

PLAGUE

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR TESTICLES EXAMINED RECENTLY?

Cancer of the testicles is the twenty-ninth leading killer of men. Not just old men with swollen, dysfunctional testicles. But young men. And there are no symptoms. One day a doctor says you have it. Two days later you have no testicles.

What can I do?

Get your testicles examined. Turn to the guy sitting to your left and say, "Excuse me, would you mind examining my testicles?" Often he'll be surprised, so reassure him by saying, "I'll talk you through this. It's very important for me to know I don't have cancer of the testicles. Here, put your hand on my groin."

How does the examination go?

Spread wide the fingers of your pitching hand. Clamp the hand over the groin so that the palm rests firmly on the testicles. Usually this elicits a sharp intake of breath, which means you have found the correct region. Now, rotate the hand clockwise for five revolutions and be alert for the presence of any strange lumps under your palm.

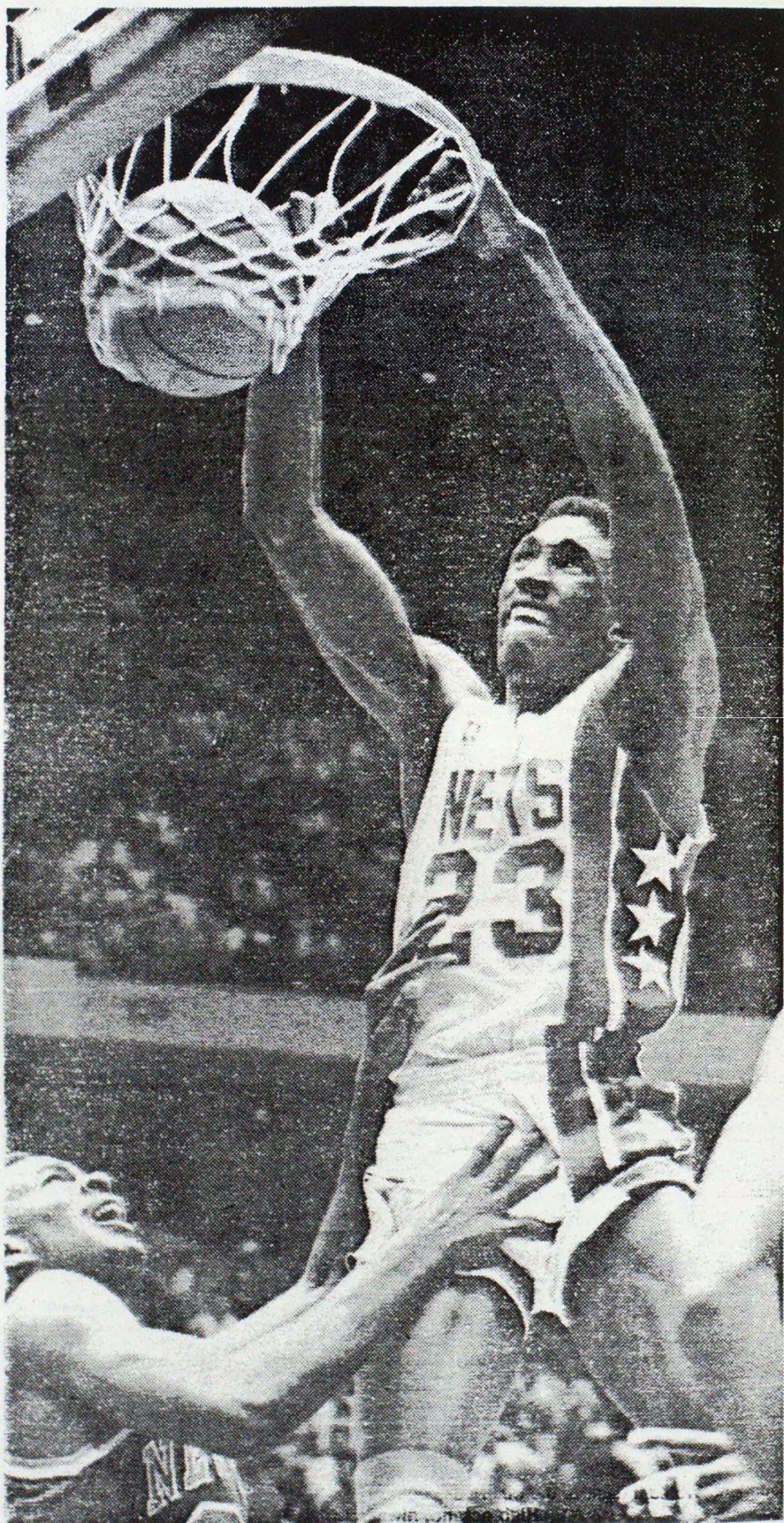
But isn't this a long, complicated procedure?

Not at all. It can be done in five to eight seconds.

How often should my testicles be examined?

Once every two weeks.

A basic testicular examination is so easy that it can be performed during the hang time of a typical NBA player! Your friend goes up for a slam dunk: don't go up with him. Do him a favor he'll never forget. Clamp your hand on his groin and perform a quick examination of his testicles. You could save a life.



Roy Hinson of the Nets getting his testicles examined by a friend

Lord of the Universe:
Raz the Barbarian

Ranking Galactic Officials:
Rob Marzulli
Howie Bernstein

Ruling Chiefs on Earth on
weekends and holidays:
Jon Perry
Vinnie Ferrante
Imran Rafique
James Riddle

Ministers of third world
hemp-exporting countries:
Rachel Bosley
Bruce Matthews
Gus Plakas

Caretakers of small plots
in the Berkshires:
Rich Pinto
Gene Hult
Gabrielle Sparber
Jason Parpas

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PLAGUE

n. 1. A pestilence, affliction, or calamity, originally one of divine attribution: "till the seven plagues of the seven angels were fulfilled" (Revelation 15:8). 2. A sudden influx, as of destructive or injurious insects: a plague of locusts. 3. Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance; "the blessed silence of the Sabbath saved one from the plague of social jabbering." (George Santayana). 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plague. --tr.v. plagued, plaguing, plagues. 1. To harass, pester, annoy; "What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors" (Smollett). *Who the hell is Smollett?*

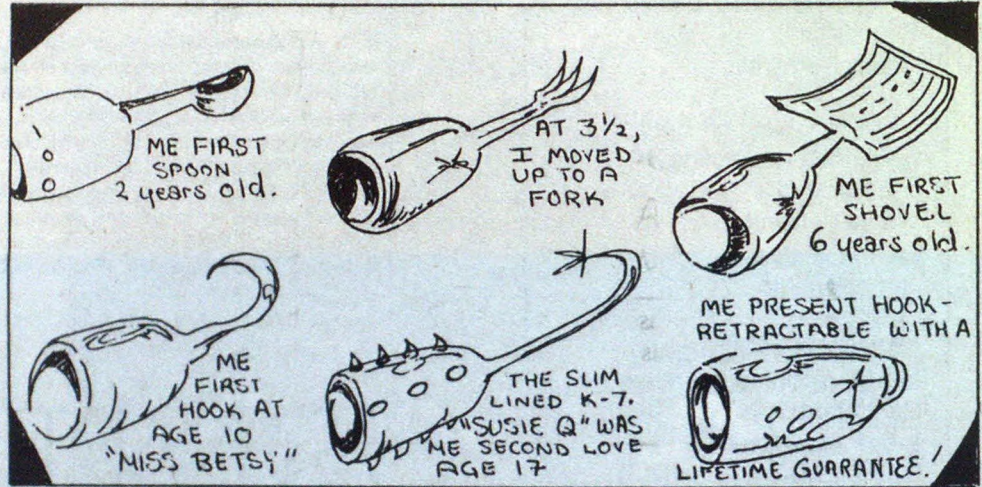
CONTENTS

<u>The Life 'n Times of Cap'n Hook</u>	2	
<u>Guide to Spring Animal Life in WSP</u>		7
<u>Christianized Sitcoms</u>	10	
<u>The Shakespearean Newlywed Game</u>		14
<u>The Lost Kirk Tapes</u>	18	
<u>Holly and Molly</u>		20
<u>The Doc Aquaboogie Advice Column</u>	23	
<u>Tests for Visual Dummies</u>		24

About the White Issue:

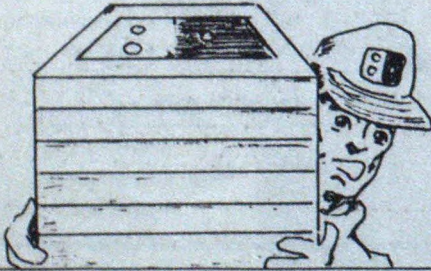
We at the Plague feel that future editors will look back on the White Issue as a major conceptual turning point. As you may know from reading "Applesauce," there's been a lot of feuding at the Plague. At times we've felt that we may never be able to put out another magazine again together. It's Howie's perfectionism, Gus' eccentric style, Vinnie's breath. So our meetings have been very tense: Howie and Vinnie arguing over a joke, Gus doodling on his pants in the corner, James ordering out for pizza. When the cover was discussed, ideas were hotly disputed, then Vinnie said, "We need to get back to the simple stuff, mates. The yin and the yang. A black Plague on a white cover. That's it." "Beautiful," I said. "The eternal tension. Comedy and tragedy counterpointed. The dialectic of risibility." Gus and Howie grunted; they didn't know what the hell we were talking about. But we all knew, once we saw the cover, that the White Issue was destined to become a Plague classic.

Excerpts from the scrapbook of: *The Not-So-Glorious Times of Cap'n Quincy Q. "Da Hooke" Quenten.*



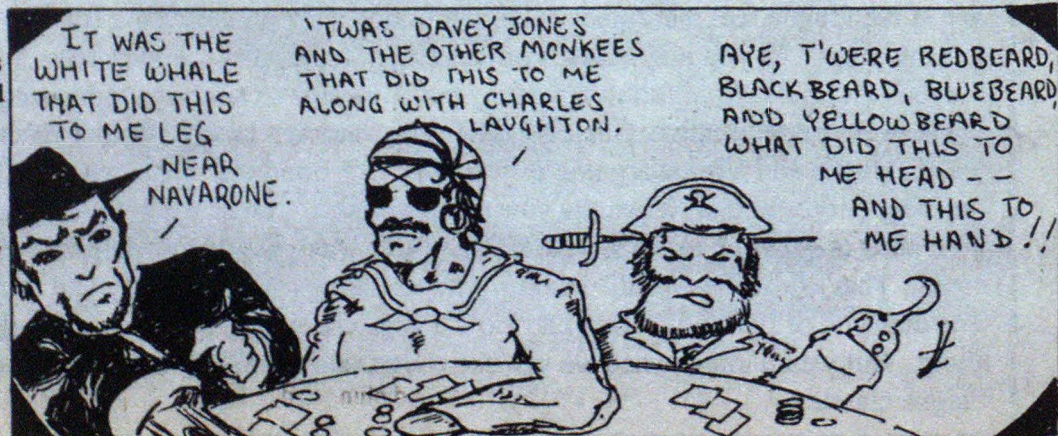
Me early right hands. Mother had them all bronzed. I lost me hand during childbirth. The only one upset was me dear mother (bless her soul) who didn't like the idea of me hand growin' and movin' inside of her. Me pop, Blackjack Quentin, didn't mind, for everytime they made love, he felt the hand squeezin' his Long John.

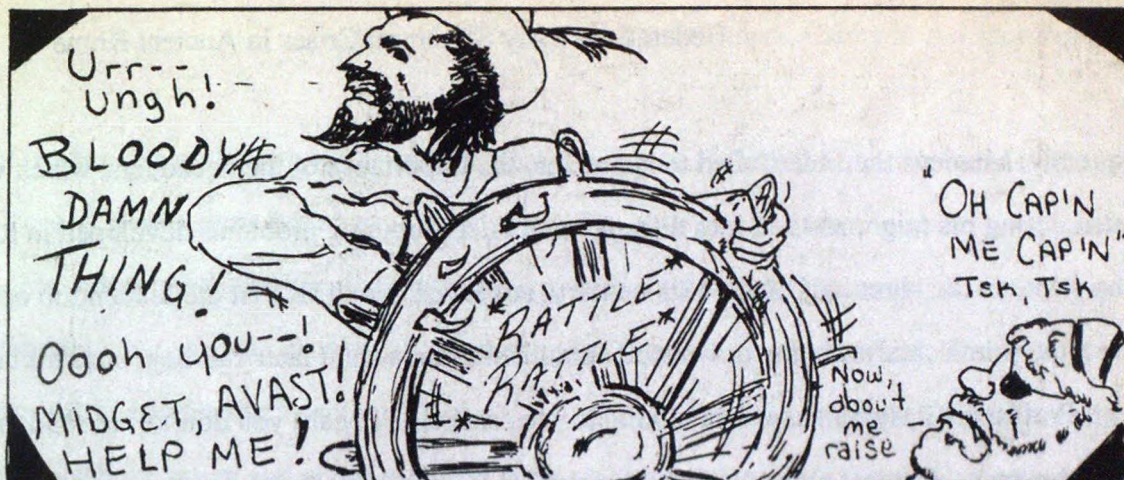
ALRIGHT, WE'RE LATE -- BUT BACK OFF JACK, 'CAUSE YOUSE DIDN'T HIP ME TO WHICH SEA YOU WERE IN! WHO'S GONNA PAY FOR THESE EIGHT PIZZAS?



This here is where I gave me order for "pieces of eight" to be delivered to me cabin. The lads had a slight misunderstandin', but we had one great pizza party that night. That bloke from the Land of the Domino, we drank and gambled with until morn, then lopped off his head and fed him to the sharks.

I took this one meself maties. 'Tis a picture of Ahab, me lookout, and Cap'n Crunchée tryin' to "top" each other. But I topped them all that eve when I told them that it twere a fairy in green leotard that took me right hand. Har, har, they believed me! (Me lookout was winning the card game, but Crunchée kept stealing his chips)





This was an embarrassing moment for me—I got me hook stuck in the wheel... I spun the ship 'round for days. Aye, Odysseus got home in less time than us. (I skewered the gnome by the way. Then we fed him to the sharks.)



Here's a sad one. I didn't know that me sabre's sting was loose. I found it be true when I swung her in battle only to see me blade fly through the air and sever me first mate's testicles. He got fed to the sharks, too, 'cause wenches on board is bad luck. Five minutes later I got captured. I blame the wench.



And here is where me treasures be buried. Just my luck I buried them on an isle that came to be known as "Atlantis." One day I will go back and find what I rightfully pillaged and stole and plundered. But first, I must recall where we lost our ship...

but subsequently, Menicus the Elder failed to appreciate the importance of the aqueducts, which were left untended during his reign, and fell into disrepair and later plumbing problems developed in Rome. Byron, who wrote in the latter half of the 18th century, advanced the thesis that the inattention of Menicus was the prime catalyst in the downward spiral historians would later call hey, buzzard breath. That's right, Professor Glastenblauer. I'm talking to you, asshole. I heard you don't even read these fucking stupid papers. Just last night I was thinking about it, cause you know, you never write comments in the margins or anything. You just jot down something at the end, like nice work, A-. Chrissakes, I can't blame you, if I got 130 papers on these goddamn stupid Romans and their lame-ass plumbing problems, I don't think I could keep awake. I heard you just skim the beginning of each paragraph to make sure it's English, not Esperanto or some pleas to reroute the aqueducts fell on deaf ears. It was to fall to Menicus the Younger the task of restoring the glory of the city of Rome.

But Menicus the Younger had alienated various members of the senate through youthful indiscretions, including the blasphemous act of spitting upon a bust of Apollo. His first plan to revamp the aqueducts and extend the underground sewage system met with sabotage when a contingent you know, I'm bored as hell with this shit-ass paper, because I just don't see what goddamn relevance a bunch of Romans living in a city with crap and piss flowing in the streets after a heavy rain cause they haven't invented fucking plumbing has to do with me getting a job after graduation. Christ, you know what my parents pay for this tuition? Jesus, every time I go home, they just about beat me over the head with the astronomical price of this goddamn tuition, and I swear to God, they're about to sell me to a homo farm so they can recoup some of their losses. I swear, you talk to them and it's like they're eating boiled rats and burning candles and suffering all the time. I've got these goddamn bourgeois martyrs for parents and all I hear is how I found the Roman approach to city management rational in a way worthy of emulation. It is true that Menicus the Elder and Menicus the Younger employed a large corps of engineers who studied the aqueduct and sewage situation carefully.

While Menicus the Younger had pledged to the Roman people to enlarge the sewer channels, he found himself stymied and thwarted at every turn. The last great plan that Menicus the Younger

devised is a tunneling system, which would place a greater emphasis on feeder tunnels delivering fluids to the Jesus, this was some hot idea. This Menicus Younger guy had a brain about the size of a pencil eraser. He scoops out little tunnels to take the crap and stuff to the big tunnels. Wow. Big mental leap. If I told Mom what she was wasting all her money on, me writing papers about Romans who were too stupid to invent a toilet and a septic tank, she'd say that's it and send me right off to that homo farm, and they'd lash me down and and these hairy men would pull down my johnnies and Menicus the Younger had the foresight that Menicus the Elder lacked, but not the support to organize and implement his plans. It is at this point, that Alexander (Ancient Rome and Its Structural Decay, 1981) asserts that Menicus the Younger's political future became "no longer an uncertainty, but a doom overhanging the young man from Tiber."

Alexander further ties the sewage malfunctions in with the crumbling of several important arches in the city. He says, "there was a sense of Rome being a tired city, a city that had enjoyed a glorious adolescence, a stalwart middle age, and was now tottering into a feeble how the hell am I going to get a job after I get out of here? I have one more semester and they're going to ask me at Shearson and Lehman if I know anything about floating exchange rates and I'm going to have to tell them that all I know is that if you lived in Rome in about 200 A.D. and took a crap in spring you had about a forty percent chance of seeing it float past your house sometime before the end of the week. Jesus, that's just what impresses them on Wall Street. Liberal Arts guys. Hey, some of us in class calculated that you make something like one thousand four hundred and twenty dollars a lecture. Just standing up there, droning about these stupid-ass Romans, while we're all sleeping. Christ. That's a really compelling argument for justice in the world. Maybe I can get a job in Rome. Yeh, I'll stand in some plaza, like a raving looney tune, and bellow about sewers and Menicus the Elder, circumstances and the crowding. Disease at the time was not rampant and the structural situation was still tolerable. The real decay, then, would occur in the next two hundred years, a frame of time beyond the scope of this paper.

Nice work. Good treatment of subject.

A-

A-CHOO-NIVERSE

The Big Bang Theory about the creation of the universe is being challenged by a group of Swedish physicists, astronomers, and allergy doctors.

According to the Big Bang Theory the universe was the result of a tremendous explosion 20 billion years ago. The Primal Sneeze Theory states the explosion was, in fact, caused by the sneeze of a Supreme Being.

A new school of thought, cosmic phlegmology, is based on this idea and is gaining rapid support in observatories and public lavatories all over northern Europe.

The gist of the theory is that a cataclysmic sneeze spewed out electrically charged particles of spit and phlegm from the mouth and nose of a superior being. Gravity acted on this matter, ultimately forming planets, stars, and other

celestial bodies.

The theory received critical acclaim at the 15th Annual Convention of Asthmatic Astronomers in Stockholm last month. The highlight of the symposium occurred when astrophysicists applied Einstein's Theory of Relativity to the Primal Sneeze Theory and determined it would take a handkerchief 5.69×10^{98} light years in length to snuff out what now exists of the universe.

"The concept of the universe evolving from an irritated sinus cavity billions and billions of light years in size not only shakes the foundations of science, but also philosophy," said noted astronomer Carl Sagan. "Perhaps nose picking should now be seriously pursued as a scientific discipline whose goal would be to probe the origins of the universe."



The Washington Square Park Guide to Spring Animal Life

1. Crack-crazed squirrel, *rodentia crackae*

The crack-crazed squirrel, a cousin of the European gray, can be identified by his numerous freebasing mishaps, resulting in scorched and sparse, scraggly hair along the dorsal surface and tail. *Rodentia crackae* is very jittery, sometimes armed with an AK-47 or Uzi, and often carries five to ten crack vials in his pouch. At night these creatures dress up like poor Jamaicans and peddle drugs on the park corners.

Mating call: Anyone got some blow?

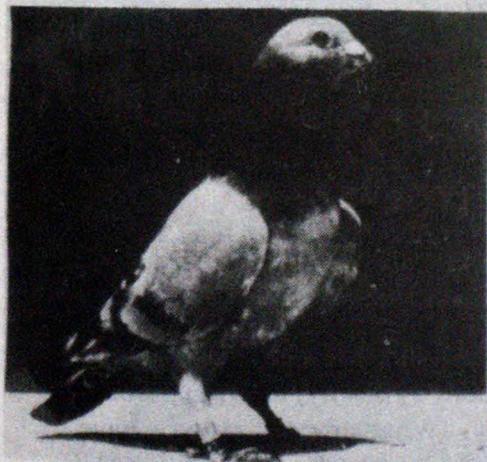
Diet: Pepsi, crack, Doritos, crack, Pepperidge Farm fudge cookies, crack.

Hints for approaching a *rodentia crackae*: Be cool. No sudden moves. If you're wearing a shiny object that could be mistaken for a police badge, take it off. Wait for the *crackae* to approach a bit, then whisper to yourself, "If only I could find a squirrel with a little crack. . . boy, I could make him a very, very rich squirrel." At this point *crackae* will usually tug your pants leg, gesticulate with one paw for you to take out your wallet, then motion for you to follow him behind the Garibaldi statue, where he will sell the crack.



2. Gray gap-toed pigeon with a drinking problem, *paviarius togonus et imbibus*

These pigeons will surprise you with their audacity. They fly at your head, try to run beneath your feet, and peck bread crumbs off your shoes. Some people assume they are friendly and domesticated. Not true. They are dead drunk. The *paviarius togonus et imbibus* will spend half the morning swilling booze on the Bowery, then lurch over to the park for lunch. It's not uncommon for these birds to be throwing up bread crumbs and cheap gin on top of the arch by early afternoon. Normally they are missing a toe, which has been cut off by pigeon hunters from



Muncie, Indiana, who value this middle digit as an aphrodisiac.

Mating call: "Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall, ninety-nine bottles of beer, take one down, pass it around. . ."

Diet: Pretzels, beer, gin, sterno, whiskey straight, bourbon straight, popcorn, bread crumbs, peppermint Schnapp's.

How to tell if you've found a *paviarius togonus et imbibus*: (1) Pigeon ignores bread crumbs, goes straight for your cup of coffee (2) Pigeon tries to land on Garibaldi statue, instead lands in metal trash container (3) Pigeon is operating a motor vehicle recklessly

3. Heroin-addicted red-eyed rat, *rattus nefarii*

These rats have beady, bloodshot eyes, track marks on at least two legs, and a real attitude problem. When a park musician lays down his guitar, it is not uncommon for a *rattus nefarii* to steal and sell

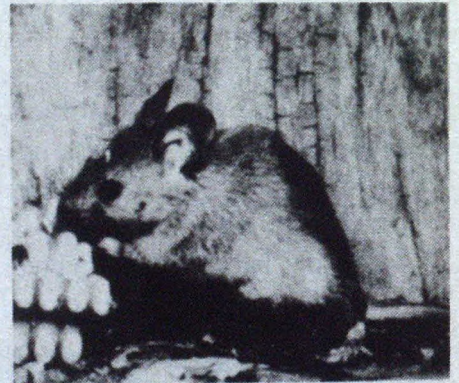
it for a quarter to a sidewalk vendor at Saint Mark's. And the *nefarii* won't even haggle over the price, interested as he is in only one thing: getting cash for that next fix. Perhaps one of the most fascinating adventures for a Washington Square Park naturalist is to chance upon a *nefarii* late at night searching for a live vein to inject into. He will sometimes poke and prod his shrivelled body for hours before wrapping the surgical tubing around some odd piece of his anatomy and shooting the heroin.

Mating call: "Excuse me, I believe that's my three-month old pepperoni you've got in your mouth."

Diet: Babies left alone in strollers, small barnyard animals, gray gap-toed pigeons with a drinking problem.

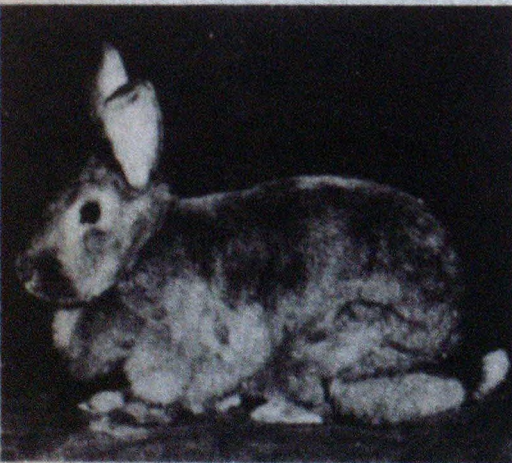
4. Methadone out-patient field mouse, *mus methadonus*

The *mus methadonus* is very unpredictable, as he is trying to beat his drug habit. About the only thing you can bet on is that a *methadonus* will be muttering to himself something like, "Oh God, oh Christ, I don't feel good, I don't feel so good, help me, I need meth, more meth." He will often be crying, disoriented, and suicidal. Some meths just crack and do weird things, like hanging face out from the side of steel-grated trash cans with upper legs spread wide, screaming, "Look at me! I'm Jesus H. Mouse. I died for your sins!"



Mating call: "Oh, c'mon, just once, I haven't got long to live."

Diet: Grass, bread crumbs, dried-soda-on-cans, airplane glue, shoelaces



5. Ether bunny, *lapis ethereus*

A very rare creature, the ether bunny looks disarmingly normal: pink nose, fluffy tail, red eyes. But the *lapis ethereus* is a wily charmer. Typically, he will approach a couple and say to the guy, "What a thweet girl you have. You want picture of me and her?" The girl will respond, "Oh, what a cute little bunny," then the guy will return to his dorm room for a camera. While he's gone, the bunny covers his nose with an ether-soaked kerchief and turns into a raving psychotic sex deviant. He will tear at the girl's nylons and whisper huskily, "You're tho thexy, you're tho thexy, I want to thuck on your thighth." Then, lisping in a bad Dennis Hopper accent, the bunny will cajole and threaten the terrified female, and nibble at her calves.

Mating call: "Don't meth around with Frank, baby, don't meth around with Frank."

Diet: Carrots, lettuce, water, nitrous oxide

6. Earthworm on anabolic steroids, *larvae steroidae*

While a normal worm turns two pounds of earth a day, a *larvae steroidae* will do fifteen to twenty

by lunch. In body, the steroid-using worm is thicker, has banded, rippling muscles, and likes to admire his reflection in a sliver of glass. Look for a *larvae steroidae* where the grass grows too fast, or too green. If you see one, be careful about pulling him from the ground: the *steroidae* has been known to snap off fingers at the second joint. Also beware of releasing small pets in the vicinity of these worms. A worm on steroids will wrap himself around the neck of a hamster and crack the bones, just to show how tough he is.

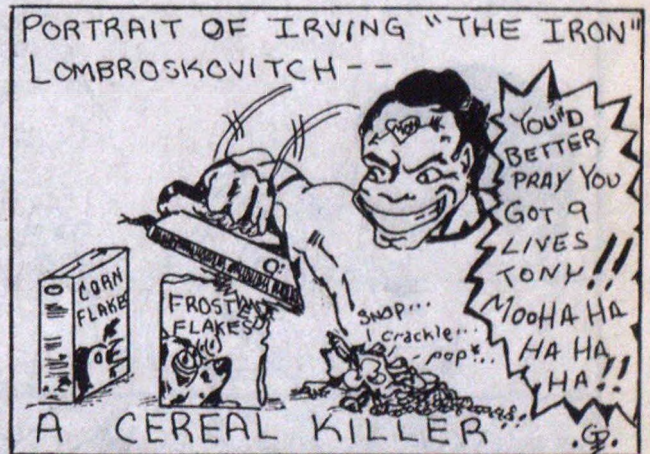
Mating call: "I did pecs yesterday. Let's find a nice quiet patch of soil and work on lats, triceps, and gluteus maximus."
Diet: Liquid protein, raw eggs, Joe Weider body formula, steroid syrup, vitamin pills.



WHAT IS IT?



A: AI Sharpton's mouth



CHRISTIANIZED SITCOMS

Colorizing films was the first step. Now Ted Turner, with the help of televangelist Pat Robertson, has dug up old syndicated sitcoms and "Christianized" them by inserting biblical themes into the old storylines. Here's a preview of some upcoming shows that might save your soul.

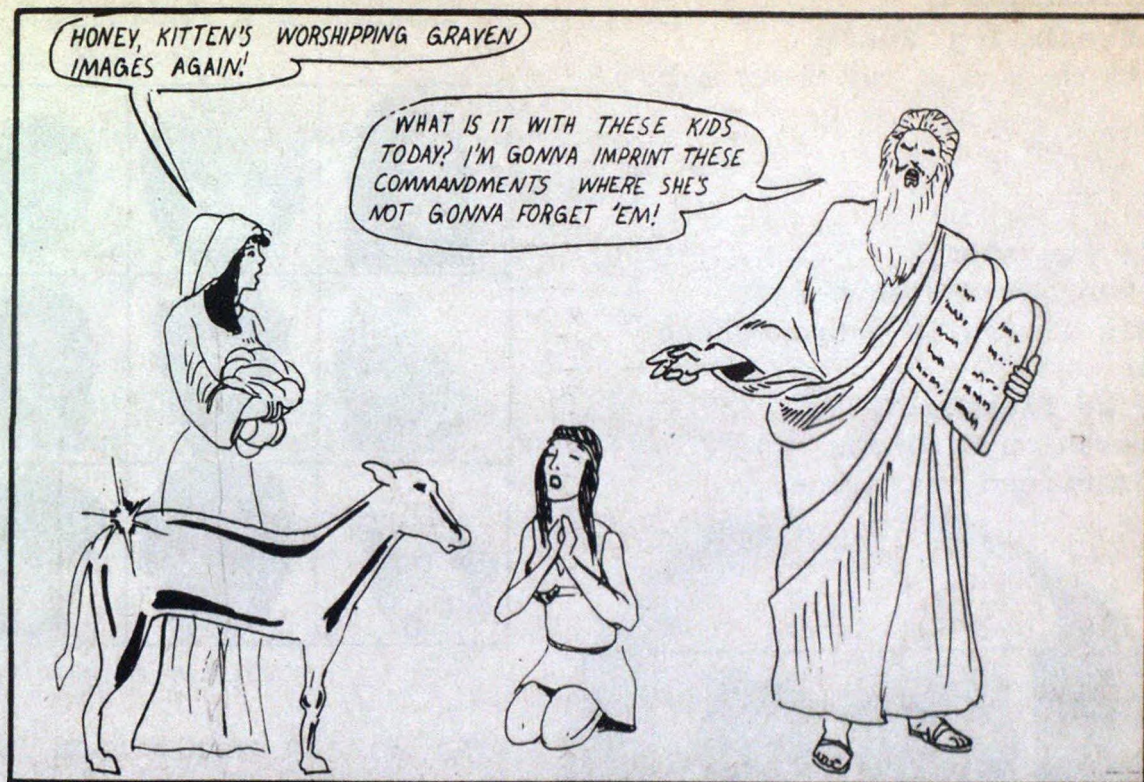
GET LOTT



LEAVE IT TO EVY



MOSES KNOWS BEST



LEAVE IT TO JUDAS



Watch for these great new old shows:

The Courtship of Isaac's Father

Tribe Number 12 Where Are You?

Mr. Jonah (A talking whale spreads the word of God)

Mork and Mary Magdalene

FAMILY SIT-COMS

The Steinberg Bunch

(Sung to the tune of the "Brady Bunch")

Here's the story
of a man named Steinberg,
who was living in a brownstone
on his own.

Where he freebased,
and worshipped Satan,
and practiced law alone.



Here's the story
of lovely Hedda,
she had a body
that made Joel really foam.
They used deceit and fraud to
adopt six children
from a foster home.

Till the one day
when Joel got pretty angry,
And he began to kick and
scratch and punch.
But Ed Koch still thought
nothing of it
on the day that they
buried the Steinberg Bunch.



MUSIC

The Ayatollah Has Spoken

(sung to the tune of "Morning has Broken")

by Cat Stevens

The Ayatollah has spoken
And he wants Rushdie

The Man has spoken
S. Rushdie's dead meat

Praise for his killing
Praise for his evis-cerat-ing
Praise for dismembering this faithless creep

The Ayatollah has spoken
Rushdie's body is bleeding

His hair is a-burning
His face is a sight

We'll stitch shut his fat lips
We'll pee on his eyebrows
We'll chew on his entrails
We'll flog him all night

The Ayatollah has spoken
All good Moslems answer

S. Rushdie's the devil
Let's kill him tonight

We'll break all his toe bones
We'll fry up his liver
We'll burn Satan's verses
And set the world right!



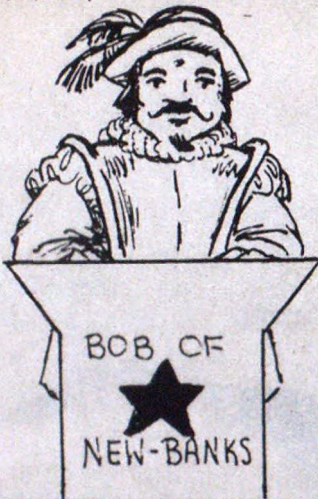
The Ayatollah's Five Favorite Childhood Pasttimes

(As reported by his brother, Kharry Khomeini)

1. Hiding food in beard. He had beard when he was six.
2. Sleeping with sister, Khortense Khomeini.
3. Burning infidel children who did not pray to Allah.
4. Wiping bum with end of his turban.
5. Taking hostages at Shi'ite Shabook's Summer Camp.

The Shakespearean Newlywed Game

ALRIGHT, WE'RE BACK WITH OUR 25 point FINAL QUESTION...



V & G

GENTLEMEN, WE ASKED YOUR WIVES: "WHAT WOULD YOUR HUSBAND DO THE NEXT TIME YOU HAD GUESTS OVER THE HOUSE?"

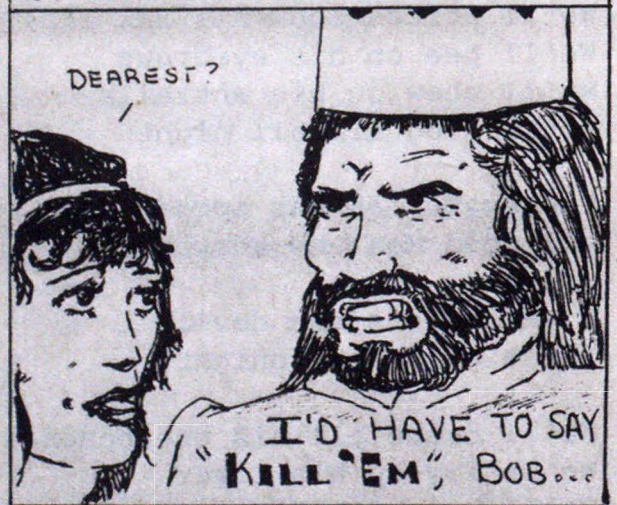


BIG MAC, YOU HAVE 25 points; 25 WILL GET YOU 50...



THE MACBETH
2 MAY I CONSULT THE FATES, BOB OF NEWBANKS?

NO. YOU HAVE TO ANSWER IT BY YOURSELF MY LEIGE LORD.



DEAREST?

I'D HAVE TO SAY "KILL 'EM", BOB...

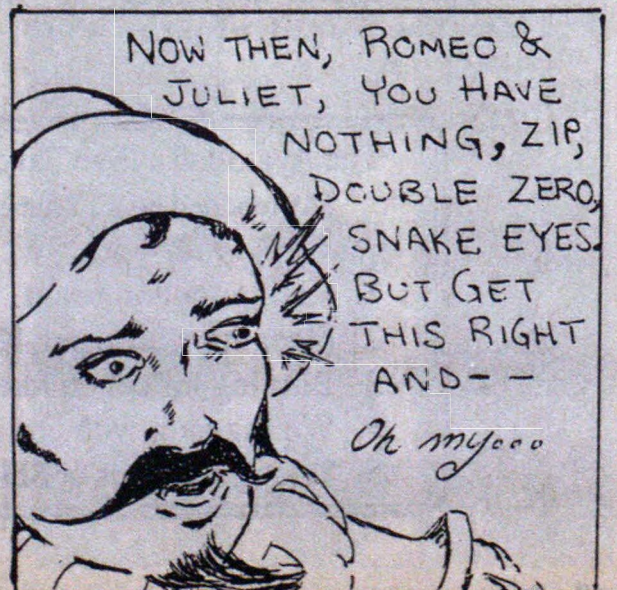
AND LADY SAID -- "KILL 'EM" YOU GOT THE 50!



YIPPI SKIPPY!

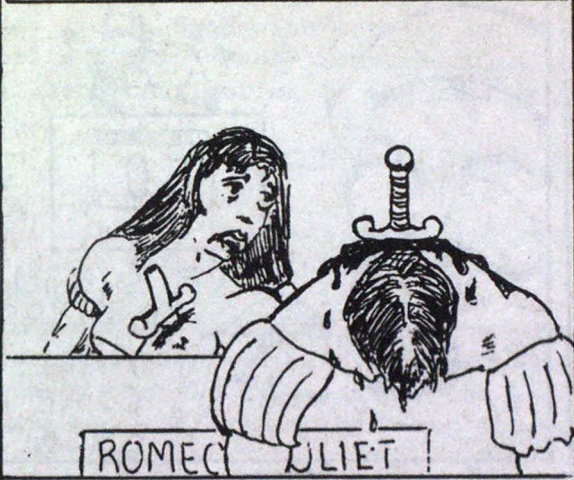
OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!

NOW THEN, ROMEO & JULIET, YOU HAVE NOTHING, ZIP, DOUBLE ZERO, SNAKE EYES. BUT GET THIS RIGHT AND --



Oh myooo

GOOD NEWS FOR COUPLES 1 & 3,
WE'VE NARROWED IT DOWN
TO YOU TWO...



ROMEO JULIET

HAMLET & OPHELIA, 25 WILL
GIVE YOU 55 AND THE WIN.
IT ALL RIDES ON YOU LORD.



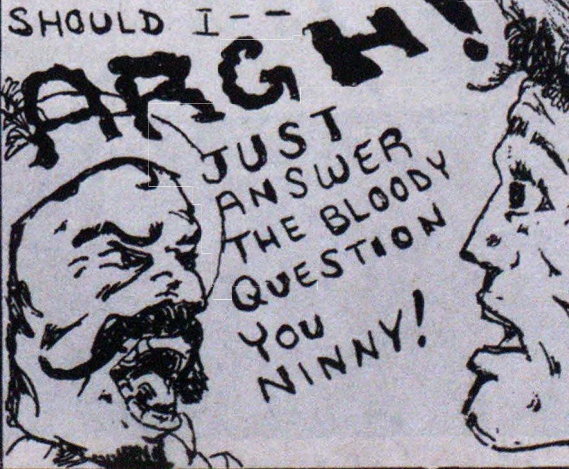
TO BE, OR NOT TO
BE **HOM**E WHEN THE
GUESTS DO
ARRIVE? SHOULD
I STAY, OR
LEAVE, WHEN
THEY **DO** COME?
WHETHER TO
SUFFER THEIR
QUIPS & QUERIES
OF SNAPPY
PATTER
OR SPIT IN
THEIR EYES



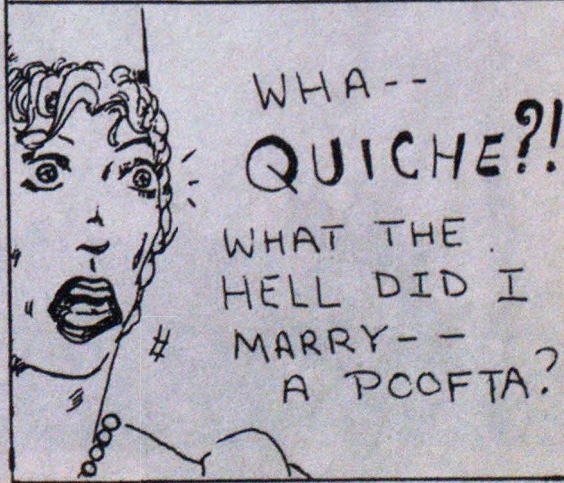
AND SERVE THEM **QUICHE**?
OR, DARE I SERVE THEM A
PELLET OF **POISON** IN A
VESSEL WITH A PESTLE, AND
IN A CHALICE FROM THE
PALACE? OR IN A VESSEL
WITH A PICTURE OF A



PESTLE AND A FLAGON WITH
A PICTURE OF A DRAGON?
SHOULD I --



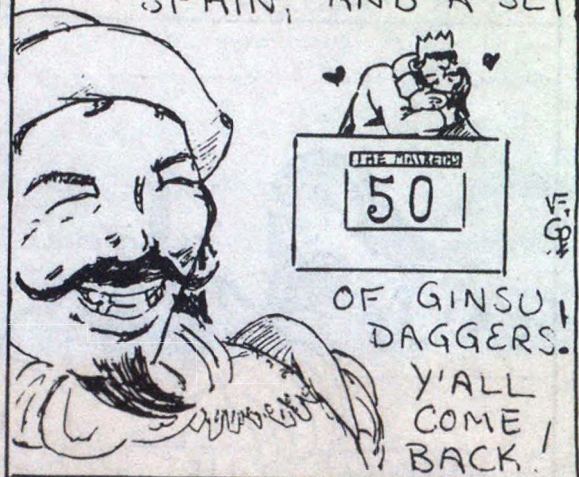
"Uhm... I'D SERVE THEM
THE **QUICHE**, BOB"



SORRY HAMLET, BUT TODAY'S
GRAND PRIZE WINNERS ARE
NONE OTHER BUT MACBETH



AND LADY! THEY'VE WON
SCOTLAND, A TRIP TO
SPAIN, AND A SET



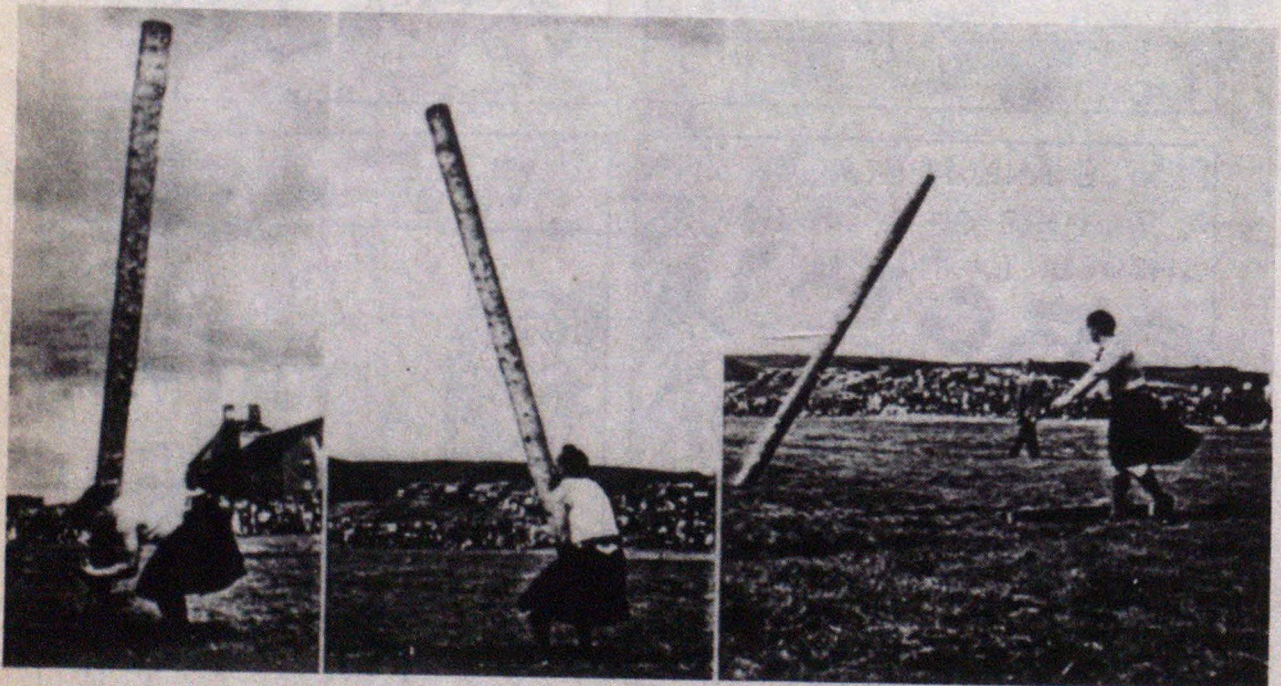
OUT DAMN PINETAR

Tempers flared on opening day of the Scottish Bulldyke Baseball League when home run queen (King) Katrina McInnisherhole was penalized for using too much pine tar.

"But me bleedin' bat's an oak," McInnisherhole said.

She threw her bat at umpire Stuart Brannockburn who sustained splinters over 80 percent of his body. The mannish McInnisherhole was suspended for two days.

McInnisherhole, who uses a 25-foot, 115-pound bat, hit 4,896 home runs last year during a brief stint with the Tokyo Sushi Sniffers of the Japanese League.



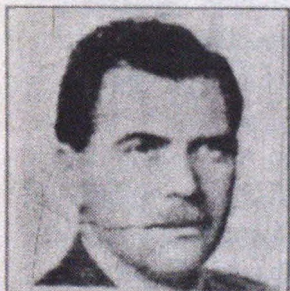
OLIVIER ARRESTED

Acting legend **Sir Laurence Olivier** was arrested by police in Los Angeles today and charged with putting out a \$50,000 contract on **Emilio Estevez** and **Charlie Sheen**. Under interrogation, the ailing Olivier said, "I wanted to make one last contribution to the arts before I died."

ROCK MESSIAH FINALLY CRUCIFIED

Rock star **Bono** was crucified yesterday, according to a group of Girl Scouts who claim to have witnessed the event in the Hollywood Hills. A party of Hassidics spotted the lead singer of U2 walking on the water of a nearby hotel, said Brownie Angie Dix. Bono then donned a thorn tiara and spoke about injustice, Reverend Martin Luther King, and social consciousness. After Bono declared himself the messiah, the Hassidics dragged him off to be nailed to the cross, said Sally Cummings, who led her troop in fudge sales for the second consecutive year.

MENGELE KID CARE CENTER TO OPEN



Renowned physician **Dr. Josef Mengele** recently returned from a sabbatical in Paraguay and announced the opening of a new child day care center. A compassionate and learned man, Mengele said he will staff the center with German colleagues whose specialty is working with kids. When asked by a reporter why all the men wore "SS" patches, Mengele smiled and said, "That stands for Super Sweet. They're all real darlings." The day care center will be built at 1945 Central Park West, across from the B'nai B'rith temple and close to all major train stations.

HEY, THAT HACK LOOKS FAMILIAR. . .

A study on the success of TSOA graduates in the film industry has revealed that the average NYU film school student, within two years of graduation, has either found a job driving a taxi or committed suicide. The encouraging news: some talented and industrious graduates are hired as production assistants, where they make sandwiches and ensure that various electrical cords on the ground don't interfere with pedestrian traffic. Responding to the survey, TSOA administrators say they will offer new courses in the fall, like "Untangling Electrical Cord 101" and "Mustard or Mayonnaise: Sandwich Spreading Your Way to a Better Job."



Tisch graduates cruising for fares near City Hall

The Enterprise has encountered a small Varagian trade vessel near Rigel 4 that wishes to sell their wares.

"Captain, the Varagians say they're ready to start transporting their cargo."

"Price, Uhura."

"What's that, Captain?"

"I said price, Uhura.

How much do they want?"

"200 credits. That's for 500 double-ribbed, hypertensive, and laser-tested."

"Jesus. We could've had 600 Trojans on Alpha Centauri for 50 credits."

"They're still cheap condoms for this part of the galaxy, sir."

"Too much. Cut all power. We're dead in space."

"Sir, they're signalling."

"DON'T ANSWER!"

...hours later...

"Captain, they've left. The Captain signalled he was tired of waiting. This message came across: Captain Kirk. Hope the next green bitch you sleep with gives you crabs or herpes triplex 389-L-4."

"Power on. Mr. Sulu, set course for Starbase 10. I gotta take a leak."

Captain's Log, Stardate 8942.6

We're faced with a possible conflict with a Romulan vessel. It appears to be drifting off the starboard side of the Enterprise.

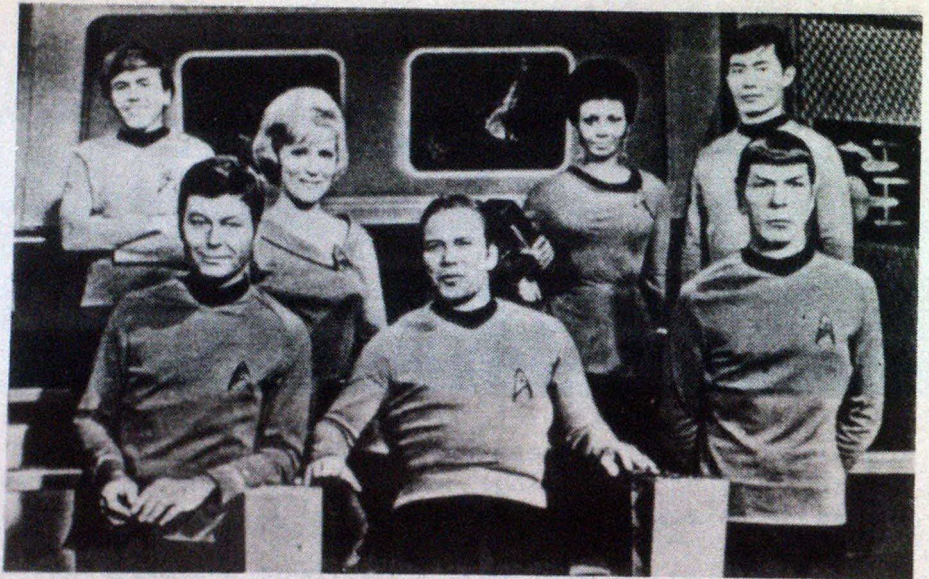
"Captain, I'm picking up signs of life on board the ship."

"Is that so, Spock? Signal them, Lieutenant. I want to speak to their captain."

"Sir, I'm getting some kind of recorded message."

"On audio, Lieutenant."

The Lost Kirk Tapes



"...mulan warship captain here. No one is here to take your call right now. Please leave your name and coordinates where you can be reached. Speak after the beep."

"Should I leave a message, sir?"

"No, I hate these damn machines. Spock, what do you have on those life forms?"

"Two life forms, carbon-based. Rather high body temperatures."

"On screen."

"FOOOOOOOOCUS!"

"Quiet, Chekhov. Mr. Spock, why are we looking at the outside of the captain's cabin?"

"On the contrary, sir. We are looking inside the captain's cabin. Those two undulating shapes. . . I can't tell, but I suspect they are Romulans. . . as for the activity they're engaged. . ."

"Holy shit, they're fucking, Spock. Let's get some audio."

"Mmmm, so good, you're so good, Greekor, ohhhh, it feels like your fourth dick is hard again, ohhhh, ohhhhhh."

"Jim, we've got to inform starfleet. This is a clear violation of galactic protocol, stopping a ship in mid space for—"

"Shut up, Boner. . .uh, Bones. This as an emergency. Mr. Kyle, lock in on the Romulan coordinates. I'm going in. . .uh, over, I'm going over. With a small party of five. Spock, inform

Ensigns Smith and Trafakar that they are to pick up my leather toys and meet me in the transporter room. I'd also like to take Ensigns Lovelace and Chambers. McCoy, you're going, too."

"Jim, I really don't see what I can do."

"McCoy, can you tell whether a woman has the deadly pincer-headed venereal viruses of Titan Four? Or the prickly labia minor warts of Centaurus Seven?"

"Well, yes, Jim—"

"Then you're going. Because I don't plan to catch any of that. Do I make myself hard. .uh, heard, Doctor?"

"Captain, if I may interject. From an impartial perspective unique to a Vulcan, I have reached the conclusion that efficacious decision-making on this ship is being hampered by a reflexive catering to a certain outgrowth of engorged tissue between your legs."

"Are you saying I'm following my dick, Mr. Spock? I don't want to pull rank on you, Spock, but I can have you court martialed for slandering a superior officer. McCoy, let's get moving. Spock, you're in charge. Sit back in the captain's chair and enjoy the show."

Captain's Log, Stardate 1234.5

The Enterprise is proceeding to Beta Eleven, a colony in the Altroid system that is currently facing a life-threatening shortage of atmospheric converters. If we do not reach them by 22 hundred hours, all 358 men, women, and children will be dead.

"Dr. McCoy and Mr. Scott, to the bridge."
BZZZZZZ.

"Kirk here."

"It's Mr. Scott, sir. I need more time."

"What's up, Scotty?"

"I'm dropping a load, sir. Maybe if you weren't buzzing me like the dickens every ten minutes I'd get something done. I can't even sit on the crapper for a couple of minutes. What's the bloody matter this time?"

"It's Beta Eleven, Scotty. We need to get there fast."

"Don't tell me they've run out of

atmospheric converters again. The bloody things have a two-year warranty. Why don't they just send them back to Starbase for repair?"

"What do they breathe in the meantime, Mr. Scott?"

"Captain, I'm taking a dump. I'm not ginna argue with you. I know why we're going to Beta Eleven, anyway. It's not the blasted converters. It's that platinum blonde android on Beta Ten with the gargantuan tits."

"Look, Mr. Scott, I'm not in the mood for insubordination. I'm only friends with Gretta Love Monkey Model 6-Z. Your job is engineering. Maybe if you laid off the sauce, this ship would run better. We wouldn't need to use pennies for dilithium crystals and microchips from Speak 'N Spell games in our phaser banks. If this crew only knew half of the shit that goes on—"

"Captain?"

"What is it, Spock?"

"Intercom systems are on. That transmission went to all decks."

"Why didn't you say something, Spock?"

"Didn't give a shit, sir."

"Spock, what's wrong? You're flushed and green."

"The-Vulcan-mating-cycle-I-need-a-woman."

"I know that feeling, Spock. Just hold tight until we hit Beta Ten. They've just designed a new android you're gonna love. Sulu, what's going on?"

"I can't figure this out, Captain. Our course has been reset. We're heading for the galactic fornicatorium."

"Spock!"

"Captain-I'm-sorry-I-can't-control-this-just-leave-me-on-the-planet-for-a-few-days."

"Spock! What a great idea. The galactic fornicatorium. Kirk, to Starfleet. We're setting a new course so I can take my first officer to a hospital. I'll probably beam down with him, make sure he recovers satisfactorily. Over and out."

--- VF

HOLLY JOGS EVERY MORNING.



HOLLY PRACTICES "SAFE SEX"



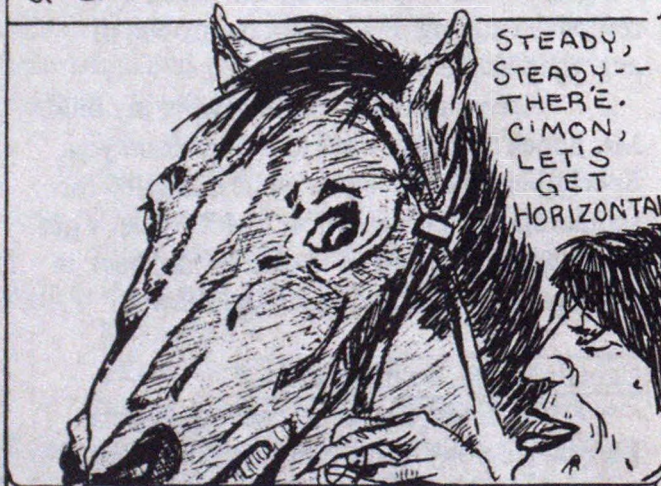
HOLLY DRINKS TEA AND GOES TO SEE BALLET.



MOLLY EATS CHEESE DANISHES EVERY MORNING



MOLLY IS MORE ADVENTURESOME & EXPLORES HER SEXUALITY.

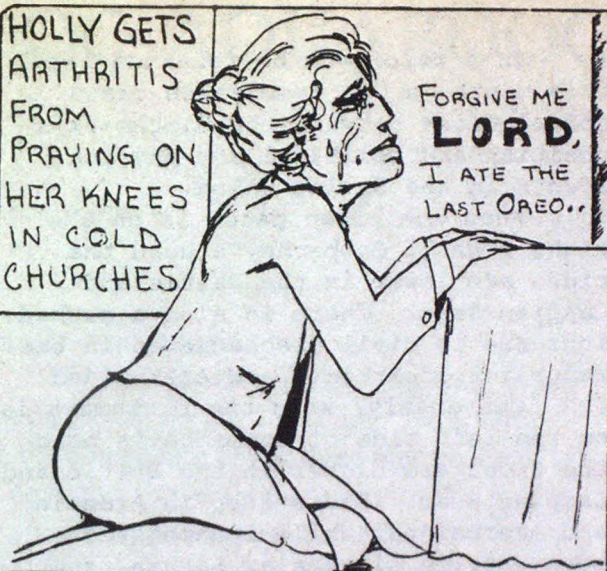


MOLLY GETS DRUNK AT COCK-FIGHTS IN SPANISH HARLEM.

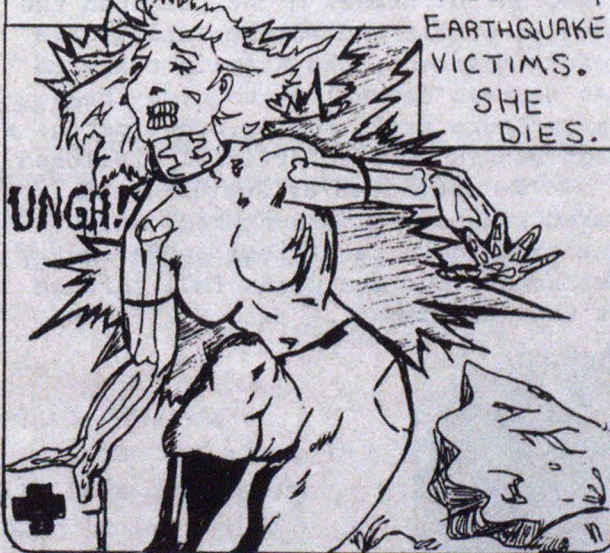


HOLLY GETS
ARTHRITIS
FROM
PRAYING ON
HER KNEES
IN COLD
CHURCHES

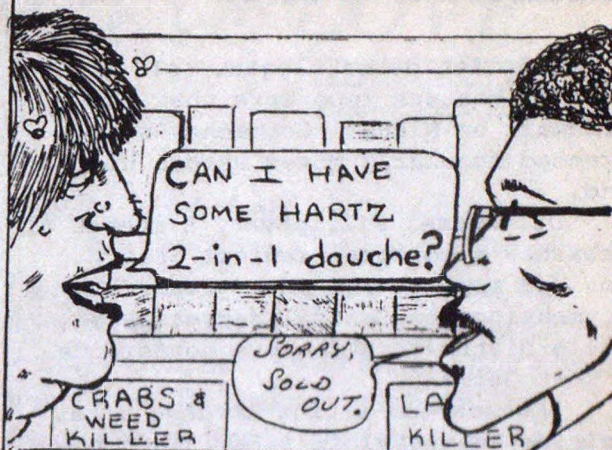
FORGIVE ME
LORD,
I ATE THE
LAST OREO..



HOLLY GETS STRUCK BY
LIGHTNING WHILE HELPING
EARTHQUAKE
VICTIMS.
SHE
DIES.



MOLLY GETS FLEAS
FROM HER LOVER.



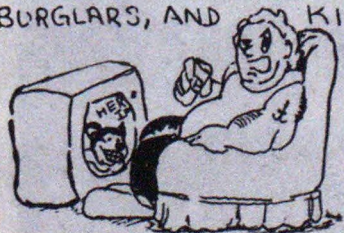
MOLLY WINS THE
LOTTERY



--- HB (Story) --- GP (Art)

I WANNA GO OUT TONIGHT!

ARE YA' **NUTS** PEG?!
THERE'S AIDS, MUGGERS, DRUGS,
DRUNK DRIVERS, TERRORISTS,
BURGLARS, AND KIDS WITH



GUNS OUT THERE!! DON'T
YA' KNOW THAT ITS
ABSOLUTELY MUCH MORE --

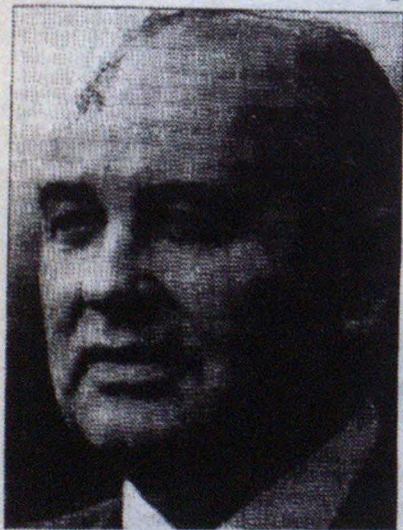


PATCH PRANCING AROUND POTENTATE'S PATE

A Soviet dermatologist told a group of Western reporters that the birthmark on Mikhail Gorbachev's forehead regularly moves across his head.

Dr. Andrei Fillipovna, a member of Gorbachev's personal medical staff, provided reports and photographs documenting the General Secretary's mobile birthmark at a news conference in West Germany.

"He started acting strange after visiting Chernobyl in 1986. Then the discoloration over his right eye started to pulsate. The birthmark revolves horizontally from right to left across Gorbachev's head," Fillipovna said. "Each revolution takes approximately 28 days."



"During the 15th and 16th day of his cycle, I noticed Mr. Gorbachev retained water, had frequent nosebleeds, and was easily irritated," added Fillipovna.

Gorbachev's

revolving brown patch is nothing new to Pentagon officials. They report that U.S. satellites have been monitoring Gorbachev's birthmark since early 1988.

"Brain waves may emit some radiation, but Gorby was giving us readings off the Geiger counter scale," one source said.

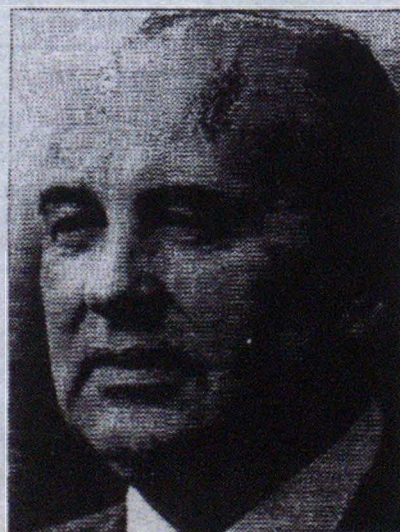
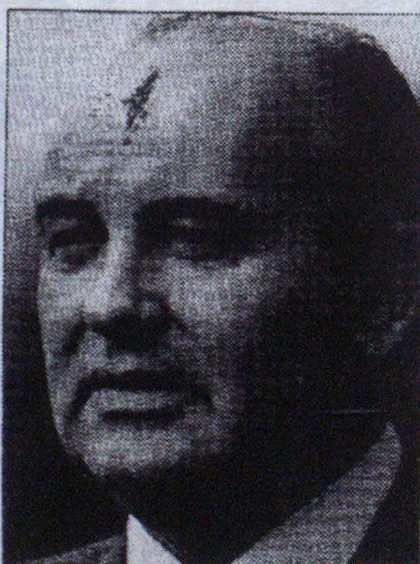
In a report to be released later this month, a CIA commission draws correlations between the birthmark's position and political and physical events in the Soviet Union.

When the brown patch is on the right side of Gorbachev's head the tides are lower in the Baltic and Caspian Seas. There is also a marked increase in civil disobedience in the republics of Armenia and Azerbaijan.

Conversely, when the birthmark is on the left side of Gorbachev's head the tides are higher in the Baltic and Caspian Seas. Riots stop in Armenia and Azerbaijan, while independence movements in Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia gain popular support.

Because Gorbachev feared the itinerant birthmark might frighten the Russian public and further stifle his reform movement, the Kremlin tried to use Western technology to hide the Party Secretary's shifty brown patch, a high-ranking Soviet official disclosed.

"We contacted Sy Sperling and asked him to use 5-10-5 chemically enriched scalp fertilizer on Secretary Gorbachev, but the plans fell through at the last moment," said Fillipovna.



DOC AQUABOOGIE

M.D. OF *LOVE*

Dear Dr. Aquaboogie,

My woman started takin' our wash to the man on the corner the udder day. Now while I like the composure of my three piecers much as the next man, my male piece tell me she gettin' her slice a bacon from anuda ham. Now I don't like that, hear? Do I diss the scopin' flybitty or mop da buckethead that fills her canteen?

Gropin',
Ro

Dear Ro,

Seemt'mee dat your skeezer fine herself somebody else to butter her muffins. I advise you findin' a flybitty a your own on the side, an' kill d'buckethead anyway. Word.

The Doctor,
Proctor of Love

Dear Dr. Aquaboogie,

Been seein' a teaser from downstreet now on a month. She put out more than a leaky gas tank in the summertime, but won't kiss me onna lips when I got a cold. How do I remedy the boogie woman without bummin' my free lay?

Mopin'
Roy from Astoria

Dear Roy,

I can't stand a girl that'll suck dick but won't drink from somebody else's glass. Tell her if she wanna be clean about it, she can wipe her feet 'fore she gets in to bed, but after that to jus' raise her mudflaps an' put some beans on da grill, 'cause you gonna get your hands dirty. Word.

Aquaboogie (Physician
of Love)

Dear Dr. Aquaboogie,

My slice a ham been joltin' in the pan, an' my woman say she can't take the heat. My doctor say it could be anywhere from skinflint to tommywham. Be it a wise move to take a break from rubbin' the dockjam or is basin' the freecoat on my baby's meatcake a downstroke in the daytime?

Yours in the sack,
Whomped-out worried
Wally

Dear Wally,

I'm not even sure what this is about. I suggest you trim your jive and get your hands on a Thesaurus an' off your dick. Learn your native tongue before you butcher it with bad jive wiped from a gay lumberjack's ass off a sycamore tree. Word.

Aquaboogie

DR. AQUABOOGIE'S ADVICE TO THE LOVESORE

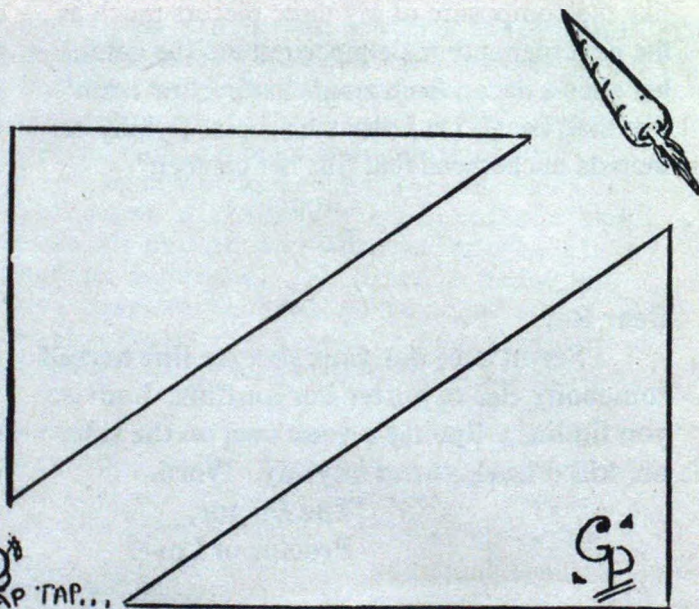
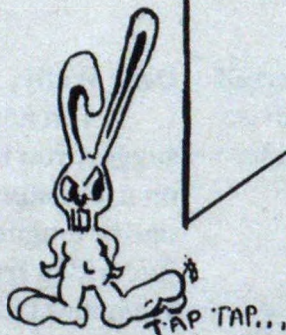
(from "Rocks Off Center: A Loving Couple's
Guide to Boogiewoogie and Skin Jive")

- (1) Don't do it in the road, you get your ass run over. Word.
- (2) Sit up and take notice if your baby say they got a disease, you might wanna get shots.
- (3) Two's company, and three means yo' baby's a ho'.
- (4) When the time comes to raise a family, choose between yo' wife an' your girlfriend. Bitches, fight it out.

VISUAL TESTS FOR THE NOT-SO-BRIGHTS

Okay, you're not that bright. Every morning, the same dilemma. It makes you want to shriek or clutch your head, because you still can't remember. Shoes or socks. You put the shoes on first, then socks, and go to the mirror. Nah, doesn't look right. It was socks. So you remove socks and shoes and put them on the right way. You head off to work. Oh damn. The turnstile. Do you pass through the turnstile, then drop in your token? Or drop in your token, then pass through the turnstile? Didn't you just do this yesterday? Okay, be cool, watch the other people, don't act insecure, you're wearing a three-piece double-breasted suit, holding a copy of the Wall Street Journal--DON'T FREAK OUT!

Does this sound like you? Does this sound like a friend? Does this sound like your Sociology professor? Well, we offer this test specially designed for people of this mental caliber, whose brain looks like sewer porridge and who are always asking where that damn hat sitting on their head is.



WHAT NUMBER
DO YOU SEE HERE?

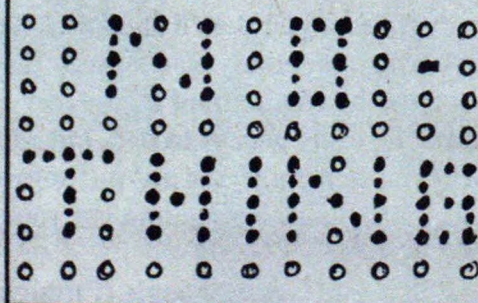
- a) 5
- b) 5
- c) 3

5

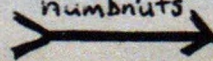


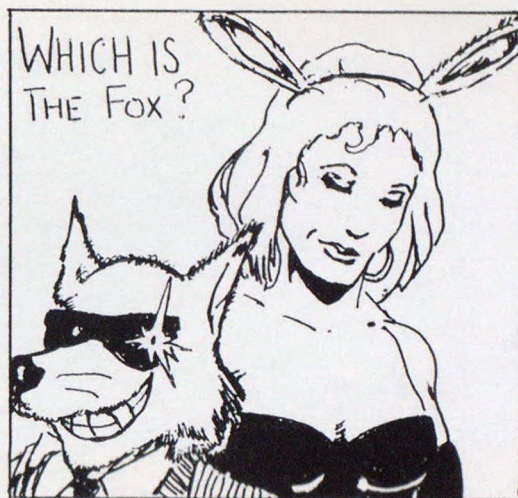
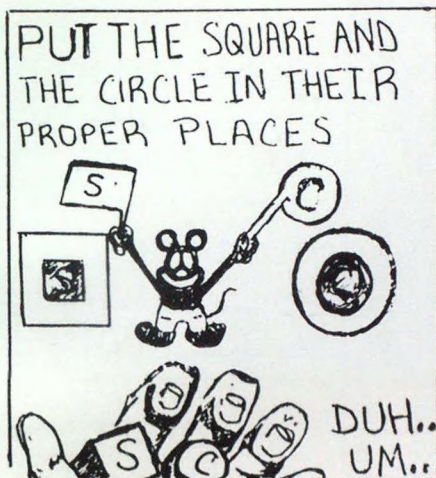
WRITE DOWN THE WORD
THAT YOU SEE BELOW

I SEE _____.



This way,
numbnuts





APPLE' S TROJAN HORSE

Apple Computers has developed a computer prophylactic to combat the spread of computer viruses during data exchanges. The lambskin sheath is designed to cover an entire desktop when it links up with other terminals around the country or world.

Officials at Apple say the condom is 98% effective in preventing the spread of computer viruses.

Upon hearing of the innovation, Pope John Paul II issued an edict forbidding any Catholic from using the computer condom. The Pontiff suggested hackers use a natural means of safely exchanging information, like the "modem" method.

NUTRITION

SAY WHAT?



Monsters Fruity Yummy Mummy cereal is an important part of this nutritious breakfast.



A CAREFUL COMPUTER PREPARING TO PRACTICE SAFE DATA EXCHANGE



DON'T WIND UP
IN A CARTOON
GRAVEYARD.
SUBMIT YOUR
WORK TO
PEOPLE WHO
CARE. ABOUT
THE SAME
THINGS YOU
CARE ABOUT.

GLOBAL
WARMING. THE
ETHICS OF
RECOMBINANT
DNA. CHEAP
BEER.

How The Plague Got Started: Four Cro Magnons were sitting in a cave. Two could draw pretty well, so they became historians. The other two went on hunts, gathered fruits and nuts, and chatted up cute Cro Magnon women with braided eyebrows. But the historians had to spend all day depicting the day's events in crude pictures: how many buffalo were killed, whether the firewood was wet, how many animals had pooped in the drinking water. One finally said: "Hey, this sucks." He started drawing other things, like spaceships full of men who looked like Elvis swathed in Reynolds wrap, just to mess up future historians. Meanwhile, his friend drew pictures of how many buffalo were killed, whether the firewood was wet, and how many animals pooped in the drinking water. And he later got a job editing NYU Today. But the first historian, the bold one, who dared to draw the clan leader in bed with a woolly mammoth, he scratched the first Plague issue onto a rock with a mollusk shell. The rest is history.

SO BECOME PART OF THE TRADITION

SUBMIT

BOX 189 21 WASHINGTON PLACE
(Meetings Tuesday at 5 p.m. in Room 504)