

PLAGUE

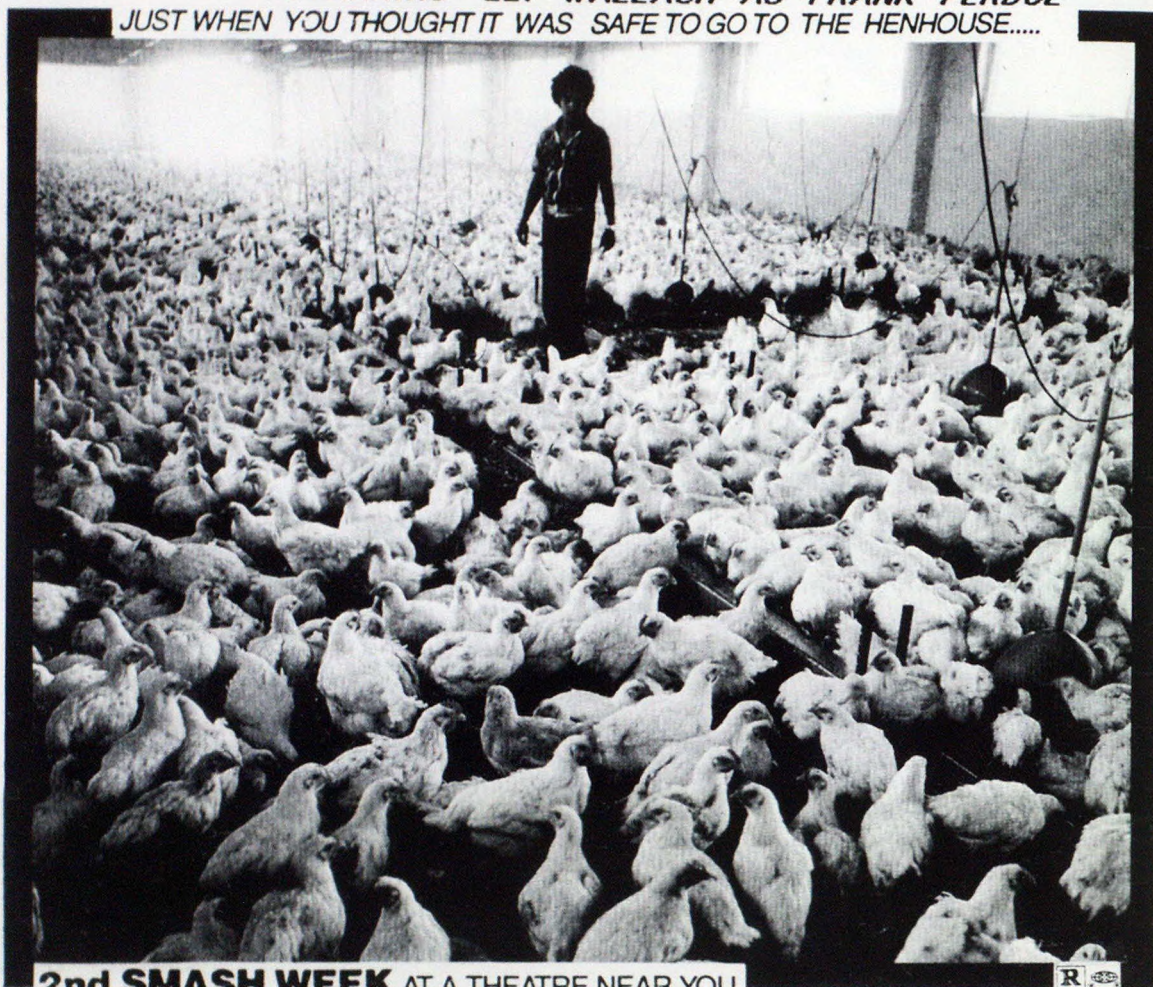
FREE!



FRANK PERDUE: THE CHICKENS' REVENGE

STARRING ELI WALLACH AS FRANK PERDUE

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GO TO THE HENHOUSE.....



2nd SMASH WEEK AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU



"I NEVER FEARED WHAT I ATE UNTIL NOW."

VINCENT CAMBY *NY TIMES*

"GREAT LEGS AND PLENTY OF BREASTS."

AL GOLDSTEIN *SCREW*

"THUMBS UP! THIS MOVIE WILL TEAR THE FEATHERS OFF YOU."

SISKEL AND EBERT *AT THE MOVIES*

"FANTASTIC! I JUST LOVED THOSE LITTLE PECKERS!"

REX REED SYNDICATED COLUMNIST

**AFTER THE SENSELESS SLAUGHTER, AFTER THE
BLOOD, GUTS, AND WHITE MEAT, IT'S TIME FOR THE
CHICKENS TO STRIKE BACK!!**

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VOLUME 11 NUMBER 1
THE PLAGUE



President's Message

NYU welcomes you and your tuition dollars. I hope this is the beginning of a long-lasting and prosperous relationship.

First, we are, by location and culture, urban. Other colleges may boast of clean, safe campuses. We, in contrast, are proud to offer you the stench of acrid urine, slobbering panhandlers, and persistent drug dealers.

Glance at the soaring, monolithic skyscrapers. What other university can build a library with a huge hole in it?

You are in the heart of Greenwich Village--Washington Square Park. A place that offers you patches of grass and bums who scratch their ass. It is a human Petri dish, serving as a meeting place, public bath, and playground for viruses of all ages.

New York University is also cosmopolitan in character, with a large multiethnic student body and faculty. If you haven't noticed, many of our refugee teaching assistants are outstanding in their respective fields.

Unfortunately, they couldn't get through a Dick and Jane reader without a dictionary. But rest assured, we are raising the standards for smuggling aliens into the country.

A university like ours places a premium on initiative, self-motivation, and tuition. So if you can't cough up the green, sleep with the dean. As I said

before, make us a prosperous team. It is up to you to match our brazen profiteering with your dog-eat-dog ambition. Whether you're an idealistic, spoiled socialist or a green and greedy yuppy embryo, NYU will help you develop and dehumanize.

My past years at NYU have been filled with coffers of cash and plenty of horny co-eds looking for a free ride. I hope your years here are filled with one or the other.

John Brademas

John Brademas



HEY

COEDS!! \$9.95!

Earl Scheib

BEAUTY
SALONS

*Diamond Gloss Acrylic Paint!

We use Revlon pigments and Dupont silicones

*3 Year Guarantee against fading or chipping!

If your face fades I'll paint it again for free

Earl will paint your face, lips, AND install his patented two-inch false eyebrows!

Call **A BEAUTY** for your appointment now.

**I'll spray paint
any face for only**

"Earl has done for my face what the Lord has done for my soul."



Holy yokel
Tammy Faye Baker

THEY STUFF OUR MAILBOX

Sirs,

Those cartoons I draw are really true. I swear. Talking cows, dogs that read newspapers, it's all real. Animals like me, they tell me all the funny stuff that happens to them. It's kinda like Dr. Doolittle with a sense of humor.

Gary Larson
The Far Side

Wait! Listen! The federation can help. We can prove that overacting can help us--you and me--achieve universal peace.

William Shatner
Hamming it up in Hollywood

Nobody told me there'd be graves like these, strange graves indeed, most peculiar momma. . .

John Lennon
In a jar by the door

Dear Sirs,

Last issue's cover brought back a lot of memories. Spanky was kinda cute, then he really got fat. Alfalfa and Butch were homos. Nobody played doctor like Buckwheat and Farina.

Darla Hood
Glory Daze, Ca.

Sirs,

I'm so fuckin' sick of green fig leaves. That's all the bitch gives me to work with. I want some lavender-colored fig leaves.

Eve's fashion consultant
The West Side of Eden

Gee Sirs,

Do you really think the violent destruction of the bourgeoisie is inevitable? Couldn't we just kick the shit out of Eddie Haskell?

Beaver Marx
Drinking soda pop in Red Square

Sirs,

How come chicken breasts don't have nipples?

A lonely Frank Perdue
On a chicken farm

Sirs,

If Camus thinks I'm so great why doesn't he come down here and push this goddamn boulder?

Sisyphus
Rolling a Rock in Hell

Sirs,

Hortense is pretty bad. But Sukhreet? It sounds like a goddamn fruit juice.

Sukhreet Gabel
Somewhere in New York with Bess Myerson

Sirs,

You people in New York think you have a garbage problem? I'm up to my armpits in Holy Shit.

Noah
Mopping up the ark

Sirs,

Do sperm banks give interest on deposits?

Ivan Boesky
Jerkin' the gerkin

Sirs,

Thank God my career is back on track. There's a lot of money to be made modeling for road maps.

Marla Hansen
At the Mobil Station

Dear Sirs,

What if Yoko Ono married Sonny Bono, got divorced, married Perry Como, got divorced again, and then married Mario Cuomo? Her name would be Yoko Ono Bono Como Cuomo.

A Rhyming Yenta
Hanging out with Ginsberg

To the Plague:

"I stink, therefore I am."

The State of New Jersey

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

THE LORNE GREENE MEM. LIST OF GUNFIGHTERS

Recently deceased Lorne Greene was a great American for two reasons: he loved the western frontier and he loved his dogs. The PLAGUE will honor Bonanza's Ben Cartwright with a listing of famous gunfighters and their ages in dog years.

Butch Cassidy.....	269.5
Wild Bill Hickok.....	200.9
Bob Dalton.....	166.6
Bill Dalton.....	191.1
Wyatt Earp.....	568.4
Doc Holiday.....	195.0
Dan Blocker (Haas)...	245
Diamond Dick.....	147

The SEX Advisor

Lately I have received a deluge of letters from male readers. Their innocent though asinine questions indicate that many sexual myths still persist. Let's look at some typical queries.

Horace Beakman of Bobst Library writes, "Would you comment on the myth that size is what really matters to a woman? So many guys believe that, when actually it's not the tool, but how you use it. Right?"

Wrong.

You fucked up on this one, Harold. This is not one of the myths. Size is critically important in sexual appendages. Dolly Parton wouldn't be Dolly Parton if she had Jane Pauley's chest. For a man size matters even more, and that extra two inches of erectile tissue can mean the difference between one lousy date and a happy humping relationship.

Unfortunately men have been misled because women are notorious for



Dr. Lotta Goo

appearing in magazines and belittling the importance of organ size, then going to the locker room and screaming, hands wide apart, about the mammoth phallus they entertained last night.

Let me put it in perspective, Harold. Suppose you're a carpenter and have to pound a nail. You have the choice of two hammers, one a stubby, lightweight ball-peen ordinarily used for tapping carpet tacks into the floor. The other is a large, heavy claw hammer that has drive and thrust. Which are you going to pick? Sure, you can sink the nail with the ball-peen. You can also ride your tricycle to Miami and you'll get there sooner or later, if you catch my drift. It's obvious that a man needs the proper equipment.

How do you get two or three extra inches? Modern genitalia cosmetic surgery offers several alternatives. Skin from the buttocks can be grafted around cylindrical rubber extensions. Or your big toe can be sewn onto the tip of your penis. The possibilities are truly endless.

On the subject of partner satisfaction, Physics Professor Bernie Nob writes, "When making love, I tend to ejaculate quickly. I then roll off my wife, who promptly flips over and falls asleep. She doesn't smoke a cigarette or anything, just falls asleep. I'm worried that I may not be satisfying her. Any suggestions?"

My advice, Bernie, is to lighten up. I've seen guys like you go impotent from worrying about whether their partner has an orgasm. Every man should realize that sex is a no-man's-land. You want your orgasm, she wants hers, so you have to make sure you get your orgasm or she'll get hers and call it quits. Then what will you have? A messy, frustrating hand job in the bathroom.

Something that puzzles me, Bernie: What you mean by "quickly." Five minutes? One minute? Ten seconds? Do you explode on contact? As long as you can last thirty-five seconds, you've got nothing to be ashamed of.

I know what you're thinking. Shouldn't you be striving for the simultaneous orgasm? No myth has been more harmful to sex than this one. The odds of a simultaneous orgasm are roughly equivalent to those of a car leaping four hundred feet into the air. So many couples try to make this theoretical orgasm work, only to find themselves destroying any hope of any orgasm in trying to set up this impossible syncopation. The woman screams that she's almost there, the man tries to hold back and passes out from exhaustion, and in the end nobody gets anything.

And finally, on the subject of endurance, Loeb Student Center Elevator Repairman Joseph Bonar writes, "How many times a night should a man be able to do it? Two times?

Three times? Four?"

One time, Joseph.

There are several reasons for this. Biologically, sperm replenishment does not happen in a matter of nanoseconds. So to maintain that high level of fertility and to keep some fireworks behind that big bang, don't tax yourself by mounting your partner more than once every eight hours.

More importantly, Joseph, having sex more than once a night with a woman spoils her. You do it twice, she'll ask for a third time, you do it three times, and she'll want four. Clearly this leads to an undesirable position, that of having to do wild sexual acrobatics for hours and hours. Some men don't mind this. Most men do. Most men want to finish within ten minutes or so, which is perfectly understandable.

But be honest with your partner. After you have ejaculated, tell her, "That's it. No more." If she is deaf, hold up one finger to show that's all she's getting. Don't feel embarrassed or let her insult your manhood. What did she think, you were some kind of

machine? If she does try to insult you, wrap the pillow around your ears. You don't have to listen to that crap.

I hope this clears up some confusions. Next time we'll talk about contracting anthrax from bullwhips at S and M



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Let the girls thrill to your snakelike quivering pleasure giver. Make Gene Simmons envious. The *Plague's* new and improved **TONGUE LENGTHENER®** guarantees to improve your performance with your lover. After lovemaking, the Deluxe T.L.® can help rid you of those annoying bush branches. Its minty flavor will turn your mouth from Fulton's Fishmarket into a spearmint patch. "A must for you oral folks" says sex therapist Shere Hite. Send \$4.99 plus \$.39 for postage and handling to:

The Plague
Mailbox 189
21 Washington Place
10012

The Democrats Go Ahunting

a tale for our times



Babbitt



Gore



Dukakis



Jackson



Gephardt



Hart

Biden

Once upon a time in a land of free men, arbitragers, and crack addicts, eight Democrats went ahunting. These men, who went by the names Hart, Gephardt, Babbitt, Jackson, Simon, Dukakis, Biden, and Gore, entered the savage woods in search of the slarg monster. Whoever beheaded the slarg and stuffed soybean products in his mouth would receive many great gifts, like a bucket of oak leaves and a sphagnum moss salad and the possibility of a four-year reign over the kingdom.

The hunters were not an imposing lot, except for Hart, who was nine feet tall and granite-faced. The other six were exactly four-one and a quarter. Biden said he was four-two and no one bothered to measure him. Six burly pygmies attended each man.

As the rosy fingers of dawn came wiggling over the horizon, the party set out.

Progress was difficult--much hacking and chopping through dense growths. They sweated. They complained.

"Hey, I'm getting tired," Gephardt whined.

"It must be lunchtime already," Simon moaned.

"Shut up," Hart growled, swiveling his nine foot body around to face the six midgets trotting behind him. "I have to clear the path. Jerks."

And so they went: Hart swinging the scythe in front, the midgets trailing him, the pygmies behind the midgets. By noon they had reached a clearing. The weary hunters dropped their guns and gear, then an attendant shouted. On a giant rock nearby were small, lithe, scantily-clad women sliding down watery rock chutes and drinking from green bottles. In front of this merry sylvan scene a nasty troll with bushy eyebrows and a chancre-clogged lip chewed on his tongue and sucked on the blood.

None of the Democrats spoke for a moment.

"Wine, water slides, wood nymphs. I'm there," Hart said.

"Gimme a bullet," he ordered one of his attendants, "so I can finish off that damn troll."

The pugmy obediently handed over a bullet. Hart loaded the gun and shot himself in the foot.

"Ouch," Hart said. "Son of a bitch. Guess you guys will have to go on without me."

So Hart left, which made all the remaining Democrats feel a little taller.

"I'm four-three," Biden said.

But the Democrats, happy that they had one less competitor for the slarg monster, faced a new problem: Who was going to clear the path?

"Biden should clear the path," said Gore.

"Mondale should clear the path," said Biden.

"Mondale stayed home," said Babbitt.

"Simon should clear the path," said Jackson.

"I can't lift that scythe," Simon protested. "I'll get a hernia. Why not Dukakis?"

Dukakis grudgingly agreed to clear the path. He slapped and swatted at the thick foliage while the Democrats followed and grumbled that they were never going to get there. They teased and pinched each other and threw balls of grass down the back of Dukakis' shirt.

Suddenly they heard a thrashing in the bushes. Gore's ears twitched. "That's a bourke monster," he said knowingly.

"Get back," Biden advised his fellow Democrats. "I'm four-four. You smaller Democrats get back. I'll blast him."

A Dukakis attendant stepped forward and gave Biden a bullet. Biden loaded the gun and shot himself in the foot.

"Crap," Biden said. "Guess I have to go back, too."

Dukakis was furious at his attendant. He sputtered and stuttered. His face turned red. Spitfle flew in crazy directions from his angry mouth.

"I'm ashamed of you. How could you have given Biden that bullet? Leave at once."

And the poor pugmy hung his head and waddled back to camp.

The bourke monster lumbered away and the Democrats went on, Dukakis still leading the pack, the others ambling behind, stopping occasionally to carve their initials on a tree or to wave to the birds.

The Democrats stopped by a stream to play in the water. Gore tried to dunk Jackson. Gephardt squirted water

through his teeth. Babbitt tried to catch some leeches. Simon pretended he was Jacques Cousteau and dove off short rocks and explored the river bottom.

Meanwhile Dukakis lay on the shore, panting. This path clearing really sucked.

After the Democrats donned their hunting clothes, Dukakis had an idea.

"I hear an animal," he whispered. "Over there."

Gore, who had a fairly large gun, motioned for a bullet. Dukakis pushed one of his attendants forward and the man gave Gore a bullet. Gore loaded the gun and shot himself in the foot. Dukakis angrily dismissed the attendant, who returned to the hunting camp with Gore.

Later that afternoon, on four separate occasions, four more Dukakis attendants loaded guns for Jackson, Babbitt, Simon, and Gephardt. Each time Dukakis swore that he heard an animal. And each man shot himself in the foot and returned to camp with the offending Dukakis pugmy.

Finally alone, Dukakis plunged through the woods. As twilight fell, he saw the back of the horny exoskeleton of the slarg monster beyond a pair of birch trees. Quietly, carefully, he crept along.

The slarg monster lay decapitated beside a cabin, his open mouth stuffed with tofu. On the porch, in the thickening shadows, a man rocked his chair and whistled. Dukakis walked toward the cabin and the man rose.

"Cuomo!" Dukakis shouted. "No fair. You said you weren't going a hunting with us."

"I was just spending a quiet weekend in the woods," Cuomo said innocently. "The slarg monster caught his head in my trash can last night. I whacked him over the head with the lid this morning and he died."

Cuomo shrugged, then grinned.

"Some guys have all the luck, huh?"



Our new owner

In a shrewd and stunning business move today, Rupert "Media Czar" Murdoch bought \$213 million worth of PLAGUE shares, thus acquiring a 51 percent majority of PLAGUE stock and control of the publication.

Rupert "Arrogant Aussie" Murdoch, publisher of tabloids like THE NEW YORK POST and the STAR, had his eye on the humor magazine for some time but had been unable to buy out the other stock holders. Namely Al "Grampa" Lewis and child star Mason Reese.

Before the takeover Murdoch was busy with his move to print his New York daily on bathroom tissue. "Post on Pulp" would sell reasoned Rupert "Muckraking Filthmonger" Murdoch; because it

MURDOCH BUYS PLAGUE

MEDIA CANNIBAL
DEVOURS 51% OF
BLUE CHIP
PLAGUESTOCKS

would "synchronize input with output."

Murdoch Magazine officials state that there will be no major changes in the editorial policy except for the omission of more highbrow material. "Today's readers don't want the intellectual challenge the PLAGUE provides as much as they want the wholesome entertainment they find in other Murdoch papers."

When asked to define "wholesome entertainment," the spokesman said "I can do better than define, I can show you the new and improved PLAGUE!"

WIN WITH PINGO!
PLAGUE
OLLIE WEDS
HAHN IN
VOODOO MASS!



LETTERS (CONTINUED)

Dear Plague staff,
I did all the work! I cleaned their clothes, made their meals and scrubbed their puke from the floor. But who takes all the credit? That two-faced Florence Henderson.

Ann B. Davis

To the Women of America:
Ask not what you can do for husbands. Ask what can you do for me. Wait a minute, that's not how it goes....

A confused Gary Hart(Pence)

To Whom it May Concern:
It's a good thing I didn't run. The media might have found out I'm fat, Italian and Catholic.

A relieved Mario Cuomo

Dear Editor(s):
You wanna know what really pisses me off? I go to meet with the leaders of powerful nations to discuss vital foreign policy issues and all they ask me to do is draw pictures of Snoopy! Do you think I've got time for that shit?

George Schultz, Secretary of State, Washington, D.C.

Hey, Hey, Hey!
So now Cosby is a big shot and everybody thinks he's so great. Just remember I made him what he is today. Look at us now: He's a billionaire and I'm languishing in a cartoon junkyard.

A despondent Fat Albert

Dear Editor,
You want to know the true story behind Contragate? Well I'm dead and now you'll never know! I'm laughing my ass off down here! Ha,ha, ha!

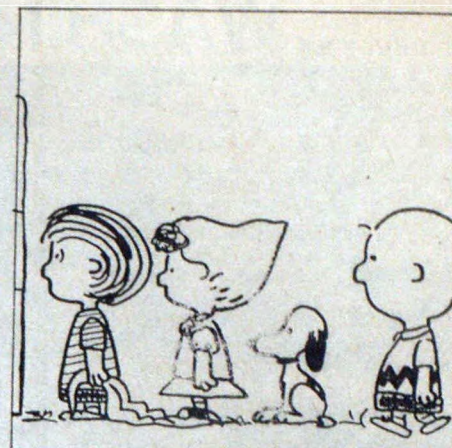
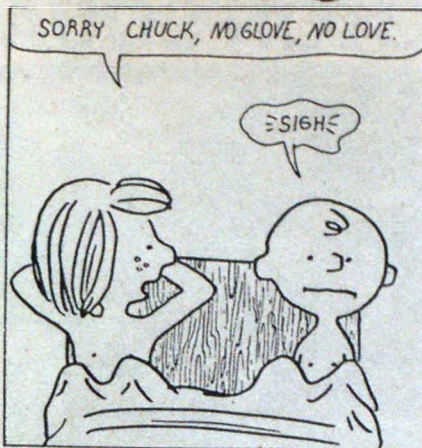
Bill Casey, Rotting in Hell.

Dear Plague,
You guys want to know how I'm doing? Well it's dark and lonely and smells like rotten pasta. Besides, he can't belt out those tunes like he used to.

Frank Sinatra's Colostomy Bag

WARNING!! The article at the right is of an overt sexual nature and may offend our prudy, uptight, motherfucking readers.

PEANUS

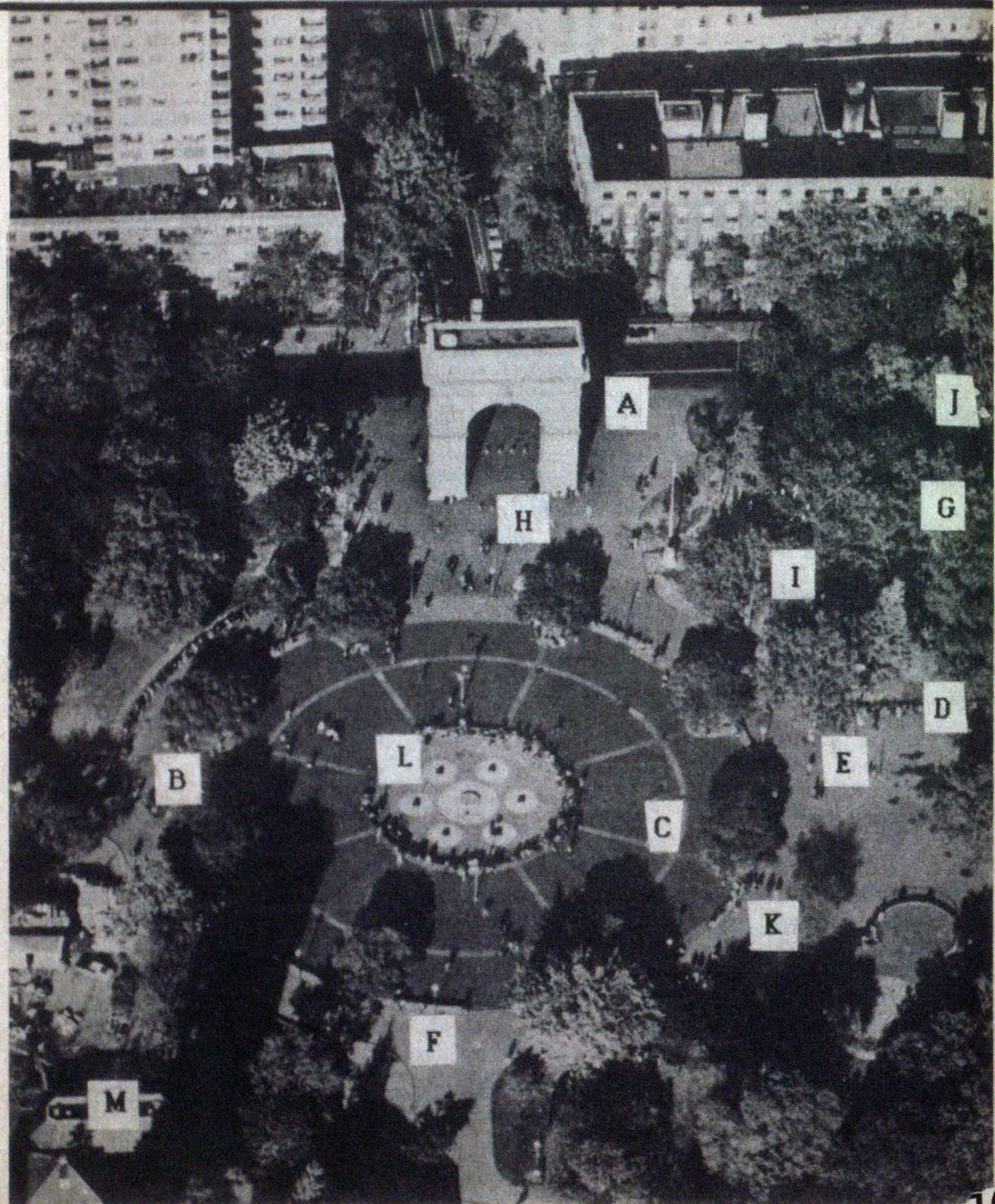


SCIENCE MARCHES ON

Are you sick and tired of having to replace your used condom every time you screw? It's like changing your underwear

every time you fart or dribble. Well, thanks to a new surgical process known as quasi-permanent contraception implantation (scumbagus insertus) you can fuck and buck for a fortnight.

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK



A MISGUIDED TOUR

A. Braless joggers

(boom, titty titty, boom, boom)

Any girl watcher will appreciate these uninhibited women and the syncopated movements of their mammaries as they bounce around the park.

B Bag ladies

These harmless neurotics bear a striking resemblance to Phyllis Diller. If accosted by one, just give them another bag to add to their collection.

C. Psychedelic leftovers

You'll marvel at the sight of these happy-faced guitar strumming folks who sing the best of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Peter, Paul and Mary. These brightly-clad people don't have a care in the world. Why should they? Love conquers everything.

D. Yuppie row

Attention all husband hunters! Why settle for a poor, idealistic college boy when you can bag yourself an \$85,000-a-year executive? The far eastern path of the park is chock full of these eligible young assholes from noon to two, five days a week. Just look for the power ties and the clear plastic salad containers.

E. Statue of Garibaldi

A gift from former Mafia boss Lorenzo (Sloppy Larry) Cornudo. The statue, built by Enzo Fellatio, the horniest artist in Florence, was brought to the park in 1890. Legend has it that every time a virgin passes by the statue turns its head and his sword pops up.

F. Orange-eyed pigeons

"A pigeon's bodily functions are intrinsically connected to its eye color," says NYU zoologist Herbert Sharmin. "An orange eye color is a certain sign of imminent bowel evacuation." To avoid premature "graying," stay away from these birds.

G. Northeast meadow

Known by most dog owners as "Plato's retreat for canines." This area is a renowned stomping ground for dogs in heat. People with long legs should avoid this area.

H. Shish-kebob vendors

When you're hungry, there's nothing more satisfying than a golden brown rodent on an old wire hanger, a streetwalker's ambrosia. End your meal with a petrified pretzel and you have the RDA of gristle and fleas.

I. Vagrant garden

These fragrant vagrants come in earth colors and grow horizontally along the ground. Only on a hot, humid day can one appreciate that fetid bouquet.

J. Pedophile's paradise

The swing sets on the north side of the park are a great pick-up spot for former daycare center employees and child photographers. Annual site for the NAMBLA Convention, every third Sunday in June.

K. Lenin's brother

This sordid and unkept socialist loves to spread the good word of communism to the impressionable youths of NYU. You want to have your decadent capitalistic ideals shattered? Keep an eye out for this rhyming Reagan buster.


L. Horoscope man

To find the answers to those eternal questions about love, money, and death, just sit in the park and look naive. Soon this abrasive cretin will run up to you and ask what your sign is. In his sing-song voice he will predict your future for only four dollars.

M. Public bathrooms

Great authors like Herman Melville and Henry James have pissed in here. The third stall in the men's room is where Allen Ginsberg composed his first free verse: "Helping Jack Kerouac Squeeze His Weasel." Most of the words have faded, but if you read very closely while squeezing your weasel, you too can feel the sensations Ginsberg felt.

THE *DORK* LOOK IS BACK!

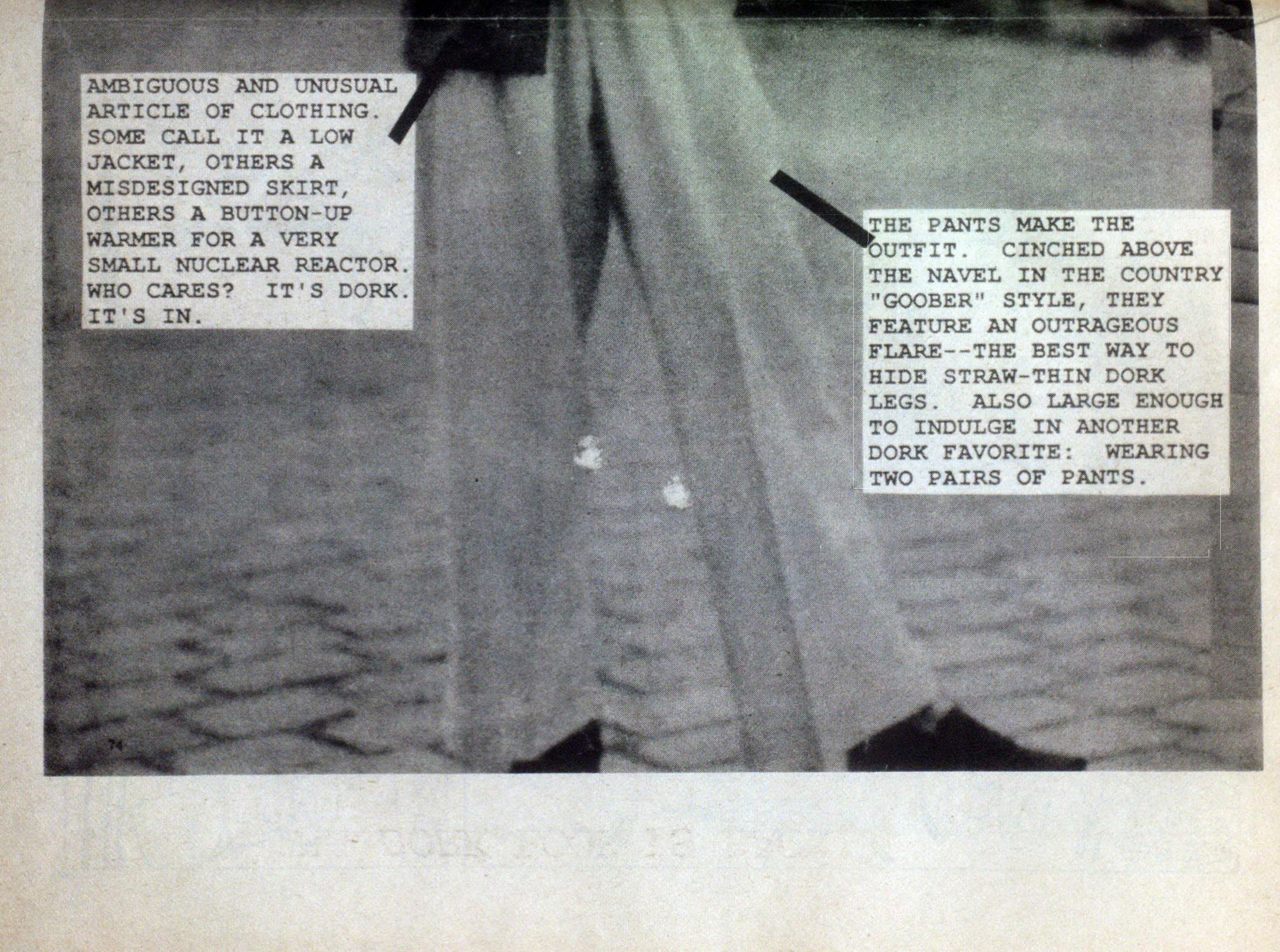


STUNNING BLACK HAT WITH PINK TUFTS OF COTTON KRAZY-GLUED TO THE BRIM--THE ELI WHITNEY LOOK. BLACK AND PINK MAKES THIS ARTICLE VERSATILE--WEAR TO FUNERALS OR WEDDINGS.

"OOPS, I FORGOT TO WEAR A SHIRT."

BLACK BRA WORN ALONE ACCENTUATES THE PURELY THEORETICAL MAMMARY GLANDS OF THE AVERAGE DORK FEMALE. ALSO EMPHASIZES THAT TRENDY DORK ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

DEAD, DRY FLOWERS TO BE HELD IN FRONT OF CHEST EVERYWHERE YOU GO. OPTION: FLOWERS CAN BE ATTACHED TO BRA WITH GREEN WIRE TWISTER FROM WONDER BREAD PACKAGE.



AMBIGUOUS AND UNUSUAL
ARTICLE OF CLOTHING.
SOME CALL IT A LOW
JACKET, OTHERS A
MISDESIGNED SKIRT,
OTHERS A BUTTON-UP
WARMER FOR A VERY
SMALL NUCLEAR REACTOR.
WHO CARES? IT'S DORK.
IT'S IN.

THE PANTS MAKE THE
OUTFIT. CINCHED ABOVE
THE NAVEL IN THE COUNTRY
"GOOBER" STYLE, THEY
FEATURE AN OUTRAGEOUS
FLARE--THE BEST WAY TO
HIDE STRAW-THIN DORK
LEGS. ALSO LARGE ENOUGH
TO INDULGE IN ANOTHER
DORK FAVORITE: WEARING
TWO PAIRS OF PANTS.

MASTERS OF THE KITCHEN!

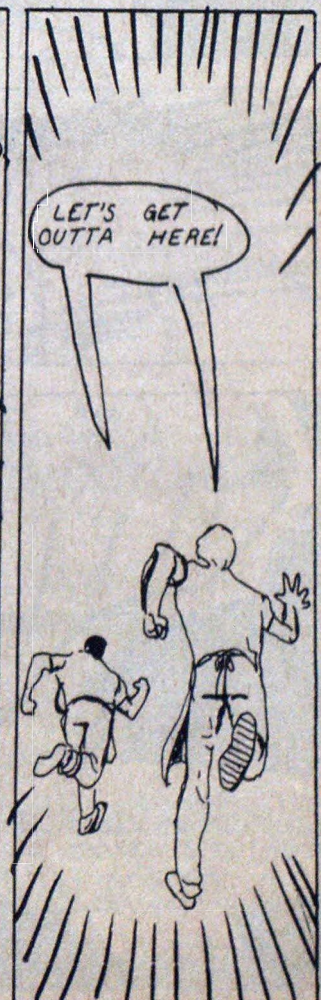
MAN I'M SICK OF ALL THESE CRUMBCAKES
TELLIN' ME WHAT DEY WANT IN DARE FOOD!



YEAH I KNOW, "HOLD THE MAYO,
HOLD THE MUSTARD..." I'D LIKE
TO TELL THEM TO HOLD MX...

LET'S GIVE DEM A TASTE OF SOME SPICES
THEY'LL NEVER FORGET! YEAH!







**CAN THE SENATE STOP THIS MONSTER BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE????????????????????**

SEE HIM

SEE HIM

SMILE

CIVIL

AS HE LIES!

RIGHTS!



**SEE HIM TRANSFORM FROM A RIGHT-WING ZEALOT TO A BLEEDING HEART LIBERAL
BEFORE YOU'RE VERY EYES!**

**SEE FOR
YOURSELF IN:**

DR. JECKYL AND MR. BORK

BE SURE TO SEE THIS

SATURDAY NIGHT MASSACRE

BEFORE THE

FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER!

COMING SOON...

REEFER MADNESS WITH DOUG GINSBERG

**LISTEN WHAT THE
CRITICS HAVE TO SAY
ABOUT THIS
NIGHTMARE:**

"HE'S NOT FIT TO BE ON

THE COURT!" Ted Kennedy,

-Hyannisport Tribune

**"HE'S NOT FIT TO BE ON THE
COURT!"**

Joseph Biden,

-The Delawarian Plagiarist

"EVERYTHING'S RUINED."

Earl Warren, *-Supreme Press,*

Rolling Over in His Grave

WARNING:

**NOBODY WILL BE SEATED DURING
THE CONFIRMATION SCENE!!!**

FROM THE FRONT LINES: WAR IS SMELL

Who ever thought it would happen? The leader of Nicaragua's Freedom Fighters, Choca LaPenga, came up with a brand of biological warfare known as none other than CONTRA-CEPTION.

As explained to us by an anonymous scatologist squatting on a bench in Washington Square Park, "This is a step in the mud

for mankind. What this dick in Nicaragua has done is recycled used condoms, then filled them to capacity with--what us guys in business like to call--SHIT."

The shit is supplied by the contra-ceptic tanks. The rebels then take this device and attach an explosive charge to it. Afterwards they place it under the dirt in enemy territory.

Detonation causes the enemy to get SHIT ON, which then results in an inferiority complex within their substructure. This weakens them, which obviously benefits the Contras.

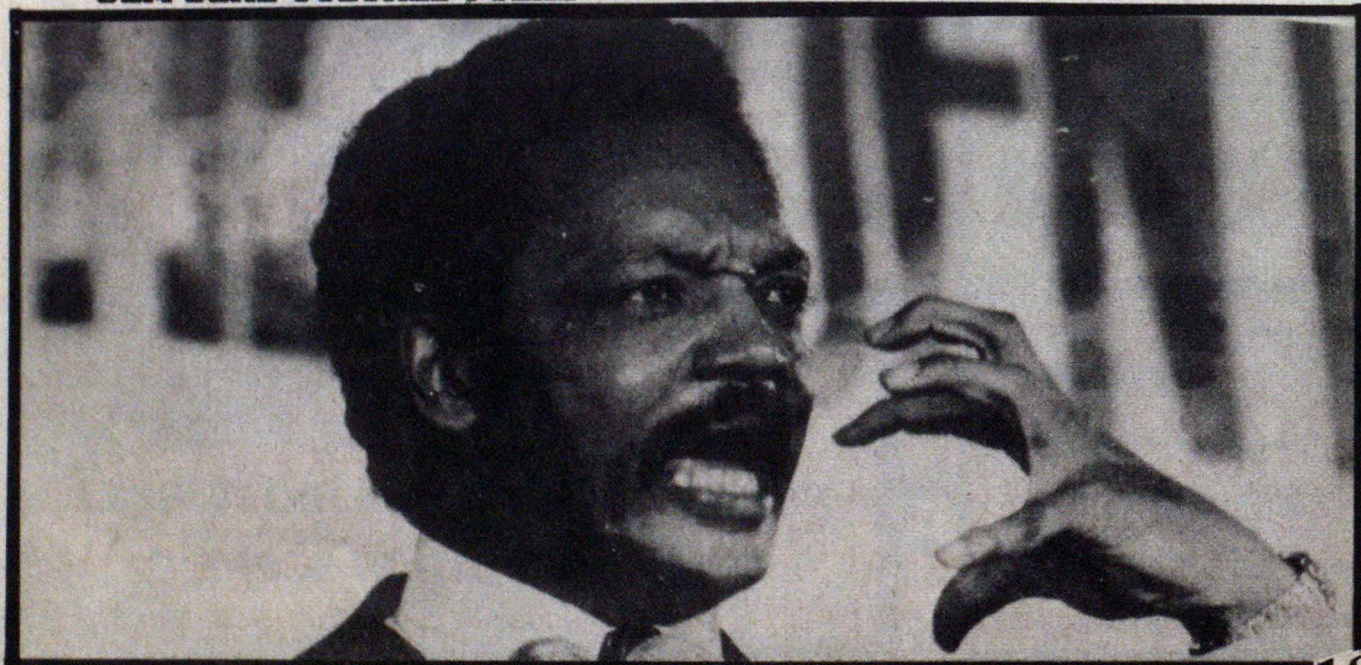
Sadinista leader Ortega says, "Only a lunatic could have *cum* up with that idea," and *cum* they did!

WATCH OUT JESSIE!

IT'S...

ARCHIE BUNKER'S HAND

THE QUEENS REDNECK IS DEAD BUT HIS HAND LIVES ON TO TERRORIZE LIBERAL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES--ESPECIALLY "DEM DERE COLORED FOLKS"



ASK CYRUS VANCE

Former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance has just received his Doctorate in Clinical Psychology. The PLAGUE is proud to print this savant's initiation into the advice giving business.

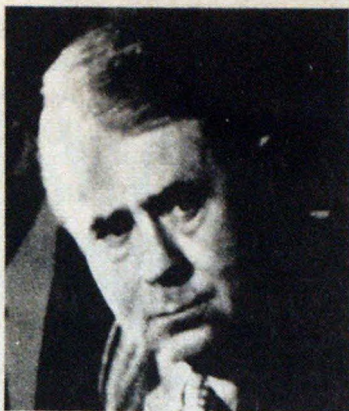
Dear Cyrus Vance:

I'm the President of a large Western power.

My wife constantly complains about my attorney general. He always peeks through the window when she takes a shower.

She had a mastectomy and really isn't much to look at. Apparently the *Penthouse* and *Screw* magazines that clutter his office aren't enough to satiate his repugnant desires. Last night my wife caught him with his pants down in the Rose Garden. This is a very thorny issue, Cyrus. He's a Quaker. If I fire him my right wing supporters will bar-b-que my ass.

Wringing my hands in the White House



Dear Wringing:

You are right to be concerned about alienating your right wing religious supporters. The only solution I see is to promote him. Send him to the PTL, where they currently have a vacancy for a devout pervert. As for your wife, tell her to wear a padded bra and take showers in a more confined area.

Dear Cyrus:

My husband is the leader of a small African nation surrounded by hostile countries. He has done a brilliant job keeping the peace and leading our country into the twentieth century, but he is a chronic bedwetter. Every morning I feel as if I've been sleeping in a swamp. He won't admit the problem and pretends nothing is wrong. If I

confront him with his problem I'll surely face the firing squad.

WET AND NERVOUS ON THE CONGO

Dear Wet:

If your country was surrounded by enemies wouldn't you be pissing in your pants? Suggest he see a witch doctor for a prostate examination. He threatens you with death because he's too embarrassed to admit his problem, not uncommon for nervous African dictators. Cuddle him and reassure him of your support. If worst comes to worst, buy separate beds or wear a rubber nightie.

Dear Cyrus:

My father, who suffers from Alzheimer's Disease, is the leader of a Far Eastern nation. Lately he has seemed distracted and we hear him giggling and splashing in the bathtub. Last week he appropriated our entire defense budget for 15 submarines. Cyrus, the problem is we are a landlocked country. What

should I tell our 40 man army?

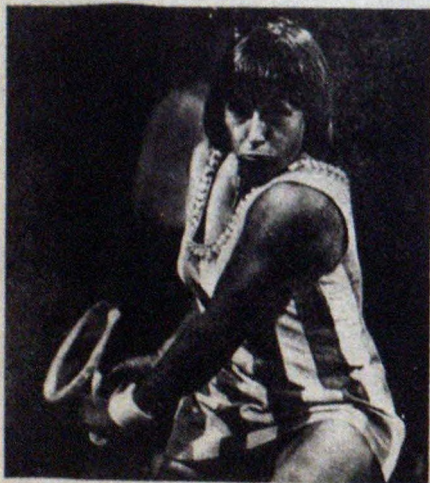
HIGH AND DRY IN THE FAR EAST

Dear Dry:

First, confront your Dad with his water fetish. If he refuses to respond, lock him in the closet indefinitely. As for the army, promise them the subs will be constructed with several thousand pairs of shock absorbers and training wheels.

Dear Cyrus:

My son is a strong-armed dictator for a Caribbean Island. He has the unusual habit of dressing up as a woman. I'm serious, Cyrus--he loves pumps, lipstick, and fruit in his hair. One time he told me he plans to seduce his entire army to win their loyalty.



Martina: Is She headed for the Caribbean?

The **JEW** of the Nile

DESPITE WAR AND FANATICS HE STILL GETS THE TREATY AND THE GIRL!

STARTS FRIDAY

Starring

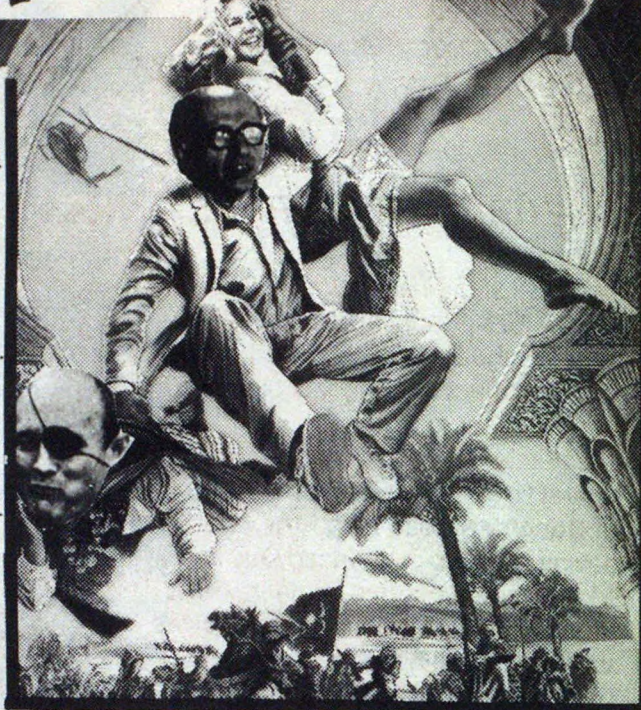
Menachem Begin
as Himself

Billy Dee Williams
as Anwar Sadat

Ringo Starr
as Yassir Arafat

Farrah Fawcett
as Golda Meir

and
Moshe Dyane
as Himself



**AT SPECIALLY SELECTED THEATRES
NEAR YOU**

Presently he is taking all our covert funding and putting it towards a sex-change operation in Sweden. He listens to a lot of Peter Allen's music and wants to make one of his songs the national anthem.

CONCERNED MOTHER OF FASCIST

Dear Fascist Mom:

Seek counseling for your transvestite son. Ultimately he should get in touch with his

sexuality, but not in such a dangerous environment. It is awfully hard for a closet queen dictator to cut it in the Caribbean. The best thing for him to do is to stay in the closet a while longer, siphon off a small fortune from American foreign aid, then flee the country. If your people prefer a strong, masculine leader, Martina Navratilova should be available after the French Open.

PEOPLE

PLAGUE

WHERE'S THE CORPSE?

The body of the late **Clara Peller**, famous for her appearances on the "Where's the Beef?" Wendy's commercials is missing, according to San Francisco police. "I remember leaving her in the funeral home," said **Ronald McDonald**, a close friend. "As I was leaving, some pimply-faced kids in **White Castle** uniforms came in with a stretcher. They introduced themselves as interns from the local hospital." The late Mrs. Peller's funeral was to take place aboard the aircraft carrier Nimitz where she was to be placed in her 1950 Chrysler and rolled off the deck into the sea.



Where's Clara?



Gilligan was glad he had a gas mask during those sultry, smelly nights in the Pacific

SKIPPER FUMES

Skipper **Alan Hale** was put in a California prison last week after being arrested on charges of flatulation in the first degree when he caused the evacuation of a posh Beverly Hills restaurant. "It's those damn gassy coconuts," said Hale, blaming his digestive faux pas on his island diet. "Now the world knows what I had to put up with," commented **Bob Denver**, Hale's hut-mate for several years.

Homo on the Range

After over seven years underground, American legend **John Wayne** has arisen --and stepped out of the closet. "I like frilly pink things and hairy chests," the 74-year-old legend said. Mr. Wayne is ready to tackle his life-long ambition of singing by joining the **Village People** and touring with them this fall.



The Duke is back!



The Village People get the electric cattle prod ready



Jerry's Son?

PEE WEE LINKED TO LEWIS

A secret source has told the **PLAGUE** that television star **Pee Wee Herman** is the illegitimate son of famed comedian and fund raiser, **Jerry Lewis**.

According to the source, Lewis

BROTHERS REUNITED

Records uncovered in the basement of a New York City hospital reveal that asexual mayor **Ed Koch**, chicken magnate **Frank Perdue** and actor **Eli Wallach** are identical triplets, separated at birth because of a bureaucratic foul up.

"How did I get stuck with two fuck-ups like these guys?" said an obviously disappointed Wallach, upon hearing the news.

However, all was well later at a news conference, the mayor put his arms around his long lost siblings and asked the crowd, "How are we doing?"



Koch Times Three

Swine Marries Pearl

Nighttime megastar **Larry Hagman** a.k.a. **J.R. Ewing** will flip his lid on an upcoming episode of **Dallas**, the **Plague** has learned. He'll sell the Ewing fortune (except for the mechanical bull) and eventually marry **Hee Haw** star **Minnie Pearl**. They will honeymoon in Nashville Tenn. **Buck**

SEAN AND MADONNA SWAP WITH ANCIENT THEATER COUPLE

In a surprise move, superstar couple **Sean Penn and Madonna** announced they would swap mates with septugenarian husband and wife team **Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy**. "He reminds me of a young Brando," said Tandy about her new love-mate. Hume feels he's up to the challenge of satisfying the aerobically-fit teeny bopper, Madonna. "I haven't shot my last load yet," said a still horny Cronyn.

Penn said the swap will give him the opportunity to continue his viloent outburts without leaving a trace of evidence. "She's so old and wrinkled, nobody will notice when I beat the shit out of her," said Penn through an interpreter.



Madonna is trading hubby Sean for a shriveled, geriatric "Girl Toy!"



Woody Allen announced that he has decided on a new career : boxing. Promoter Don King has set up a match between the Wood-Man and Neil Simon to be held later this month. The winner gets to fight Mel Brooks in July.



Why is this man smiling?

PHIL DONAHUE'S SEX SECRET: I'M HUNG LIKE MR. ED

Women who watch TV talk show host **Phil Donahue** for his sensitivity now have another reason to envy **Marlo Thomas**, his faithful spouse.

An inside source told the **PLAGUE** the white-haired TV star has an 18-inch penis!

"Why do you think he's so jumpy all the time, running around the studio," said the source, who added that Donahue keeps his member tightly wrapped around his leg and tucked inside his sock.

"It's disgusting when he goes to the bathroom," said the source. "He's got to ask people to help him bang it on the wall to get that last drop out."

HOPE TO PARTON: THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES

Unbeknownst to his billions of loyal fans, funny man **Bob Hope** was minutes away from death late last year, fading away in a Los Angeles hospital.

According to a reliable source, as the ageless comedian reached what seemed to be the end, he made a last request which friends and family swore to fulfill. His shocking final wish was to bronski huge breasted country singer/variety show host **Dolly Parton**.

As doctors and family slowly and carefully lifted the limp comedian towards Parton's humongous love mountains, Hope miraculously started regaining life, nourished by the jugs that could feed a starving nation. "Those are the two biggest boobs I've seen since Nixon and Agnew," joked Hope, always ready with a quip.



BUSTED POINDEXTER: THE 1987 TOUR

SEE THE FORMER HEAD OF
THE NSA TURN FROM A
JAILBIRD INTO A
SONGBIRD!

11/27: The Bottom Line, N.Y.
12/3 : Liberty Hall, Pa.
12/8 : Resorts International
Atlantic City, N.J.
12/10: The Kennedy Center,
Washington, D.C.

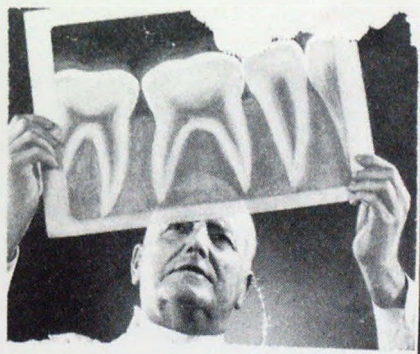
ALL PROCEEDS GO TO THE
CONTRAS.

HEALTH BULLETIN:

NYU Health Service officials are investigating recent reports of giant hair lice that have infested the university faculty. The lice, so large that they have been mistaken for cockroaches, are believed to have originated from the shoe of an old bag lady in Washington Square Park. Over ninety cases have been diagnosed, including one unfortunate Anthropology professor who was so overcome with itching that he literally scratched himself bald.

Health officials have set up a confidential hotline. If you feel continuous crawling and biting on the hairy surfaces of your body, you are probably brimming over with these parasites. NYU urges you to call their toll-free number;

1-800-DEE-LICE



A doctor holds up giant hair lice eggs that were extracted from between the toes of a political science professor.



NYU President John Brademas is inspected for hair lice while other faculty members wait their turn.



When I'm not dressing like Tammy Faye and hanging out with Paul Schaeffer, I love to lounge around in the PLAGUE office. These spacious confines are in 21 Washington Place, room 403-404. Their all-purpose meetings are at 2:30 p.m. every Thursday. If you can't make them drop us a line in mailbox 189 at the above address.

SUBMIT! 21 WASH. PLACE
2:30 THU. RM. 403
MAILBOX 189

It's just great to be a member of the PLAGUE, NYU's only publication that tries to be funny. Those nutty people love everything from satire to cartoons, Moliere to gross one-liners, so if you're interested in making people laugh or wonder or in any facet of magazine production, send us a dirty note. 21 Washington Place, mailbox 189.

