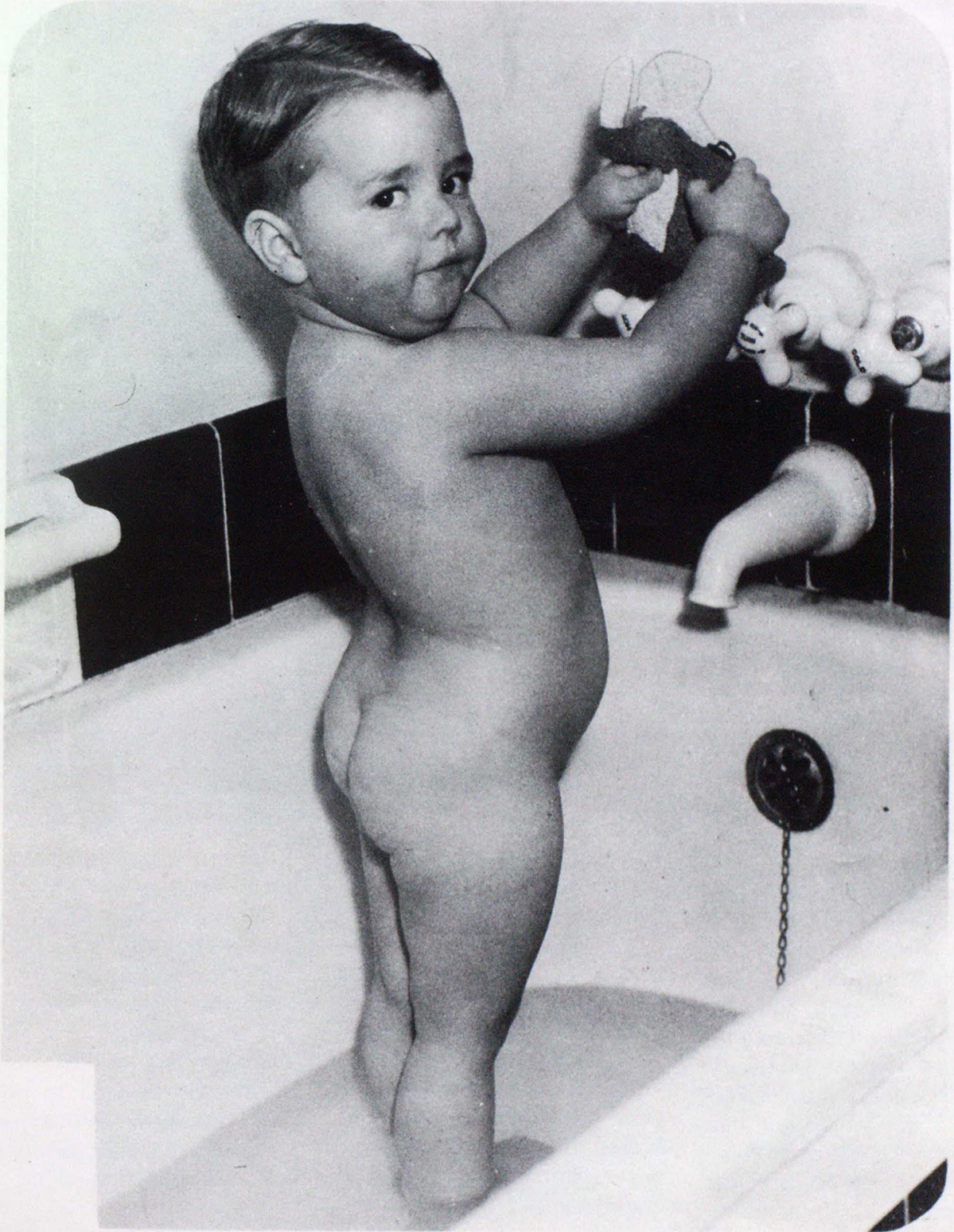


PLAGUE



Turn off your library scanners

Mr. Brademas



A year ago we sent Stay-Puf and 100 rabbits like him to College. We exposed these rabbits to the same amount of low-level radiation found in the book scanners at Bobst Library. The creatures hopped through the scanners four times a day, receiving the average amount of radiation a student would be exposed to during his tenure at NYU. Two months after the scientist at Wollamar Institute for the Study of Radiation and Humans completed this carefully controlled experiment, each bunny bought a subscription to the Village Voice. But they were unable to enjoy their favorite liberal tripe because they were blind. The ionizing

radiation emitted by the library scanners shrunk their pupils.

We at the Wollamar Institute feel it is our obligation to warn students about the detrimental effects of LSR (Library Scanner Radiation). Join us in our attempt to convince the school administration to abandon its present book-checking procedures. Permanent blindness is

a far too severe price to pay for overdue or stolen books.

If you would like to help please write to:
Radiation and NYU
Wollamar Institute
745 Bryant Road
Wantagh, N.Y. 16948

There is strength in numbers. Let's show Mr. Brademas students care about their physical and political health.

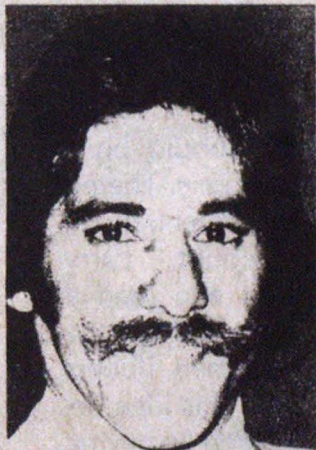
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Contributing Editors

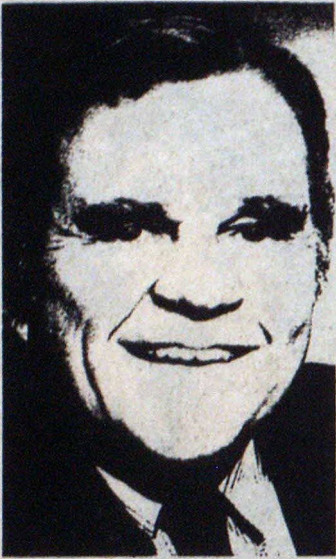
Frank Britton
Jeffrey Buchman
John M. Chaneski
Andrew Chew
Jere Hester
Rob Marzulli
Tommy Mayhem
John Perry
Joel Swartzburg
John Walsh



A Few Minutes With Andy Rooney

By

**Marzulli
and
Hester**



A few weeks ago I found a box of erotic magazines while cleaning my son's bedroom. Like any red blooded man I started to page through the glossy pictured periodicals.

God knows what he used these magazines for. Probably to jerk off. There's an interesting word. How did it ever get to be called that?

Sounds pretty painful when you think about it. I feel sorry for any kid that really ended up jerking it off.

Does jerk have double meaning to it? I mean is there any connection between masturbation and intelligence? There's something that Masters and Johnson didn't research.

In any case I don't want to find out how beef jerky is made.

Another word that baffles me is "Blowjob." My old grammar school teacher said when you want to find out more about a work take it apart. That sounded like good advice.

BLOW—am I supposed to be a tire? Should there be a pump around when giving fellatio? I don't think anyone blows when they give a blowjob. If they did, someone's testes might explode. Webster didn't come too close to defining the word blow. He gave it 13 different meanings. Most of them seem to be related to the sensation of a blowjob. Maybe there was an inside joke involved while those guys were writing the dictionary. I can hear them now:

"Hey Merriam, how many words can you use to describe a blowjob without offending the censor?"

JOB—does it have to be a job? Is there a coffee break involved? Is there overtime pay for blowjobs given on Sundays?

Maybe there should be a union of cocksuckers. There's something with potential. All cocksuckers could carry cards, pay dues and read a monthly newsletter. I hope the teamsters or women libbers don't get hold of this idea because we might end up paying through the nose for head.

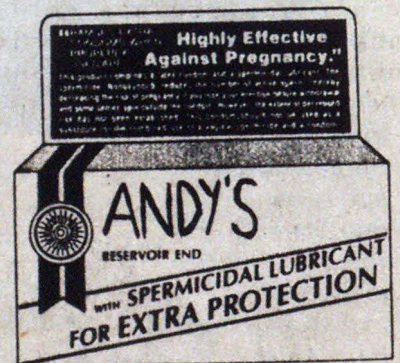
These girlie magazines always have one guy waving his dick like it was the American flag. I wonder about these people.

He's probably a social peeer. You know, the type of guy who talks to you while you're both urinating during the seventh inning stretch. These guys usually have plenty of facial hair. Nine times out of ten he's wearing clothing with some type of sports logo on it. I bet Tom Selleck is a social peeer.

On the other side of the coin there is the "stall-guy." This fellow goes to the bathroom for one reason only—to pee. He doesn't enjoy the situation like the social peeer. He's angry at his body because he thinks he'll miss a big play while he is at the toilet. For some reason he just can't pee out in the open like the social peeer. This stagefright drives him into the friendly confines of the enclosed toilet.

Stall-guys like to keep score. They sneak beers into the park because they don't want to be overcharged for the watered-down stuff at the stadium. Alan Alda is probably a stall-guy.

Trial Offer:



For a three pack of ANDY'S send 25¢ to
Andy's c/o 60 Minutes
1299 59th Street
N.Y., N.Y. 10017

The Ballad of Willie B Black

Willie B. Black has entered in June
and overheard their secret tune:
COME YE ALL TO NYU.
Where the faces are white
and the skies are blue.

Washington Square's a sheltered world.
Perfect for learning and daddy's girl.
COME YE ALL TO NYU.
Where the faces are white
and the skies are blue.

Don't fret, Willie, you come too.
Brush and paint'll make you look like new.
COME YE ALL TO NYU.
Where the faces are white
and the skies are blue.

Nothing racial, don't mean to be mean.
We'll give you a spot on our basketball team.
COME YE ALL TO NYU.
Where the faces are white
and the skies are blue.

Now, our expertise they can't overrate.
We're seasoned professionals, (in real estate).
COME YE ALL TO NYU.
Where the faces are white
and the skies are blue.

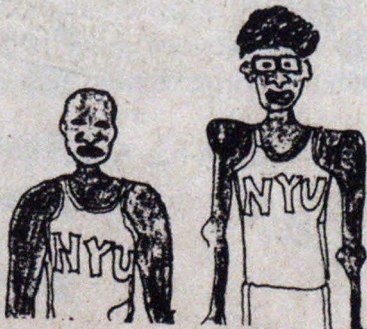
Man, we're hip; we're liberal; we're on your side.
There's no problem learning, you just have to hide.
COME YE ALL TO NYU.
Where the faces are white
and the skies are blue.

Hey, where ya goin Willie B.?
Haven't you stopped to listen to me?
"Fuck your school. So long, jack.
Your faces are red
and your eyes'd be black".

Deiter

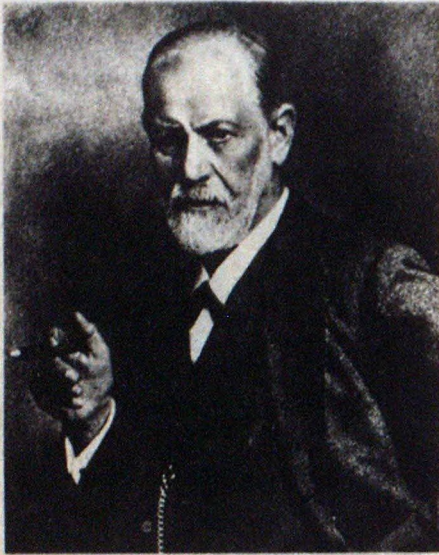


Mayoria Michel



Phallic Symbols of The Demagogues?!

The true story behind The Strategic Defense Initiative
by Tommy Mayhem



Sigmund Freud

President Reagan's infamous "Star Wars" speech came about mere hours after meeting with an extremely upset Edward Teller (The scientist who once testified before Congress about the need to establish a lunar military base) who presented Reagan with a startling revelation: *NOT ONE* missile in The United States' entire arsenal was functional!

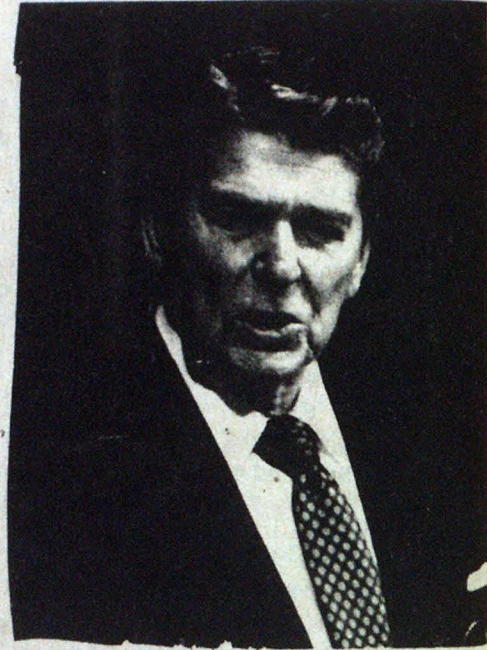
Brandishing hundreds of pages of computer printout as proof, Teller showed that, due to typographical errors in the missile specifications (All instances of the words "Uranium" and "Plutonium" were erroneously transcribed to the blueprints as "Urine" and "Cubic Zirconias"). The United States' once legendary arsenal was now revealed to



consist of just hundreds of thousands of stagnating, jewel encrusted outhouses!

Anticipating the panic that would ensue if word got out that the nation was now wide open for a Soviet nuclear attack, Teller advised Reagan to go on television that night and quell any potential leaks of the story ("C'mon, you're an actor. . .improvise!").

When word of The President's peculiar dilemma reached Mrs. Reagan, she luckily remembered an old school report she once found while checking behind the presidential sofa for loose change: "*The Strategic Defense Initiative or My Modest Proposal to End The Threat of Nukular Wo' by Amy Carter*". She tossed it to The President moments before he was to go on the air. Five minutes into his prepared speech, the teleprompter miraculously con-



ked out and Reagan was forced to fall back on Amy's naive ramblings. The rest is history.

Three months ago, all the cubic zirconias that once adorned our nation's rockets were removed and sold to The Home Shopper's Network. But, amazingly, due to lobbying by fundamentalist groups who believe in "Literal translation" of blueprints, every missile is replenished daily with fresh urine samples provided by corporations nationwide, who have acquired them from their employees under the pretext of "drug testing".

P.S.—Reagan has AIDES.

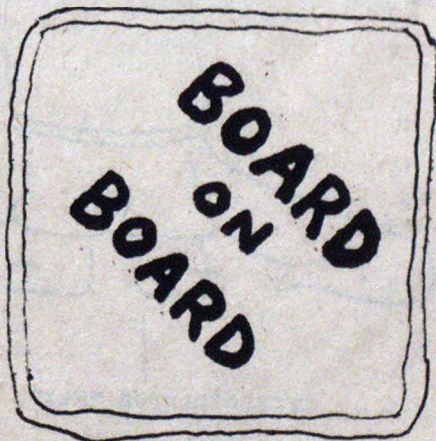
THE LAST WORD ON...

On Those Damn "on board" signs

By Jim Chaneski



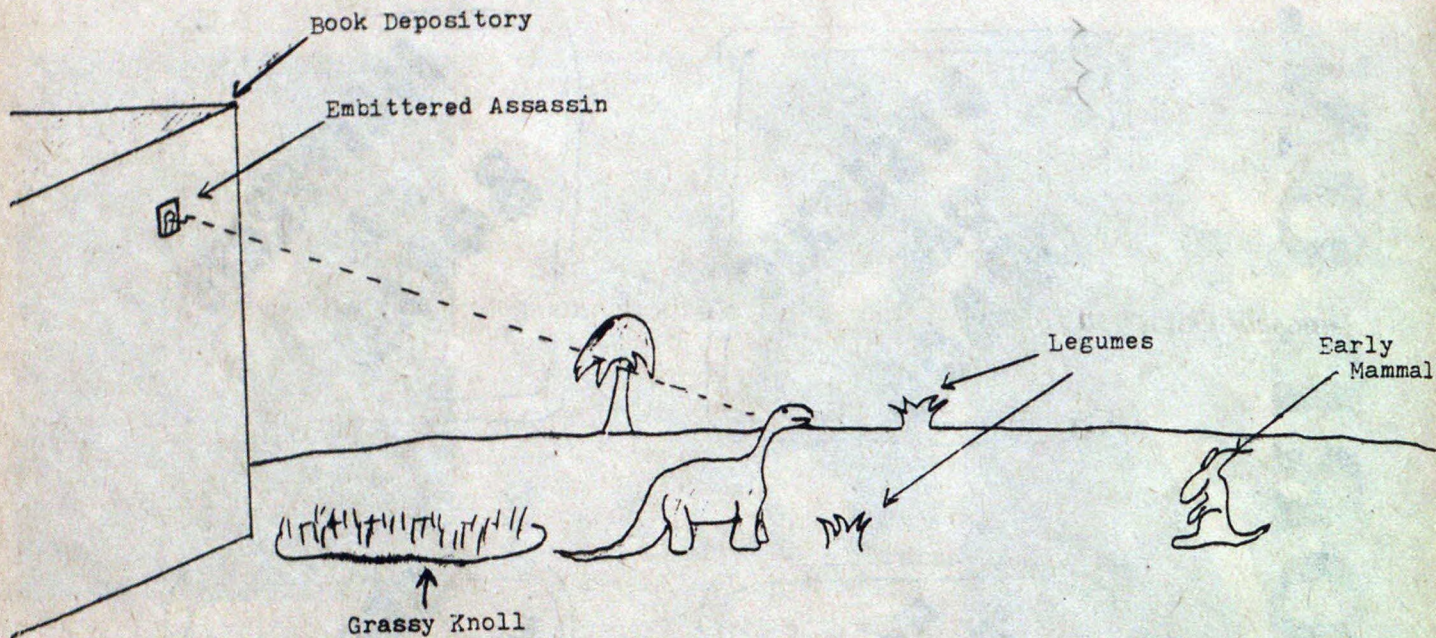
AND FINALLY FOR A
LUMBER CO. TRUCK



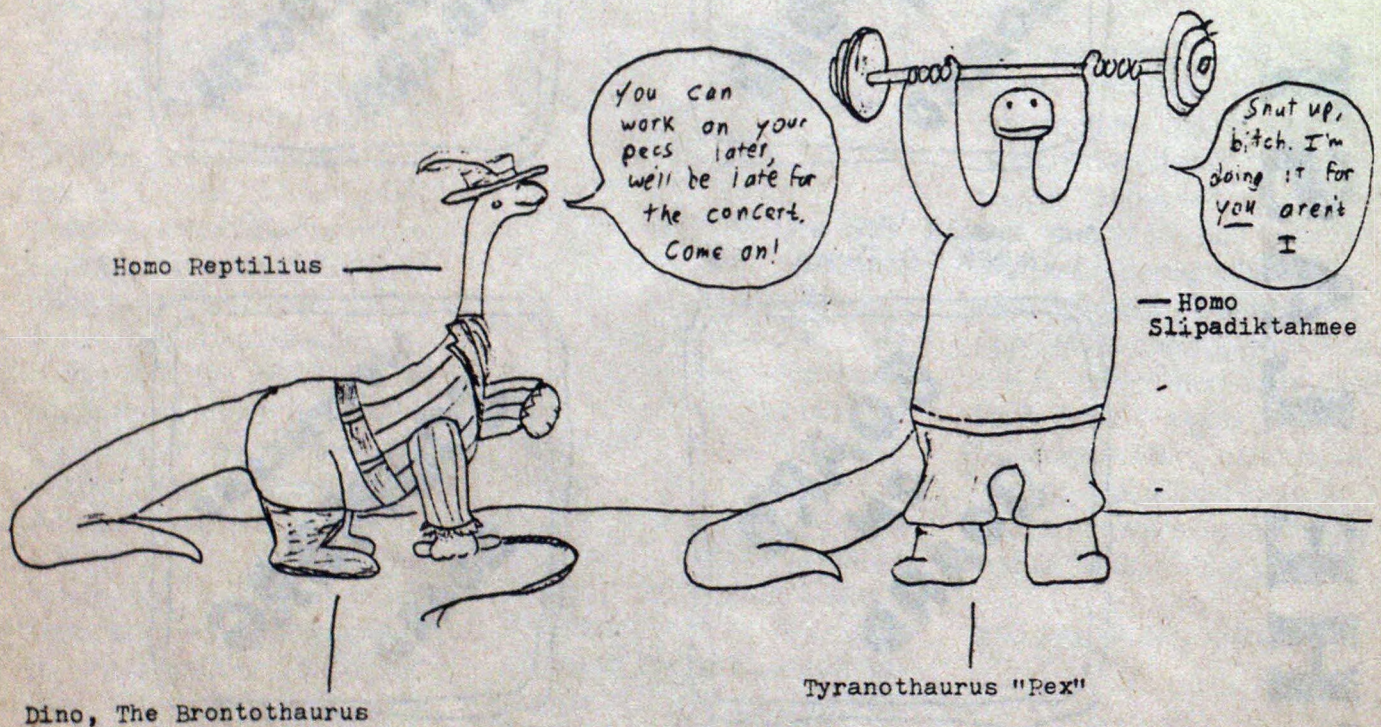
Dinosaur Extinction Theories I-X

By Tommy Mayhem

Dinosaur Extinction Theory I: The Political Intrigue Theory



Dinosaur Extinction Theory II: The Sexual Deviation Theory (Decreased Birthrate Theory A)



Dinosaur Extinction Theory III: The Overdose Theory

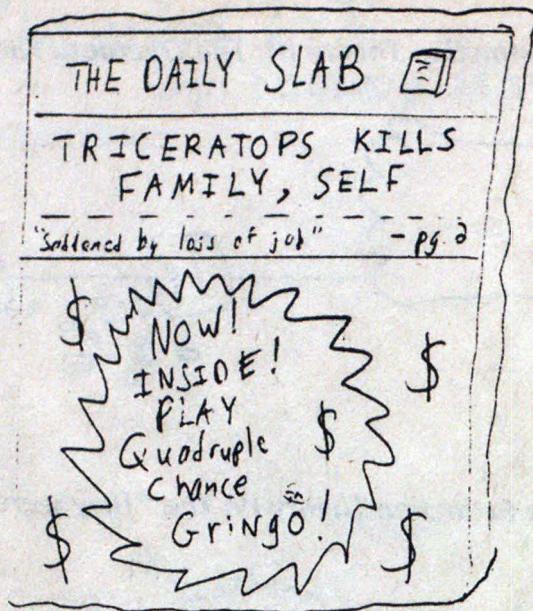


Dinosaur Extinction Theory IV: The "They were more intelligent than we thought" Theory

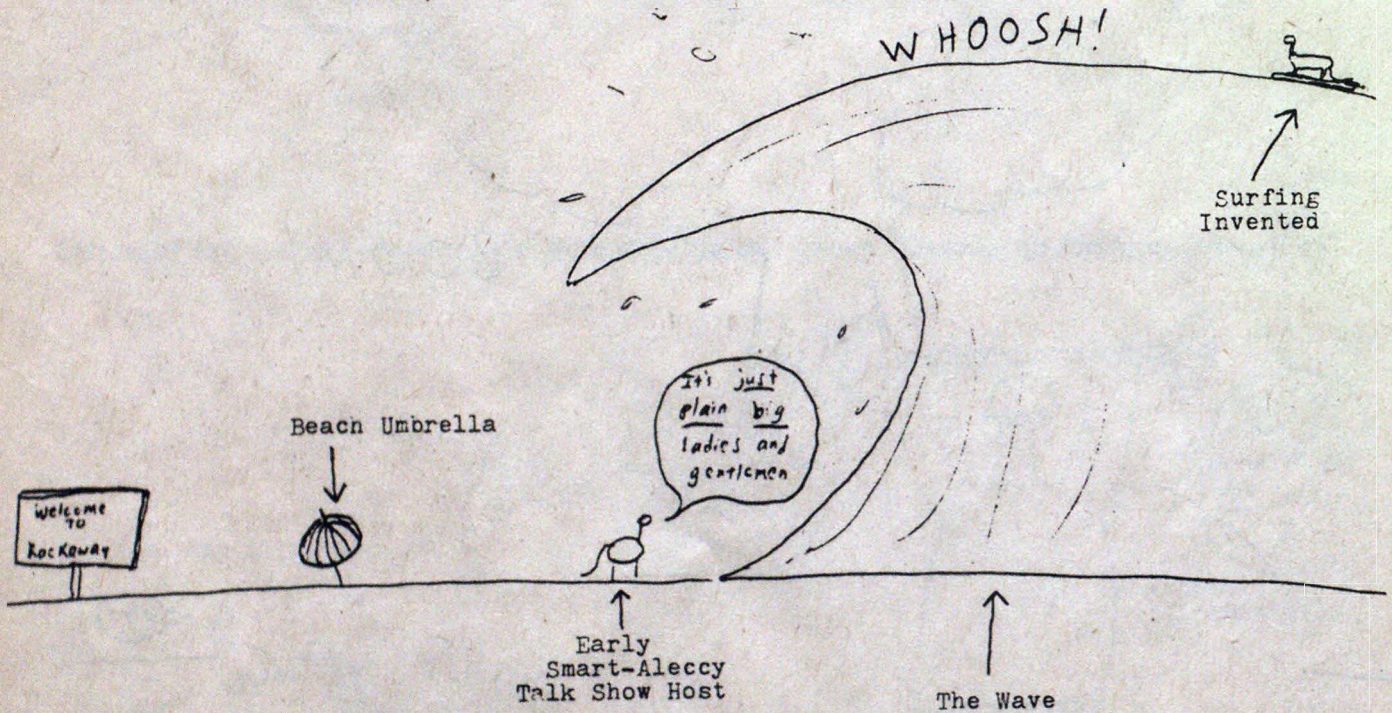


Dinosaur Extinction Theory V:

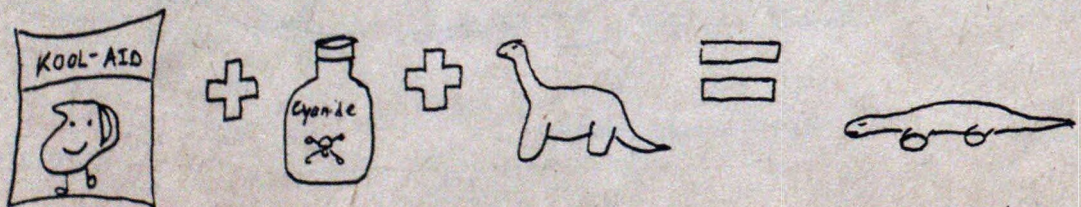
The Disillusionment Theory



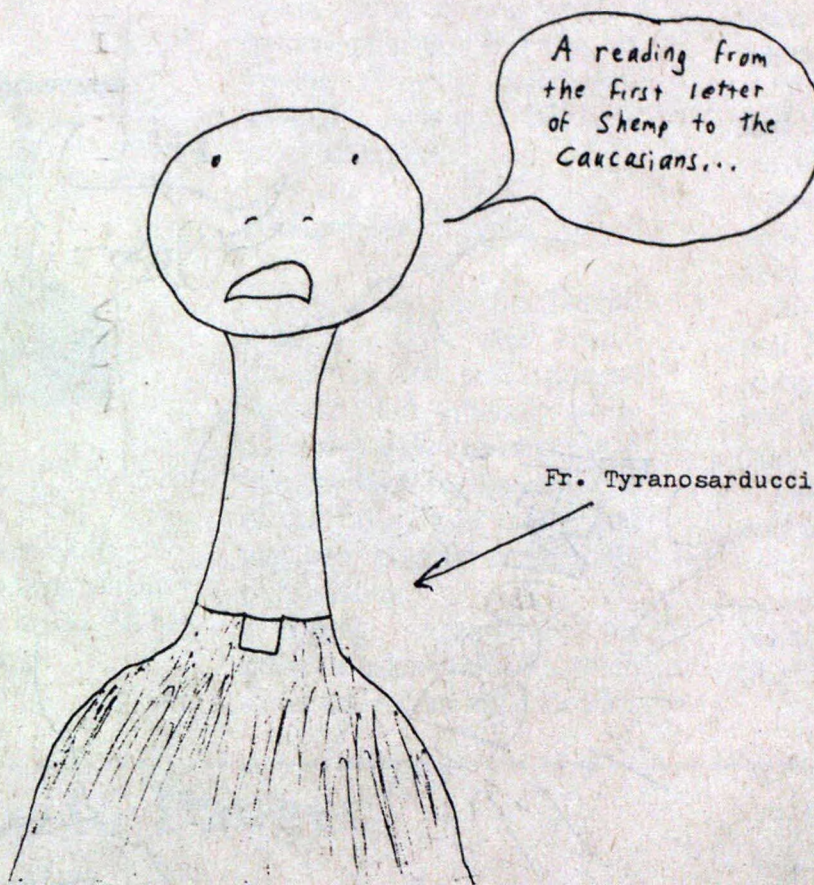
Dinosaur Extinction Theory VI: The Tidal Theory



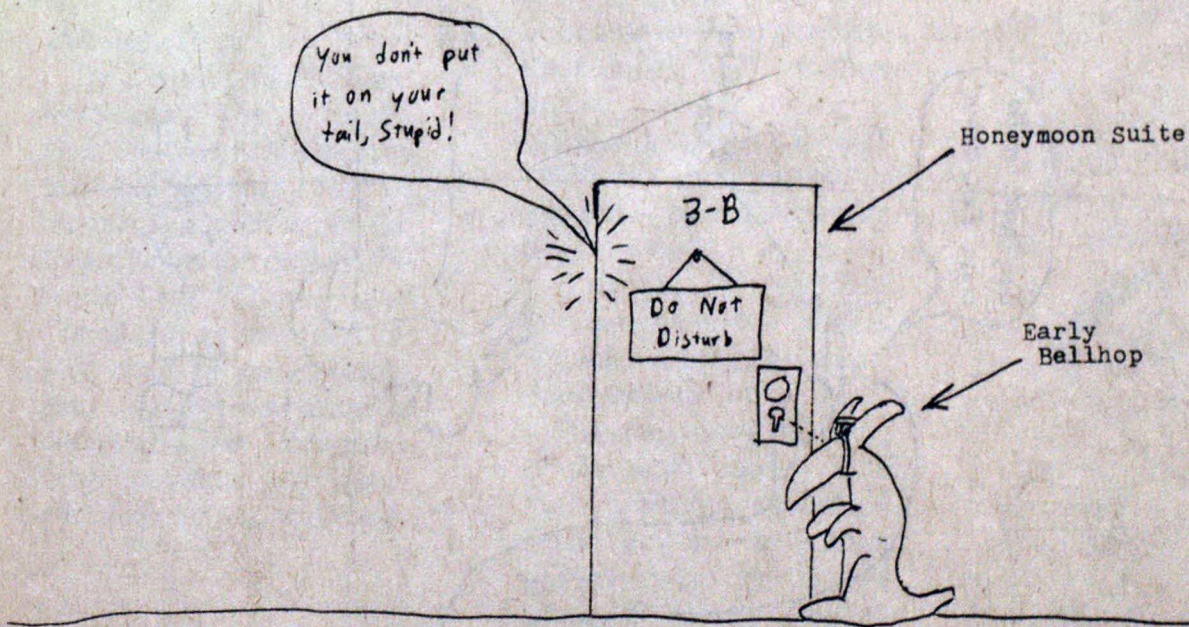
Dinosaur Extinction Theory VII: The Religious Cult Mass Suicide Theory



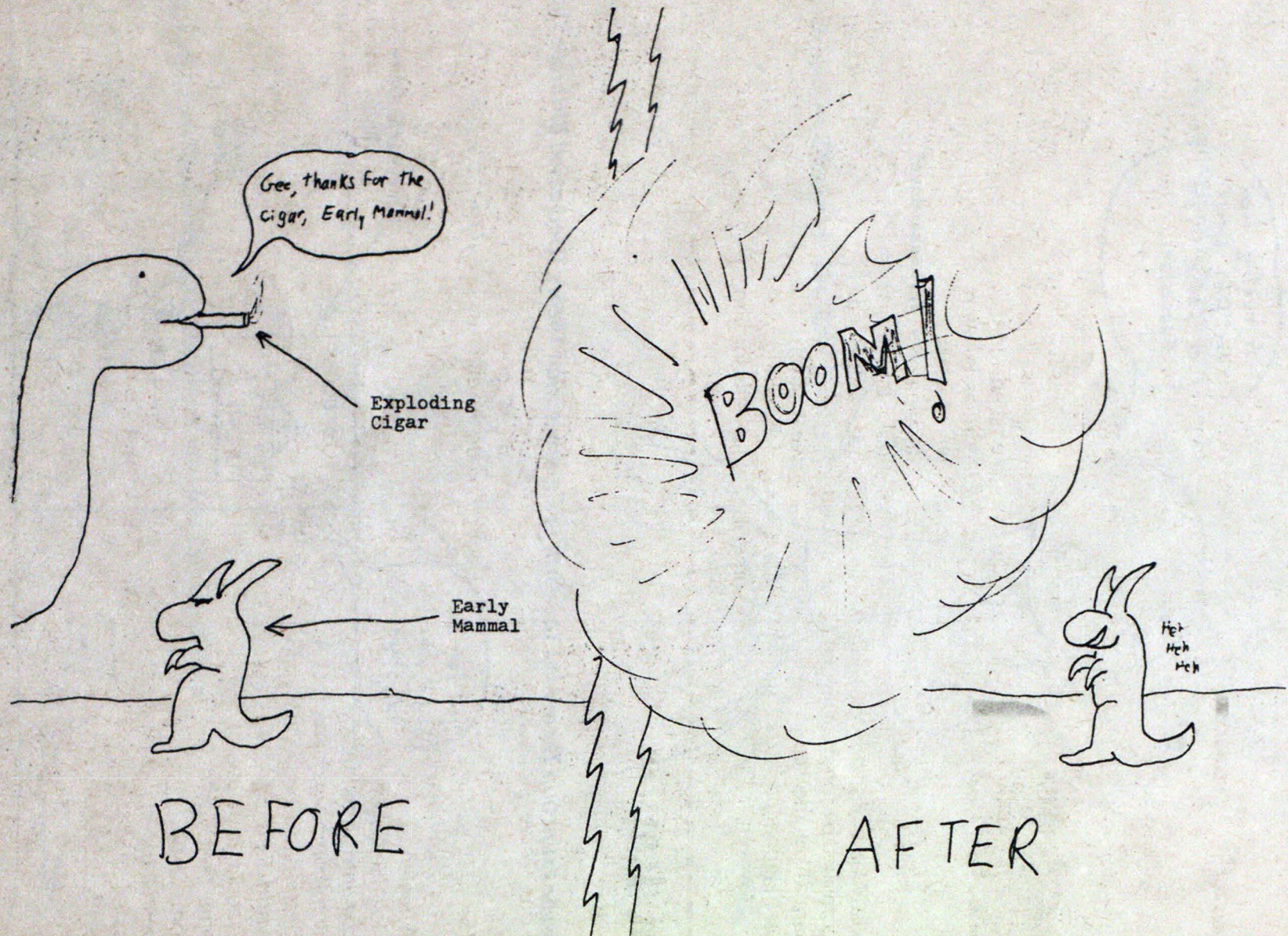
Dinosaur Extinction Theory VIII: Celibacy (Decreased Birthrate Theory B)



Dinosaur Extinction Theory IX: The Birth of Contraception Theory (Decreased Birthrate Theory C)



Dinosaur Extinction Theory X: The Most Popular Theory



Religion



Fr. Tommy Mayhem O.S.F.
(Old Stupid Fuck)

Lost Works of the Bible
compiled by Tommy Mayher
part XII of the series "What
ever Happened to. . ."

Joseph part I

(Many historians and scholars believe strongly that the following recently discovered passage belongs between Luke 3 and 4.)

(Modern Translation!)

"On a day in his twelfth year, the boy Jesus visited Joseph in the shed. Joseph worked here tirelessly every day from dawn til night. On this day he was repairing one of the household tables and was very pleased at the sight of his visitor.

Wiping sweat from his brow, he asked the boy to fetch some additional nails for him.

Jesus walked over and stood before the chest where the nails were stored. He stood there motionless and silent for a great length of time.

"What is wrong, cannot you find them?" asked Jospeh. Receiving no reply he repeated himself adding "Hath a cat your tongue? Answer your poor father."

Turning to face Joseph, the boy Jesus picked up a very sharp hatchet and approached him saying "I can have but one true father."

Joseph jumped back in fear and astonishment.

To Be Continued

Next: "Mother, Oh God . . . Mother, blood . . . blood!"

En Route to Danger

by Tommy Mayhem

Episode Three: A Tankful of Guys

The story so far:

Dr. Death has kidnapped Wheetena The Wonder Dog. He has hypnotized the dog into thinking she's an atom bomb, with which Dr. Death plans to conquer the world. Skip, Biff, Leroy, and Claudia, in an attempt to rescue their canine companion, have inadvertantly been trapped in Dr. Death's inner sanctum with apparently no means of escape.

Now Back to Our Heroes:

"There's no way out! We're doomed!" cries Skip, pounding on the eight-inch-thick steel wall of their prison.

Claudia glares at Biff, "Well, hot shot, you got us into this. . .how do you plan to get us out?"

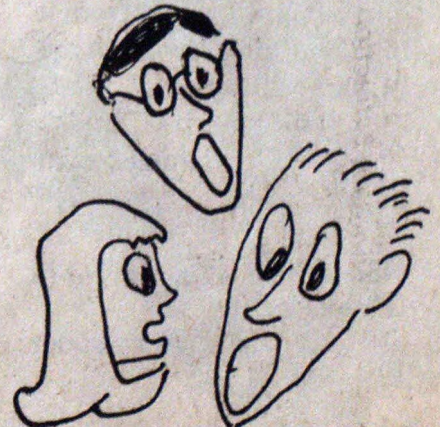
"I've got it!" exclaims Biff, snapping his fingers, "Quick, everybody empty their pockets!"

The other three members of the team comply with their leader's request. A small amount of clutter gathers on the floor: a stale piece of licorice, Claudia's broken earring*, Leroy's yo-

yo, three rubber bands, and a paper clip. Biff quickly gathers up these objects and huddles in a corner.

Leroy approaches Biff, "What can you possibly make out of those pieces of junk?" he demands.

Biff whirls around, a newly constructed gizmo in his hands, "How about. . .a helium-neon laser?" he queries boastfully.



see page 12

"Don't gloat now," intones Claudia, "Hurry up and get us out of here!"

Biff flicks the licorice "On/Off" switch on the device. Instantaneously a faint red beam shoots out from the laser and eats a hole through the wall.

"Great goin', leaderman!" cries Leroy, as the four friends leap through the smoking crevice, "We're free at last!"

They suddenly find themselves experiencing the eerie sensation of free-fall. A few seconds pass and they land with a thud. They now find themselves in a new holding tank, one resembling a giant aquarium.

A sinister voice crackles over the intercom, "Hello, this is Dr. Death. I hope you four weren't planning to leave so soon. . .ha ha ha!" he giggles maniacally as the intercom goes bad.

Hearing a bizarre gurgling sound behind him, Leroy turns to discover the source.

"Look, guys!" cries Leroy, his finger pointing to an enormous spout with a white liquid gushing from it onto the tank floor, "What is that?"

"My God!" cries Claudia, "It's Un-homogenized milk!"

NEXT TIME-Episode Four:
White Death!

*See last episode.



Potential Funhouse?

Leisure

Department Store Fun

Many of the department stores in my area use a large plastic device stapled to the clothing as a security precaution. Last year, a friend of mine got a hold of one of these somehow, and we took it apart. Inside was a heavy paper strip laminated to aluminum foil. We then proceeded going in and out of various stores at local shopping center. We would enter when a group of people would enter, or exit with several other shoppers all together. When we entered a local Sears in the shopping center in the main corridor of the indoor mall a loud bell rang. A family with kids was just leaving. The nearest clerk ran out the entrance to look at everyone standing around. A plain clothes security guy appeared

out of nowhere. Everyone had a good time. The next store we went in was packed with people and the manager got paranoid when the alarm went off a couple million times. If you move about discretely and don't wear a jacket or coat, you can liven up the busiest of stores. But don't go into an empty store with one of these in your wallet. That's a no-no. These can be great fun, especially in a X-mas shopping mob. These strips could be left inside candy wrappers and in the bottom of a coke cup and placed near detector columns or pillars.

You can also try this in your local bookstores or library. In some school libraries you can find a metal strip inside the binding of the books. This can be great fun when you slip it in your pal's sneakers or pocket when he doesn't know it. Believe me, there is no feeling like being frisked down by a couple of librarians.

A good senior class project would be to freak out every alarm in every store so equipped, at 2 PM some Saturday afternoon when the mall is really packed. I would try to go to work on getting a couple million of these things so that everyone can have several. It's more fun than going to the movies!

Next issue: 101 uses for unused lint, the risks involved, and, of course, the fun!!!

—From Dragontooth and
Jeff B;
The Celestial Knight

A Few Minutes with
Frank Britton

Did you ever wonder what happened to the dead carcass of King Kong at the end of the movie? I'll bet that he is the cause of half of the foul stench that sort of floats over N.Y. If they did indeed give him a proper burial, they probably needed a coffin the size of Weinstein Hall. And where would you put this huge thing? There are rumors circulating that the beast was indeed buried under Washington Square Park. This gives a valid explanation of the form of speech used by the drug dealers who dwell in caves beneath the park. It is well known that Kong's last two words were, "... scense ... shrooms. . ."

Another popular explanation of Kong's whereabouts is that he and Jim Morrison are living together in a small flat



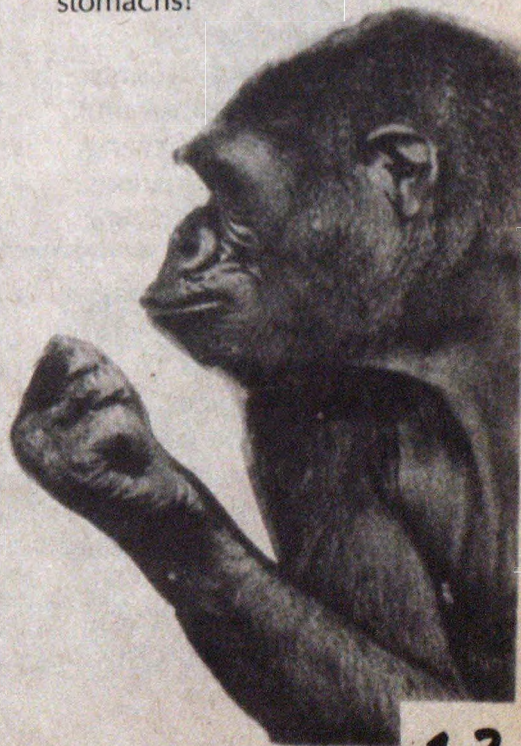
in Soho. This has not been verified as yet, and since Kong was reportedly not on speaking terms with Morrison after they were both arrested in L.A. for drug possession and disorderly building climbing (Kong claims that he was framed by Morrison on the climbing charge), this explanation is quite unlikely.

Martha Quinn, formerly of MTV, said yesterday that word in the music industry is that Kong will be working with Jimmy Page, John Paul Jones, and Robert Plant to re-incarnate Led Zeppelin. Page says "It's not true," but the scalpers outside the Byrne Arena are already pushing tickets, so I know who I believe.

The last photograph of Kong was an accidental shot. A *National Enquirer* reporter found the King eating sushi on 8th street with Liz Taylor about 7 years ago. This was when Liz was bouncing onto Kong off of husband number twelve (or was it thirteen?), and their entire affair was told detail by detail on "The Tonight Show" when Joan Rivers hosted. It was a messy ordeal, but Kong

was quoted as saying, "Someone had to comfort her, and I'm just the gorilla to do it."

But this reporter decided to get to the meat of the matter, and he found just that. I spoke off the record with Lt. Sean O'Malley of the NYPD and he confided in me that Kong did indeed die. He also said that since funeral services for such an enormous beast would have cost the city more than the budget would allow, they were forced to sell the carcass. Who would buy this huge slab of animal, do you ask? That's right, you guessed it. Low grade meat supply houses. Every corner vendor hotdog and cafeteria hamburger has just enough gorilla meat to lower the cost and raise the profits! So the next time that you take a bite of that processed meat burger or dog, remember that renowned movie legend. Indeed Kong lives on in our hearts and our stomachs!



NYU, NYU.....

Joel Swartzburg

(SUNG TO "NEW YORK,
NEW YORK")

*...I wanna wake up- with a
roommate
Who doesn't sleep-
To find I'm lying on laundry-
On top of the heap.
Theese drug-induced blues-
Are wearing away.
I wanna meet a new girl here
In all New York.
If I can make it with her
I'll make it- ANYWHERE!!!
It's up to you, New York,
New York.*

Well, it's good to be here at NYU, with my fellow peers, scholars, artists, drunks, pimps, pushers, homeless, dregs, scum, and all-around nice guys. This is really a place that has it all. And, well, Weinstein, what can you say? A Palace of Golden Delights? Of free toilet paper, plentiful and tasteless food, self-changing mailbox combinations, beautiful women, and Star Trek at 11:30.

Before you get to the magical city of fast maintenance and faster elevators (with Leonard Nimoy voices), you must go through the park.

The park is where NYU education begins. Where else can you here such words of wisdom as:

STOP THE ARMS RACE,
SAVE THE HUMAN RACE!!

(I have given the man \$20 in pennies and wallpapered my room with his newspapers. It now looks like the headquarters of the Communist Manifesto).

SIH, HAVE YOU TICKETS
FOR CARP WORLD CON-
VENTION AT JAVITS
CENTER?

(As you recall, these people could barely speak English. I am of course, referring to the NYU students who bought tickets, not the ones selling).

SMOKE, MAN, SMOKE,
WEED, SENS?

(I told this guy that there was someone who just asked me for the same exact thing, so maybe he should check him out)

YOU WANNA WATCH???

(This guy was selling Timex wristwatches, in case you were wondering. The fact that he was naked had nothing to do with it).

But you finally make it inside Weinstein, where you meet Habib, the middle-aged security guard watching Price Is Right who is supposed to stop Bubba, the 300 pound stoned pimp from coming and meeting the freshmen who thought it would be fun to yell suggestive slogans five floors down to vagrants below.

Then there's the guy taking phone messages. While I was reading my copy of that wonderful compilation of creative

journalism, the Washington Square News (I was reading about asbestos -part 234 in a series! Maybe they should tackle something new, like Drugs in the Park!!! OOOOHHHH, say it isn't so!!!) I overheard the guy taking phone messages:

"Yeah, uh-huh. You'd like to titillate her. .uh-huh; you want to take your tongue and. .yeah, uh-huh. The other girl didn't mean anything-uh-huh, I gotcha, Bruno."

And then this same guy takes out a "leave a message" slip and checks "Please call back".

You're at the elevator now, reading about the GLU "dating night" and wondering if you can lip sync to Barry Manilow. It comes, old men come out, babbling something about NYU's football team. You get in, it's going down. You smile and prepare for that mildewy smell that comes with pissed-off people mumbling about broken dryers.

"Direction. .is down. .There appears to be intelligent life on the planet surface, Captain."

The elevators beat the ones at Main building. There you have to wait for Pedro to say "Standbackplease". The doors close with a slam as the people in the front row check to make sure their noses are still there.

see page 15

I live on the seventh floor. Whoever lived there before, I want you to know that it's okay to devote one of your walls and ceiling to a living tribute to veteran character actor Scott Baio. I know my life has never been the same since the cancellation of "Joanie Loves Chachi".

My roommate is 6'4". Have you ever heard a 6'4" guy snore? I don't say anything though. I have this thing about breathing. I like to do it. My girlfriend is 5'3". I got whip-lash just trying to have a conversation with the two at the same time. I would have included pictures, but I gave them to a friend who spilt cheap beer all over it at a frat party. I tell people they were developed via Fiji film and they understand.

Life has been good to me, though. I'm a film major. I have recently been introduced to the idea of doing work. I make films. It's been something I've been dreaming of since...since, last week. But dreams can be accomplished! Nothing is impossible! The toothfairy lives! Eddie Murphy can sing! Prince can act! Pat Robertson can be President! The cakes in the cafeteria are not secretly made by Manishevitz (with passover-like consistency)! I can go downstairs and have a hamburger in five minutes! ten minutes!

Alright, so maybe I dream a little too much.

It's time to go. My roommate has a date and I have to go over the nervous system of the mudpuppy (you ever notice

how there's always one idiot in the lecture class who asks a really involving question to the fascinated teacher with only five minutes left to go? But, if there's one thing I left out, it's NYU social life- Drink, Be Merry, and remember- if you're out on a date and notice that things are going fast- Be safe, be careful, make sure you are protected against... y'know cuz it tasks ONE ACCIDENT for you to be sorry... in other words, make sure you fasten your seatbelts.



Do Your Kids Need A Second Mommy Dearest?

Joan Crawford Daycare Center

(212) BEAT-U-UP

We'll teach your kids the meaning of respect.



Papal Plate

We know your tired of him telling you what to do and what not to do. But don't assassinate him. Get your anger out the fun way, smear mashed potatoes or broccoli all over the face of the Pope. The plates wipe clean with a damp cloth. Papal plates are used by some of the finest diners at the Vatican. Order Now! Ronco's Papal Plates, P. O. Box 69 Grand Central Station N.Y., N.Y. 10016

A Peek At Those Rockin' Russians



**Rob
Marzulli**

**Jere
Hester**



Born in the Soviet U

(sung to the tune of "Born in the U.S.A.")

Chorus

Born in the Soviet U

Born in the Soviet U

Born in the Soviet U

Born in the Soviet U

Born down in Moscow town

The son of parents who were fat and round

Waiting on food lines is a pain in the ass

When you're full of snow and there ain't no grass

(chorus)

Got in a little hometown jam

So they put a rifle in my hand

Sent me off to Afghanistan

To go and kill the hairy man

(chorus)

Came home to the KGB

Lost my job in East Germany

Went down to the Moscow man

He said, "Comrade don't ya understand"

(chorus)

I had a sister on the Olympic team

Took some steroids, she looked real mean

She skated nice, but that's just a dream

Now she's center on the hockey team

I got picture of her and it's weird

She's got two testes and a beard

Every day she looks like more of a man

Her name was Stella but now we call her Stan

Down in the shadows of the gulag camp

The Jews complain because it's cold and damp

I'm standing out here an angry man

What ever happened to that five year plan?

Born in the Soviet U

Born in the Soviet U

I'm so glad I'm not a Jew

Cause I was born in the Soviet U

(repeat and fade)

A look at some songs from the hottest new Russian album

"Born in The Soviet U"

Gorby Days (sung to the tune of "Glory Days")

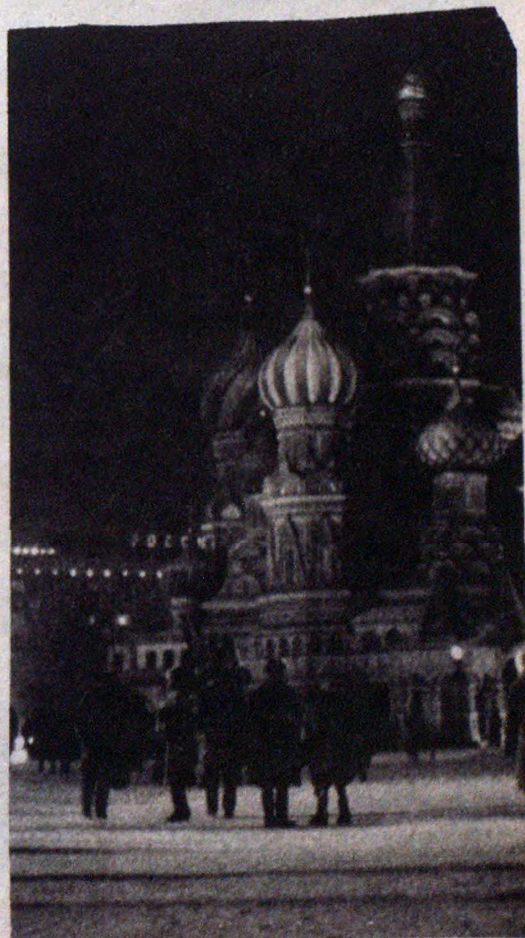
I knew the Soviet leader back in Marxism school
All the other kids made fun of the brown patch on his
forehead
Made him feel like a fool
Now Comrade Gorby, he ain't no peasant
He's the big man in town
Years might have given him power
But he hasn't lost that patch of brown

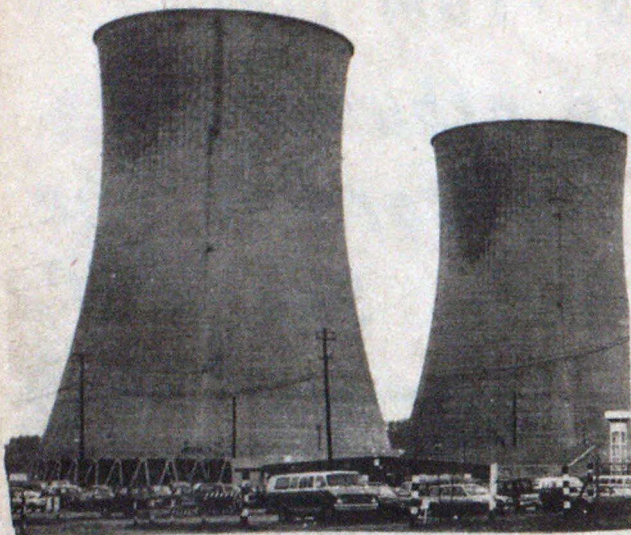
chorus

Gorby days, don't they make you cry
Gorby days, with that brown patch over his eyes
Gorby days
Gorby days
Gorby days

Back in school he met a girl named Raisa
Soon the two were wed
She scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed every night
But she couldn't get the thing off his head
Now Comrade Gorby he's been in power
I guess it's two years gone by
The Soviets can make an A-bomb
But they can't get rid of the spot
No matter how they try
(chorus)

Gorby's going down to summit tonight
He'll be waving the Soviet banner
But you can bet your ass the next time he's in the U.S.
He'll buy a jar of Porcelana
Yes he'll buy a crate and Raisa will rub it on
The stuff may get rid of age spots
But it will never clear that patch of brown
(go to chorus and fade)





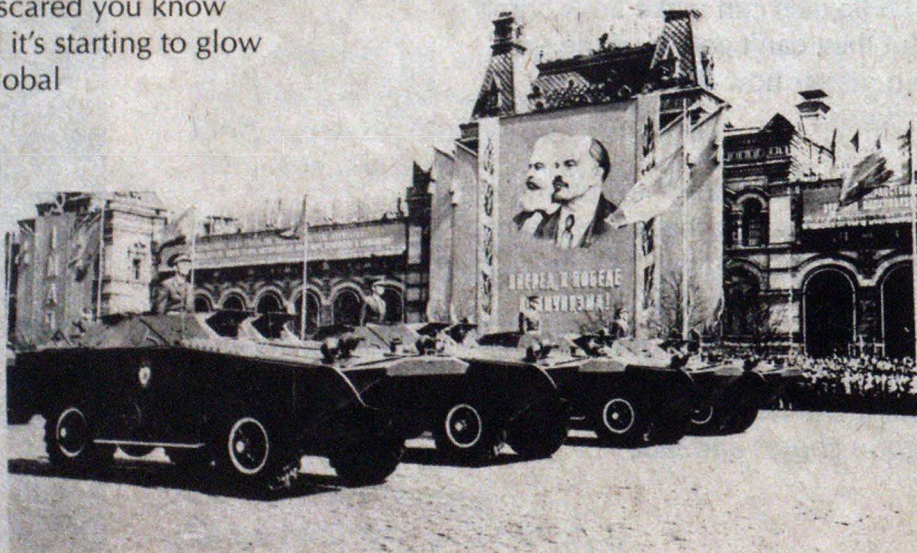
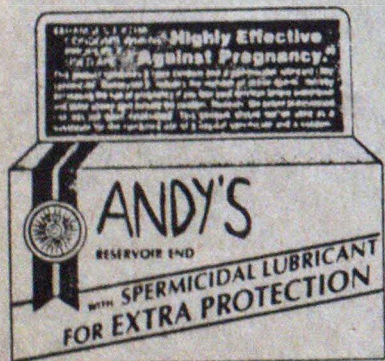
Did He Work at Chernobyl? (sung to the tune of "I'm on Fire.")

Hey little girl is that your daddy there?
I can see he's losing all his hair
You know that cloud was global?
Did he work at Chernobyl?

Hey little girl you know that cow is green
He's also looking kind of lean
And he ain't too mobile
Did he live near Chernobyl?

Well I split those atoms
And I wasn't wearing lead
now the radiation's going straight to my head

At night I wake up and I'm scared you know
I'm looking at my hand and it's starting to glow
You know that cloud was global
Did he work at Chernobyl?



PEOPLE

PLAGUE

Clean Cut Case Of Murder:

DANZA KILLS FAMILY

BY: Rob Marzulli
John Walsh
and Jere Hester

Tony Danza is being held in a Los Angeles jail without bail after he confessed to killing his family with a vacuum yesterday.

Danza killed his wife Dolores, 34, and his two children, Wanda, 13 and Keith, 9.

After wiping out his family Danza drove to the police station and said: "Yo sarge you'll never guess what I just did. Got any carpet fresh?"

"I thought he was joking until he took me to his car and showed me a bloody Hoover-vac," said Officer Malcolm Watts.

Louie DiPalma, a neighbor, said he was at the house a few hours before the massacre.

"He looked pretty depressed so Dolores and the kids took out the Hoover to cheer him up. He started to clean and I took a few pictures of him you know, just for the Hell of it," said Mr. DiPalma.

The victims appeared to be beaten with various vacuum parts and strangled with extension cords. Wanda Danza's body was found stripped naked. Her skin was full of bloody welts.



and as a re-

"It's amazing what suction can do to the body," said county coroner Milton Bernstein.

Danza, who played a housekeeper on the ABC sitcom "Who's the Boss?", was reportedly despondent over his unsuccessful attempt to make a comeback in professional boxing.

"Lately he put all his energy into his TV role, kinda like DeNiro does in the movies. Tony couldn't talk about anything but cleaning. I guess some demonic vacuum diety took possession of his body," said close friend Jim Ignatowski.



EBONY NIXES COSBY PIX

Ebony magazine turned down photographer Felix Unger's offer to sell them saucy pictures of TV superstar Bill Cosby. The *PLAGUE* got hold of one of these pictures, and as you can see it shows the lovable Mr. Huxtable in a pretty compromising position.

"Those goddamn photos were taken in '71. My career had taken a bad turn and I needed the dough. You must admit I do have a great ass," said Cosby.

Penthouse publisher Bob Guccione expressed slight interest in the pictures, but only if they show Cosby with his tongue up someone's ass.



Did Ya Ever Wonder?
You don't have to
anymore.

TV commentator Andy Rooney has come out with his own brand of condoms to combat the AIDS epidemic in the U.S.

HOLD THE ONIONS COMRADE

Four Russian soldiers were captured recently at a McDonalds in Alaska when they attempted to apprehend the recipe to the secret sauce. "This means more to us then SDI," one soldier said. State Department officials expressed relief and said that the sauce is a weapon that "shouldn't fall into the wrong hands."





LIZA MINELLI: "Please Help Me Revive my Dead Lover!"

Stage, screen, and recording star Liza Minelli made a frantic plea to the American public in a Los Angeles news conference yesterday.

"Please help me bring Ray Milland back from the dead," she wailed, "He is my incubus. I want him for a flesh-and-blood-husband."

Minelli explained that for the past month world-renowned thespian Ray Millan, who recently met an untimely death at the age of 79, has visited her nightly in the form of an incubus, or sexual demon.

But the singing star is no longer satisfied with the attentions of a spirit stud.

"I want the sticky, fetid heaviness of his mottled flesh in my love lagoon," moaned the liver-lipped Liza.

Ms. Minelli claims that if all *PLAGUE* readers were to chant, "Get Ray another body, please" at precisely 12:07 PM on the summer equinox, her love dream would come true.

"If you've ever known the sting of unfulfilled love, I beg you to help me!" she blubbered.



GEORGE BURNS' YOUTH SECRET: I LIVE IN A CUNT!

Ageless entertainer George Burns told the *PLAGUE* the secret to his longevity has nothing to do with pills or exercise. He resides in the vagina of a gorgeous 25-year-old model. "When I'm feeling weak I crawl into Becky and fall asleep. By the time I come out I feel born again."

George says living in a moist vagina does have its setbacks. "With all this mositure I just can't get my cigar lit."

YAK YAK YAK by Concepción Salvasquez

NYU Chancellor L. Jay Oliva awarded the University's most coveted tchotchke, the Medallion of High Regard, to WSUC sophomore Rick Schlossberg for his efforts to curtail water waste in campus facilities. Citing Scholossberg's ten-second shower in the Coles Sports Center locker room as, "a sterling example of altruistic conservationism," Oliva bestowed the medal with a hug and a kiss.

"Aw, it's nothing, really," said Schlossberg with a self-effacing (and seal-like) laugh, "It's just that, as soon as I got in there, the Varsity Powerlifters were starting to get frisky. You wanna see me run, you just put me a room with a lot of big, naked guys."



"What this university needs," quoth Prez John Brademas recently at the Student Senators Council/Bursar's Office full-contact grudge match, "is a good, five-cent whore, er, no, no, that's not it. . ." Way to go, Johnny B!

MORNING

8:00

(3) **Workout With Tip O'Neill:**

Join the jolly ex-Speaker of the House for a leisurely workout to start your day. Today Tip shows how to develop muscles necessary to open a beer can.

(6) **Oral's Island:** God gets mad at Oral Roberts and exiles him to Gilligan's Island where he is forced to sleep under the Skipper.

8:30

(3) **Happy Days:** Mr. C. (Tom Bosley) is blacklisted from the hardware business after Senator McCarthy accuses him of being a communist and is forced to sell trash bags.

(6) **Family Affair:** Mr. French (Sebastian Cabot) asks Buffy and Jody to shave his body and cover him in chocolate.

9:00

(3) **Mary Tyler Moore:** In the first of a two part episode, Mr. Grant rapes Mary and Rhoda at gun point after Ted breaks off their affair.



(6) **The Toll is Right:** Contestants are shown films of disasters and have to guess how many people died. Today's disaster: The Hindenberg. (90 min.)

9:30

(3) **Bewitched:** The two Darrens (Dick York and Dick Sargeant) meet and have a battle to the death.

The PLAGUE T.V. Network

BY: Hester and Marzulli

11:00

(3) **My Three Sons:** Uncle Charlie is arrested after Steve (Fred MacMurray) learns that Charlie has been secretly fondling Ernie.

(6) **Lifestyles of the Poor and Destitute:** Pat Harper looks at the latest fashions for New York's homeless. (1hr.)

10:00

(3) **Genital Ben:** Story of a bear in heat. (1hr.)

10:30

(6) **All in the Family:** Archie and the Meathead have it out after Archie joins the KKK and helps lynch Lionel Jefferson.



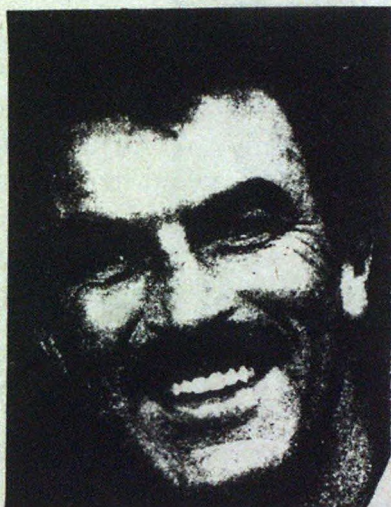
Today Genital Ben spills his honey Ch. 6, 9am



Cindy gets
the clap
Grady Bunch
Ch. 3 11:30

11:30

(3) **Grady Bunch:** the Brady girls move to Watts where kindly Grady (Whitman Mayo) takes them in and agrees to be their pimp.



AFTERNOON

12:00

(3) **Movie: Gone With The Wind II:** Tom Selleck stars as a proctologist in the old south. A probing love story you will never forget-you won't be able to sit during this one. (2 1/2 hrs.)

12:30

(6) **Movie: Gidget Gets Laid:** Gidget gets deflowered (and how!) when a horny Long Dong Silver wanders on to the beach. (2 hrs.)

2:30

(3) **The Ann B. Davis Show** Celebrity guests share house cleaning tips. On today's show, Ann discusses the horror of cleaning sheets after one of the Brady boys has had a wet dream.

(6) **She-Man:** Cartoon superhero undergoes sexual identity crisis. (1 hr.)

(3) **Mr. Buckley's Neighborhood:** Show for Reagan Youth. Today King Friday cuts Daniel the Lion's disability pension. 3:30

(3) **Phil and Oprah:** The two talk show hosts get married, have children, and move to Alabama where they encounter racial hostility. (1 hr.)

(6) **Wide World of Sports:** Wife beating competition: Darryl Strawberry versus Dennis Potvin. (90 min.)

4:30

(3) **Love Connection:** Claus von Bulow and Jean Harris search for perfect mates.

(6) **Beat the Cock:** Game show for those who are into S&M.



Nell
smells
up the
house!
Passwind
Ch. 3,

5pm

5:00

(3) **Passwind:** Disguised celebrities fart for the contestants who then must guess the celebrity's identity. Today's guest: Nell Carter.

(6) **Divorce Court:** Liz Taylor divorces Danny Devito after only 5 days of marriage.



5:30

(3) **Different Strokes:** Gary Coleman goes through puberty and discovers different masturbation techniques.

(6) **The Fats of Life:** The girls work in Mrs. Garret's bakery and eat the profits.

EVENING

6:00

(3) **Vegas\$\$:** Binzer gets AIDS and Dan tries to track down the dirty dick. (1 hr.)



(6) **In Search Of:** Leonard Nimoy leads a futile search for Reagan's brain.

6:30

(6) **Walt Disney:** Goofy and Pluto are the topic of discussion. Why can Goofy talk and Pluto can't? Is Goofy higher up on the evolutionary scale than Pluto? (90 mins)

**Phil, Oprah and
the KKK! Ch.3**

3:30



7:00

(3) **Wild Kingdom:** Marlon Perkins is mauled to death by a wild iguana and Mutual of Omaha refuses to pay off on his policy.

7:30

(3) **National Geographic:** A group of Aborigines that eat insurance salesmen is profiled.

8:00

(3) **Cosby Show:** Theo learns a valuable lesson after being wounded in a crack bust.

(6) **Highway to Hell:** Ozzy Osbourne stars as a demented satanic kindergarten teacher. (1hr.)

8:30

(3) **The Gary Gilmore Show:** The last mass murderer displays his musical background in a variety show setting. Guests include the late Ethel Merman (singing "There's No Business Like Show Business") and Liberace (in his first appearance since his death).

9:00

(3) **Movie: Deliverance II: Make Me Squeal Like a Pig:** A lonely Ned Beatty goes back for more. (2hrs.)

(6) **The Golden Shower Girls:** Elderly women engage in water sports for fun and profit.



Collins
is
Watts
bound
Ch. 6
9:30 pm

9:30

(6) **Sanford and Colby:** Alexis Colby moves to Watts and marries lovable Fred (Redd Foxx).

10:00

(6) **The Many Lives of Shirley Maclaine:** This week we follow Shirley in her past life as a water-buffalo in Cleveland, circa 1810. Shelley Winters stars as Shirley. (1hr.)



Who's
on
first?
Ch. 3
11pm

11:00

(3) **Twilight Zone:** No-talent actor wakes up one day to find himself a president involved in an arms scandal.

(6) **Nightline:** Ted Koppel discusses what its like to have a head that's too big for your body.

11:30

(3) **Tonight Show:** Guest host Charles Manson welcomes special guest Roman Polanski. (1hr.)

(6) **Movie: Casa-up-your-assa:** Humphrey Bogart stars as Rick, the flamboyant owner of a Greenwich Village cafe, who tries to find love in the big city. (2 1/2hrs.)



Handjob
for
Bogey?
Ch.



Barf
and
Breslin
Ch. 3
12:30am

Ch. 6 9pm



The girls fight over a
weak-bladdered retiree
The Golden Shower Girls

12:30

(3) **Jimmy Breslin's People:** Jimmy leads a tour of bars he's puked in. (1hr.)

1:30

(3) **Movie: The Thing That Ate Brooklyn:** Bella Abzug stars as a former congresswoman who eats the borough after losing an election. (2hrs.)

2:00

(6) **Shakespeare Festival: Romeo and Juliet:** Divine stars as the title roles. Features a balcony scene you will never forget. (2hrs.)

*So young, so innocent, so undeveloped,
these girls are.....*



The Loves of Roman Polanski

R

RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

DD

DOLBY STEREO
IN SELECTED THEATRES

STARTS TOMORROW

GUILD'S
● **EMBASSY 2**
B'WAY AT 47TH ST. 730-7262
12, 1:45, 3:30, 5:15, 7, 8:40, 10:20, 12 Mid

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN
2ND AVE. & 66TH ST. 744-7339
12:30, 2:15, 4, 5:45, 7:30, 9:15, 11

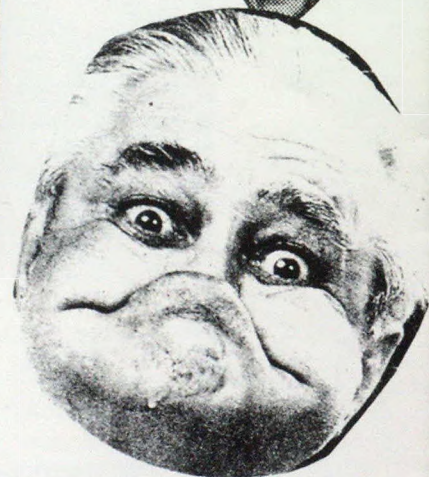
LOEWS 34TH ST. SHOWPLACE
BET. 2ND & 3RD AVES. 532-5544
12, 1:45, 3:30, 5:15, 7, 8:45, 10:30

AND AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU



Come to
our
heavy-duty
meetings
Thu. at
6:30pm

**21 WASHINGTON PLACE
FOURTH FLOOR**



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