

**VILLAGE VOICE**  
**ESSAY**

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AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, I avoided being thrown out of college by the end of civilization as we know it. I was attending a United Students for a Universal Class (USUC) rally for zombie rights. Maggie, the Pied Piper of campus was speaking. In the front rows, zombies were sitting sedately. White Castle's Impossible Sliders, it turns out, kept them under control.

"The Impossible Burger is too important," Maggie proclaimed, "to be controlled by transnational capitalists who care only about their quarterly profit reports and not the needs of the people. The state must take control of the means of production." A PowerPoint presentation of oppressed workers turning icky goo into Impossible Burgers, began. Clearly the USUC's leadership never read the Rogers report on the Challenger Disaster, or understood the inherent hazards of PowerPoint. The zombies, however, realized they weren't getting their RDA of human flesh. One lurched onto stage and proceeded to make himself a Maggie burger from the soft, pale flesh of an arm.

I threw myself at the zombie, managing to knock down the podium with my head. When I came to, a dozen VPs of Student Affairs accused me of agitating the zombies—who were now huddled in a corner grumbling to themselves—and said they were going to have me expelled. A couple jocks dragged me out of the auditorium. That's when it started.

We ran back to the auditorium. Have you ever seen the movie *Carrie*? Remember the prom scene? It was worse. \*