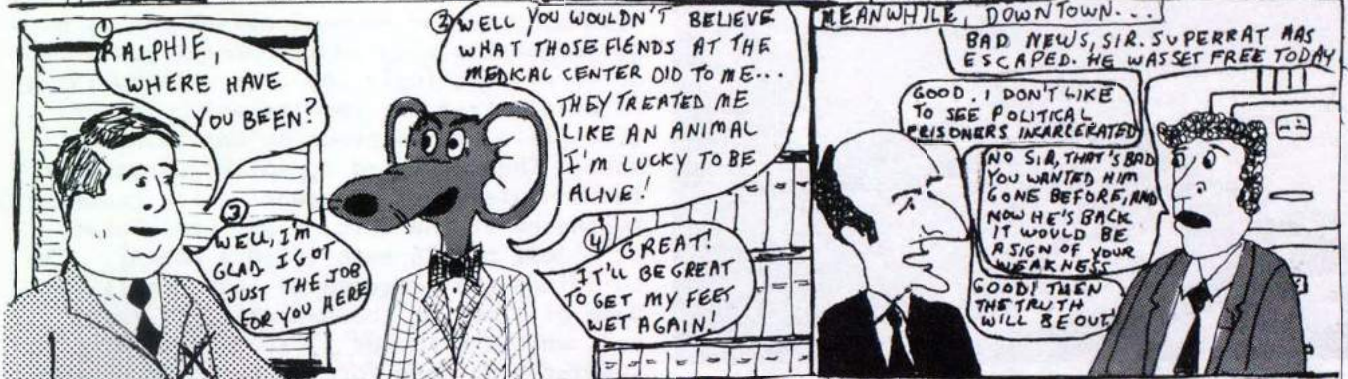


Meanwhile, outside the building, a great mob forms
as a group of angered students gather...

NYU MEDICAL CENTER

We cannot sit still for
THE THOUGHTLESS MUTILATION
OF HELPLESS ANIMALS ANY
LONGER!





Paul Collett

PLAGUETONE NEWS

BY

John Rawlins

Joe Pinto



Bringing you news from around the world,
or around the corner.
Cleverly altering it and inserting our
own biases and prejudices.
And presenting it in a format that sug-
gests it's an objective account.
The Plaguetone News--forming your opinions
for you, whether you realize it or not.



CHICAGO PULLS OFF ENGINEERING FEAT OF THE CENTURY

Al Capone, Mayor of Chicago since the 1930's, unveiled an entirely new western sector of the city today, recently rebuilt at an astonishingly low cost with building materials that may revolutionize the entire field of construction and maintenance. These hundred or so buildings were formed solely of huge sugar wafer cookies, purchased at the Chicago and Sons Bakery at a cost of \$25 each (\$250 a dozen). The buildings are expected to last "until the Dawn of Time, or the next time it rains bad, whichever comes first," according to Keebler Elf, head foreman and chef of the project. On the heels of this event come a number of announcements on the reconstruction of a number of famous buildings. By 1989, the U.N. building will be rebuilt as a saltine, the Houston Astrodome as a mallo-mar, and the Tower of Pisa as a stack of Chiparoos. On the NYU front, Bobst Library has been slated to be reconstructed as an oreo with the cream center missing.

LEO WEISER OSCAR NOMINEE

Leo Weiser, President and Actor of the Automobile Club (not Association) of America was nominated for an Academy Award as Best Actor for his astonishing portrayal of himself in his upcoming movie The Leo Weiser Story. While the movie has yet to be released, rumor has it that Leo plays himself as if he actually were himself, though as most of us know he is in real life a tomato farmer from Nevada named Zeb Hinkelbee. "I base my success on my earlier experiences as an actor," states Weiser, who is best known for his roles in Brechtian and Shakespearean production, his avante-garde films, and his classic pose of raising his arms to the sky and lamenting, "Didya hafta be that good?!" Leo's wife, Mrs. Weiser, composer of her Grammy Award-winning tune "You Start To Live When You Learn to Drive," was out driving and could not be reached for comment.



PLAGUETONE REPORTER BREAKS RECORD

Plaguetone News reporter Chris Cyborg recently received word from representatives of the Guinness Book of World Records, also famous for Guinness Stout Ale, that he had recently broken a record previously held by philosophy textbook writer Socrates Jones for the world's longest sentence, printed in a May 1979 report of the Plaguetone News, which congratulated Mr. Cyborg at a drunken bash last week, where the award-winning reporter stated, "while run-on sentences tend to make most of our readers carsick, I plan to continue to use this device in my reports in the future, especially on the report I do on this very award," and when Socrates Jones was informed of his being ousted from his title as writer of the world's longest sentence, he was heard to say, "Aw, shucks."



NYU TRIES NEW METHODS TO INCREASE ENROLLMENT



Disregarding all norms for higher education, the elders of New York University have started a new hiring plan in an attempt to bolster their sagging enrollment. The plan involves the employment of criminals, both alleged and proven. A spokesman for the university stated that "since, with the employment of foreign policy ace McGeorge Bundy and the indictment of the former Anthropology Dept. chairman Prof. Buettner-Janusch, the university has started getting a reputation as being a haven for criminals, we have just decided to capitalize on it."

Included in the first group of convicts that the school has decided to bring in are Bert Lance, who has been offered a chair in the Economics Dept., David Berkowitz for the Sociology Dept., pending his release from prison, David Clayton Thomas, who will teach a course in music and interpersonal relationships, several Nazi war criminals and new city resident Richard Nixon. The faculty is also expected to invite Mary Spenser, world famous teen mass-murderer of "I Don't Like Mondays" fame to enroll in our school should she beat the rap.

Almost without exception, the students here feel that the school has been robbing them blind all along and therefore are not surprised by these developments.

ROBERT DENIRO BECOMES A COMANCHEE

Film at eleven.



ANARCHISTS ENCOUNTER BUREAUCRATIC SNAFU

There was a great deal of consternation among a group of NYU students recently who tried to establish themselves as a student organization. They wished to start a club, dedicated to "The total destruction of the institutions, facilities and memories of New York University," as their club constitution states. The group, which is fairly large by some standards (like the Plague's), was turned down in their request to the school of funding. The Organization Funding Committee's inquiry discovered that the funds were to be used for plastic explosives, dynamite, nitroglycerin and anti-personnel missiles. The leaders were confused as to the reasons for the denial, and their initial response was to make some kind of a statement, like setting fire to the school, or blowing up a dean. However, in an inspired act, showing complete understanding of the machinery of the social funding system, they revised their request and petitioned instead for funds for activities, known as beer blasts. They received \$4,000.

PRESIDENT BROWN'S 1985 INAUGURAL SPEECH

Stolen from Jerry's hope chest
by Stephen Whitty

Today, I accept a great responsibility and a great challenge. America, in terms of its standing as a politico-geographical area, has lost its sense of space. We need to redefine ourselves. We need to articulate our life goals, and our personal needs. To accomplish this, we must tear down the barriers. We must form new affinity groups. We must have the courage to open up new ongoing dialogues. We must interact and move ahead.

America, I want to be upfront and positive with you. A lot of people have gotten very down on this country. There are a lot of very anti-positive feelings. And there is still a lot of non-justice. Let me point out yet again that whales are still being hunted. Lobsters are still being boiled alive. And young persons still cruelly and arbitrarily imprison fireflies without their consent. These are my first concerns. They are important national problems, and given their non-mellowness it is no wonder that a lot of people feel that a lot of bad karma is coming down fast.

But I say to you, America, you are your own best friend. You can take charge of your own lives and change your own karmas.

I say that "you" can do this because we have something of a false sense of community here. We expect the government and the president to help us, even when we could help ourselves. It would be easy for me to say that "I" will help you, or "lead" you, but it would be crippling in the long run. Because that would involve giving up my spate in order to deal with your problems, and would only bring down our concepts of "you," "me," and "us." So take charge of your own lives, assholes, and stop hassling me.

It is true that already, on this first day, I have been getting some very un-positive feedback. I think you misread my input, America, and I would like to make some things clear. I stand by my appointment of Werner Erhard to the newly formed Department of Lifestyles. I think it'll prove a good career choice for Werner, and a really positive move for America.

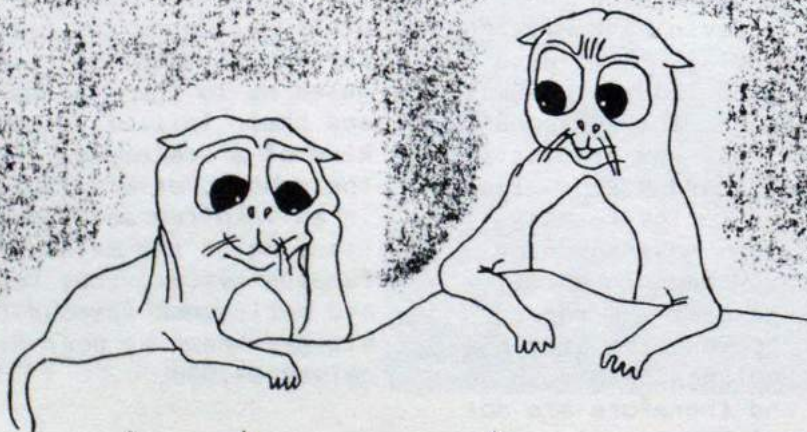
I would also like to take this time to stress that Linda is her own person, and I think it would be really



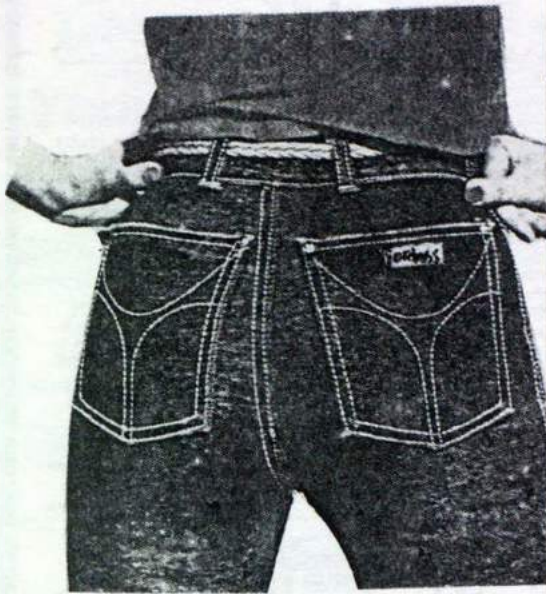
non-positive for me to come down hard on her with criticism. She is normally a very stable relationship partner, but the hassles of being First Old Lady have really put a strain on her, and she's been on the receiving end of some un-positive feedback too. I would like to say in her defense that she was wearing a tee-shirt, and that while the Washington Monument reflecting pool was an inappropriate choice, I think it's really good that she's taken an interest in diving. She has given up on plans to change the reflecting pool into a hot tub, though, and promises not to skate through the senate sessions anymore if an important bill is being discussed.

The fact that you, America, can get so hung up about these kind of trivial things shows just how strung out you're getting. I'm declaring next week National TM Week, and ordering all banks, utilities, post offices, and government services to close down for those seven days. It's time we got in touch with our own feelings, and got back to making our own choices. I'm planning to just veg out in the Presidential Jacuzzi for a while and mellow out with some Doobie Brothers and I think you should all try the same kind of relaxation experience, in your own way. I don't want to lay any more specifics on you, "cause it's your trip." So go with the flow.

I'm not heavily into rhetoric, America, so I'll end this here. Let me just get assertive, though, for a moment and say I really feel positive about myself at this moment. I feel very positive about you and about today, communication-wise. Thank you for letting me come into your living spaces like this. I promise to remain supportive of your efforts, America, and never to tell you non-truths. Thank you. Take care and have a nice day. For sure.



"I'm telling you George this jungle is turning into a city!"

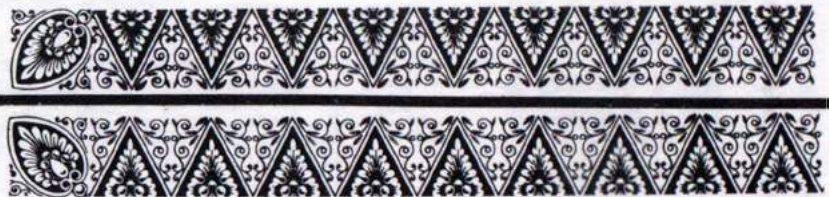


"THE JORDASS LOOK"

I am a woman who knows what she likes. When I see something I like, I don't hesitate. I reach out and grab it, whether it's good clothes or a good man. That's why I like these Jordass jeans. They are contoured to fit every facet of my figure without letting a drop of blood circulate. You see, I am not one of those girls who are interested in women's rights or expressing myself either intellectually or creatively. I am only interested in one thing. And that is why I always wear Jordass jeans.* Always.

JORDASS JEANS: FOR THE WOMAN WHO DOES NOT KNOW ANY BETTER.

(*I can't get them off with a crowbar.)



ANNOYING ADS

By Lori Vogel

Insulting one's intelligence are all they seem to do, Those treacherous commercials shown on seven, four, and two.

The advertising media's completely out of hand, Just how these things get on the air, I'll never understand.

There's something for your hemorrhoids, and when your jock strap itches,

"I wonder if I'm pregnant" is the worst of all the hitches.

They write obnoxious sayings, then invent a catchy tune, To torture movie watchers every weekday afternoon. While halitosis seems to matter more than life or death, We 'get the signal,' pop the Certs with specks, then brush our breath.

For 'heartbreak of psoriasis,' or dandruff, there's shampoo,

To cure it almost instantly, like Tegrin, Selsun Blue. We see it on TV, but I would find it quite alarmin' To actually see housewives stand around to squeeze the Charmin.

What makes it worse, these messages are constantly repeated,

I wish someone would find a way to have them all deleted.

**Deep-Sea
Fishing in
SoHo**

**NEW YORK
PUE**

**The White
Wines of
Lenox Ave.**

THE LATEST CRAZES

Designer Duckbills

*

The Fred Mertz Look

*

Superficiality & You

*

WASMO!

*

Where Not To Go

Phlegm

New Krugerrand Diet

*

A Fish-Eye
View Of Water

*

Tortoni And Trumpeteers

*

Look Like Zol

Ads

*

Bus Depots:
The New Hip Hangout

Disco Tap Dancing on Park Ave.

SHARITA

(no point, but looks good)

P U E - P O I N T E R S O N

Hi, beautiful (and rich) people! As a public service to all you trend setters, we have gathered some of the latest fashions and gift ideas for the quickly approaching holiday season. This easy to read guide (with many big pictures) comes after introduction.

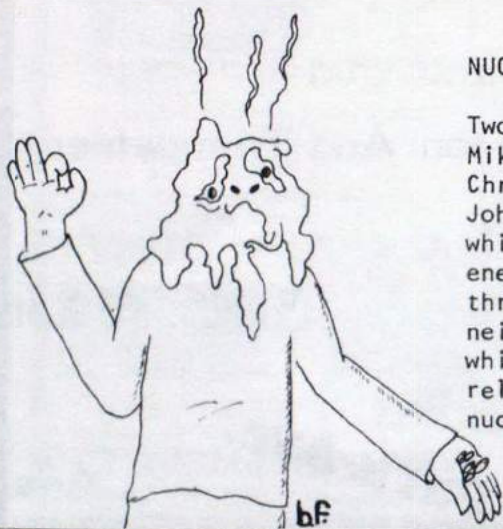
BOGUS BUSINESS BEEPER

Are you ashamed to admit that you lost that \$50,000/year job, and that daddy's inheritance was squandered in Rondazo's scuz bar? For those of you who didn't make that first million before you hit 21, don't despair--the Bogus Beeper can help. Unlike competing devices used by working doctors, corporate lawyers, and businessmen, this beeper can be set to beep at various intervals even though there is indeed no urgent business call for you. Impress friends, creditors, and suspicious relatives alike with this machine which can be easily recharged by attaching it to your neighbor's Potemkin cadillac without his knowledge.



NUCLEAR CORNER

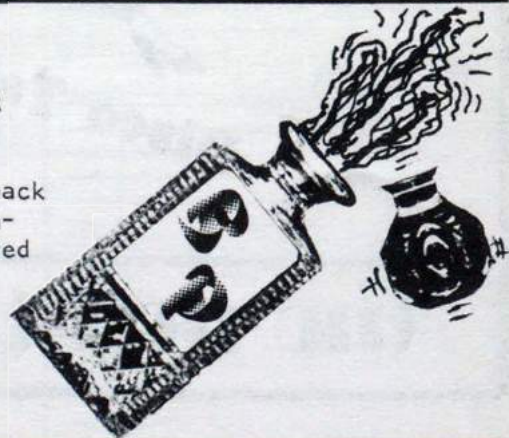
Two new items from Three Mile Island Co. (originators of the Mikey Meltdown radiation sickness doll), will set your Christmas tree aglow. First, there's nuclear candy. - Johnny will love the warm sensation of these munchy morsels which melt down in your mouth, not in your hands. Next, be energy conscious with TMI's Glow in the Dark Furniture. A three piece living room set can light and heat your whole neighborhood for 3,000 years of the half life of U-235-- whichever comes first. Do you suffer from troublesome relatives and neighbors? just invite them in for tea on the nuclear settee.



BATTERY PARK^{t.m.} PUTRID AND SPARKLING DRAINAGE DITCH WATER

You don't even have to drink it--one whiff of the opened bottle will make the homesick suburbanite feel like he's back in the city. The famous source, Battery Park, has been untouched by sanitation officials for the past several hundred years.

For a deeper look at water, see page 28



SHOPPING & FASHION

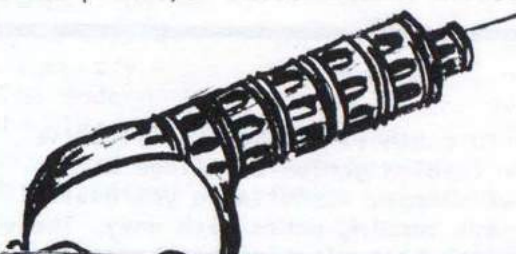
P.S. This section is specifically intended for the elite. If you don't wash your floors with Perrier (leaves no waxy buildup), go pick up a copy of "The Weekly Hoo-Haa Polka Press" instead.

text: H.O., J.R., J.D.

design: J.G. & H.O.

ARCHITECTURAL HAIR CUTS

Tired of the same old styles? Why not have your hair permanently sculpted into the shape of an architectural monument? Popular numbers include the Geodesic Dome, the Chrysler Building, the Citicorp Center, the World Trade Center (Siamese twins only on this one please). Unistructural Haircuts by F. L. Wright.



BONDAGE SUIT

This suit combines the practicality of a Midwestern potato sack and the utter chic of a late 1930's Bellevue straight jacket. Now available with a down lining. The wearer is suspended upside down in the bag which is attached to an actual garment district clothes rack. From the Harry Houdini Collection



GRAFFITI SERVICE

For a nominal fee, you can design your own distinctive graffiti (variations on the family crest are a popular motif), and will have their crew of highly skilled illegal aliens decorate and deface the subway line of your choice.



GUCCI DESIGNER TRUSSES AND NECK BRACES

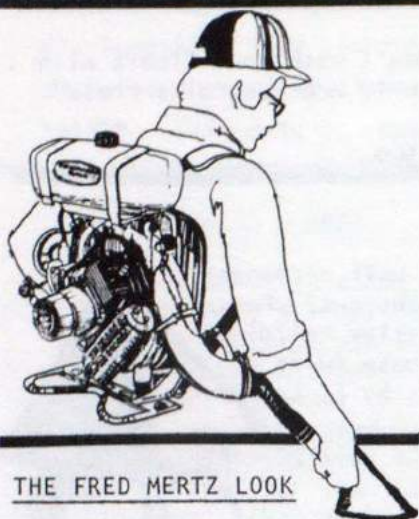
Out of circulation doesn't mean out of style with these snazzy orthopedic items. Watch for our designer iron lung soon.



DESIGNER DIAPERS FOR THE YOUNG ONES

Being under age doesn't necessarily mean being underdressed, darling. No, no not with these dressy drawers.





STUDIO 54 COKEVAC

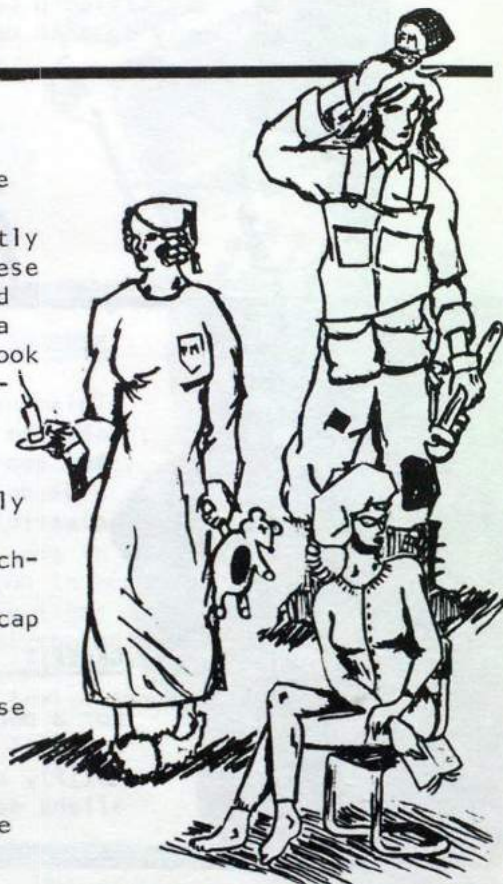
Perfect for the host or hostess who deals with spastic guests. Never again will the whole dinner party be forced to put their noses to the carpet in order to sniff up valuable cocaine spilled all over by some boorish clod. Clean up the automatic way with STUDIO 54's new Coke-Vac.

THE FRED MERTZ LOOK

Vivian Vance would be tickled to death if she were still alive by these creations designed by fashion genius Cartilage E. Marrow. The look is casual but sloppy, comfortable yet quaintly dissheveled. Paris designers are turning ochre with envy. These gloriously baggy overalls with matching black rubber boots and designed monogrammed hat are fab for fixing the furnace pipe, a quiet dinner at home, or cleaning out the septic tank. The look is as functional as it is fashionable as witnessed in the carpenter's apron, perfect for carrying car keys, cosmetics, and plumber's snakes.

Nightshirt - Take Fred to bed with you nightly in his snugly warm oversized nightshirt. These comfy slippers woven from spun-glass fiber and attached at the toe go well with the matching designer lit candle and the Ralphie the Sewer Rat doll. Carefully designed to suggest Fred's mirrored dome, the nightcap completes your dumpy, idiotic look.

Long Freds - Perfect for an evening out at the Tropicana. These form-fitting Long Freds, made from authentic platypus facial hair and the soles of used tennis shoes, will make your date howl, "Baba loo - Baba looi-a!" For the less popular, thin look also doubles for spending quiet evenings at home with the hairdryer.



CARLO GAMBINO PERMANENT PRESS SHIRT

Retire in style with this exclusive design created by a certain large organization which will remain nameless. The irregularly spaced holes provide aeration and allow perspiration and blood to flow easily. Simulated blood stains enhance the overall effect. Sizes include S-M-L-XL-XXXL. Bullets extra at the other Kresge's.



ROCK SCENE

By Tinear Q. Payola

MENTION music concerts to your typical New Yorker, and the first place that comes to mind is Eisner-Lubin Auditorium. Yep! They didn't mention that in the brochure now, did they? Well, we here at NYU are humble. Very humble. But our school happens to be the premier showcase for musical as well as other talent. Why, just reading the list of stars that have appeared here in the last few years is enough to send a shiver up and down your spine: The Mister Bill Show, Robert Gordon, Robert Klein, Mink Deville, Robert Klein (Yes, twice. Do you think it's easy finding people to work at these low prices?) and, those industry giants, Jonathan Richman and The Modern Lovers, whose most recent world-wide smashes have included "The Wheels on the Bus" and "I'm a Little Airplane," which was recently covered by the Rolling Stones.

IF obscure groups are your thing, then go to Madison Square Garden, where they seem even more obscure. Just kidding. The Garden, as we real New Yorkers call it, especially the ones from Jersey, is where groups that can't get into Eisner-Lubin play. A trip to the Garden is a completely unique experience. There seems to be more people outside the place than inside, each seemingly hawking their own special wares. ("Coke, THC, Acid and Oregano, check it out," is a commonly heard cry.) For those of you who have never been to the Garden before, we would like to warn you of the strange phenomenon which takes place there at every concert. The tickets for half of the orchestra section strangely disappear without a trace, only to strangely reappear outside the hall on the night of the concert, all at unusually inflated prices. (Charles Berlitz is researching this for a new book, "The Madison Triangle"). The best thing about the Garden are the unique sight lines it offers; many seats offer a perfect view of the emergency exits, others of the back of the head of the person in front of you, and a few even have a partial view of the stage!

THE Bottom Line on the Bottom Line is that you usually can't get in without waiting in line.

THE Line occasionally offers first class entertainment, such as Lou Reed, Tod Rundgren, Carly Simon, Warren Zevon and Television. But, since this is a nightclub of sorts, its seating is very limited, and, after all the friends, record company excess, peers, critics, correspondents, yogurt salesmen, gofers, crew and relatives have received tickets, all that is left is standing room, which usually means waiting in line for days. Acts play here when their living rooms aren't big enough.

THE Palladium, although an ideal sized hall for most acts, offers a few problems. First of all is the neighborhood on 14th Street. The winos, junkies and average whores have been complaining about the image given by large crowds of young concert goers. The ventilation system consists of opening the fire exits, which are usually chain locked. The other problem is that of lost shoes, which tend to remain behind on the soda splattered floors, which were last cleaned when the place was an opera house.

WATCH for the second part of the article in the next issue of The Plague, which will discuss the smaller places, as well as the new King Tut-inspired Egyptian-reggae clubs, the classical music lofts in chic Tribeca and the new Punk Ballet set to open at the Met in the spring, entitled "The Nutcracker-Ballbuster Suite."

ROCK SCENE - TOP TEN

1. Wessonality - Florence Henderson
2. Wring My Neck - Anita "Emergency" Ward
3. My Bologna - The Knish
4. "Psycho" Director - The Hitchcocks
5. Sunday Comix Girl - Blondie
6. Crawling From The Wreckage - Buddy Holly
7. Fear of Pop Muzak - The Talking Initial
8. Dazed & Confused - Zed Teppelin
9. Rock Bomber - The B-52s
10. Riders On The Coattails - Crystal Ship

TUESDAY, Nov. 27

Argentine Pride Day - parade down Avenue of the Americas (6th). Proud Argentines will be goose stepping with floats and bands. You must have your papers. 10 AM.

Noonday Rush - Lots of crowds, plenty of people. Bring a lunch.

Illegal Aliens Pride Day - All proud illegal aliens will be lurking around dark alleys and in sweat shops. Not a holiday since they'll lose their jobs if they take the day off.

1st Annual Street Performers Convention - Madison Sq. Garden. Meeting of all musicians, mimes, peddlers and other street talents. People will be expected to amuse themselves for the next three days.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28

Ugandan Film Retrospective - Bleecker St. Cinema. Series of outstanding films from the African nation. First day: "Make Room for Dada" and "Traffic Accident '78." 1-3-8 PM.

Anti-Nuke Rally - Shea Stadium. Every living superstar will perform to raise money for MUSE. Jane Fonda and Soupy Sales co-host. 8:00 P.M.

Crime in the Park - Exhibition of crime styles in Central Park by the more experienced muggers and perverts. 2 AM by the long dark tunnel.

ZEPPOLE FESTIVAL - It's harvest time on the San Georgio Zeppole farm, off Mott Street in Little Italy. Now you know zeppoles don't really grow on trees, but if they did, no one knows noses like Neo-synephrine.

SATURDAY, Dec. 1

MTA NOSTALGIA EXPRESS - Ride the oldest subway trains in the world down tracks abandoned years ago as unsafe. Free Red Cross blankets to the first hundred sightseers that survive.

MEET THE GANGS - All of New York's 80,000 street gangs will be represented at the Fifth Annual Gang Get-Together at Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall tonight at 6. Meet the Ruffians, the Scorpions, the Savage Saccharines, and the Daffodils at the recruiting event of the year. Tea and ladyfingers will be served.

SUNDAY, Dec. 2

NOTHING - Absolutely nothing will be happening at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway this morning. Get away from all the concerts, festivals, conventions, performances, and celebrations and come somewhere where you can just be left alone. WARNING - The "Pope's Been Gone for Over a Month Now" parade will march down Broadway at 2 PM, so get here around 9 if you want to enjoy the quiet for awhile.



calendar of events

17

Daniel Fiorella, and John Rawlins

MONDAY, Nov. 26

Street Construction - 5th Ave. bet. 55 & 60th Streets will be closed off for this month's Pothole Festival. Sponsored by Con "Dig We Must" Ed.

3rd Annual Son of Sam Fair - Central Park. Food, Games, Prizes and Mayham. Admission: \$1.00. Come dressed as D. Berkowitz or Sam, get in free!

Czechoslovakian Film Festival - Museum of Modern Art. The very best films made by this underrated country in its 30 years making films. 1-1:30 PM.

Block Party - Flatbush has been sealed off to all outsiders. We're going to party til dawn, and you're not allowed in! Yea, Brucklyn! Noon - ???

St. Guido Day Festival - Lower Manhattan and parts of Brooklyn. (Just follow the aromas!) Food, Games and Fun all week to honor the patron saint of polyester.

Water Main Break - Broadway, in the 70's. Starts at 3:00, just in time to snarl rush hour traffic. Subways and streets flood. Be there.

Art Exhibit - The life's work of Arnold J. Fudgeputty on display. His apartment, 205 Green St., apt. 33-M, 4-8 PM. Donations of food welcome. Exhibition will run until the rent run out.

Ticker-Tape Parade - No reason, Wall St. just has lots of paper sitting around. 5 P.M.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29

CONCERT IN RIVERSIDE PARK - The third grade class of P.S. 13785 will play a 48-hour marathon recorder concert in the Riverside Park bandshell. Warmup group: the Knack.

TRENDY COLLEGE EVENT OF THE WEEK - Drop by NYU and get involved in the "Drive Bundy Around Campus" Rally at 1 PM. Sponsored by the Spartacus Chauffer League.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30

OPERA IN THE SEWER - A touch of culture will be brought to the sewers below Times Square tonight at 8. Hear the voices of opera greats Beverly Sills, Tony Caruso, and Tammy Wynette complemented with the most resonant acoustics this side of the catecombs.

CELEBRITY PONG MATCH - The celebrities no one likes any more compete in the sport no one plays any more! See Harvey Korman, Mae West, Zsa-Zsa Gabor, Larry Storch, and Kitty Carlisle battle it out on Ben McPhee's old Telstar set in the basement of his Great Neck, Long Island home. Proceeds will go to the Organization To Find a Cure To Unpopularity In Our lifetime.

MOB HIT - Three PM on the corner of Flatbush Avenue and Roughneck Drive, see punk Tony Feminella get gunned down for not keeping up with the payments. Refreshments will follow.

PUE Celebrity Profiles

Wasmo: The Exercise Demon

by Steven Korn

Wasmo Fitzgerald symbolizes the 1980's generation of healthy, physically-fit, exercise-mad, rich celebrities.

Wasmo, the youngest great-great grandchild of Pegeen and Lord Edward Fitzgerald of the Radio Hall of Fame, portrayed the Alien in "Alien," the Meteor in "Meteor," a worm in "Squirm," the car in "The Car," and the insightful china in "The China Syndrome."

Wasmo Fitzgerald is 18, seven feet four inches tall, 135 pounds, and he's still growing. He lives for exercise. He would kill himself if it meant that he'd be in better shape for the effort. His pursuit for perfection takes him all over Manhattan. In the morning, every morning, he leaves the "Y," where he lives, and proceeds to 161st Street in the Bronx for a substantial jog. Friendly people recognize him and, always willing to help, set a pace behind him, pushing him to go ever faster by brandishing knives. Later on, the "Waz" can be seen pumping iron in Meltzer's Gym and Stockyard on West 196th Street. Wasmo says that lifting is the finest exercise there is. He lifts 2 lbs. 2.0 times for the photographers who are charged to build his image. On this day, there are multiple photographers around. When both of them had left, we went for ice cream. If his schedule is amenable, he does this every day after working off his fat. Today, he has 6 "Fire Bucket Bonanza" sundaes and some Spam. "I'm still not totally comfortable with city living. I miss life at the Institute for the Criminally Insane," he confides, despite the obvious fullness of his life.

A passionately respected vagrant, Wasmo never thought he'd be an actor until a major Hollywood producer needed someone to portray a worm in the now classic, "Squirm." He was nominated for a special achievement Oscar for the role but the committee ruled against it. Unlike his equally famous brother, cheerful "Bubbly" Fitzgerald, Wasmo was named for Pegeen's hedgehog who lived underground with the Fitzgerald's moles, and was thus a social outcast. If not for the "Alien" role, he would still be recreating Mendel's twenty year genetic experiments in the "home." Now he is one of the biggest celebrities living in New York.

Two months ago, he rented a spacious apartment at the local YMCA. He shares the room with Twinkie, a 3 year old Indian elephant, and his best friend who calls himself Kraven the Hunter. Kraven spends most of his time riding the subway, cursing Spiderman and swearing he'll find him yet. Their book shelves are filled to the hilt, but Wasmo tells me they plan to clear the beer cans out of there any day now. Nutrition books are plentiful under the whiskey bottles on the floor. Wasmo has heard every Carlton Fredricks program ever broadcast and has each one on cassette tape.

He also loves the Fitzgerald's program. Wasmo was born three months after senility set in on his great-great grandparents. He would like to do a radio program himself someday. He speaks fluently only in Latin, however, so his job applications have all been forwarded to Vatican radio and have up to now fallen on deaf ears.



Growing up with the Fitzgerald legend "was always a great thing. I think it contributed 110% to my being was I am." Waz admires many of Ed and Peg's traits but speaking English isn't one of them, as all the quotes for this article were translated from the original Latin, by Wasmo's other friend, self-proclaimed Pope Mumbles Grown VI. He often even forgets that he is in America.

Thus, Wasmo does not seem at all like your average American superstar. Where he does not conform is in his diet, which he strictly adheres to, in order to maintain his atlas-like body. "I eat almost all sugar. I suck sugar canes when I can. I can down 6 pounds on a good day." He breakfasts on sugar and beer, lunches on ice cream, eggplant, corn cobs, and Ol' Grandad. Dinner is uniformly wax paper and tartan plaid patterns, topped with sugar, of course.

Although Kraven likes to cook, Wasmo usually doesn't allow it because Kraven gets Spiderman attacks and sets the apartment aflame. The refrigerator reflects their nutritional care. It is always empty. Wasmo knows that fame is fleeting so he has told everyone to "stop me if I cease acting like a California Fever-esque numbskull." There have been offers to model a cosmetics and clothing line designed for megalomaniacs. "I really want to continue as an idolized actor, but I'd love to have a chance to model. If Pegeen approves, I have no right to withhold this body from the Sears catalog. I never needed to be more than a pretty face."

Velushi: The Next Uncle Floyd?

Until a few years ago, portly, baby-faced Juan Velushi had been a virtual unknown in show business. Then, four years ago, he landed a part on the hit ensemble comedy show *Saturday Night Schmuck*, and his popularity skyrocketed. Touted as a new type of funny-man, he smashed the old T.V. taboos of taste, and the hypocrisy that sometimes went with them. He and the rest of his *Saturday Night* cohorts seemed somehow more accessible and real than the usual crop of puffed-up, overrated network celebrities. In the last year and a half, the roly poly comedian has broken yet more new ground, and become an international film star in such films as *Disgusting College Guys* and *Disgusting College Guys II*.

Has his new-found fame affected his simple, unpretentious lifestyle? Critics say it has, but the kids say, "No!" What follows is an interview at Velushi's newly purchased, 40-acre estate in Malibu. Velushi, reclining in a purple lounge chair, received me by his Olympic-sized pool, wearing cut-off jeans and a torn T-shirt.

Plague: Gee Juan, I don't see your customary beer in hand.

Velushi: Yeah, I know. It doesn't quite fit in with my new surroundings, y'know what I mean? See, what I'm planning to do is have the pool filled with Chivas Regal. That way I just have to swim in every morning and soak the stuff up through my pores.

Plague: What about these accusations, Juan? Did you really chase off three grade school kids who tried to visit you on the set of your new movie?

Velushi: Oh, now, that's an interesting story, and I'll be glad to clear it up. See, I told Rocky DeSanto, he's my liaison man with the public, to let the kids play with my two dogs, Hunter and Killer, while they were waiting for me to finish filming a scene. Well see, now here's the funny part, heh, heh. It seems Rocky forgot to feed the dogs, and y'know, dobermans gotta eat like twice a day, so they were pretty

hungry. Anyway, the kids got pretty scared when these two big dogs started jumping at them with teeth bared. But it's okay, the kids didn't get hurt. Not too bad, anyway.

Plague: Juan, rumor has it you've left *Saturday Night* to devote all your time to a more profitable film career? Is this true?

Juan: That's a good point you've brought up. See, the word "profitable" gives people this bad picture. Now, my feeling is that you can both make an important statement and make a good profit at the same time. That's why I've sworn to accept only movie roles that really say something, y'understand?

Plague: What is your next project, Juan?

Juan: A remake of *Francis the Talking Mule*. I got the lead.

Plague: Juan, thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to answer these questions. We really appreciate it.

Juan: Hey, no problem. Oh, and remember to give the password when you drive out. Those guys on the gun turret get a little restless sometimes.

Garrett Morris- Live From New York

There has been a lot of speculation as to whether a performer of Garrett Morris' caliber could actually succeed in his own one-man show. A regular *Saturday Night Live* for five years, he nevertheless seemed to have a rather limited acting repertoire. Well, let me set any such motions to rest. Garrett Morris is Live From New York and he is a smash.

The evening begins with Morris' hilarious characterization of a retired Puerto Rican baseball player cum sportscaster by the name of Chico Esquala. Here his sense of comic timing shone as he repeated the wildly funny and beloved line, "Baseball been very, very good to me." This is a line I could laugh at again and again and again, and indeed I did since the whole routine consisted of the constant repetition of this sentence.

But Morris gives plenty of room to his other endearing *Saturday Night* characters. For example, there is the doorman who warmly points through the revolving door and exclaims, "Go right on it." And then there is the innocent bystander who comes upon the scene of an accident and uproariously inquires: "Gee, what happened?" But of course, the gem that glows brightest is the traveling salesman who asks coyly, "Want to buy a Fuller brush?"

Lest anyone should think that Morris' talent is confined only to side-splitting comedy, the gifted performer displays his virtuoso singing abilities. Particularly wonderful is his opera-disco rendition of "Baseball Been Very, Very Good to Me," and a brief selection from the great Italian opera "Baseballito a Butto Butto au Mio."

All in all, Garrett Morris proves himself to be one of the most versatile and entertaining performers around today. In fact, I can safely say that "Garrett Morris: Live From New York" is the only Broadway show I have ever seen.

Brian Feinberg



FREAK OUT!

-REVIEW OF NEW YORK'S MOST POLARIZED DISCOS

Andy Yiannakos

Ahhhhhhh--Freak Out!!!! No, I'm not offering round trip tickets to the Jetson's home in the X52 Galaxy. I offer you with the once-in-a weekend chance of "gettin' down" and "shaking your booty" at some of the most popular discos in New York City today (and some were even here last week).

Let yourself go, and bop 'till you can't stop (or yield due to an old high-school football injury) and don't go home until you had enough, or too much, etc., etc.

C.B.G.B. - Yes, rockers! Go to C.B.G.B. and pretend you're one of the beautiful people. Located on one of New York's coziest streets, you have the opportunity of exploring yourself, as others try to explore you. Dinner served every second Tuesday of the week.

FUN HOUSE- To all the imaginative capitalists that don't know what to do with their run-down lofts: why don't you make them into run-down discos? The Fun House, located on the East End of New York's West Side offers the religious party person an atmosphere of total disorganization while offering drinks that are no cheaper than \$2.50. Great place to bring your kid sister on her prom night. Reservation needed to enter rest rooms.

JERRY'S DISCO - Just show your Junior High School I.D. or a six-inch knife, and you're in! This spacious (3x5) disco located in an obscure part of Queens allows Brooklynites the experience of getting lost twice on the way there before they're even off the highway. Excellent facilities to have your Eagle Scout presentation. Adequate parking for a fleet of trimmed-down Volkswagen Beetles, and enough lighting to see the next streamer that is about to fall. But half the fun is getting out. Enjoy, and bring a box lunch.

LA MOUR - The glittering light system and the clear sound system allows each and every draft evader to feel like he's in boot camp. Fast rising as one of Brooklyn's most enigmatic party places. La Mour offers the common fourteen-year old to enter without getting proofed, while all the "real adults" must carry a birth certificate to honestly prove that they are 84 years old. A night at La Mour allows you to run back to your respective neighborhoods and scream out in energetic sincerity, "Ya know, I went to dat La Mush place last nite!" And please, no jokes about the bouncer's white shoes.

LEMON TREE - Only authentic 1907 silver "Liberty Head" dollars will be accepted at the door. Any other pre-War coin must be accompanied by a note from one's parents, stating that your parents know that you are going to a disco, and that it is only a passing phase. Don't ruffle the leaves, this disco's a lemon to begin with.

KISSES - Yes, the disco owned and operated by Gene Simmons, this Kiss extravaganza is fully encircled with a six foot wall of fire (and no fire extinguishers in sight). This Queens hide-away should be put-away until someone can sit down and really think of a decent name for this place, like "Uncle Gene's Bonker Party Emporium." Yes, Twisted Sister will appear there next weekend.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK - \$12.00 to get in, \$3.00 per drink, \$1.00 coat check, \$5.00 parking, \$4.00 tips. A quiet evening for under thirty dollars. Imagine what you would spend if you brought a date. Better yet, stay home and catch the end of Pope John Paul II's speech on the effects of dope in the Vatican. You may catch someone famous there on a busy night, like the stand in for Roddy McCowall in "The Planet of the Apes" or the Presidential Adviser on domestic pet breeding. All major credit cards accepted, including King Kullen's check cashing card.

ROLL-A-RAMA - Yes, Virginia, you can boogie with defective skates on! The new revised Roll-a-Rama offers the inexperienced skater with ego-inflated role models, along with the supervision of five skating guides who are prepared to take any phone number given. Have fun-only shoe lace allotted per pair of shoes. Prices are reasonable, with the elderly receiving a 25% discount when accompanied by their parents. All patrons are proved for authenticity of living status, but a few good-looking corpses do happen to sneak through.

TRIBECA - Beautiful Tribeca, with 121 split-level podiums, intertwined with a mesh of Christmas lights and fishing net, accommodates over 300 people with extreme paranoias of places with/without bathrooms. A wonderful view of Hudson Street is available (with an extremely long neck) upon request from the doorman, Barthalamule. They can cater to your party, no matter what the size, as long as you clean up after yourself. Tribeca will be the site of the 1980 Democratic Convention.

TUT'S - The Staten Island Center for the Dying Dance Artforms, and other computer courses. Working through CUNY's time sharing computer terminal, Tut's allows you the last minute wasted time of doing your next BASIC program to be reallocated to other pleasures, like cleaning Dad's car. The prices are modest, with basic home terminals starting at \$2500.00 dollars. Special discounts for those living in the Staten Island area, or the Bronx (whichever is closer).

WEDNESDAY'S - Wednesday's offers weekend specials for three, including the famous "Three for One" on Thursday nights, the "Nine for Three" specials for Saturday and Sunday group affairs, and the "Come with as much money as is left on you from the weekend" special every Monday. Parking available on the sidewalk next to Wednesday's, and the D. J.'s are all experienced sound men (veterans of the Woodstock Conflict, 1969).

RUSTY NAIL - Nice place. Never been there, though.

XENON - The Mecca of the Times Square social elite. Xenon allows you to "let yourself go twice in life" without ever leaving the immediate planet. At Xenon, you're a person, not a number. But fair warning, all plain people that wear Hush Puppies, looks do count; unless your father is the Shah of some Arab nation, and he hasn't been put into extinction by the island he's hiding on. Excellent possibilities for falling in love with a displaced "space cadet."

2001 ODDESSEY - What a trip! You can dance just like John Travolta did when he starred in the movie as Tony "Sonny" Marino, an unemployed Good Humour salesman. A lighted dance floor and two functional bars let you indulge in the activity of your choice, while loved ones are very far off.

*CHOICE OF THE MONTH:

STUDIO 54 - Go down any night and just beg for Uncle Steve to come over to you and allow you to come in. Wear your favorite painter's garb or loose T-shirt, and any cereal box top, and you're in. Rub elbows, and shake hands with the generation which is often called the "generation, and the leaders of tomorrow." Please tell Cher that her Flamingo Feathers are ready.

Yes, now you can go to any local disco, and tell them that Andy Y sent you. Better yet, save up all the money you spend from going out every weekend and buy yourself a real meal to eat, rather than a cold, stale dated Burger Kind Steak Sandwich. Good-Luck, and make sure you're "Stayin' Alive."



THE LITTLE BRA..A.AT by Manley Lamarre

A neighbor asked this young BRAT, what he had given to his nice dad for his previous birthday.

"The Chicken Pox" said the little creep.

"So, what will you give him this year?"

"SATURDAY..NIGHT..FEVER"

replied the little devil.



It's five miles wide...it's coming at 30,000 m.p.h.
and there's no place on Earth to hide!

And guess who's right under it...

MR. BILL

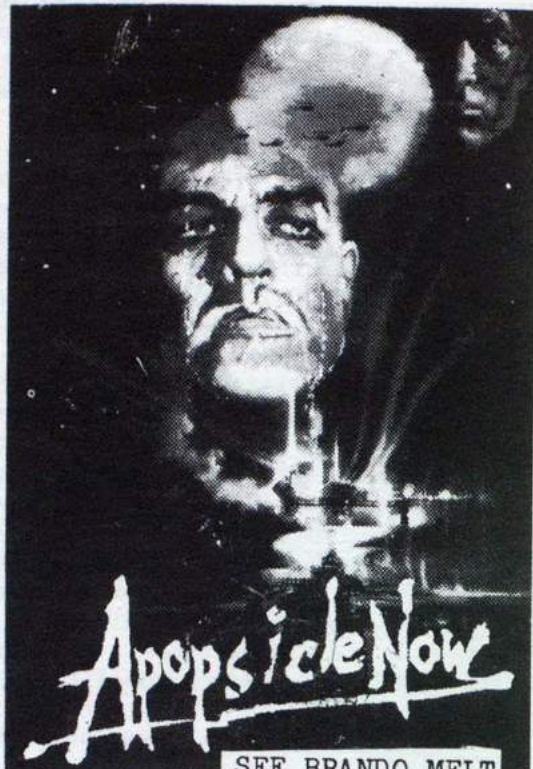
THE MOVIE



OH NOOO!!!

IN SENSATIONAL EXPLOSAROUND!

THE GOOD-HUMOR
MAN PRESENTS



SEE BRANDO MELT
LIKE A FUDGIE!

coming soon to a
theatre near you, maybe



SEAN
CONNERY as
"SLUGSO"

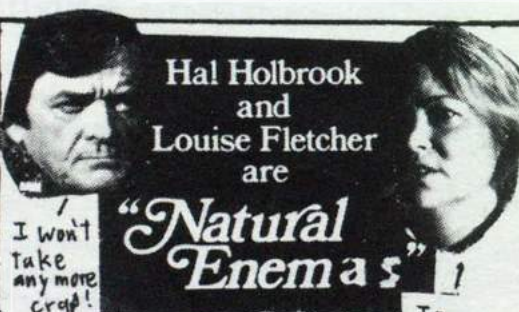
NATHALIE
WOOD as
Miss Sally

"YOU MAY NOT
KNOW MY
FACE..."

BRIAN KEITH
as
NATHALIE WOOD

MARTIN
LANDAU
AS
MR. HANDS

"IS THAT
A GAF VIEWER
BOYS+GIRLS?"



Hal Holbrook
and
Louise Fletcher
are

"Natural Enemies"

I won't
take
any more
crap!

In
your
hat!

MANHATTAN

R.K.O.. Outhouse I

MANHATTAN

PARAMOUNT's SADISTIC 2

* * *

NASSAU

PLAY-DOH MALL

STATEN ISLAND

We do have a theater,
so there!

* * * *

SUFFOLK

GUILD's GUMBY II 1/2

"I REALLY GOT
OFF ON IT!"

ANDREW SARRIS,
Village Voice

"A BRAVE,
INTELLIGENT,
BRILLIANTLY
CRAFTED FILM AS
CONTEMPORARY AS
TODAY'S HEADLINES."

—REX REED, DAILY NEWS

THE SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNAN

COLOR
X-RATED
ALL MALE CAST

KINKY

NOW PLAYING at Universal Blue Ribbon Theatres Everywhere

NEW JERSEY

MR. WALT'S DUMBO VIDEO

WITH SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE STAR MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE AND FRIENDS
FROM NEW LINE CINEMA

The Movie That's its Own Sequel



NOW AT THESE SELECT THEATRES

MANHATTAN

LOEW'S PERPETUAL I
RKO'S Forever and Ever
APOLLO INFINITY
AMBOY ONE, TWO, THREE...



BROOKLYN

CENTURY'S 'round Da Corner
ST. BRUCIE'S
APOLLO'S UMPTEENTH
ELECTRA-THEATRE COMPLEX



And to heck with the other boroughs!

WESTCHESTER

MELVIN'S UNIVERSE I AND ONLY
QUADPLEX

"...Very boring..."
-Gene Shalit
NBC-TV

"Almost as
boring as
we are."
-N.Y. Times

"I fell
asleep."
-Rex (lover-boy) Reed

"...Our reviewer died
of boredom..."
-N.Y. Post

IT NEVER ENDS!

NOW PLAYING at PURPLE
POLKA-DOTTED THEATRES
EVERYWHERE!

MANHATTAN

RKO INCEST II
LOEW'S Freudian I
OEDIPAL'S Complex I

XXXXXXXXXX

QUEENS-

DEJA-VU TRIPLEX
D.W. GRIFFITH'S
WAS NEVER LIKE
THIS

TRANS-VANIAN EAST

XXXXXXXXXX

ROCKLAND

CINEMA HOVEL

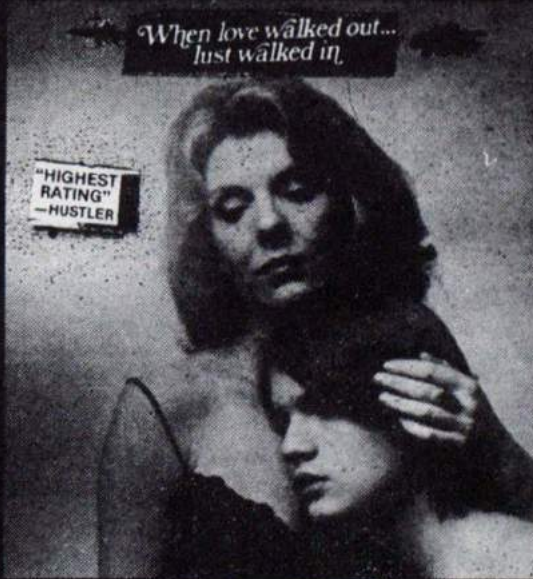
MALARIA VILLAGE

-by Ray, Brian
Mortos, Fainberg

LOVE DOES STRANGE THINGS TO PEOPLE

LUNATIC

A FILM BY BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI



G GENERAL AUDIENCES
ALL AGES ADMITTED



Table Talk

a guide to quaint corners of dining ambience



I was walking around Manhattan, pondering things that professional gut-stuffers ponder (like why I work so hard), when I came upon a small eating establishment with prominent golden arches supplementing its fascinating opaque frontal wall design. I went in to inquire of the sparkling material and was told that it was indeed glass, as I suspected. Realizing that I had stumbled onto an unknown bit of culinary class, sandwiched between Tom's Tatoo Emporium and Latvian Broom Makers Inc., I decided to experiment. The name of this deliciously decorated dinette is McDonald's.

Many combinations of food have been tried over the ages, but McDonald's has scored a "coup" in adventure-some taste bud teasing. The restaurant's feature delight consists of 2 ground beef concoctions, boldly shaped to form 3-dimensional circles, blended with butterfly-like leaves of green, aged, vinegared cucumbers, and solidified milk product they refer to as "cheese." The chef, Antoine, an ebullient product of Madame "Q" of the Versailles School of "Kroc"ery, then adds his special sauce. It is a seductively flaccid piece of ambrosia, utopia beckoning with every shining spoonful generously doled atop the subtle meal. Then this whole entree is put together, unified between risen dough, simple while complex while enigmatic while enthralling, yet inane in the same morsel. It serves as a true experience in dining when mated with continental "fries" which is a unique recipe Antoine learned in France and more commonly known as French Fries.

Dessert consists of a choice of pastry, filled with apple or cherry, which must have been sired in Eden. It is hot, rather reminiscent of a trip down the river Styx, and when it cools, it becomes so cold that Chilly Willy would be proud to allow it to ruminate in his tuxedoed tummy. The pastry is flaky, cooked with the fine touch of a craftsman. The maitre'd is a well-educated, funny, former biggie in one of this town's prime educational establishments. He is as well a veteran of gov't, whose tour of civil service has left him with countless stories, though admittedly jobless, upon the abatement of his energy. His jogging jokes leave all in stitches, though this professional jig found it displeasing to see his hysterics when the conversation turns to Washington, squares or parks.

The service is profound, the cash registers are digital, the price within reason of a person whose budget is less than mine. At this location (I understand there are one or two more), liquor was available nearby for those who like wine with their meal. A twenty-five cents bottle of ripple (vintage: next week) was a fine accompanying taste. Reservations are accepted at 1 AM to 5 AM for all meals. Sophistication is the rule here. There's one more advantage! On subsequent visits, star watchers will be pleased to hear that I spotted Tex Antoine, Gabe Pressman, Will Spens, Arnold Stang, Guru Maharaj Ji, and Dino De Laurentiis at this high-class slice of Nirvana.

by Steven Korn

While being a bit on the extremist fringe, the manic excitement of THE CANNIBALRY only increased our pleasure. The waiters, clad as African witch doctors, bring forth heaping portions of lettuce head salad and finger sandwiches. Steaming bowls of potage aux entrails follow. Entrees, which include expertly prepared brain au juice (tremendously tender), and, for those less cerebral, succulent rump roast, are brought in daily from the Bowery. Meals are topped off with hearty blood pudding for dessert. An Ugandan immigrant, Nogore Wobi, is the man responsible for the preparation of the meals.

He previously was Idi Amin's "head" chef. We applaud him with hand and foot as that is all one has left after paying the bill--it costs an arm and a leg.

Have you ever wondered where the S.S. elite meet to eat? Well, in New York there is no better neo-Nazi bistro than DER FUEHRER'S PLACE (phone Reich-1933). The decor is that of a Berlin bomb shelter circa 1945 and is just one of the unique reasons why this West side Hofbrau Haus just may set the Reichstag on fire again. Another is the fact that there is no formal menu to order from, rather the brown shirted waiters order patrons to eat and enjoy the food placed before them. Victuals, which are served up faster than a blitzkrieg are brought out on small radio controlled panzer tanks. Edibles consist of the assorted fermentations known as German food; sorry, no kosher dishes served. After dinner, customers may adjourn to the adjoining Das Disco where entertainment is provided nightly by Teuton Jones and The Hot Nazis. While regular customers are by now familiar with such current dance steps as the Mengela Mangle and the Himmler Hustle, free instruction is provided. An evening spent at Der Fuehrer's Place and Das Disco is an ordered, yet exciting experience, and we are inclined to agree with the prediction of the owners, a small cartel of anonymous South American businessmen, that these establishments will last one thousand years.

Although the opium den-like atmosphere of GO ASK ALICE'S RESTAURANT drives many a potential patron away, a group of hard core fanatics regularly makes tracks to Alice's. Waiters, dressed as white rabbits, take orders at this East Village Fast Food establishment, operated jointly by the Hell's Angels and the NYU Anthropology Department. And when we say fast, we mean speed, freaks. After supping on the hash platter - Afghanistan corned beef hash, Turkish hash brownies, and Hawaiian Heavenly Hash ice cream with electric Kool Aid we could have sworn we saw a Hookah smoking caterpillar at this next table. The menu is full of items of interest to both the adventurous restaurant goer and the drug enforcement administration. A visit to Alice's is more than an experience in dining, it's a trip.

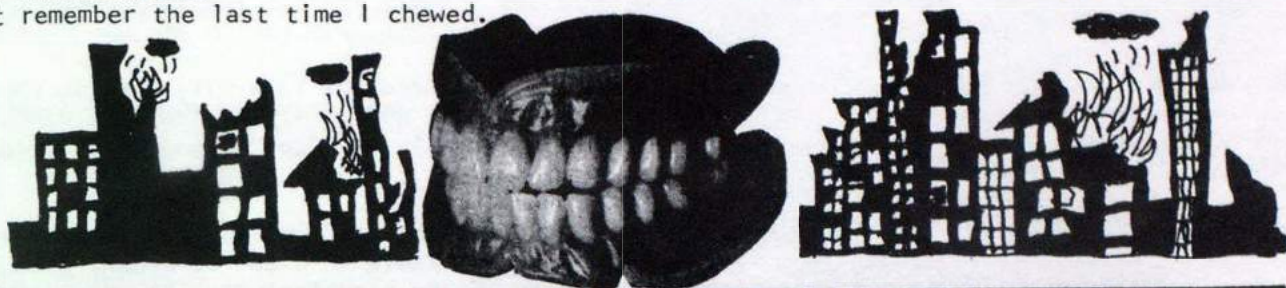
by John Gernand



BY WORD OF MOUTH by John Rawlins

Don't kiss me so, my darling
For my teeth, they are so rotten
I fear that you'll be overcome by plaque.
Incisors fine and dandy
Dissolved like cotton candy
My wisdom teeth were scragged by Cracker Jack.
Molars were decimated
Canines disintegrated
I can't remember the last time I chewed.

I've had caps, bridgework, impactions,
Braces, root canal, extractions
My body's had more novocaine than food.
This tongue can sting and nettle
This spit can burn through metal
This breath can shrivel anything it wants.
So maybe then, my darling
With a handshake we'll be parting
Unless you too want a mouth like the South Bronx.



ON THE TOWN FILM REVIEWS

by Willy Woof-Woof

REVENGE OF POSEIDON

The final installment in director Irwin Allen's epic trilogy is filmmaking at its unparalleled best. This high artistic achievement is a biting and incisive portrayal of the human condition. Its dedication to humanity, idealism, values and intellect are amazing. Such a serious film is meant only for sophisticated audiences. It ranks with such classics as "Citizen Kane," "Gone with the Wind" and the original "Bonzo Goes to College" (the remake lacked depth). The complicated plot has the devil possessing the wrecked hulk of the **Poseidon**, which then terrorized a Long Island Beach resort. Best scene: the Poseidon rising out of New York Harbor to devour the Statue of Liberty. Roy Scheider, Mariel Hemingway and Bonzo the Wonder Chimp.

THE BLACK HOLE

Disney's "nothing to do with Star Wars we were planning it years before why do you ask?" blockbuster. Mickey Mouse vs. Darth Vader.

THE FRISKY KID

Gene Wilder as a Polish Rabbi who travels to America and becomes a pervert. Best scene: Wilder doing kinky things in a stampede.

JAWS XXXIII

Great white shark possessed by devil and attacks circus. Classic line "It blew up agin." Best scene: The shark rises out of New York Harbor to devour the Statue of Liberty. Roy Scheider, Mariel Hemingway and Bonzo (Best Actor, NY Critics Circle).

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

Life in an amputee ward. Jon Voight as a sensitive, bleeding-heart bore veteran. He winces in pain. Jane Fonda looks concerned, spouts truisms and screws around. Best scene: Jane Fonda rises out of New York Harbor to devour the Statue of Liberty. Roy Scheider, Mariel Hemingway, and Bonzo (as Chief of Surgery).



PUE

LOOKS AT WATER



Daniel Fiorella

Furrier - Fred the Furrier has had such success with his fur business, that he's jumped into the water game and made quite a splash. He sells it straight from his vault where it is kept cool and moth-free. Marci, he's got a quart waiting for you. Good drink despite occasional furballs.

Montezuma's Revenge - Following the lead of France, Canada and New York City, Mexico has begun bottling its water. Labeled as "the water of the gods," its ad features Jimmy Carter saying, "I'd run a mile for a bottle of Montezuma's Revenge." Reasonably priced, but a tad spicy for our taste.

Harlem's Bottled Water - More regional than regular N.Y.C. bottled water. Labeled, "The Soul Water," taste ranges from fair to middlin'. Available in clear or brown. The company also plans to bottle water from other areas of the city including Riker's Island (on the rocks), Greenwich Village (with a twist), and Flushing.

L. A. Air - Along the same lines, Los Angeles is bottling its air and selling it as paper weights. Also available as a shaker toy *that* you mix around and watch the particles settle on a rustic scene.

Yellowstone Park Sparkling Spring Water - Bottled directly at the source, the source being Old Faithful Geyser. It is certainly one of the more lively of the carbonated waters.

Soupy Sales' Spritzing Water - Fun, sparkling spring water. Very good. Can be drunk from across the room. Also available in squirting flower 6-packs.

Derrier - The drink from down under. This Australian water is bottled from a secret spring deep in the bush country and nobody here wants to try it.

THIS IS BOBBY. HE IS
SENDING A MESSAGE
FOR ALL TO HEAR...



Bloody Bundy

THE DEMON PROFESSOR OF N.Y.U.



THIS IS JUDY. SHE
WILL TELL US WHAT
BOBBY'S MESSAGE IS...



WOW!
ANOTHER
BROADWAY
OPENING!

JOE DEPILLIS

PLAYS NIGHTLY AT THE BOBST THEATRE

Classified Ads

(In order to place an ad in this paper, simply write out the desired advertisement (or, as is the case with many local NYU students, have a friend write it if you can't), not to exceed the length of the U.S. constitution. Tie the paper, together with one dollar per line, to a rock and throw it through the paper's office window. Office hours from 8 AM to 8:05 AM.

AUTOMOBILES

FOR SALE: 1973 Ford Mustang Convertible (formerly hardtop) Engine intact, needs some body work. Call Sal Disjointed, room 805, St. Mary's Hospital. Best offer.

Chevy Corvair, 1964, mint condition. Brand new engine. Original tires. A charm, runs as good as on the first day I drove it. 98,000 miles. Asking \$5,000. Call R. Nader, 809 809th St. Detroit, Mich.

'73 Ply Fry, AC, AM/FM tp, sr, pwr, s, b, w, m. 23 m, 325 cu in en, ww, mg's, rd cp. oly fr skrs. Cl 5. G. f m 8-5 at 6-4. 23 gts it.

A LARGE SELECTION of 74 thr 77 Lincolns and Caddys available in such unique color combinations as pink and chrome, white and purple, and all chrome. Call Repo Motors, 666-6666, Newark.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE: General merchandise, mostly TVs, watches, and household appliances. Prices so low it's a steal. Sam's Station Wagon, Burger King parking lot in Brooklyn, or corner of 110th and 8th, or the Tombs, NY.

LOST: One chord. Large reward if returned unharmed. Contact Justin Hayward, 11 Bluejay Way.



Personals



WANT EXTRA \$\$\$? Send me \$2.00 and an SASE and I'll send you the details for my foolproof scheme on how to make big bucks putting ads in papers urging people to send you \$2.00 to get a foolproof scheme to make big bucks. Box 222.

SWM mutant, 26, seeks compatible SWF mutant, 21-30. Object: finding an appropriate orifice. 765-4321.

tERm pappers f# typed chezp. 593-02%

Will trade two tickets to "Drakula" for two pints AB+. 062-4400. Evenings.

DO YOU LOVE AMERICA? Show it by wearing an "I love America" button. Discounts on large orders. Taiwan Imports, Box 333.

GOING AWAY? I will answer your phone, feed your cat, raid your iCebox, piss on the wall, and pass out on your rug. References. 663-3388.

Former Ugandan official looking for safe co-op in doorman building in good neighborhood. Urgent. Box 555.

Lost election bet, looking for 3 six-foot football players, a German shepherd, and a unicycle. Meet me in Macy's window at noon 6/15.

Good-looking male, 35, seeks boy, 9-12.

"Some of the most terrifying experiences ever filmed."

- Rex Reed, Daily News



© 1979 American International Pictures, Inc.

Susan Sarandon David Steinberg
**Something Short
of Comedy**

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

RKO PROCTOLOGY



Put a little sunshine in your life! For details, write Dr. T. Leary, Box 444.

Suzie, please come home. We miss you. Tom, Fred, Al, Phil, Butchie, Felix, Joan, Studs, Oscar, and The Incredible Hulk.

Will trade 1 Cheryl and 2 Farrah posters for your used underwear. 983-3899.

Lost, brown briefcase, initials H.O., contents large mayonnaise and custom cattle prod. \$50 reward, no questions asked. 123-7654.

To the blonde who turned me down at Plato's Retreat last weekend: Size isn't everything, so there!

I am not responsible for debts incurred by anyone other than myself. J. Sawhill.

INTO VEGETARIANISM? Send for our free booklet, "101 Ways to Prepare Vetch." The Center for Holistic Pernicious Anemia, Box 666.

Foot fetishist, bi, into B&D and WS, looking for compatible friend. Serious replies only, please. Box 999.

THE PLAGUE needs writers. No intelligence or taste necessary. Apply at Rm. 411, 21 Washington Place.

Young at heart, sincere gentleman, tired of bar scene, looking for understanding, sensitive young man, 25-30. E. Koch, Box 777.

Will swap 10-speed for complete set of Wonder Bread "Star Wars" cards. 717-1717.

GOT A WEIGHT PROBLEM? The Limb Transplant Clinic needs donors. Call 890-444 for an appointment.

The Fond Fairwells

BY JOHN RAWLINS

THE MILDLY ENGAGING STORY OF THE THREE FAIRWELL BROTHERS, IKE, MIKE, AND JIM, AND THEIR SOMEWHAT NOTEWORTHY EXPERIENCES IN A WORLD THAT ONLY EXISTS AS NEW YORK'S BACKYARD.

SATURDAY MORNING AT THE BEAUTIFUL MANSION OF MILLIONAIRE JIM FAIRWELL. JIM'S FAITHFUL MANSERVANT PENDULUM HAS JUST BROUGHT IN THE MORNING MAIL...

"...BUILT BY PROFESSOR MARVIN TETRACHLORIDE. FEEL FREE TO INVITE AS MANY PUMPS OF YOUR CALLIBAH AS YOU WISH. THE SHOWING IS AT EIGHT PM TONIGHT IN THE CHRONOGRAPHY LAB AT NEW JERSEY UNIVERSITY."



WELL, OF COURSE YOU'VE INVITED, PA! YOU ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THE PARTY SO I HAVE TO INVITE YOU. ... HOW ABOUT IF I ASK ALONG MY TWO FUN-LOVING BROTHERS? I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LIKE THOSE TWO.



YOU'RE SO RIGHT, MR. MARLOWE. WELL, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN ON THIS CASE FOR ALMOST FIVE YEARS, SO YOU SHOULD BE RIGHT. NOW, YOU WERE WORKING HERE IN THE DINER ON THAT FATAL NIGHT 'TILL AROUND TWO AM. AND WHEN YOU CAME HOME SHE HAD DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE, RIGHT?



7:09 PM. PAYDAY. GROSSLY OVERPAID CHRONOGRAPHY PROFESSOR MARVIN TETRACHLORIDE HAS ALREADY SQUANDERED ALMOST ALL OF HIS \$10 THOUSAND WEEKLY PAYCHECK ON LAB EQUIPMENT. HE HAS ONLY 35 CENTS LEFT TO FEED HIMSELF AND HIS DAUGHTER FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK. SO NATURALLY, TETRACHLORIDE HAS COME DIRECTLY TO...



WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?



I ASSUME YOU'VE BEEN INVITED TO A PARTY, MISTER FAIRWELL.



A PARTY, YEAH, THAT'S PROBABLY ALL IT IS. ... THE "INCREDIBLE SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT" IS PROBABLY A NUCLEUM-POWERED PUNCHBOWL OR SOMETHING. ... WELL, CRANK-SHAFT, WHO SHOULD WE INVITE?



PERHAPS SO... BUT PENDULUM'S ADMIRATION OF JIM'S YOUNGER BROTHER MIKE IS NOT HELPING HIM TO CHEER UP, AS WE CAN SEE WHEN WE DROP IN ON HIM, RELAXING IN HIS BEAUTIFUL ROADSIDE DINER...



SAM MARLOWE, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, HAS BEEN ON THE CASE TO FIND MIKE'S MISSING WIFE FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS, NINE MONTHS, THREE WEEKS, TWO DAYS, SEVEN HOURS, AND TWELVE SECONDS.



UH... WANT TO GO OVER THE FACTS AGAIN?



WE'RE CENTRALLY LOCATED ACROSS THE STREET FROM A HESS STATION, SO YOU CAN EAT AND GET GAS IN THE SAME STOP. JUST DROP ON IN AND SEE WHAT'S COOKIN' AT FAIRWELL'S DINER. MAY I HELP YOU?



MIKE... DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND COME ALONG TONIGHT. IT'LL BE BETTUA FOR YOU IF YOU FO'GET GWEN.

TODAY'S SOUP: BARLEY NOODLE

FO'GET GWEN? THAT'LL SURE EMBARRASS HER WHEN SHE COMES BACK TO ME, THOUGH, WON'T IT?

HELLO?

TODAY'S SPECIAL: TESTIMONY SOUP

PSST. MIKE. GO TO THE PARTY. YOU DO NEED TO RELAX A BIT, BUDDY. AND BESIDES, I COULD DO WITH A LITTLE FREE FOOD. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

ALL RIGHT, MR. MARLOWE. I'LL GO. BUT ONLY BECAUSE IT MATTERS SO MUCH TO YOU AND JIM. WATCH YOUR HEAD.

YOU'RE ONE CONSIDERATE GUY, MIKE.

WITH THAT SETTLED, LET'S LOOK IN ON THE THIRD FAIRWELL BROTHER. STANDING IMPORTANTLY IN THE CENTER OF THE EMERGENCY ROOM OF JOE'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SKILLED EYESURGEON IKE FAIRWELL IS IN THE MIST OF AN EXTREMELY DELICATE OPERATION. ASSISTING HIM IS THE MORE THAN COMPETENT ENID YERSE, REGISTERED NURSE...

CLAMP, DARLING. SPONGE, DARLING. SCALPEL, DARLING.

ODD WHAT SOME PEOPLE SAY WHILE UNDER STRESS! -OH!

I THINK THIS IS IT, ENID.

POP!

HERE YOU ARE, ENID. AND THE NEXT TIME THE HOSPITAL CAFETERIA CAN'T GET A BOTTLE OF TOMATO JUICE OPEN, PLEASE ASK THEM TO CONSULT SOME OTHER SURGEON.

YES, BELOVED.

I WONDER IF ENID LIKES ME.

PHONE CALL FOR DR. IKE FAIRWELL.

BEEN OPERATING IN THE DARK AGAIN, IKE?

THIS NEVER HAPPENED TO DEFOREST KELLEY!

INVESTIGATION WARD
MURDER WARD
CLEVELAND 4.11

OH, HELLO, JIM! PARTY TONIGHT? BRING A DATE? OK, FINE! SEE YOU THEN!

I'D LOVE TO COME!

709 PM. OUR SMALL PARTY OF PARTYGOERS APPEAR BEFORE THE OPPRESSIVE FAÇADE OF N.I.U. ...

HI MIKE
HI MIKE
EVENING WAA
EVENING SAM, HELLO, MIKE
THAT'S PENDULUM, LUMMOX!
A NICE PLACE TO VISIT, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE HEAR!

...AND IS SHOWN UP TO THE CHRONOGRAPHY LAB BY THE MYSTERIOUS DR. TETRACHLORIDE...

N.I.U. HAS ONE OF THE MOST SOPHISTICATED CHRONOGRAPHIC RESEARCH LABS IN NEW JERSEY SOMETHING QUITE WORTHY OF INVESTMENT, WOULDNT YOU SAY, MR. FAIRWELL?

INVESTMENT!
COME PARTY WHERE'S THE FOOD?

BUT LET US NOT TALK OF BUSINESS IMMEDIATELY! I'D FIRST LIKE YOU TO MEET MY MADDENINGLY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, IRIDIUM.

BE SEEING YOU

WELL, BURN MAH BANKBOOKS!

HYA

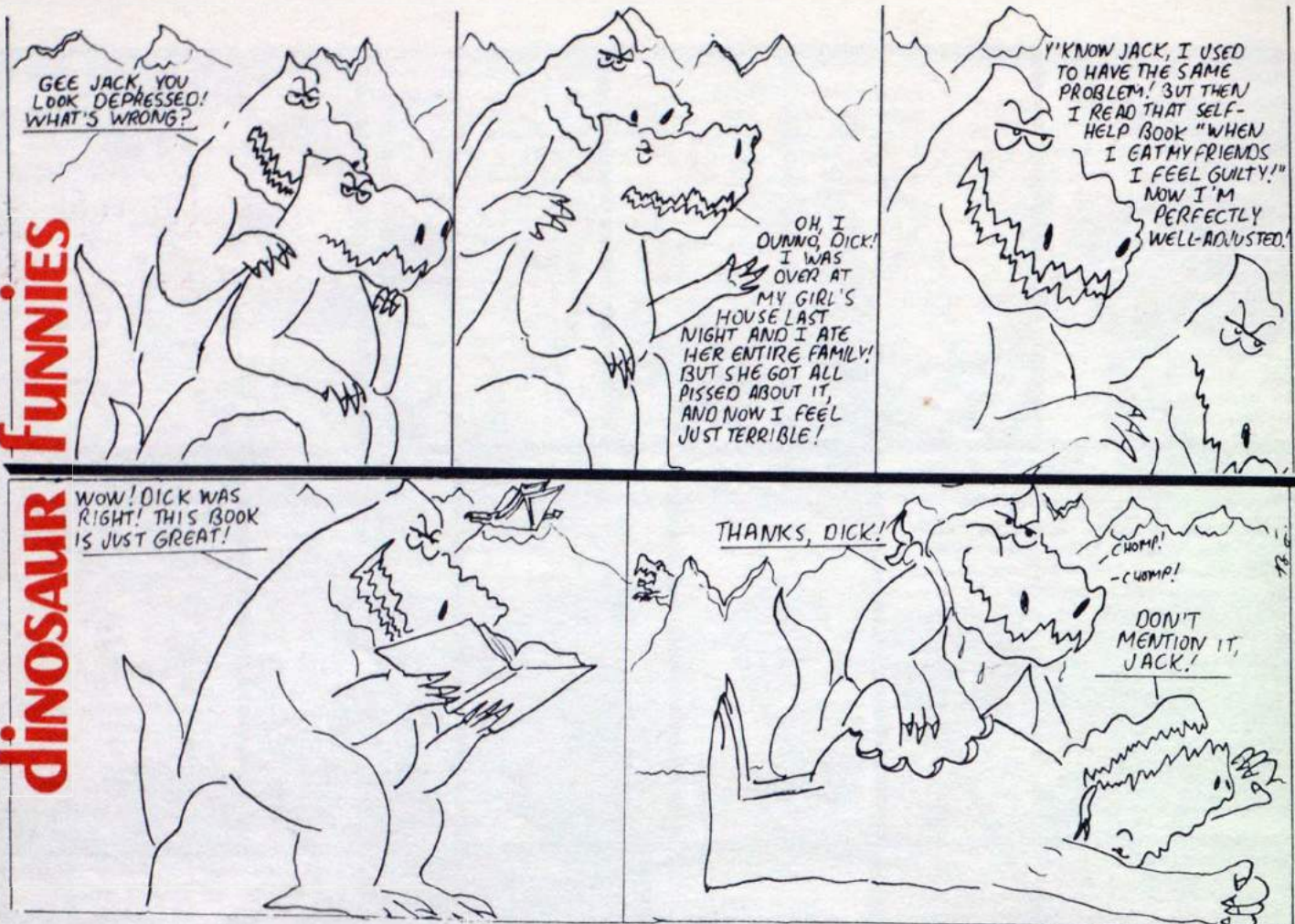
GASP I THINK I'VE JUST FALLEN IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE IN THIS ROOM!

WHO HAS IRIDIUM FALLEN IN LOVE WITH? WILL JIM BE CONVED INTO WHATEVER TETRACHLORIDE IS UP TO? IS IKE'S CAREER FOREVER BESMIRCHED, AS HIS NEW LAB COAT WAS? WILL MIKE EVER FIND GWEN AGAIN? KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF THE PLAGUE, WHEN WE'LL SEE SAM MARLOWE SAY...

NAH, I GUESS GWEN'S COME FOREVER!

funnies

dinosaur



advertisement

**GREAT FOOD
GREAT PRICES
FAST DELIVERY & TAKE OUT
TELEPHONE 677-3496**

**11 WEST 8th STREET
(Between 5th & MacDougal)
On the North Side of Street
TELEPHONE 677-3496**

STORE HOURS
MON.-TUES.-WED.-THURS.
SUN. 11:00 AM — 1:00 AM
FRI.-SAT. 11:00 AM — 2 AM

EVA'S RESTAURANT
A nutritious meal in a sandwich

**We Also Carry Whole Wheat
Pita Bread
10c Extra**

**KUFTA with GRILLED
FETA CHEESE**
in toasted pita, with fresh vegetable
salad and tahina dressing (on the side) **3.00**

GRILLED FETA CHEESE
in toasted pita, with fresh vegetable salad
and tahina dressing (on the side) **2.20**

FALAFEL
with fresh vegetable salad and tahina
dressing in toasted pita **1.30**

YOGURT AMBROSIA
with DRY FRUITS AND NUTS **1.40**

**TENDERLOIN STEAK
SANDWICH**
with fresh vegetable salad and tahina
dressing in toasted pita **2.50**

BEEFBURGER
with fresh vegetable salad and tahina
dressing in toasted pita **1.60**

KUFTA
(chopped meat, nuts, spices, and wine)
with fresh vegetable salad and tahina
dressing in toasted pita **2.20**
open portion (instead of sandwich and
all side orders 40c extra)

Our Tahina Dressing Has No Cream, Oil or Mayonnaise