

NYU
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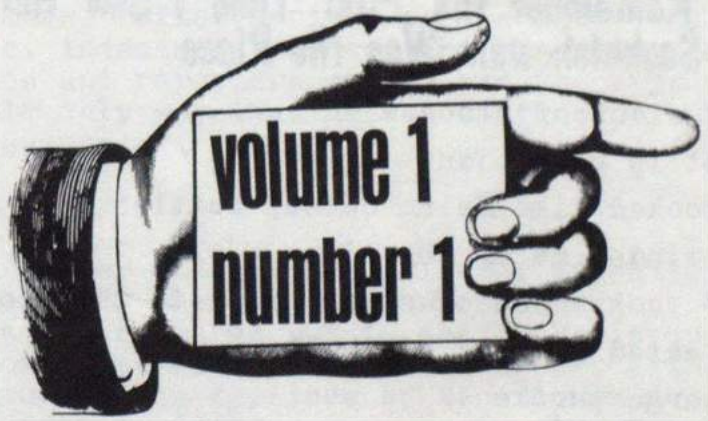
THE PLAGUE

**OF NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY**

SPECIAL FEATURE:
John Sawhill
Bites The Dust!

PLUS

POETRY BY MIROSLAV SMITH
DORA JANE'S NOSTALGIA FUNNIES
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS STORY



THE PLAGUE

NYU'S Humor Magazine

Vol.1 No.1



EDITOR and FOUNDER: Howard Ostrowsky
VICE-PRESIDENT: Joe Pinto
TREASURER: Joe DePillis
SECRETARY: Chris Spencer
LAYOUT: Bert Green
TYPING: Sandy Yingling

THE PLAGUE is a non-profit service of NYU. All those who wish to get in contact with us for information regarding the magazine, or to submit articles can contact us at:

THE PLAGUE
Room 411
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Hypnogogia Harem

The musk ox
waltzed into the classroom
and proceeded to say
in a muffled, oxish, Bulgarian-
accented Ingrid Bergmanish way,
"Play it, Sam.

Play 'As Time Goes By'."

Miroslav Smith

I Can Remember the First Time I Saw Her Face; Saskatchewan Was the Place

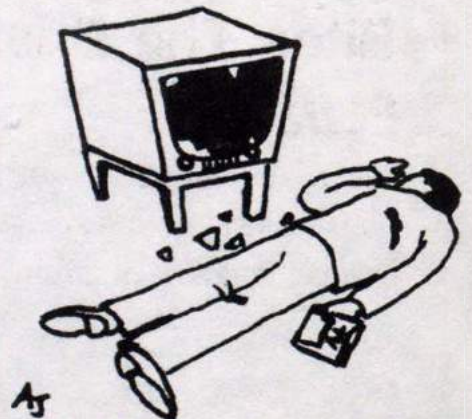
Transfusions of blood
brought in glass jars
that looked like Heinz Catsup bottles
and reminded me of the time
I once took a can of spray paint to the zoo
and created artwork on the back
of a large turtle

Miroslav Smith

"impasse"

"Turn off that T.V."
"No."
"Yes."
"No!"
"Yes!"
"No!!"
BANG!

Androcles Jones



NEWS BRIEFS NEWS BRIEFS NEWS BRIEFS

BROOKLYN BLOWS UP

Brooklyn, known as the fourth largest city in the United States, was reported missing late yesterday afternoon by one Sophie Mendlebaum. Ms. Mendlebaum, a resident of the Bronx, called the local police after she was unable to reach her friend, Angie Greenblatt, who was late for their Mah Jong game.

Police, acting on the complaint, discovered a large body of water at the opposite end of the Brooklyn Bridge. The new body of water was named after the first officer over the span. Detectives found no clues in the Kojak Bay.

Lame-duck Mayor Beame was reached at the Prudential Insurance Company, where the munchkin had nothing intelligible to say.

Police suspect a terrorist group such as the FALN or the ASPCA to be responsible, though none of these has taken credit. When questioned on how a borough the size of Brooklyn could blow up without being noticed, Inspector Luger said that "the few people that could hear the blast over the street noise probably thought that it was the sound of a passing Concorde."

NEW YORK FINANCIALLY SOLVENT

New York City permanently avoided default today when it obtained a large amount of cash. Explained Mayor Beame, "the disaster which occurred today in Brooklyn today was a tragedy, but not without a good side. Immediately, the cost of running the city is greatly reduced, but this is not the major reason for our sudden solvency. A few months ago, I persuaded Nelson Rockefeller (former governor, vice-president, and human who has a soft spot for New York, among other places) to put out a multi-million dollar insurance policy on Brooklyn."

Beame stated earlier in the year that he wished to close out his administration with a bang.

MAN ARRESTED IN BANK MISHAP

George Tuscadero, a thirty-seven year old white male from the Bronx, was arrested yesterday under bizarre circumstances. Tuscadero, who has no criminal record, walked into a mid-town branch of a large local bank and asked a female teller for instructions on how to make a deposit. After being directed to a corner table containing the deposit slips, the man commenced to disrobe and began to masturbate, much to the shock and amusement of the bank's customers. Police arrived on the scene and charged Tuscadero with public lewdness, indecent exposure, and excessive lack of size. When asked by both police and reporters why he had committed such an unusual act, Tuscadero could only say that he was confused by the bank's name: The Seaman's Bank for Savings.

UGANDAN DICTATOR PREGNANT

Idi Amin "Mama," Ugandan leader and supreme molester of children, was reported to be "with child" today by the Ugandan News Disservice. Upon learning of this, Amin had his entire harem put to death. He is quoted as saying that he did this to prove that he did not need anyone. Later, in a mood of celebration, he announced the reprieve of ten thousand people scheduled to die in a mass traffic accident.



ART MAJOR

KEY WORDS- "TEXTURE, MAN, LIKE, COLOR". HAS AN ONGOING RAPPORT WITH PLANTS, BRICK WALLS, AND DOG SHIT.



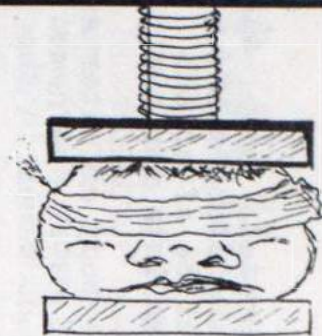
THEATRE MAJOR

KEY WORDS: "CATHARSIS" - "AESTHETIC" - "CASTING COUCH." - HAS SPEECH READY FOR WHEN HE GETS TONY AWARD. - PRACTICES GIVING AUTOGRAPHS.

SHeltered WORLD

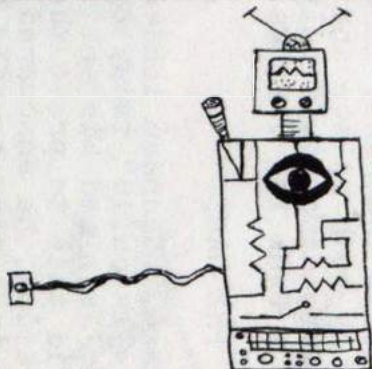
Comics

#1: GUIDE TO MAJORS BY ALISSA WOLF ILLUSTRATED BY JOE DEPILLIS



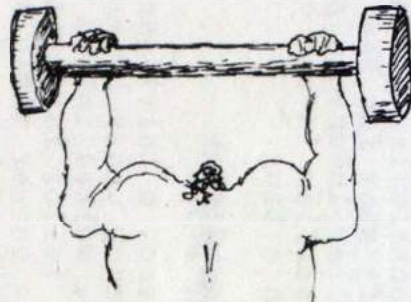
PSYCHOLOGY MAJOR

KEY WORDS: "MOTHER" - "PRIMAL SCREAM" - "ANAL FIXATION." - SLEEPS WITH LIGHTS ON. BITES HIS TOENAILS.



Media Major

DOESN'T TALK. SENDS OUT HIGH FREQUENCY REVERBERATIONS. RESONATES, SMOKES WIRES, AND GOES STEADY WITH A TAPE RECORDER.



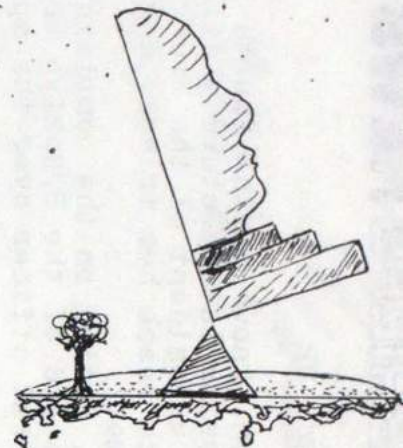
PHYSICAL EDYUWKASHUN MAJOR

KEY WORDS: "THEY'RE ALL THE SAME WHEN YOU TURN THEM UPSIDE DOWN." "WANT ME TO SEND YOUR FACE AROUND THE WORLD" - PUTS BEN-GAY IN HIS HAIR. BRUSHES HIS TEETH WITH AJAX.



Biology Major

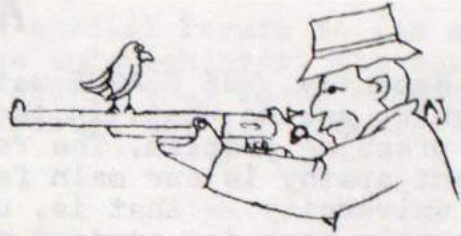
"GEE, DONT FROGS GUTS LOOK LIKE CHOP SUEY?" USES FORMAL-DEHYDE AS A COLOGNE. GOT EXPELLED FOR DISSECTING HIS LAB PARTNER.



Liberal Arts Major

- CAN BE FOUND IN THE PARK PONDERING THE AESTHETIC QUALITIES OF SQUIRRELS.

Game and Great Sportsmen



The Lejuana

Faster than any creature on Earth, this animal closely resembles the cat, except for its antlers. Although famous for its blinding speed, it is its blinding smell that often gives it away. In fact, because of the lejuana's terrible odor, it is friendless and can often be seen moping around the open terrain of the savannah. Its stench is so bad that even other lejuanas do not wish to associate with it. Therefore, mating season is only twenty minutes long, and then only if there is a strong downwind that day. As a result of this infrequent sexual activity, the lejuana releases its stored-up energy by jogging and running in place. Once clocked at 127 mph, the lejuana is presently in training for the 1980 Olympics.

Malcolm J. Feaber is listed in the record books as having bagged the most game in a single day. On April 11, 1958, he personally bagged twelve lions, nine zebras and an entire week's shopping for him and his wife. He still holds the record for most elk caught -- 15,000 -- although this was accomplished by putting a rope around Montana and declaring it his property.

On December 20, 1963, Feaber accidentally shot and killed his wife when he mistook her for a herd of wild oats. Upon her death, Mrs. Feaber was stuffed and mounted and is currently on display in the trophy room of the Ohio Zoo, Monday through Friday.

In 1889, Dr. Maxwell Knead became the first human ever to capture a live blue-throated Haventot. His claim to fame was soon doubted, though, when he would not let anyone else see the creature and his cleaning lady remarked, "What bird?" Knead followed up the hoax with a claim that he had crossed the Haventot with a Robin and produced an entirely new species of bird. Oddly enough, the offshoot bore an uncanny resemblance to the sparrow the doctor had had as a house pet.

In 1896, Knead tried once again to amaze the world, this time by swearing he had caught the rare *Cyancitta cristata*. Only under pressure did the doctor admit that the bird was one of those wind-up kind that young children are so fond of. Interestingly, as Knead was being carried off one day by a flock of pigeons, it was a Haventot closely resembling his ex-wife that called for help. Knead was never heard from again, although rumors of a man in Botswana trying to pass off chocolate Easter eggs as authentic quail eggs are circulating.

Garden Hose Snake

As its name suggests, this snake closely resembles a common garden hose, right down to those little metal openings at each end. In ancient times, the carcass of the snakes were used for watering lawns, supplying man with his earliest irrigation system. As time went on, however, more efficient systems were developed and the snake was only used by the poor, less fortunate peoples. Today, sportsmen hunt the snake for pure pleasure and other sadistic purposes. Although the bite of the snake is not venomous, they do spray water when stepped on.

Eric Rubinton

APATHY

Recently, THE PLAGUE mailed out over 500 questionnaires to NYU students, asking what, in the student's opinion, was the university's most pressing problem. The result: a mere 8% of the student body agrees student apathy is our main failing. It seems apathy is no problem in this university -- that is, until one tallies the percentage of votes indirectly cast for student apathy. By this we mean the number of questionnaires which no one bothered to return: ironically, the other 92%.

Apathy is our own fault, fellow students. This is an undeniable fact. Unless, of course, we can stick the blame on someone else, like WSUC junior Eric Larkin has been trying to do.

Larkin has picketed outside Loeb Student Center, home of the NYU Infinities Board ("We Do Everything (Except That)"), for the past two weeks. He claims the board has yet to act on a proposal Larkin submitted to them in early September. "It seems the Infinities Board has its own apathy problem," Larkin snorted.

Larkin's proposal states that the blame for student apathy rests partly on the Infinities Board. Despite the fact that there is "a great abundance of clubs, activities, and projects on campus," these clubs "incite the interests of an alarmingly small number of students," according to the proposal. Despite this detailed and grandiose document which Larkin spent "many a drink-misted night" composing, the Infinities Board seems not to give a snuff.

"Sometimes I feel I should just go back to Missouri and forget about all this," Larkin sighed, his tinsel-trimmed picket sign flapping in the breeze, "but then the next train leaving for there isn't until 1979." His sign reads in two-inch high block letters: I CARE ABOUT APATHY. "I know that sounds sort of backwards, like I'm in favor of apathy or something, but somehow I DON'T CARE ABOUT APATHY didn't sound right either."

Mrs. Martha Cunningham, a faculty member on the Infinities Board, expressed interest in Larkin's proposal. "I have interest in Larkin's proposal," she stated. It is rumored that Cunningham is Larkin's aunt, but she denies that this has any effect on her opinion.

A student on the Board who wishes that his name not be printed for fear Larkin would hunt him down and kill him if he knew who had made this statement about him, stated: "Larkin's a goon."

Here is an abbreviated version of Larkin's list of proposed clubs:

C.B.'ers Union of NYU - A club for those interested in spending the remainder of their drab existence in front of a C.B. radio, hooting, "Breaker 10, breaker 10." Members swap trucking anecdotes and "handles" and say "ten-four" a lot.

Hskglri Club - An American division of the mystic Australian cult, the Hskglri. The club practices all the religious observances of a devout Hskglrer, including defacing library books, smoking in elevators, and singing old "Bee Gees" tunes. (For those of you unfamiliar with the Hskglri cult, it is based on a series of visions seen by Ben Hskglri, a construction worker from West Orange.)

Pre-Blacksmith Club - An activity designed especially for those planning a career in blacksmithery. (Larkin admits there's one drawback to this club: it will require a \$2 thousand allocation from the Really-Square Students Activity Financing Committee (RSSAFC) for a giant furnace and an anvil.

A91.0097 - Same as A91.0092, above.

Apathy Club - An honor society created with special regard to (as are most things in our educational system) the underachiever. The members need not do anything they don't want to, but if they do do something, they know in advance that they won't be treated any differently than if they spent the whole day sleeping.

John Rawlins



**BELIEVE IT
OR NOT!**



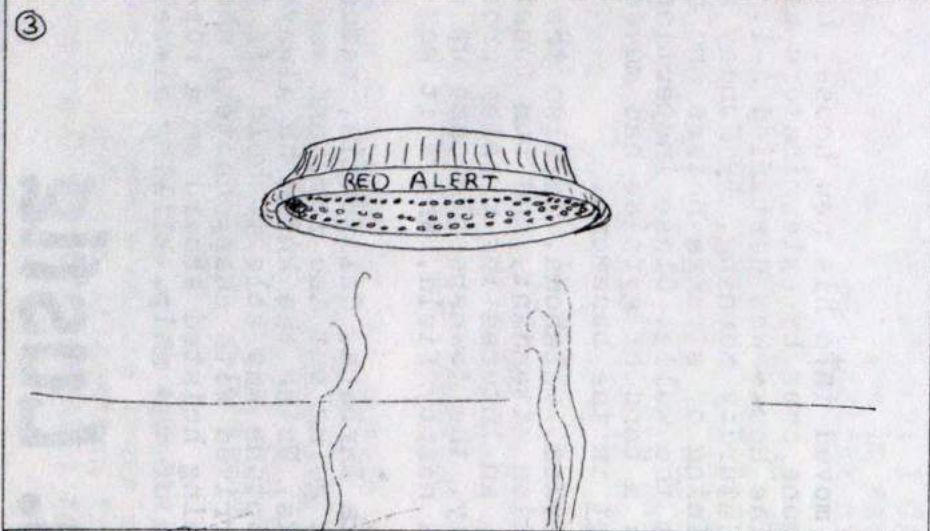
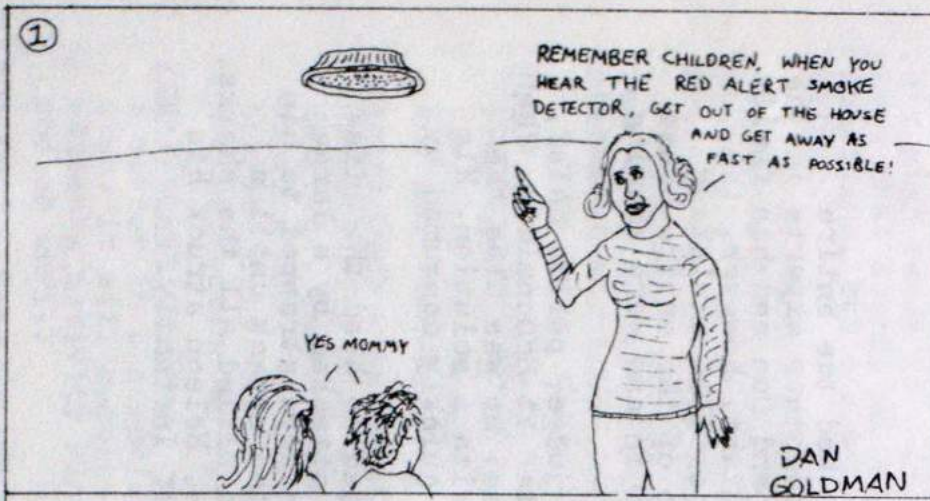
A column actually written by the people who buy and read this magazine. Once a month, we bring you the best in real-life experience (as told by our readers).

When Don Henson moved into his new house, he had the entire building thoroughly gone over by exterminators and other experts in the field of home care. The house was certified A-1, and Don and his family moved in on a happy Saturday morning. By Sunday night, however, the children were complaining of strange noises and horrible shrieking sounds emanating from the walls. Close inspection of the entire house revealed the problem: a band of gypsies had moved in and were showing reruns of The Exorcist in the basement.

The mayor of Potsdam, Oklahoma, is also the judge, police chief, electrician, gas station attendant, and bun toaster at McDonald's. When he died last Tuesday, an interesting problem arose: he was also the mortician. Fortunately, the townspeople came up with a solution. His body was carried to a nearby field, where it was quickly consumed by vultures.

A surfer in Santa Barbara, California, refused to heed the life-guard's warning about going out too far, and was attacked by a large school of brown sharks. Using the knife he always kept strapped to his right calf, Nelson Poptune was able to hold off the attack until a Coast Guard vessel arrived with sharpshooters who killed all the sharks. However, as he was being hoisted aboard on a rope, Nelson struck his head against the side of the ship, killing himself instantly.

-David A. Lustig



CHRISTIANITY UNIT TESTS URRTTCA: f at h h e o w a d o y e r i c a t t s o a a n k i m r (F t f D

ROCK SCENE - Joe Pinto

Big news from the crazy world of rock. Rock poetess and local fave PATTI SMITH has given up her band and solo career in order to become a member of the British super-group the BAY CITY ROLLERS. Seems that ol' Pat was not getting enough artistic fulfillment....All-time greats THE BEATLES have been asked not to reunite in a full-page ad in Sunday's New York Times. The ad, which offered the boys one million dollars to remain defunct, was reportedly paid for by reigning rock king BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN....ELTON JOHN has given up former love, tennis star RENE RICHARDS for movie goddess DIVINE.... Tragedy struck rock group JETHRO TULL, currently on American tour, in Cleveland recently. Frontman IAN ANDERSON was performing his famous "phallus dance," in which he uses his flute as a surrogate penis, when, in a beer-induced haze, he confused the two and instead of playing his flute he played his organ instead. Before he realized what he was doing, however, he ejaculated in the direction of electric guitarist MARTIN BARRE, who was electrocuted by the powerful amplifier. Said Anderson after the disaster of his friend, "He was too old to Rock'n Roll, but he was too young to die."....PETER FRAMPTON is going to follow up his big album "I'm In You" with a new quickie to be called "Frampton Comes."....THE RAMONES are adding keyboard wiz ANDRE PREVIN to the group to bolster the line-up. The guys' first choice was ex-SANTANA organist RAMON RODRIGUES, who was not added after he refused to change his name to Ramon Ramone....Movie-maker KEN RUSSELL has cast WOLFGANG MOZART in the lead of his next film, "Daltrymania."....Perhaps spurred on by the rash of groups from the 60's reforming, (CROSBY, STILLS & NASH, THE ELECTRIC FLAG, THE SMALL FACES) the members of the STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK are. Famed fingerless guitarist HARVEY DISTORTION says that the group was

"far ahead of anything else back then. I feel that now the time is right. Besides, my drugs have run out and I need the money."....Along the same lines, JOE COCKER is said to be reforming....ALICE COOPER is up to his old tricks again. Alice, who was not to be out-done by other rockers who drink chicken blood, set fire to themselves and throw lamb's entrails at the audience, decided that he would try something new. Al got a heap of cow manure from a local farmer and threw it at the viewers of his concert at the Roxy in L.A. Alice is in trouble now, as one of the audience is bringing forth a law suit against him. It seems that the shit hit the fan....We have learned the reason for the laid-back playing of ERIC CLAPTON since his days with CREAM. Seems that the pick-ups in his axe have been defective for some time and that his playing hasn't been heard....

THE R. S. HOT FIFTEEN

- 1) WESSONALITY; Florence Henderson
- 2) LOVE IS A NOSE (BUT YOU BETTER NOT PICK IT); Neil Young
- 3) GOD SAVE THE QUEENS; Johnny Darling and the Transvestite Kids
- 4) YOUR LOVE GAVE ME A SOCIAL DISEASE; Jackie Dearebourne
- 5) BABY BOY; Loretta Hagers
- 6) THE BEER-BARREL POLKA; Billy J. Carter
- 7) BABY WHAT A BIG SURPRISE; Chicago
- 8) YOU'RE HAVING MY BABY; Paul Anka
- 9) BYE BYE BABY; The Four Seasons
- 10) (GET ON) THE AMERICAN EXPRESS; Karl Malden
- 11) I'VE GOT THEM BLACKHEAD BLUES; The Howling Pimples
- 12) THEME FROM "THE OMEN" (DISCO DEVIL); Harvey Lucifer and his Satan Dolls
- 13) SHORT PEOPLE; Billy Barty
- 14) STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN; Elvis Presley
- 15) CRUD, SHIT AND PRINCESS MARGARET; The Sex Rifles

BIGFOOT'S AFOOT

Through the ages, man has had a long and unusual fascination with monsters of the unknown. The unicorn, the sphinx, the Loch Ness Monster and, in America, Bigfoot have all caught the imagination of the people. Legends of Bigfoot date back to the Indians and go by many names: Bigfoot, Sasquatch, Yeti, Timber Ape and Harvey, although it prefers to be called "sir." But is it only legend?

Today, we are forced to realize that such a creature exists. We are bombarded by eye-witness reports constantly. These reports are made by reliable, upstanding citizens who never drink, at least not until seeing one of these things. A case in point is that of one Dr. Mandrake Q. Laggard, who before sighting a Bigfoot in his driveway, was a noted surgeon but is today living in a gutter on the corner of Main and Elm Streets, stopping up drainage as employment. If we are not given eye-witness reports, we are given photographic proof. We have only a few blurred photographs, because not many witnesses had a camera when they spotted Bigfoot. The blurred photographs we do have are useless. This has begun several attempts to lure Bigfoot out of the woods in order to be closely photographed. Scientists have placed cameras and Shetland ponies throughout the wilderness. Others prefer to set up Photo-booths and leave fifty cents in change near the curtain.

I became interested in the stories of Bigfoot, and with great luck was able to join an expedition which would spark off a huge effort to find Bigfoot. I joined Prof. Rupert L. Thackmore and his crew in Timber Lake, Oregon. From there we headed into the wilderness.

The first week of exploring yielded nothing until late in the week when we began hearing strange noises. These sounds were not unlike that of two hedgehogs burping in rhythm. We knew it to be Bigfoot and were on its trail. Within two days we had tracked him to a small clearing. We were then close enough to take his picture. Unfortunately, he was close enough to eat of camera. We lost him when he darted across a highway against traffic, causing considerable tie-ups and giving him a chance to overturn a big-rig and eat its CB handle. But we followed.

We knew we were on the right track when we found animal droppings with a shuttercock in it. The trail led to the Holiday Inn. We quickly learned from the desk clerk that Bigfoot had left no forwarding address, but he did eat two bellhops. We thanked the clerk and returned to the hunt. This episode is a typical example of how the local people readily accept this creature as part of the surrounding forest. To them, Bigfoot is not an old legend -- he is a regular customer who tips well.

The trail next took us to the Seattle International Airport and Bowling Lanes. Again we lost him until we stumbled across some partially-eaten luggage. We forced the ticket girl to tell us where he went. It was not until we threatened to stuff her nostrils with cream cheese that she finally told us he had boarded a champagne flight to Hawaii. It was an enjoyable flight with a good movie, "A Touch of Class." Then again, I like anything with George Segal in it.

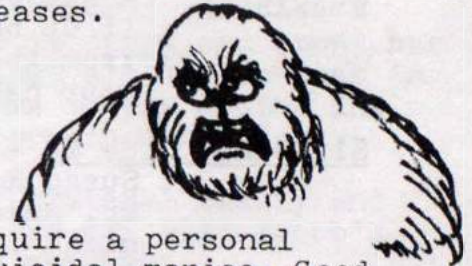
Once in Hawaii, we picked up the chase. Following a trail of half-eaten leis, we discovered Bigfoot was in town to catch the "Don Ho Show." He did, and after he ate him, he ran off with the guest star, Lucie Arnez. We found Lucie in the Hawaii Lei Motel, where she described Bigfoot as being "firm, but gentle." Next, we headed back to the airport.

Upon our arrival, we found the travel agent to have been eaten. One of our group noticed all the brochures on New York were missing, along with the subway guides. Moving while the lead was still hot, we boarded the movie flight to New York. The flight wasn't as good; I never did care for "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," but that was not the full reason. My mind was on the possible meeting of Bigfoot face-to-face. Once in New York, we felt we could capture him, unless he headed for the Empire State Building. Then things could get messy.

We arrived in New York and discovered he was headed for the BMT, where he ate a turnstile and boarded the subway. Next we followed him onto the IRT to Van Cortland, but at the Harlem River we decided against going on. We had chased Bigfoot around with only cameras and recording equipment -- and we refused to go into the Bronx unarmed. Later, to our dismay, we learned that Bigfoot had been burned down and completely gutted by arsonists who wanted to collect insurance on him.

A tragedy, yes. A loss to science, certainly. It was more than that, though. We trailed that mystery man half-way around the world and everywhere we went we found one fact a constant -- that that sucker will eat anything it bloody well pleases.

Daniel Fiorella



Portrait of A Lunatic

THE PLAGUE has been fortunate enough to acquire a personal interview with the world-famous daredevil and suicidal maniac, Good Knood. The following is a transcript of the conversation:

P: Good, in the past few months you've leaped over rivers on a tricycle, gone over waterfalls in a Hefty bag, and eaten just one Lay's potato chip. What new death-defying feat are you planning to thrill millions of fans and chiropractors with across the country?

G: Well, Mr. Plague Reporter, as you can see, in moments I am going to attempt to jump over the Grand Canyon itself, with a trash compactor.

P: I see. Good, what is the significance of the trash compactor?

G: Well, in these days of our poisoned environment, many people are concerned with preserving our ecology. The trash compactor represents one safe and economical method of reducing the volume of waste material we Americans discard each year.

P: But Good, what does that have to do with your jump?

G: My tricycle broke.

P: Oh.

G: You'll have to excuse me now. The crowd is starting to scream for my blood.

P: All right. Thanks for the interview, Good. Break a leg!

G: Oh, I'm sure I'll break more than that. Gee-ronimo!!

(Footnote: Good Knood is currently in intensive care in seven hospitals across the country. His trash compactor remained intact and is now being advertized on national television by John Cameron Swayze.)

Some Script Ideas For Aspiring Film Artists -John Brower

The 8th Street Crazies -

Round up all of the psychotics and vagrants you can find in the immediate area. Give them lots of free booze and turn them loose on 8th Street with guns, axes, chainsaws, and the like. Film the resulting mayhem in scratchy black and white and release it to college film groups. It will become a classic and the Museum of Modern Art will want a print.

Infinity - Focus your camera on infinity. This is indicated by a sideways "eight" on the lens. Film whatever you like. A powerful subject such as sex, violence, or progress is best. Add an electronic soundtrack.

Suicide - Mount your camera on a tripod and attach a timer. Set it up outside your building, aimed at the sidewalk. Jump from the top floor and try to land where you have aimed your camera. The film will be your legacy.

Slice Me, Dice Me -

Susan Robbins works in a pineapple cannery. Her boss, Mr. Anderson, lusts after her but she despises him. One night in a fit of rage, Mr. Anderson rapes Susan and throws her into the slicing and dicing machine. Months later, a giant pineapple is rampaging off the coast of San Francisco. With one look into her eyes, Mr. Anderson realizes that the killer pineapple is Susan. He lures her back to the cannery and throws her into the slicing and dicing machine again. But rather than killing her, this only multiplies the monstrosity. The ending should imply that any can of pineapple may contain a piece of the monster.

Penology - A documentary about homosexuality in prisons.

We Shall Overcome -

Go to a party where there are a lot of black people and white people. Reverse the contrast on your finished footage so that the black people are white and the white people black. Put an Isaac Hayes soundtrack to this.

There's No Place Like Home -

Ellen Kennedy was murdered when she was 17. Inexplicably, she re-appears in her small, mid-Western hometown. She has many adventures -- some funny, some sad. These can be improvised by the actors. Ellen is always in color, while everyone else is in black and white slow-motion. Ellen talks, everyone else sings. Ellen is right side up, everyone else is upside down. Everyone except Ellen dies horrible deaths for no apparent reason. Is it real? Is it apparent? Who is Ellen? What is she? These are some of the questions your audience should ask themselves.

A Christmas Story

Jacob was a kindly gentleman, and he never once thought of hurting anybody. It is ironic then that such a good man should suffer so much in his poor life.

Jacob was born to a poor factory worker in the city, exposed to the pressures of economic hard times at an early age. Being the eldest child, Jacob had to sacrifice a proper education to help support his family.

But Jacob was a strong boy. He wasn't big in size or in intelligence, but he was kind, worked hard, and he believed in the Almighty.

After his father suffered a crippling stroke, Jacob and his younger brothers went to fight in the war. Only Jacob returned.

Following the war, Jacob's father died and his mother suffered a massive coronary as a result.

Despite these setbacks, Jacob was able to secure a job as a garbage collector for a wealthy family. And Jacob, as always, worked hard. After a lucky break in a small business venture, Jacob married and soon afterward fathered two children. He had many friends, was active in church and charity organizations and was, indeed, a fine man.

Jacob's pride and joy, his son, contracted leukemia and died a painful death at age twelve. His daughter turned to drugs and spent her adolescence in and out of reformatories. Jacob lost all his savings in trying to help his children; he mortgaged his home to pay doctor and lawyer fees. Jacob turned weak and gray as he approached his forty-fifth birthday.

Jacob's wife, meanwhile, had maintained her youthful beauty and grew tired of the life Jacob had given her. She ran off with Jacob's business partner on the day of their wedding anniversary.

Jacob was crushed. He suffered a nervous breakdown, lost his business and was unable to collect any welfare or unemployment. His daughter bore a deformed baby and committed suicide.

Finally, Jacob reached retirement age. He went to live in a far-off town where he could spend his twilight years in peace. But the train he was on derailed en route, and Jacob lost his sight.

Beaten, alone, old and blind, Jacob got down on his knees and wept. He prayed to his God, the Almighty above. "My God!" he cried aloud. "Look what you've done to me! I've suffered all my life!! Oh God, help me!"

That night, and it happened to be Christmas Eve, a young Puerto Rican named Jesus robbed and beat Jacob to death. He escaped with two dollars and four cents.

Michael Cohen





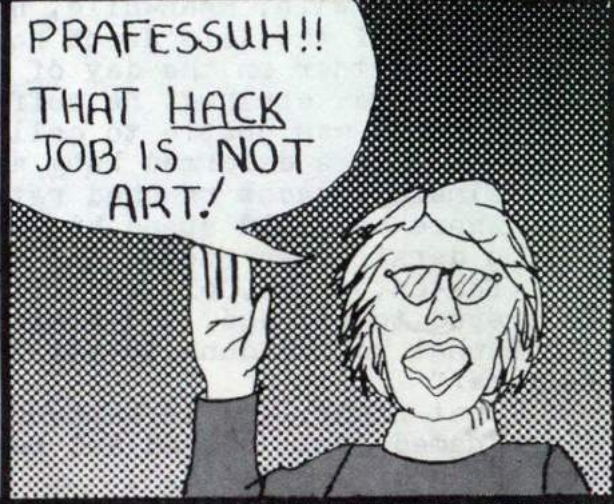
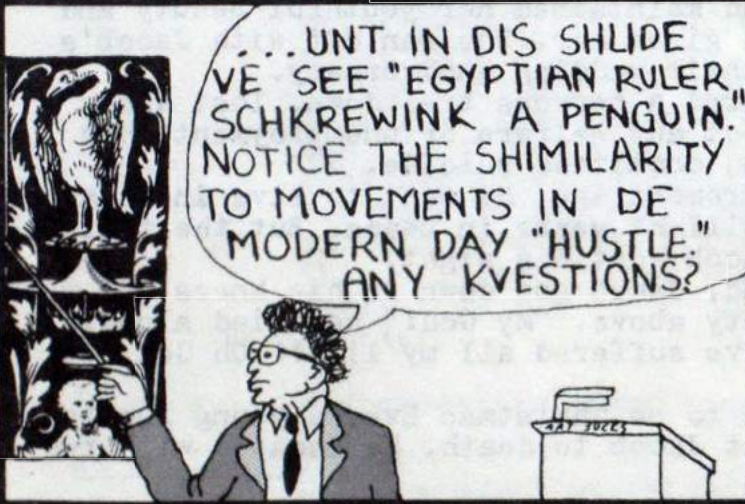
DORA JANE'S



NOSTALGIA FUNNIES

DORA JANE, A STUDENT AT NYU, IS A GIRL WITH A PROBLEM. EVER SINCE THE ACCIDENTAL HACKING TO DEATH OF HER LOUNGE LIZARD CEDRIC, SHE HAS BEEN SUBJECT TO AN UNEXPLAINED RASH OF VIOLENT FITS!!!

ONE DAY, IN HER ART HISTORY CLASS...



OUR HEROINE HAS A MOMENTARY FLASHBACK...

...AND THEN SHE REMEMBERS!



DORA IS ENRAGED!!



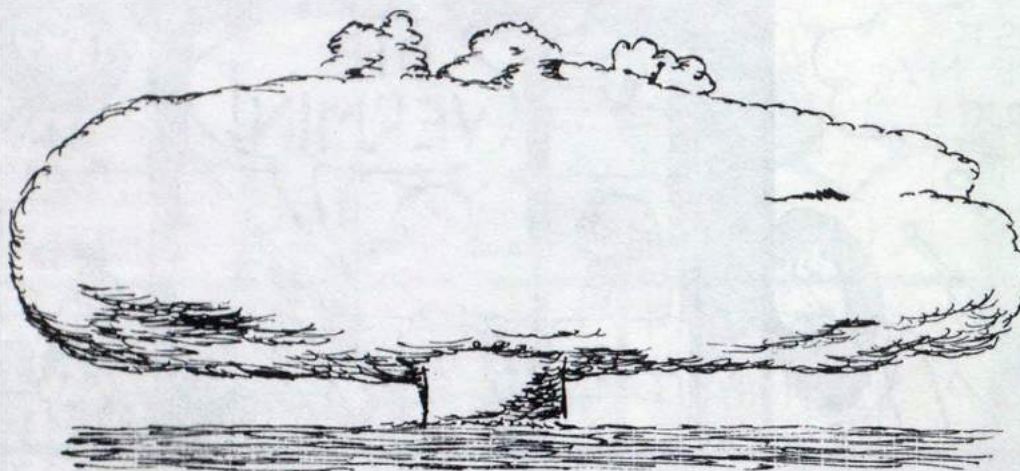
WILL DORA JANE EVER RECOVER FROM HER STRANGE PSYCHOSIS?
 WILL SHE DISCOVER CEDRIC'S KILLER?
 WILL THE PROFESSOR LIVE TO FINISH HIS LECTURE?
 WILL WE MEET THE MAN IN THE ARMCHAIR?

~ NO! ~

THE
END
 by **H.W. GUMBY**

BLOW YOURSELF UP!!

Yes! Now you, Mr. and Mrs. J.P. Normal can own your very own atomic warhead. For only 678,890,673,539,659,472,000.07 dollars (or a more stable currency, if possible) you can own your own custom-built bomb! For a few pennies more we will print a slogan on your bomb, such as the ever-popular "BOMBS AWAY" or any other that you specify. A special closeout on red, white, and blue Bi-centennial bombs is also available.



Just think of the advantages of having your very own bomb: a seat in the U.N., your own syndicated comedy show on ABC, and recognition as a new front-runner in the Third World. No longer will your children be harassed by the neighborhood bully. He won't touch your tykes, knowing that he can be blown up along with the greater part of the northern continent. Get that long-awaited promotion from your boss. Have fun threatening small and large countries alike, with the possibility of nuclear war. So be the envy of all your neighbors -- fill out that order blank today!

ATOMIC BOMB ORDER BLANK

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
SAT SCORES - MATH _____ VERBAL _____

If under 18 years old, forge the signature of one of your parents here: X _____

