



THE PLAQUE

ARMY • SURPLUS • ISSUE

WESKE

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S ONLY
INTENTIONALLY FUNNY MAGAZINE
SPRING 1991

**We're looking
for a few good heads.**



THE FRATERNITIES.
THE LEWD. THE LOUD. THE OBSCENE.

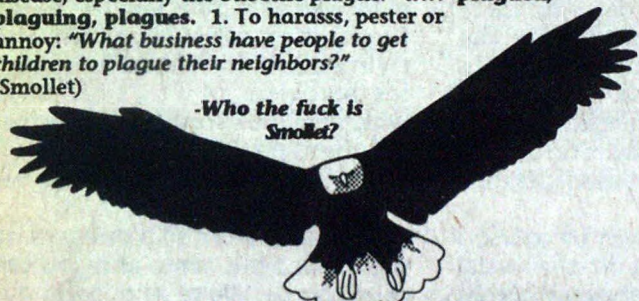
THE PLAGUE

(plag) n. 1. a pestilence, affliction, or calamity, originally one of divine retribution: "till the seven plagues of the seven angels were fulfilled" (Revelation 15:8).

2. A sudden influx, as of destruc-

tive or injurious insects: a *plague of locusts*. 3. Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance: "The blessed silence of the Sabbath saved us 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 or annoy: "What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors?" (Smollet)

-Who the fuck is Smollet?



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Special Thanks To: The *Washington Square News* for the use of its' computer layout facilities, Alex Belov, Francis Chin, & Phil Chin for assistance, Frank Sebastiano, Strockbine III & Loaghaire.

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Printed by **Expedi Printing** • Cleared by Iraqi censors



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Number 228 in a three-part series

THE PLAGUE

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

By Glenn Hauman

No, no, no, and no! Forget it. Not a threat exists that could get us to do it. Plead and grovel and try to bribe us, it's just not going to happen; this time we are going to get right into it without one of those rambling convoluted digressions that we at the Plague are so famous for foisting off on an unsuspecting readership. Right into the heart of the matter, that's what we're going to do, and complete a thought without meandering over into some esoteric ideas from freshman philosophy.

Not going to diverge from the main thrust of this editorial by commenting that the heralds of our age, the television reporters, are such a sad, sorry bunch. Not going to be distracted by the observation that until this war came, they were overanalyzing the private lives of New York City's most obscene real estate developers (and we're not speaking solely about Leonard Stern, either) and how, in a warped way, it was kind of funny to see them jump, half-startled, half-witted, and completely discoloring their pants when the first shots rang out. Not going to take a second and laugh at how they cover up their lack of aptitude in reporting on such situations by patting the backs of the ones that seemed to know their stuff, and that Peter Arnett became the reporters' personal Jesus, sold for a 30 share and sacrificed on the cross of telejournalism's search for the advertising dollar; and that deep down in the heart of Dan Rather, jealousy boiled over its pot as he attempted to be Edward R. Murrow. Not going to do it.

No sidetracking, no offshoots, no deviations from our intended course. Uh-uh. Wouldn't be prudent.

Absolutely not going to run on at length about how Con Edison has been hyping their new "Enlightened Energy" program at length on every local airwave, suggesting new usage of conservation measures for home and business. Not going to do it, because then we'd be forced to swerve into a discussion of how Con

Ed's own Energy Conservation center on the first floor of the Chrysler Building keeps its own lights on twenty-four hours a day. And we're not going to be lured away like that, because to do that would be to forget ourselves and commit another long, oververbiaged wandering in the deep waters of our thoughts. Nay, temptation, get thee behind me!

Sure, certainly, yes of course I could get involved in the usual housecleaning that these editorials usually serve as, like pointing out that this issue is our Army Surplus issue, which explains why it's on a cheaper grade of paper and yet cost us more money than previous issues, and how we are horribly embarrassed by this distressing turn of events regarding the quality of our publication. But that would entail us engaging in a dozen *mea culpas* about the situation and tacking blame on the recession which is exacerbated by the war, and us trotting out our exhibits for the defense such as the wonderful articles in this issue, including the official list of NYU Lightbulb Jokes and the Return of the Private Dick. It would necessitate us revealing how we're going to knock your socks off next issue, when we take all the money we've saved and use it towards a full-color cover and centerspread, and then you would all whine about how this issue should have been printed on the good stuff anyway, and then we'd get into a great big yelling contest, so we're going to avoid all that. Dammit.

So okay, no jerking around with random diversions. Absolutely not. Not even going to make a comment about how yellow ribbons on display to show that we support our troops overseas came from the song "Tie a Yellow Ribbon round the Old Oak Tree" by Tony Orlando and Dawn. We'd be forced to tell you (if we were digressing, which clearly we are not) (and doing a very good job of it, if we may offer our humble opinions) we would be remiss if we didn't point out that the song was originally written about a convict

returning home from prison, and that this could in fact be viewed as an interesting outlook on where many recent recruits into the armed forces are actually coming from, with an irrelevant aside about this being the harbinger of a 70's revival to which we look forward as much as our thesis papers.

But of course, we can't, so we won't.

We are sworn to a policy of no digressions this time, and you can count on us. We're as good as our word. Steadfast, thass us. After all, we wouldn't want to be confused with the witty column entitled "But I Digress", written by that noteworthy science fiction and fantasy author, Peter David, which appears weekly in the *Comic Buyer's Guide* (\$2.50 from Krause Publications, 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990) which spends a great deal of time pontificating on issues such as why Bart Simpson is not stupid, just learning disabled, thereby taking all the fun out of the character; in short, an entire column of digressions. And were we not committed to staying to our topic, we would recommend Mr. David's column unreservedly as a prime example of what a good education at NYU can do for you; in fact quite possibly the only example. But we are going to be unable to do so, because we are starting our editorial post haste, and as such must deny ourselves such luxuries. You betchum, Red Ryder.

And so, we would like to go straight to our editorial... except we will have to wait until next issue to conclude it. Because we appear to have run out of space.

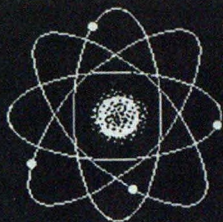
We don't know how this could have happened.

Heaven knows we've stayed true to our intent. I mean, we might have rambled on about any number of topics, but we didn't. We just hung right in there.

Glenn Hauman hopes he will in future writings be allowed by his readers to run off at the mouth. He really does pay attention to his audience, as you can see from how he bowed to their wishes this time.

THE BIG PICTURE

DAVID A. KLISIEWICZ
EXECUTIVE EDITOR



PLUS & MINUS

As I write this, our country is at war in the Mideast. The crew here at PLAGUE Control has been working overtime to produce this issue before Spring Break. Another concern, however, was the desire to publish this issue before peace breaks out. Not just because the issue's general theme is War, but because we are under government contract.

That's right, government contract.

You see, this is an "Army Surplus" issue. We are producing it as humor for our troops in the Gulf. To clear Saudi customs, however, we had to distribute the issue through the Army's P.R. (read: "Propaganda") Department. To do this, however, we had to comply with an obscure battery of Federal Regulations and Restrictions. This carries with it certain pluses and minuses.

The U.S. Government wants to avoid offending the Saudis at all costs, so the Army has to approve every page prior to publication. As an end result, numerous jokes are *sans punchline*; a minus.

On the other hand, the Army has provided us with a well-furnished, air-conditioned office with a FAX, and two officers from Army Intelligence (a complete contradiction) to help us edit during layout; a plus.

The Army are real sticklers for protocol, in case you didn't know. As a result, we've had to institute the practice of saluting and saying "sir" in the PLAGUE office whenever Pentagon representatives are around; a minus.

But protocol has its uses in publication. To be more specific, remembering to list Volume and Issue numbers on the contents page of every issue, even though almost no one ever reads them. The Army was very quick to point out that we had failed to do so on our last two issues. For the record, the one that says "Spring 1990 - 13th Anniversary Issue" is Volume 13, Issue #2. The last issue, which says "Fall 1990 - Saved From The Bonfire Issue" is Volume 14, Issue #1. A quick scan of the contents page should reveal that this is Volume 14, Issue #2. We understand that this careless omission on our part detracted from your enjoyment of the issues in question, and we apologize unreservedly. We would like to thank the United States Army for pointing this out and holding guns to our heads until we printed an apology followed by the words; a plus.

Since the U.S. Government demands a full itemization of all expenses related to publication, our Finance Department has been driving itself bugfuck trying to balance our accounts, which have been just this side of dismal for the last thirteen years; a minus.

To help rectify the situation, a kind person at the White House is listing us discreetly with the S&L bailout recipients; a plus.

The Army does not appreciate extravagance, however, and therefore refuses to pay for silly extras like good quality paper on which to print, or half-toning photographs

(which turns photos into little dots and makes them look gray, but costs extra); a minus.

However, they do give us more leeway with legitimate expenses than ASSABC (the source of NYU funding for on-campus organizations) ever did. After all, ASSABC never would have approved our \$1,900 contingency funding request for office supplies (which we actually spent on a toga party at the Aztec Club). For that matter, ASSABC would definitely have refused our request for the publication budget. We admit that we may have padded the expense accounts a bit: \$2,300 for pizza and beer; \$61,243 for our Ski Weekend in Zurich with Vice-President Quayle; \$216,000 for printing expenses; \$2 million to underwrite the Polish contribution to the Gulf War (they sent 125,000 troops to the Gulf, but the Mexicans didn't know what to do with them and sent them home) and four billion dollars to build our own nuclear aircraft carrier, CVN 85 USS Al Goldstein.

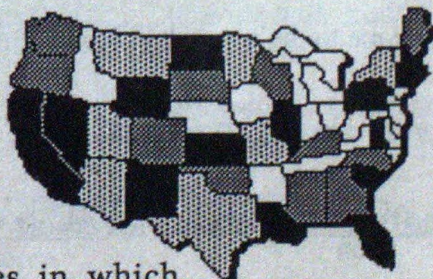
Bottom line on our 1991 Spring Issue Budget Request: \$4,002,286,543.

The Pentagon wrote us a check. Assuming Congress doesn't notice the four-billion dollar glitch in the Federal Budget (yeah, right...), the PLAGUE will enter the international arena as a nuclear power by 1994.



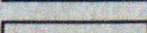

The PLAGUE with its own nuclear aircraft carrier. Picture it, just picture it. That's going to keep people around the world awake at night for years to come. A plus.

David A. Klisiewicz is the Plague's Executive Editor, and was recently arrested by Federal agents for attempting to defraud the U.S. Government of over four billion dollars. He is expected to be sentenced to at least 128 years in Federal Prison. A minus. Or a plus, depending on your point of view.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION...



States in which...

-  A Democrat is Governor
-  A Republican is Governor
-  An Independent is Governor
-  Mickey Mouse is Governor

Many of you, our readers, may remember playing **Mad Libs™** as children, and finding hours of enjoyment in the twisted stories that were produced by the random selection of words. Sadly, as we got older, most of us no longer played **Mad Libs™**, not because they were any less fun, but because our lives had grown too busy to stop and enjoy this simple pastime. Now we're in college, and have no time at all for such frivolous pursuits. Realizing that you don't actually have time to play this game, we've done it for you. So relax and enjoy the **Plague's** version of....

Mad Libs™

For Really Busy People*

James Dawson & David Klisiewicz

1. Walking The Dog

One blood-encrusted
adjective day I took my bunghole
noun Rover, for a walk. There were big white Penises
plural noun in the sky. Rover fucked
verb, past tense begrudgedly
adverb in the fields. From inside my grandmother
noun I took out a machete
noun, and threw it across the park. Rover ran after it, not seeing the rollercoaster
vehicle approaching. As Rover came
verb, past tense into the street, he was squashed like a kumquat
noun, and his uterus
body part was mashed into a pulp. I called the fluffer
professional person, who scraped Rover up with a turkey baster
noun. I loved Rover.

2. My Visit To The Bronx Zoo

My father took me to the zoo today. It was flaccid
adjective. I saw a lot of neat kiwis
plural noun. There was a big gorilla named Thaddius
proper name, and lots of screaming tits
plural noun. There was also a big gray phone
noun, to whom I fed edible underwear
food. His long uvula
body part was quite turgid
adjective. After that, Dad showed me the lions and tigers. They looked charbroiled
adjective. After we ate elevators
plural noun for lunch, we went to see the fat penis
noun, and then the gelatin molds
plural noun at the reptile

house. There were also fossils of the dinosaurs, who roamed the earth 69 years ago. On the
number
 ride home, a homeless man exposed himself on the subway, two hispanics awarded a man, and Dad
verb, past tense
 got mugged for his penile implant. It was a good day.
noun

3. My First Sexual Experience

Me and my girlfriend, a/an wild ankle named Bill, went out on a
adjective noun proper name
 date last Friday. I took her to the nicest urinal in town, a place called the snot
common place noun
 Mine. We ordered cornchips for dinner, and ordered a bottle of red jism. I
food fluid
 whispered cordial nothings in her ear as we ate, and her hand caressed my aorta.
adjective body part
 I could tell she was slick. After dinner, we vomited back to her place in my Mr. Softee Ice Cream Truck.
adjective verb, past tense vehicle
 We opened a bottle of white blood, laid down on the paper, and looked into each
fluid noun
 other's cocks. I read love poems and sonnets to her from the collected works of John Updike.
plural noun author
 She was impressed. Before long, she stripped off her barbed wire, revealing her moist Emir.
noun noun
 She straddled me and guided my firm toejam into her. She paintred me like a bucking
noun verb, past tense
sloth, and squeezed her shits around me until my hot mucus shot
animal plural noun fluid verb, past tense
 into her. She groaned and thrashed in embarrassment, her radiators heaving with arousal. After she
emotion plural noun
 squeezed every drop out of me and into her hot silo, she laid down next to me, and we
noun
 smoked hula hoops. It was the deadliest night of my life.
plural noun adjective

* Editor's note: The answers you see filled in are actual responses given when these **Mad Libs™** were played at a **Plague** staff meeting. Feel free to white-out our answers and recycle this article for your own amusement.

You wake up in a cold sweat. The same nightmare that has repeated itself over and over again finished not two minutes ago. Despite your "top notch" NYU education, you were stupid enough to be in Iraq when the shit went down. Now you're a "guest" in a bomb shelter conveniently located near an Iraqi army base, unable to converse intelligently with your "hosts." Suffer no more! With the help of an underground computer Bulletin Board Service and my Arabic-speaking dad, we here at Plague Control have put together this quick and handy guide to

All The Arabic An American Needs To Know

by Lawrence "Of Arabia" Lewitinn

Koul el hadretaak tekmoore.

"Whatever you say."

Shoukraan lakod tefaragni haza al mousadas al moumtaaz.

"Thank you for showing me your marvelous gun."

Enani mabsout aala al ouzoumah enou asterayah aala el ard be reglaya weh edaya mafroudin.

"I am delighted to accept your kind invitation to lie down on the floor with my arms above my head and legs apart."

Enani moukable be koul al hadretak takoulu weh fe hayatak etkaal.

"I agree with everything you have ever said or thought in your life."

Enani moutacha ker weh ashkourak aala enni taazemni enani assafer fe el kabbout el sayaaretak el Maarseedes 280SL.

"It is exceptionally kind of you to allow me to travel in the trunk of your Mercedes 280SL"

Aargouk laa takaasar bidaani wa be maaroof inani akoun balaadi ela el wattaan.

"If you will do me the great kindness of not harming my genitals, I will gladly reciprocate by betraying my country in public."

Enaani aattilak koul assami el souhafiyah alaazina gawaassiss amerricaaniah.

"I will most gladly tell you the names and addresses of many American spies posing as reporters."

El shasha el haamra aalla ennayya helwaa khaaless, ya amir.

"Why yes, the red blindfold is lovely, Your Excellency."

El esh el maffatfet filmayaa mahoul gedan — aooz el raasheta.

"The water-soaked bread crumbs are truly delicious. I must have your recipe."

Tabaan a fadaal akoon masgoon hadretak men makkoon maa Latifa Hanem.

"Truly, I would rather be a hostage to your greatly esteemed self than to spend a night upon the person of Christina Applegate."

Sachne el fool el watani zartah fe oudani.

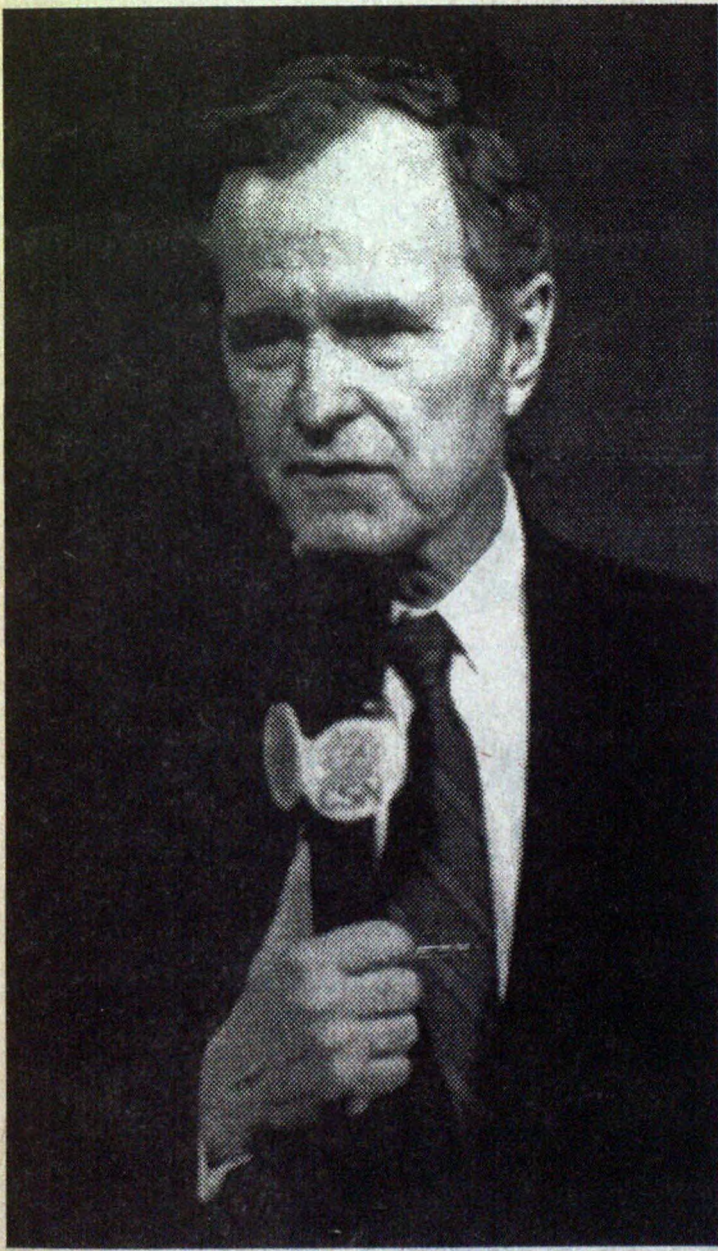
"Your national dish (of fava beans) will soon bring music to my ears."

Enani afadal a salem be aala eedak el shemal; meen fe hezel el behled yastamel weh raak maraheed?

"Of course I prefer to shake your left hand; after all, who uses toilet paper in this lovely country of yours?"

El Akhbar el Yom beten chelbish teezi.

"The Washington Square News is a little too rough to use for the cleaning of my rectum."



"Can't
say...
wouldn't
be
prudent...
at this...
juncture."

George Bush, Kennebunkport, ME
President of The United States

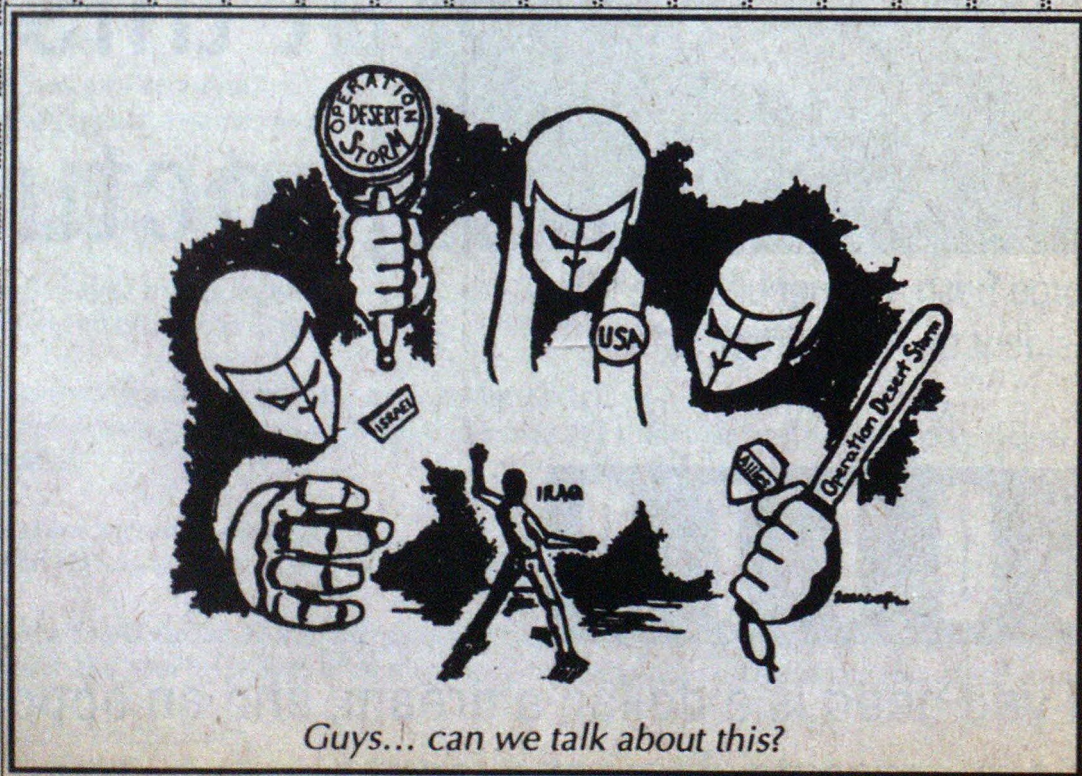
N E W Y O R K

LOTTO

All you need is a dollar, a dream, and an opportunity to
ignore pressing domestic issues.

THE PLAGUE

Drawing Board





What do you mean you have a headache?
We're an endangered species!

HISTORICAL NOTES:

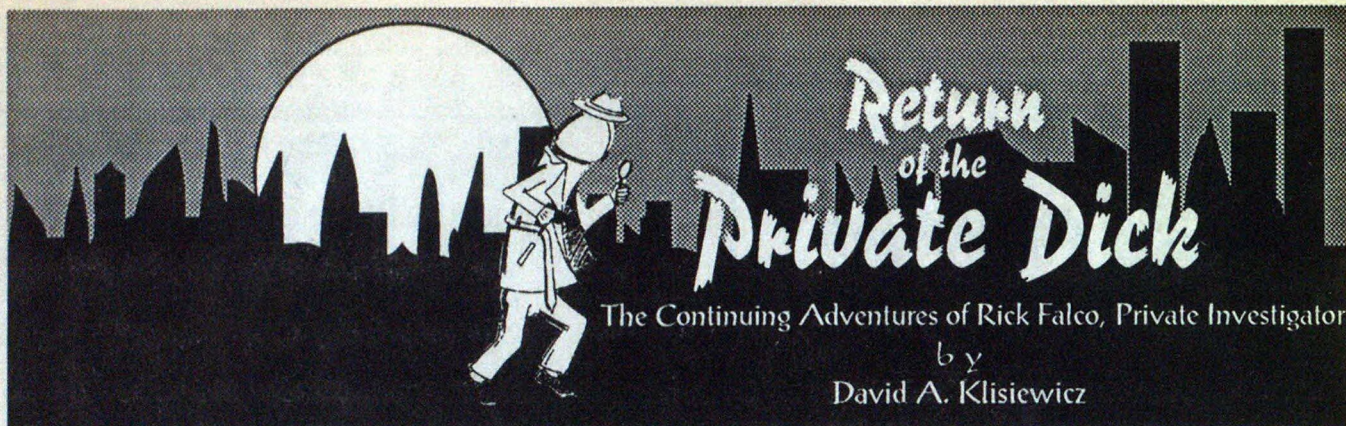
NOT BY M. FRANCIS FLOOD



November 28, 1977: The Editor-
In-Chief of the *Washington Square
News* reads the premiere issue of
The PLAGUE.



The Agony Of
Near-Sighted Sharks



Ninety-one degrees at 7am. Relative humidity 53%. Windless silence. Another lackluster January morning in Los Angeles.

The first thing I noticed was the taste of grass. Not marijuana - grass. Green stuff that middle-aged men in golfing attire mow on Sundays. I had a mouthful of it. I spit it out and opened my eyes. Just as I suspected, I saw grass. A bottle of Cuervo in my hand. Dirt. Ants. Flashing lights.

I rolled over. Regretted it. My head pounded through a tequila fog. My ribs all felt broken. My tongue was in desperate need of a shave. I did a quick visual survey to make sure all my parts were still attached. Picture the tiredest, meanest, grouchiest, sorriest, most pathetic self-loathing sonuvabitch you can think of. Dress him in a pair of torn underwear which mysteriously sports tire tracks from a '57 Chevy. That's me.

The flashing lights didn't help my headache. My vision started to clear up. I was able to identify the tall vertical shapes around me as California State Police officers. The flashing lights, obviously, were from the half-dozen police cruisers parked around me. I saw a Coroner's van arriving.

"Where am I?" I inquired hoarsely.

I was answered by a black cop out of every boxer's nightmare.

"The median strip of Highway 405. Didn't I find you out by exit 21 last month?"

"Was I dressed like this?"

"Yeah, except you had hoof marks instead of tire tracks."

"Yeah, it was me. Why do all my ribs feel broken?"

"We thought you were dead. I kicked you to make sure."

"Christ, how many times?"

"I dunno. Twenty... thirty. I lost count. Look, as long as you're up, I'll need a statement. What's your name?"

"Rick Falco, private dick."

Thus began my day. I love being a private investigator.

....

I spent the next few hours downtown at the police station, telling my life story to some closet alcoholic with a badge. When I was done, they gave me back my personal effects - the sum total of one pair of shredded, tire-marked underwear and a fifth of Cuervo Gold tequila, half-empty. I don't know if you've ever tried hitchhiking on the California freeway, but it's a colossal pain in the ass. So there I am, in my loincloth *du-jour*, trying to thumb a ride back into L.A.

I hate L.A. Until a few months ago, my office was in

lower Manhattan. Then someone told me that there was this great untapped job market for detectives out west in the music business. So, like a grade-A snapperhead, I packed all my stuff into a U-Haul, grabbed my Chivas Regal and John Lee Hooker record collection, and drove cross-country in search of fame and fortune.

I got here a week later, only to find out this narcissistic Sha-Na-Na reject by the name of Ford Fairlane got the job. They call him "Mr. Rock'n'Roll Detective." They call me "the loser in the office under highway 405." The only thing I like about this office is my new secretary, Layla. Best damned secretary I ever had.

I was brooding over this when I realized that a beat-up, rust-colored dune dragster had stopped about thirty feet up the road, and the four sorority sisters inside were motioning me to get in. Desperate and gullible, I fell for it, and trotted like a lame mule toward the car. Just as I reached them, the back tires spun, throwing a cloud of gravel and glass dust in my face. As the car raced away into traffic, I could still hear them laughing.

"Goddamned, good-for-nothing, gypsy-dildo cunts!" I screamed.

Nearly naked, half-blind, and completely humiliated, I forced myself to keep walking. It was around 10:30 am. Ninety-eight degrees. Relative humidity up to 56%. The smell of car exhaust, city smog, and urban decay filled my nostrils. I passed one of those huge green highway signs. I was near exit 138. Only forty-two miles to go.

At least I was getting a good tan. Not to mention trashed on the Cuervo.

....

It was around 3am in the morning when I finally reached the familiar, rotting highway billboard that stands next to my office. You can't miss this billboard. It's a picture of Sherilyn Fenn from *Twin Peaks*, lips puckered and a knotted cherry stem on her tongue. I pay the city two hundred bucks a month to leave it up. If they change it, I'll never find my office again.

I stepped over the guardrail, and shimmied out onto the billboard platform.

"Hiya, baby," I said to Sherilyn as I edged past her and lowered myself onto the scaffolding. I climbed down forty feet to the lawn that surrounds my office. To be more accurate, my weather-beaten shack. The only window that isn't completely boarded up is the one that faces my darling on the billboard. I removed one of the planks for my viewing pleasure. Every so often, I stand there and have fistfights with my dick.

I staggered across the lawn to the front door only to

realize that it was locked. I lacked the foresight to sew pockets on my underwear, otherwise I would have had my keys. I decided to talk to Layla about that. Besides, she'd be in at nine to open the place up. Leaning against the wrought iron post that holds up my shingle, I figured I'd catch some z's while I waited.

I looked down at the bottle of Cuervo. Saw that it was empty. Then I projectile-puked a technicolor jet-stream. Passed out on the lawn. Discovered there's nothing like the smell of bile and half-digested tequila on freshly-cut grass.

....

The first thing I noticed was that it was raining. Then I tasted grass. Spitting it out, I opened my eyes and saw Layla's car parked in front of the shack. I recalled that someone once told me that it never rains in Southern California. That's when I realized it wasn't rain that was falling on me. It was God, pissing on my head.

Soaked to the bone and reeking of Chivas and piss, I staggered into my shack.

Layla looked up as I walked in. She didn't look the least bit surprised at my appearance. I decided to play it cool. I picked up the bills on the desk and headed for my office.

"Mornin', Layla. Why'd you leave me face-down on the lawn drowning in a pool of my own vomit?"

"You looked happy."

"Any calls?"

"Course not. No one's called since you left two weeks ago."

I stopped at the door to my office. I wasn't sure if I heard her right. It sounded like she said 'two weeks ago.'

"Would you run that by me one more time?"

She looked up through a stray lock of strawberry blonde hair. "You left two weeks ago, remember? Right after you botched the serial murderer case."

"Oh, yeah, the slasher case...right." I was lost. The fuckup on the slasher case seemed like only yesterday. If she was telling the truth, I was missing two weeks from my

life. "I'll be sleeping," I said as I opened the door to my office. Walked in. Was about to shut the door. She spoke.

"Rick?"

"Yeah, Layla?"

"Aren't you gonna tell me where you were for the last two weeks?"

"No." I tried to shut the door again. She stopped me with her voice.

"Rick?"

"What, Layla?"

"Aren't you gonna say something rude to me? Aren't ya' gonna make a vulgar sexual reference about my anatomy?"

"No. Should I?"

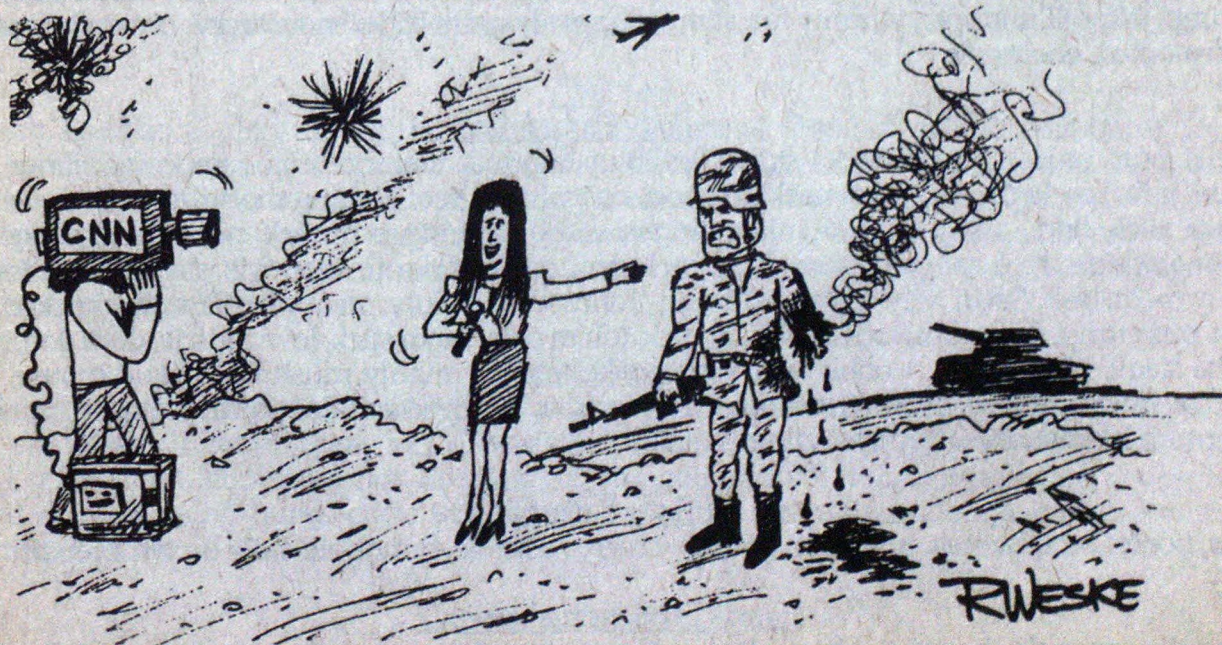
"You always do. There hasn't been a day yet that you haven't made some crass remark or dropped double-entendres left and right. Even on your bad days you say something about my tits."

I didn't know what to say. I was shocked. Not at her candor, but at the fact that she was *right*. I *did* always do that. But if she hadn't just mentioned it, it would have completely slipped my mind. And it wasn't that I was worried, preoccupied, or hung-over. This was really serious. Something was seriously wrong with my brain.

I knew this because, even empirically speaking, on a purely aesthetic level, Layla is one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. This, coupled with the fact that she types 95 words per minute, speaks six languages, scored a 1600 on the SAT, and can handle a 9mm Beretta better than anyone I've ever met, makes her, without a doubt, the most amazing woman I've ever had the good fortune to know. It also makes her sexually irresistible. I know straight women who fantasize about Layla. Luckily for them, Layla swings both ways. In all respects, Layla is the perfect woman.

So, I think you can understand why I was worried

Continued on page 20



"This is Gail Stevens, live from the Gulf War. Sergeant Jones here just had his arm blown off in combat. Sergeant Jones - what are you feeling right now?"

In society today, it is essential to have a comprehensive understanding of slang terms, rude words, and sexual euphemisms. There will be times that you will have to impress roving gangs of Boy Scouts, yell obscenities at an inconsiderate motorist, or simply get your point across as colorfully as possible.

In order to make this as easy for our readers as possible, the Plague, working in conjunction with numerous other comics (known and unknown) has compiled this mixed-bag thesaurus of modern vulgarity.

(One note of caution, however: Use common sense. Do not, for instance, say to the Queen of England, "Yo, ho', let's work the worm!")

Thus warned, we invite you to enjoy...

Phillip Daccord's Abridged Guide To

Impolite Words and Phrases

The Basics

Shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker, tits, fart, turd, and twat; Goddamn, bitch, bastard, eat me, fuck you, fuck off, go fuck yourself, piss off, up your ass, piss on you, stick it, stuff it, shove it, ram it, jam it, cram it, sit on it, old fart, fartface, fuck up, ball-breaker, ball buster, a real pissar, cocktease, ass kisser, brown nose, head cheese, smegma, shitass, shithead, shit for brains, shitface, shit fit, shit on a stick, eat shit, shit hits the fan, built like a brick shithouse, shitbreath, don't give a shit, shit-eating grin, shitmeister, douche bag, dick weed, numb nuts, penis breath, cunt breath, dick stain, beer dick (can't fuck with beer dick 'cause it's like trying to shoot pool with rope)

Bodily Functions

Crud, crap, turd, shit, dingleberry, piss, piddle, leak, drain the main vein, drain the dragon, shake the dew on your lily, mung, cheese, take a shit, dropping a load, pinching a loaf, pinching a puppy, making gravy, fart, stir up the south wind, ralph, barf, puke, upchuck, spew, heave, blow chunks, shout at your shoes, scream in Technicolor, driving the porcelain bus, kneeling at the porcelain altar, talking to the dinosaurs on the big white phone, speaking Japanese, Technicolor yawn

Body Parts, Female

Tits, jugs, bazooms, knockers, nobs, cans, lungs, brown eyes, golden bozos, iguana tits, boob pus, piece of ass, gams, tunnel of love, nookie, poontang, cunt, cooze, crack, gash, slash, notch, twat, ginch, hatch, hole, slit, snatch, quim, box, snapper, beaver, tail, pussy, muff, bearded clam, furburger, tuna taco, bush, hairpie, wooly booger, wooly mammoth, gloryhole, merkin, mucket, button, clit, cherry, clamp, jellyroll, snapper, yummy fur, slime slit, smelly gash, Hitler moustache, bosom burger, hairy harmonica, cherry pie

Body Parts, Male

Balls, nuts, onions, jewels, rocks, stones, ballbag, bugnuts, neutron nuts, jism, come, shoot, cream, wad, juice, peckertracks, pearl necklace, goo, booty juice, heat-seeking moisture missile, well-hung, prick, dick, dork, dong, tong, doinker, dingus, wang, schlong, schmuck, putz, pork, pecker, peter, prong, widget, tool, rod, hammer, shaft, stick, unit, snake, salami, knob, lob, stem, root, joint, piece, gun, meat, beef, Oscar Meyer Weiner, jimmy, Johnson, skin flute, meat whistle, tallywhacker, middle leg, piss pump, short arm, rod of love, joy stick, totem pole, sugar stick, love muscle, devil dog, twinkie, tube steak, pink pencil, wobbly warhead, pocket rocket, mighty mushroom, bald mouse, trouser snake, trouser mouse, pocket trout, one eyed monster, one eyed wonder worm, protein cannon, cock, German helmet, pink torpedo, salami soldier

Body Parts, Either

Ass, booty, butt, heiney, tush, buns, rump, cheeks, asshole, bunghole, little brown eyeball

Menstruation

Low clearance clit, boy in the boat, man in the canoe, mutt rag, on the rag, flying the flag, riding the cotton pony, having the painters in, making red teabags, plugging the leak, mixing Bloody Marys

Heterosexual Foreplay & Intercourse

Laying some cable, laying some pipe, blowing a load, blowing a wad, fuck, screw, lay, diddle, push, plow, hump, cut, bang, poke, batter, wham, hot beef injection, vitamin F., knock up, put out, dip your wick, hide the salami, quickie, nooner, matinee, pop your cookie, bust your nuts, bananas and cream, biscuits and gravy, bone smuggling, salami slamming, knockin' boots, threading the needle, ookie on the cookie, meat packing, plumbing, rock'n'roll, boxing the compass, pole vaulting in the Grand Canyon, canoeing in the Black Forest, give her the old ball and chain, balling, boffing, boning, watering the rosebud, bumping uglies, creating the beast with two backs, launching the missile, finger fuck, fist fuck, dry hump, dry run, shooting blanks, cop a feel, tit fuck, French fuck, one man band, handjob, frenchjob, get laid, get in, get off, get it up, shtuping, Boot-in-Puss, poppin' the cherry

Masturbation, Male

Jerk off, jack off, whack off, beat off, wanking, beating your meat, flogging your dong, pounding your pud, punchin' the munchkin, bleeding your weed, punishing Percy, dating Rosy Palm, strokin' it, workin' it, giving it a tug, beating the bishop, milk the lizard, choke the chicken, wax the dolphin, wax the carrot, wrestle the eel, spank the frank, yank the crank, spank the monkey, paddle the pickle, jerk the gerkin, shoot the whistle, slammin' the ham, shooting putty at the moon, painting the ceiling, pocket pool, having a fist-fight with your dick, shooting dust, sheathing the sword

Masturbation, Female

Reading Braille, parting the Red Sea, going on safari, let your fingers do the walking, riding the banister, scratch 'n' sniff, read my lips, stroking the hood

Sexual Minorities

Pimp, hooker, trick, whore, queen, queer, butt-punk, faggot, dyke, dieseldyke, butch, lezzie, bulldagger, cunt lapper, fudge packer, rectum ranger, colon crusader, butt pirate, pipe cleaner, anal marauder, back door buddies, rump wrangler, dick licker

Anal Sex

Bugger, brown, ream, cornhole, butt fuck, back door, bite the brown, sugar bowl pie, mustard road, up the old dirt road, Hershey Highway, saucy asshole, pound cake, Tootsie-Roll Dick, up the muddy canal, Hollywood vagina, sailing the chocolate grotto

Oral Sex

Blowjob, headjob, rimjob, pipejob, buffjob, suck off, give head, give face, gobble, pole smoker, lemon dick, smokin' the baloney, hot protein shake, blowjob hair, dick nibbling, cop a stem, cop a doodle, go down on, muff dive, moustache ride, eating the carpet, rug munching, licking the crevice, licking the alphabet, rick the crit, sit on one's face, yodeling in the gully, snatch snorkeler, sixty nine, seventy one, ninety-six, sixty eighty, boxlunch, seafood, smoking the skin cigar, gumjob, tonsil tickler, ham-hocker, sword-fighting

Miscellaneous

Hard on, rod on, bone on, boner, stiff, piss hard, wet dream, hot nuts, horny, randy, blue balls, lover nuts, cunt struck, queefer, pussy fart, Cincinatti cyclone, Texas twister, golden shower, around the world, daisy chain, sloppy seconds, doggie style, Mongolian cluster fuck, group grope, double team, mixed doubles, gang bang, circle jerk, rough trade, the red-plumed double-breasted warbling mattress-thrasher

Condoms, Toys and Diseases

Rubber, body bag, gasket, love glove, jimmy hat, Polish stocking, raincoat, scumbag, french tickler, dildo, crabs, dose, syph, clap, gleet, crotch rot, clapsnatch, running nuts, The Plague

The people of America have found their opinions divided over the issue of American involvement in the Persian Gulf War. Old wounds, such as the Vietnam War, are still fresh in the minds of many Americans. Some Americans oppose US involvement because they fear that we will lose again, adding to our national shame. Others want to bomb Saddam and his country "back into the Stone Age." Both groups hold very vocal demonstrations, and occasionally they collide. The results are often more frightening than the footage from Baghdad we see on CNN. Scenes like this are popping up all over the nation. In the interest of promoting understanding between the people of America, The PLAGUE takes a closer look at...

•THE HOMEFRONT•

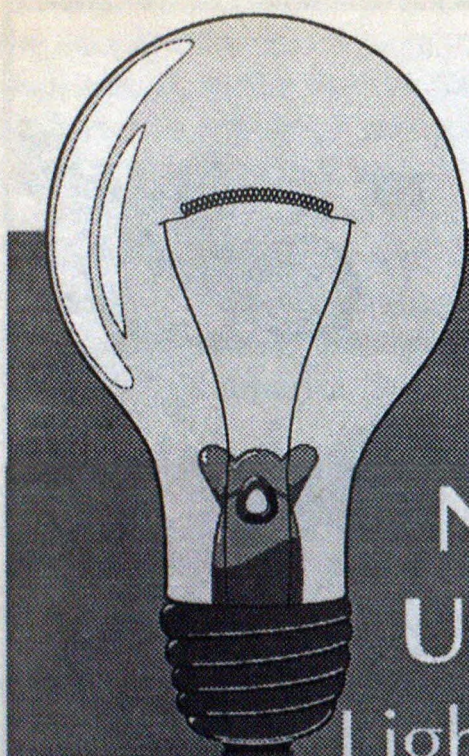
BY ROB WESKE

1. Angered at anti-war protesters because Juan, the guy that knocked her up in high school, is a Marine. Now that he's in the Gulf he's beating on other people.
2. Listens to U2 and Depeche Mode and joined Greenpeace just to show others that he has depth. Went to protest just to show girls how he looks in his black turtleneck. Prays nightly that the New Kids don't get drafted.
3. Member of the Young Republicans. Took up golf because of Dan Quayle. Ran into protesters singing Bush slogans. Actually gave Person #2 a hard slap and ran off. Gets a boner seeing Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf on CNN.
4. Too young to actually protest in the 1960's. She has been waiting eighteen years to protest something...anything. She is actually happy that a war has started just because it gives her something to do.
5. This guy is all revved up from being at the tractor pull/country music jamboree. Listening to Lynyrd Skynyrd and drinking beer helped inspire him enough to charge protesters in his pickup, flip them off and fart loudly.
6. Extremist that deserted anti-abortion movement because she thought "Right to Life" meant free cereal. Actually painted "CNN" on her breasts to get on TV. One of the few that would sleep with Ted Koppel.
7. Went to Berkeley in '68. Enjoying Renaissance, threatens to burn draft card even though he is too old to be drafted. Still does heavy drugs. Will break down and run, however, if you walk up and whisper "Kent State."



8. Knits American flag sweaters for gifts at Christmas. Knows "Tie a Yellow Ribbon" word for word. Bakes brownies for Airmen at local base. Has complete set of "Elvis" commemorative plates. *Note: Does not know where Kuwait is.*

9. Not really involved—just whacked out.



The **OFFICIAL**
NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY
Lightbulb Jokes

COLLECTED BY GLENN HAUMAN

How many Writing Workshops students does it take to change a light bulb?

One, but you have to have a six page essay for next time telling us how the lightbulb changed your life.

How many GSP students does it take to change a light bulb?

What's a lightbulb?

How many cameramen does it take to change a light bulb?

None; that's the gaffer's job.

How many directing majors does it take to change a light bulb?

One— No, wait; can we try it without the light bulb?

How many computer science majors does it take to change a light bulb?

None; it's a hardware problem.

How many straight TSOA students does it take to change a light bulb?

Both of them.

How many Peers Ears counselors does it take to change a light bulb?

Only one... but he was fired because he said that the lightbulb always wants to get screwed.

How many philosophy majors does it take to change a light bulb?

Two; one to change the lightbulb... and one not to change the lightbulb.

How many Gallatin students does it take to change a light bulb?

One; but you have to declare it as your major.

How many Gay and Lesbian Union members does it take to change a light bulb?

That's not funny.

How many Washington Square News reporters does it take to change a light bulb?

Three; one to do it, and one to get the facts wrong.

How many journalism majors does it take to change a light bulb?

Five; one to do it and one to blow the whole thing out of proportion.

How many Psychiatry majors does it take to change a light bulb?

None. They would diagnose depression and prescribe benzodiazapines.

How many Women Studies majors does it take to change a light bulb?

That's not funny either.

How many Performance Studies majors does it take to change a light bulb?

Four; one to fall off the ladder, breaking her leg and forcing glass fragments into her skin... and three to sell tickets.

How many Psychology majors does it take to change a light bulb?

One; but the lightbulb has to want to change.

How many professors does it take to change a light bulb?

I'll get back to you. See me during my office hours.

How many Teaching Assistants does it take to change a light bulb?

¿Que?

How many Frat brothers does it take to change a light bulb?

All of them; one to hold the bulb, and the rest to chug brewskis until the room spins.

How many Sorority sisters does it take to change a light bulb?

All of them; one to call the frat boys to do it, and the rest to get the mouthwash and tissues.

How many Financial Aid officers does it take to change a light bulb?

I'm sorry, but we don't have any funding for that this year. Apply again in the fall.

How many Jewish studies majors does it take to change a light bulb?

None... don't worry about it, I'll do fine, so I can't study tonight, what do you care about my grades?

How many Medical students does it take to change a light bulb?

None. They would wait for a suitable donor and do a filament transplant.

How many acting students does it take to change a light bulb?

Fifty; one to do it and whine "What's my motivation?" and forty-nine to say "I could have done that better!"

How many Physics majors does it take to change a light bulb?

1.0000000, with an uncertainty of another decimal place.

How many History majors does it take to change a light bulb?

One, but they have to write a paper linking the lightbulb with the oncoming of the industrial revolution.

How many PR majors does it take to change a light bulb?

Fourteen; one to change it and thirteen to write press releases.

How many physical therapy majors does it take to change a light bulb?

One-and-two-and-three-and-four...

How many Stern management students does it take to change a light bulb?

Four; one to call the custodial engineer, one to fire the old lightbulb for "failing to meet expectations", one to record the change in Personnel, and one to write it off as a depreciation.

How many Public Service students does it take to change a light bulb?

One, but it takes him about 30 years to realize that the old one has burnt out.

How many Engineering majors does it take to change a light bulb?

"Just a minute while I get my handbook."

How many Accounting majors does it take to change a light bulb?

"How many do you want it to be?"

How many Womyn's Center members does it take to change a light bulb?

ONE, GOD DAMMIT!

How many CAS students does it take to change a light bulb?

One, but they have to do it ten times for their LEP requirements.

How many Black Studies majors does it take to change a light bulb?

"How many would Martin Luther King have wanted us to have?"

How many University Scholars does it take to change a light bulb?

All of them, it's part of their community service.

How many SEHNAP students does it take to change a light bulb?

One, but you get four credits for it.

How many law students does it take to change a light bulb?

Whereas the party of the first part, also known as "Lawyer", and the party of the second part, also known as "Light Bulb", do hereby and forthwith agree to a transaction wherein the party of the second part (Light Bulb) shall be removed from the current position as a result of failure to perform previously agreed upon duties, i.e., the lighting, elucidation, and otherwise illumination of the area ranging from the front (North) door, through the entryway, terminating at an area just inside the primary living area, demarcated by the beginning of the carpet, any spillover illumination being at the option of the party of the second part (Light Bulb) and not required by the aforementioned agreement between the parties...

How many ARA Food Services employees does it take to change a light bulb?

Seven; one to change it, one to burn the old one, one to hide it under a layer of mashed potatoes, and four to stand around watching and ignoring everybody else on line.

How many Health Services doctors does it take to change a lightbulb?

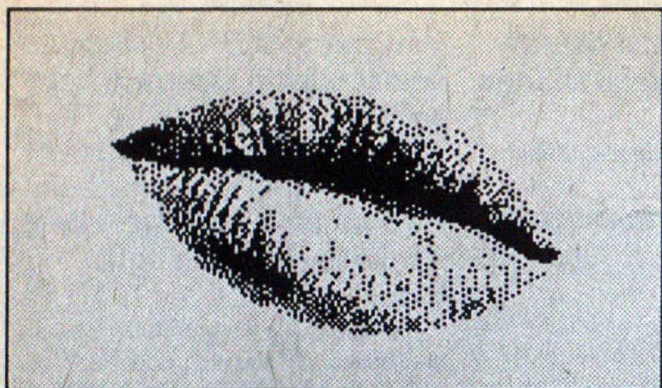
"Are you sure the lightbulb is really broken? Go home and come back in a few days if it's still out."

How many people from the Information Center does it take to change a lightbulb?

We don't know, they didn't get back to us by press time.

And how many Plague Staffers?

One, of course. What are we, stupid or something?



Ask Dr. Aquaboogie

Minister of Masturbation, Copulation, Procreation, and Misinformation.

Dear Doc,

Jus' as I was doin' the wild thang d'udder day, I noticed that my man's jimmy hat got more holes in it dan a junkie on Liberty Ave. While they ain't nothin' goin' on but the rent, I don't wanna dis da sucker and be called "clapsnatch" before he pays for my gold fillins. Tell me what to do 'cause I can't say that I got my period for another three weeks.

Frontin' Felicia
Lefrak City, Queens

Dear Frontin' -

Lissen, ho, if you want female sensitivity, read ESSENCE. Udderwise, if livin' large is all you after, keep your trap shut and house some monoxydyl at Genovese. Jus' say dat de holes are from forgettin' to take off dem rings. Word.

Fellow Brother,

I know that we must unite to kill whitey, but your column is perpetrating negativity to all the brothers, who mistreat their women because you tell them that they're just a bunch of "skeezin' ho's." Now, while I like a woman to shut her trap and spread'em as much as the next man, your views are causing dissent within the commu-

nity. And, besides, who do you think buys all the patchouli oil and fake gold at the subway stations from my people?

(P.S.: My show, "Fear of a Nubian Nation Movin' To Your Lillywhite Neighborhood and Marryin' Your Bitches" is airing at 4:00AM on WLIB Sunday night.

Absolam Absolam,
Minister Louis Farrakhan

Fellow Brother,

I ain't takin' no advice from some greasy-haired calypso singin' MC Hammer wannabe wit a wack bow tie. I just tell it like it is without bein' an Uncle Tom to Ted Koppel, and I still be gettin' paid, laid, coolin' in de shade, and drinkin' Colt 45. Word to your Mudder.

Dear Dr. Aquaboogie,

How do I delicately tell my wife that I want her to get breast implants without hurting her feelings? I tried to make her forget the cancer thing, but she insists that I'm trying to make her into another Brigitte Neilson.

Jugless Joe
Jackson Heights, NY

Dear Jugless,

Judgin' by the stupidity of this letter, it's safe to assume that you ain't even watched "In Living Color." Lissen whitey, this ain't no Rainbow Coalition, but since I get paid for this, I'll just tell you that if you got enuff cash to buy your old lady fake tits then you have enough to find some mute bitch with big tits instead of the ho you got now. Dig?

Yo' man, if your bitch goes through with the surgery, send me some Polaroids and a phone number. Word.

Dr. Aquaboogie's Monthly Advice For The Lovesore:

A dick don't belong where a man don't wipe unless da sucker's got some serious cash. Word.



"I sure
as hell
wouldn't
be here."

Gunnery Sergeant Brian John Dowling ("B.D.")
Former Quarterback for Yale
Currently Stationed in Saudi Arabia

N E W Y O R K

LOTTO

All you need is a dollar, a dream, and the severe misfortune to have your reserve status activated.

when I realized that all thoughts regarding Layla as a sexual object were absent from my mind. I was pretty sure that I wasn't gay, and a quick inspection revealed that my balls were still there. There was only one answer left that made sense.

"Layla, get your gun. I'll change and meet you at your car."

"What's going on, Rick?"

"I'll tell you in the car. We're onto something big here."

For the last two weeks, someone had been fucking with my head.

And with Layla's help, I was gonna find out who. And then I was gonna kick his ass.

♦♦♦♦

Layla and I talked in the car over burritos and a bottle of Mad Dog. We narrowed down the possible suspects to two.

My arch-rival, Travis Augustus, the most ruthless shark of a corporate investigator you ever met.

Or my latest ex-girlfriend.

I asked myself which of the two was more likely to want to ruin my life. I decided to start with Dierdre.

Layla and I arrived at Dierdre's favorite restaurant - *El Caliente*. I checked my gun. Loaded it with hollow-point bullets - my favorites. I looked at Layla.

"If I'm not out in ten minutes, call an air strike."

I went in.

It was a quaint restaurant, full of authentic Mexican ambience. Big-screen TVs, every night is ladies' night, and anorexic blondes lined up against the bar like a smorgasboard. Ok, so it wasn't exactly authentic, but, as Kyle Baker said, there's not much demand for cheap painted donkeys and two-dollar blowjobs.

Dierdre was at her usual table. Across from her was a Norwegian god. He looked like Thor, except thinner and tastefully attired. I hated him immediately. I'd never met him before, but I knew he must be the man she fell in love with instead of me. I wanted to deck him. I was polite instead.

"Hi, Dierdre."

"Hi, Rick." She seemed uncomfortable. She looked worriedly across at the man of her dreams. My nightmares.

"Rick, this is Thor." I was actually right the first time. But I didn't need her to tell me that. I'm a detective. I detect things. Things like love. Hate. Fear. Bullets with my name on them. Aryan poster children.

"Hi, Thor. Nice to meet you." *Fuck you, Thor.*

"Nice to meet you too." *Fuck you, too, loser.*

"What do you do for a living, Thor?" *I'll bet you're an idiot.*

"I'm a nuclear physicist, but I compete in the Iron Man Triathlon five times a year. You?" *Look who's talking.*

"I used to be a detective, but now I'm just an alcoholic." *Eat shit.*

"A detective? That's interesting. I always wanted to be a detective." *Any shit-for-brains could be a detective.*

"Really. I always wanted to be a brain surgeon." *I'd love to kick your ass.*

We knew the score. We were men. You don't always have to throw punches to fight a war.

"How've you been since I left?" she asked.

"Miserable."

"That so?"

"Yeah. It's just like having you there."

Time was wasting.

"Dierdre, I'm in a hurry, so I'll make this quick. Did you pay someone to fuck up my life about two weeks ago?"

Her eyes opened wide. I knew the expression well. It was her way of asking me if I was crazy. I could tell she was completely confused. At that point I was sure that she wasn't the one who stir-fried my sex drive. If there was one thing I knew about Dierdre, it was when she had no clue what was going on.

"Well," I muttered, "I guess I'll be going, then." I turned and headed for the door when a song came on the jukebox. *Postcards From A Dream* by Poi Dog Pondering. I hate that song for two reasons. The first is purely because I hate the music. The second is that, until the end of my days, that song and *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor* by Bach will always remind me of Dierdre.

I pulled my Beretta and fired. When I was done, all that was left was a heap of art deco and electrical spaghetti. The jukebox sparked and sputtered for a few seconds, then went silent.

I pointed the gun at Thor. Pulled the trigger. Click. The gun was empty.

"Guess it's your lucky day, asshole." *I wish I had one more bullet.*

I walked out and left him with his soiled linen. Dierdre once called me a lunatic. I disagree. I'm not crazy - just very uninhibited.

♦♦♦♦

Layla and I compared notes over a pot of java, and she finally agreed that Dierdre probably wasn't the culprit. Travis, on the other hand, was becoming more and more suspicious.

I considered how to approach the investigation. There was the option of head-on confrontation like I attempted with Dierdre, except that Travis would probably shoot me dead. I could try covert surveillance, but that could take months. I could tap his phone, but that would be illegal.

By midnight I was in the basement of the eighty-story skyscraper where Travis' office is located. Layla held the flashlight while I rooted through a bin of garbage looking for anything with Travis' letterhead on it.

Two hours later, I concluded that every office in this building had invested in paper-shredders. There was nothing in the basement except confetti. So much for Plan A. Since I hadn't exactly worked out Plan B yet, I decided to call it a night.

♦♦♦♦

I woke up in my car, which was conveniently parked in Travis' space in the garage. There was a series of loud honks. I looked in the rear-view mirror. There was Travis and his Mercedes 325i. 8:53am. Punctual. I always liked that about him.

He honked again. "You fuckin' bum!" he hollered, "Get outta my parking spot! Can't you see my fuckin' name on it?"

I got out of the car with my Beretta drawn and pointed in Travis' direction. He recognized me instantly, and shifted his car into reverse. I pumped four shots through his windshield and four more into his engine. The Mercedes crashed ass-first into someone's Ferrari. I casually walked to the driver's door, being careful to let my gun scratch his paint.

Travis practically fell out of the car. "Whadda ya want,

Falco?!"

"I wanna know who hired you to do a deep-fry on my brain."

"Why would I know?"

"Cause you're a fuckin ratbag. Everyone in this town knows you'd sell your mother to make a profit."

"You're just mad at me for taking the Playboy investigation away from you."

"Mad?" I said, putting the barrel of the gun to his ski-slope nose. "Why would I be mad?! Just 'cause you got to spend three weeks at the L.A. Playboy mansion surrounded by more gorgeous tits and ass than any man has a right to be? Just 'cause I spent those three weeks doing undercover security at the 7-Eleven on Sunset and Peco? Don't be silly. Why would I be mad?!"

I probed his nasal cavity a little deeper. My finger quivered on the trigger. I was tempted to blow him away just for spite. I resisted. There were questions I needed answered.

"I'm only gonna tell you this once, Travis. If I don't get some answers, I'm gonna blow away a few things real important to you. Who hired you to fuck up my sex life?"

"I don't know what you're talkin' about." I lowered the gun and pulled the trigger. He screamed as I blew away his cellular phone. "Please, stop!" he cried. "I'll talk!"

"Who's fronting the cash?"

"I was hired by two dykes from the National Organization of Women. They said they'd pay me twenty-five thousand if I delivered you to them alive. A few days later I found you outside the Improv, trashed outta your gourd."

"What was I doing?"

"When I found you, you were squatting on a limo with your pants down. I pulled you off before you shit on it."

"Whose limo?"

"Milli Vanilli's."

"Shoulda let me shit first. Where'd you take me then?"

"A deserted warehouse near Pier 127."

"What happened there?"

"I dunno."

"I don't believe you," I said as I pointed the gun at his portable cellular FAX machine. A split second later, it was little more than silicon dust and memories.

"Fer Chrissakes, Falco, I dunno!!" Now I was convinced. The only things Travis had in the whole world that he cared about were his electronic gadgets. Women have relationships. Men have toys.

I got back into my decaying husk of a Mustang Mach One, backed out of the parking space doing sixty, and rammed his Mercedes again for good measure. I roared away, leaving Travis crying into the pavement next to the corpse of his Mercedes.

....

I drove down to Pier 127 late in the afternoon. I decided to wait until dark to go into the warehouse. One of the things they taught me at Gallatin when I was studying for my Bachelor's in Private Investigation was that dramatic breaking and entering had to be done at night. So I waited.

Twelve beers, thirty-six cigarettes, and five hours later, I was ready.

I went into the warehouse with all the grace of a stoned water buffalo. I pushed open the door and looked into the Stygian darkness. The only shapes I could pick out were the grime-coated windows. As my eyes adjusted, I saw that the warehouse was filled with thousands of small televisions.

Then I saw a flame flicker.

I was about to draw my Beretta when a two-by-four splintered over my head. I pitched forward. I forced myself not to black out. I opened my eyes and saw the shadowy forms of two women with crew-cuts running past me and away from the warehouse. The tall one lobbed a grenade into my car. Two seconds and one explosion later, my fender flew across the lot and almost caved my skull in.

Then the warehouse exploded. The windows blew out and fell like rain as the building was engulfed in flame. Small fragments of flaming debris floated down like snowflakes and lit my jacket on fire. The whole pier was starting to burn, and the blazing husk of my car blocked my escape. As the flames licked at a stack of fuel drums I dived for the water.

A second later, the pier was gone.

I surfaced, and found the water was covered by patches of burning oil. As I treaded water, I noticed something else floating down from the warehouse, born aloft and preserved by divine Providence. It drifted gracefully into my hands. It was one of thousands of sheets of paper I'd seen in the warehouse. I read it.

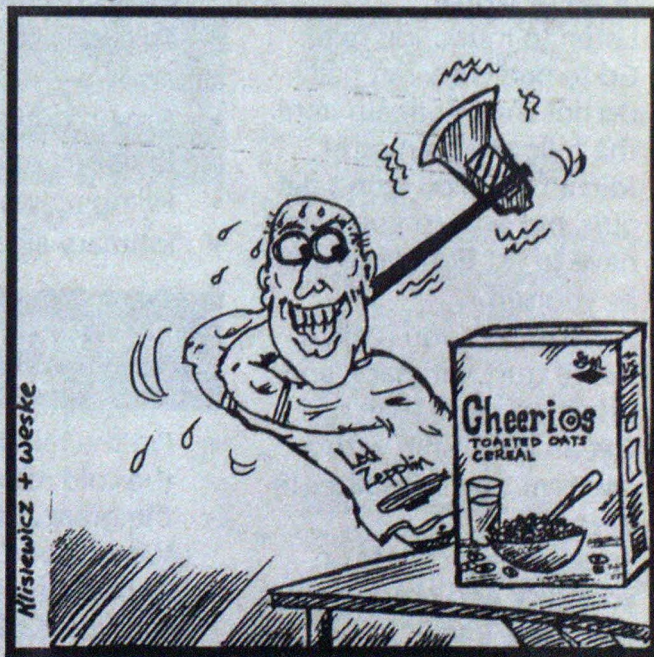
It was all in Japanese.

It didn't have any numbers, so I knew it couldn't be a take-out menu. It also didn't have any diagrams, so it couldn't be stereo instructions. It had to be a clue. Fortunately, translating Japanese wouldn't be a problem.

I called Layla. There was work to do.

....

Is this the end of the Private Dick? You wish. The conclusion will be in the next issue of the *Plague!* Provided that Dave doesn't die.



Henry: Portrait of A Cereal Killer

(Editors' Note: Our artists take no blame for the bad pun, and by no means intend to imply that consumption of General Mills' fine, nutritious product Cheerios™ will lead to hair loss, poor fashion sense, or psychosis. So don't bother suing us, guys, because we have no money. You'd just be drawing blood from a stone.)

THE PLAGUE

BEST WAYS TO PICK UP GIRLS AT NYU

- Act effeminate.
- Buy an "Earth Day" t-shirt for each day of the week.
- Tell them your dad's a political prisoner. Or Lou Reed.
- Cry when it rains.
- With a forklift.
- Wear an earring somewhere really painful.
- Steal all your clothes from homeless people.
- Explain how much you abhor drugs as you down a quart of scotch.
- Listen to music you hate.
- Go to bed with wet hair. Do not shower again until the following semester.
- Join a frat. (You won't get girls, but at least you won't have to fist fight your dick by yourself.)
- Pretend that you really desire trust, intimacy, and affection more than sex.
- Get an internship with a law firm that specializes in divorces.
- Smear cream cheese on your dick and proclaim it as the "Love Bagel".
- Pretend you despise Alex Kaufmann.
- New pick up line: "Excuse me... can I pay off your student loans?"

WHAT IRAQ USES ALL ITS EMBARGOED OIL FOR

- Bathing.
- Keep both Iraqi cars on FULL.
- Sell to Iran as water.
- Dousing American flags to facilitate burning.
- Shishkabob! Shishkabob! Shishkabob!
- Pour into sand in futile effort to grow something edible.
- Fire up heaters for rough 80 degree weather.
- Two words: Flaming arrows.
- Fire up ovens for rough Israelis.
- Filling up water beds.
- Intimacy aid with camels.

IRAQI BIRTHDAY PARTY GAMES

- Pin the tail deep through the cold rotting heart of the great American Satan-Worshipper.
- Bobbing for goat's tongue.
- Musical SCUDs.
- Ring around the captured Allied pilots.
- Hot potato (Played with live grenade.)
- TRUMP™: The Game.
- Russian Roulette.
- Spin the Mustard Gas Bottle.

- Camel Molesting.
- Soccer (Played with head of an American pilot.)

IRAQ'S FAVORITE TELEVISION SHOWS

- *Married (to 13 wives)... With Children*
- *The Greatest Satanic Hero* (Previously *Greatest American Hero*)
- *Iraq's Funniest Home Videos Of The Bombing of Tel Aviv*
- *The Gary Coleman Show*
- *Lifestyles of The Armed And Dangerous*
- *Late Night With Achmed Alhazred*
- *Leave it To Desert Rat*
- *Cosby*
- *Hitler Knows Best*
- *Color Bars/Test Pattern*
- *Hee Haw*
- CNN's "Despot of the Week"
- Static

MOST ENTERTAINING THINGS TO DO ON THE NYU TROLLEY

- Give driver \$5 to take you to Long Island high schools to cruise for girls.
- Yell out "fifty points!" whenever you see an elderly person.
- Convince freshmen there is a charge and collect fares for yourself.
- Scream "You can make it dude!" at every yellow light.

EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO YOU

(VOLUME 228 IN A SERIES OF 3)

- Scream obscenities while passing religious institutions.
- Rob bank and hop in trolley for fast get-away.
- Wave to the people and yell "\$22,000 a year and worth every damn cent!"
- Moon police cars.
- Hijack trolley and enter the "Cannonball Run."
- Take out hundreds of books with other people's ID cards and turn trolley into a black market Book-Mobile.
- Set a fire in the back, then calmly explain to the driver that "it's only a drill."
- Every five minutes, ask the driver to stop so you can go "wee-wee."
- Repeatedly ask the driver, "are we there yet?"
- Bring your significant other on the trolley's last run for the night, and go all the way in the back seat while everyone watches.
- "I hope you've got your union card."
- "Hey it's me! From junior high school! Remember?"
- Go down on him. (Guys, you may want to skip this.)
- Drool.
- "Oh lord... please don't let me kill again!"
- "Do you mind if I keep my badge? Sarge said not to lose it."
- Give him your money. Follow him home. Kill him in his sleep.
- Explain that you're an NYU student. He'll assume you have no money.

TOP CONTENDERS TO REPLACE BASEBALL AS AMERICA'S NATIONAL PASTIME

- Drinking Slurpees™
- Masturbation
- Drinking games based on top-rated TV shows
- Nose picking
- Full Contact Karate on ESPN
- Football
- Full Contact Speed-Golf
- Australian Dick-Wrestling
- Pointing out subliminal messages and phallic symbols in vodka ads
- Snorting crack
- Bull fighting
- Putting metal objects in microwave
- Mooning Saddam Hussein whenever he's on the news

- Drinking non-alcoholic beer until you puke or join a frat
- Reading the **Plague**, the best college humor magazine in America!

THINGS SADDAM HUSSEIN DESERVES TO BE REINCARNATED AS

- A wad of chewing gum
- A used condom
- Erik Estrada
- A urinal
- A slug in a salt mine
- A Jew
- A Chia Pet
- Editor of *TEEN BEAT*
- A seat cushion in an X-Rated Gay Theater
- A jock strap
- A woman
- A roll of toilet paper
- A Q-Tip
- The burglars in *Home Alone*
- A rectal thermometer
- Anti-Fungal creme
- The *Washington Square* News editor-in-chief
- An oil-coated seagull
- A bedpan
- Shirley MacClaine
- A dog in Chinatown
- A Production Assistant on a low budget film
- The sixth New Kid on the Block
- An enema bag
- A place-kicker for the Buffalo Bills
- A crewman on the USS Stark
- Michael Dukakis

BEST WAYS TO DISCOURAGE MUGGERS IN NEW YORK

- Ask his sign.
- "Okay, take the money, but Mr. Gotti will not be pleased."
- Use the "I'm rubber, you're glue" trick.
- Offer to make a tax-deductible contribution to the charity of his choice.

Saddam Hussein's Book of The Month Club

MEMBERSHIP IS EASY! Just fill out the card below, indicating your selections. **GET ANY 8 BOOKS FOR ONLY \$10!** Include your certified check, money order, or wads of cash totalling \$10 or more with your order, and we'll send you the 8 titles you requested, along with a **SPECIAL GIFT**-your very own **GAS MASK**, at no extra charge. Then, just buy 120 more titles at inflated Book Club prices over the next three years. You may cancel at any time thereafter. (The **Saddam Hussein Book Club** can change its mind at any time regarding this agreement without prior notification, and probably will.)

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- *Six Easy Steps To Murder And Mayhem* [66602]
- *How To Kill Friends and Influence People* [66603]
- *An American's Guide To Arab Names* (previously published as "Learning A Foreign Language By Clearing Your Throat") [66603]
- *Make Peace Activists Work For You !* (Based on the classic by Ho Chi Minh) [66604]
- *Home Improvement Guide To Bomb Shelters* [66605]
- *How To Wage Chemical Warfare in The Third World On Only \$6 A Day* [66606]
- *Ecoterrorism Made Easy* [66607]
- *Deceit and Aggression For The Beginner* [66608]
- *Family Matters* (Saddam Hussein's touching autobiographical account of how he roasted his mother over a spit, disemboweled his father with a spoon, and nerve-gassed his sisters and all their neighbors) [66609]

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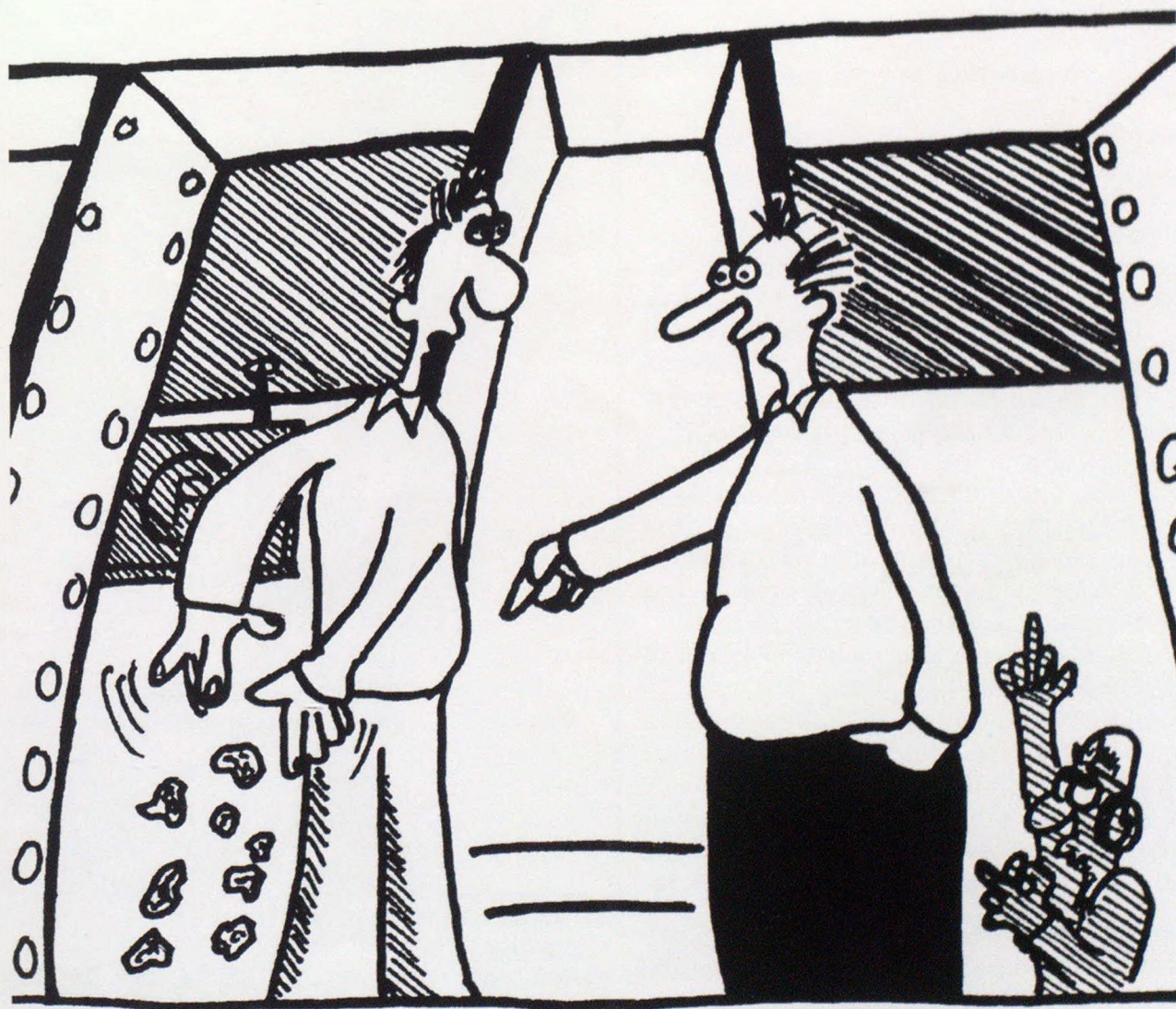
Check here for your **SPECIAL GIFT!** _____

*“Hey, Frank, throwing garbage in the subway
is a dirty thing to do.”*

“Who cares, Larry?”

“I care, Frank.”

“Fuck you, Larry.”



There's no place like New York. Nobody cares.

New York City Transit Authority



MTA

It takes major balls to piss off God.

The **PLAGUE** is the ONLY publication on campus to deliberately risk inviting the Wrath of The Almighty. That takes balls.

You think we're kidding?

Keep in mind, we're talking about a deity with one seriously mean track record in the vengeance department. *For example:*

- He completely obliterated Sodom and Gomorrah, just because the citizens told Him to go fuck Himself when He banned oral and anal sex. ("**Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire...**" **Genesis 19:24**) Here at The **PLAGUE**, we happen to enjoy oral sex. If God told *us* to give it up, we'd tell Him to go fuck Himself, too.

- This is also the same God who delivered the famous Plagues (no relation) Of Egypt - 10 of the worst disasters ever to occur on a single holiday weekend. A look at a few of these holy terrors should illustrate the way God's mind works:

- † He turned the rivers and waters of Egypt to blood. (**Exodus 7:20**)

- † He brought down a storm of thunder, fire and hail on all of Egypt, smiting everything that wasn't under cover. (**Exodus 9:23, 25**)

- † He covered the whole land of Egypt in a border to border carpet of Locusts such as the world had neither seen before nor since. (**Exodus 10:13, 15**)

As you can see, God isn't exactly the kind of guy who forgives and forgets. Not to mention the fact that he's also omniscient and omnipotent. All in all, He's definitely not someone you want to piss off if you can help it.

If oral sex or invoking the wrath of the Almighty is your idea of a good time, however, you should consider joining the **PLAGUE**, New York University's Only Intentionally Funny Publication. Just call Seth at (212) 505-5132 for more information about membership and meeting times.



An Equal Opportunity Offender.

THE PLAGUE

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