

Vol.5 No.4

May 1982

THE PLAGUE

"NYU's Only Intentionally Funny Publication"

**SPECIAL
ISSUE:**

COMIX
and
**BIKER
MAGS**



PLAGUE



"The Public Are Morons" — Dee Dee Ramone

"Wicked show tonight, David. A wild and fresh kick." — Paul "The Bard" Shaffer

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Metropolitan Editor—Richard J.T. Brown
Subterranean Editor—Sholly Fisch
Farm Editor—John Gernand
Travel Editor—Steven Korn
Science Editor—Peter Reiser
Society Editor—Warren Rosenzweig
Health Editor—Bill Weber
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Adam Asnes, Zlatko Batistich, Doug Brod, Margaret Burke, Marlon Campbell, John Cosachov, Steven Dovas, John Gasior, David Loshin, Ed Morrissey, Kieran O'Leary, Mike Pisko, Oskar Retch, Steve Roman, Margaret Walas... and "the wacky neighbor", Dave Greene.



American Cheese



Cooked Cereal



Meats and Poultry, cooked



Nuts



Cooked Legumes



Born in Old Meldrum, Scotland, he came to Canada in 1914 and two years later joined the Bank of Nova Scotia.

EDITORIAL

The following is the first in a series of Plague editorials:

School costs too much.

That's our opinion. What's yours? We'd like to know. Leave editorial replies (in seven words or less) in Box 80, 21 Washington Place. We might even print the legible ones.

Just a brief note to let you all know how we are: Shirley Booth is May's funny person of the month.



Shirley Booth as Hazel



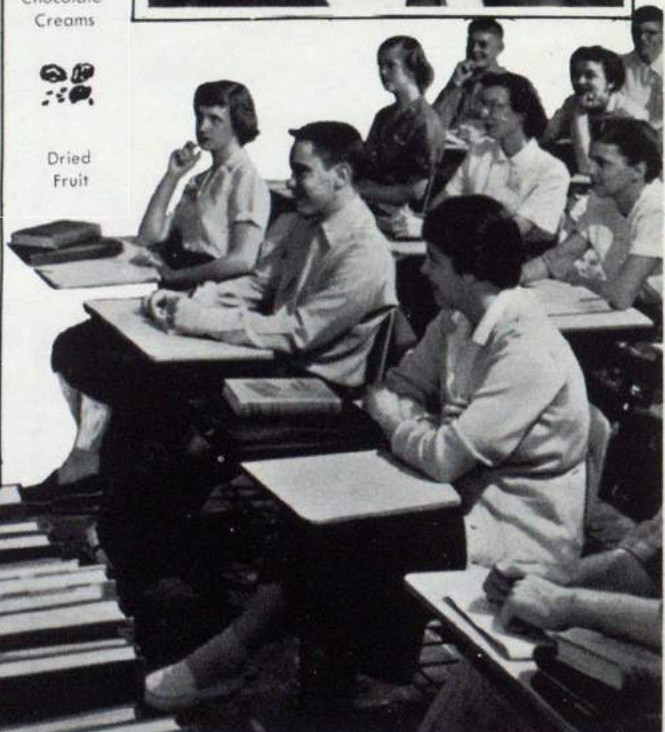
Letters of congratulations and/or condolence may be brought to Rm. 404, 21 Washington Place, or left in Box 80. Or you can call us at 475-9741 or X4046. You can praise or damn us. We have no preference, as long as you send money.



Chocolate Creams



Dried Fruit





LETTERS



I have been a student at N.Y.U. for almost a year now, and, like the rest of you young collegians, I have made a few observations of what goes on in the world around me. Considering that you are all probably as self-centered as I am, you don't care too much about my observations, but since you have read this far, you might as well finish the article and give yourself the personal satisfaction that you were able to complete something that you started only seconds ago.

Some of my personal observations:

1) With New York City's pooper scooper law, instead of stepping into a pile of dog poo, you step on a pile of dog poo wrapped up in a copy of the *Post*.

2) Whenever I buy the *New York Times*, I can't do the crossword puzzle.

3) When people put you on hold, it is a polite way of asking you to hang up and not to bother calling back.

4) Whenever I go to Barnes and Noble I find the same textbooks I bought for \$20.00 being sold for \$3.50.

5) If a girl looks like she's Jewish and she's pretty, she's Italian.

6) People who are physically unable to grow a full beard are the only people who try.

7) The more work I have to do, the less I want to do it.

8) If bums were really practical, they would beg for a clean pair of underwear instead of money.

9) Despite rumors to the affirmative, there really is *no* evidence that bean sprouts have any purpose on Earth.

10) The dumbest guys have the best-looking girlfriends.

11) If I were a martian and I landed in the N.Y.U. computer center, I would have thought that I had landed in Peking University.

12) People occasionally mumble inaudible phrases, to which I ask, "What?" and to which the inevitable answer is "Forget it." How can I forget something I never even knew?

13) When confronted with a bacon- double cheeseburger and asked, "Aren't you hungry?" if I had been, I'm not anymore.

THANK YOU,

H. D. L.

62. The article brings out that

- (A) there is much less intra-city transport congestion in the small cities than in the large cities
- (B) population increases as one leaves the center of an average-sized city
- (C) the next ten years should, if we are to judge by what has happened in the last decade, bring few changes in the means of transportation
- (D) eventually there will, for reasons of efficiency, be only one mode of transportation
- (E) transportation of commercial goods from Boston and New York to London and Paris is, for the most part, by boat

LETTER FROM NORWAY

Did the ship carrying your tomes of letters to me sink... Have you moved to a despotic county in New Jersey where they censor mail... Has a Muslim Death squad cut off your right arm because you stole some sleep on the subway... Did you donate your quills and stationary to the salvation army... Do you have writer's block, Eastern bloc, or road block... Has the right part of your brain seceded from your cranium... Is there a permanent power failure in your Metropolis... Did you drop your 1300's style typewriter on your toes... Are your palms too sweaty... Has Reaganomics cut your ink budget in half... Has the state confiscated your mailbox, house, parents, sister, or memory... Have you ceased to exist... Have you siezed to exist... Have you seezed to eggzist... Was that yesterday... Is this tomorrow? Send reply to bureau of your choice.

No wax

Deacon Sunblister

The tough motorcyclist of today, more affectionately known as a biker, was not always so rough and tough. He must have had a normal childhood, at least I thought so. But, the truth is that their childhood consisted of one vicious

moment after another. **The Plague** contacted a young biker, and some of his friends, and they agreed to describe a typical child biker day. The reader should prepare himself for the style of writing used in the articles.

ASS-KICKING

MAGAZINE

FOR RUG RATS.



FTW

letters: "What the fuck, huh?"

Mr. Natural
Chicago, IL

BIKIN'

BY

ASS-
KICKIN'

rotten glory!

The sun was going down, and I was riding my two-wheeler around the block one last time. My bitch sat behind me, her arms wrapped around my waist, keeping her feet away from the grinding threat of the whirling spokes. I was bookin' now, pumping the mother to a frenzy of about 15 mph. I knew I had to get the bike back, before it got dark.

I dropped my bitch off. *She* got in right on time. But *me*—Shit!—I pushed up the imitation leather sleeve of my jacket, and my Star Wars Collection watch told me I had better make tracks. Fast.

I pulled a wheelie over the curb in front of my pad, and burned out a wicked skid on the driveway. I slammed back so hard on those damned pedals that that skid ran about four feet. You could almost see the smoke pouring out of the driveway. I peeled the shades off my eyes and spit on the mark, smiling carelessly as I kicked a nearby Coke can.

"Jonathan! Jonathan!" came the shrieky squelch from the doorway.

Dammit, she knew I didn't want to hear that damn name. My name is Jack Asskickin', and that thick bitch couldn't get it into her fuckin' head. One day I swear I'll teach her and smack her across the face with chains. As soon as I buy some chains.

"You know your mother told you to be in before nightfall," she scolded, her face twitching with restrained contempt. I don't know what the hell she has up her ass. Every time I see that bitch, she makes me want to puke all over her Persian rug that she keeps in her den and that she always vacuums.

"Wash up," she said, warning me to be on the lookout for my old man tonight. "He said he may be by, and we don't want *that* to happen!" Why don't I?, I thinks, putting my finger in my mouth to see if I could get myself ready to throw up. My stomach was jumping, just right to pig out all over her hairy floor. I went into the den, and there was my ol' man climbin' in the window.

He was wearin' one of them Nazi helmets with all that Nazi shit all over his denim colors. He was all greasy, holding up a greasy finger that he brought to his lips to warn me from across the room to be quiet. When he got closer, he says, "How da fuck you doin', kid" and he belts me with a blackjack that he held in his tattooed hand. The tattoo was a skull, like the painting he had on the twisted metal of his Harley.

Continued

A Texas Biker swap meet

BELOW—Texas definitely stands second to none when it comes to fine looking women. Ladies like this made the trip well worth while. No she didn't give me her name.



I wobbled up and banged my head against the wall, tryin' to slam some life back into me. He had already left the room, goin' into the kitchen where the dog-face was cookin' some meat 'n potato shit.

"Leave," she said.

Coupla minutes later, I hear the Harley roarin' outta the driveway. This went on 'bout three times every day..

Anyways, I wolfed down some of that cooked shit and took a crap. Then I burped a coupla times. The bitch didn't even get mad until I put my feet up on the table, right into the hunk of meat.

She said I could go to some flicks that night, so she buttoned up my jacket and gave me a bag of bite-size Three Musketeer bars and kissed me on the face. I wiped my hand across my face, spitting into the ground when I got outside.

I bolted over to my bike, ready to pick up my bitch and challenge the blackness without even reflectors. HOLY SHIT! My ol' man ran over my wheels! I cried for a while, knowing that I'd have to wait 'til my next birthday for a new machine. And Johnny Perkins down the block had a nice bike, and now I didn't.

I was pissed, but nobody was going to stop Jack Asskickin'! I ran over to my bitch's house, and arrived at her door all outta breath and late for the flick.

"L-l-l-let's—pant—go-go, B-b—gasp—bitch," I said to her when she answered the door.

"Where's your bike, Asskickin'?" she said, cracking her gum as she chewed the shit to shreds.

"My ol' man wrecked it... totaled it!"

"Leave," she said, and Jack Asskickin' left. Bitch. Johnny Perkins don't even got as high a score in Pac-Man as me.

FTW



bikes.

—for racing,
for chores
and for
just plain
hangin' out.

KILL 'EM IF WE SEE 'EM

by Gary Gruntinn

Me and the pack went down to the park to check on the chicks and see what was happenin' down there. We set out with our rootbeer and had to fill the air in our tires. When we rode our bikes into the gas station, man the manager there didn't want us to fill up our tires using his air pumps. But, he said we could after we told him we were into pyrotechnics. Man, he would have given us anything we wanted after that. But, we were in a hurry, so we just beat him up and stole his clothing. We really didn't steal anything. We just hung his stuff from a street lamp.

We kept on riding towards the park and the fuzz wasn't accosting us. They were respecting our right to free assembly. Anyway, we saw a bunch of these guys wearing alligator shirts and fancy designer jeans. Man, I can't stand those phony type guys. Especially the ones who wear gold rimmed glasses. I just want to punch those type of guys in the head until it falls off. So we get off our bikes which we worked hard to get at the price we did which happened to be free. We chased after them and just when we were about to get them, their parents show up to pick 'em up in their gas guzzling station wagons. Shoot, I hate it when garbage like that happens. So we grabbed our bikes and headed to the park.

I was expecting a really bad scene. I was mad and the pack was really miffed. Man we were going to be in desperate times if we didn't get any chicks. We get to the park and there were all these fancy, upperclass girls with their pink and yellow banana seat bikes. Man, those dames get me really mad, I wanted them hurtin', who do they think they are. I went after them but the pack didn't. I couldn't understand why they didn't. We had to get 'em. They were all going home for dinner. Shoot, I had to be home, too.

FTW

BITCHIN Accessories

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Inquiries
welcome.

HALF-SKULL
\$12 EA.
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MALTISE CROSS
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**Do-It-Yourself
TATTOO Kit**

Deluxe Ding Dong bell

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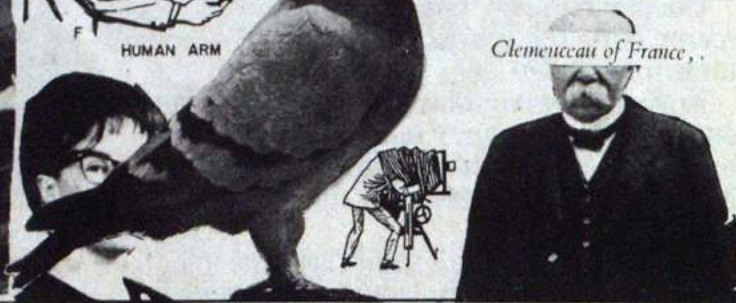
EAGLE DECAL



Admiral Richard Byrd explored the Arctic and Antarctic by airplane.

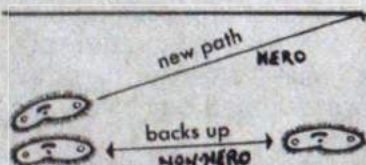
Byrd and Clemenceau weren't heroes. They're just textbook characters. I never knew them.

Clemenceau of France



Harry Britton (L.) used to protest for Husband's Lib - until he died and left his earthly apartment in Hell's Kitchen. He was one-of-a-kind. I miss him. He was a hero.

Joe Erdelyi (r.) is still alive, God bless him. He wears an Uncle Sam suit and writes songs (such as "They Magyars 896 A.D. From The Urals to the Danube"... a 31-minute tone poem, describing the migration of the Hungarians from the Urals to the Danube Basin). He's one-of-a-kind. I admire him. He is a hero.



End of Section One.
After 25 Minutes, Stop Work on Section One.
Go Directly to Section Two.



Most people are useless, a conforming part of the whole.

But not heroes.

Heroes are unique and admirable, not swayed by the pressures of society.



SECTION TWO

(50 minutes)



Hi. My name is Man. That guy to the left of me is "Stryker," holding a trophy he won for singing "Joe Franklin's Memory Lane" at a Long Island Gong Show (for special effect, we situated him in the Chapter House at The Cloisters). Original, innovative, nostalgic, the only individual who could write and sing "Always Be Lovers." A real guy. A hero.

This has nothing to do with him, but don't you think I'd make a good presidential candidate?



MAN



Einstein is bullshit.
Goofy doctors are bullshit.
Self-centered people are bullshit. Real heroes can make a brick wall interesting.



Take a Ten-Minute Break... Then Proceed

RTB End of Section Two.



CALLVIN KLEIN GENES: ARE THEY HEREDITARY?

If one or more parents were Klein freaks, the likelihood of their childrens' being so is 75% without bombardment from T.V. commercials. With boob-tube influence the figure rises to 90%. With rubber tubing, to 100%. All the media combined, forget it.

BRITAIN WATCHING ARGENTINA'S COAST

Argentina's favorite imported soap "Coast" that sits high in the Argentinian capital's Falkland Island Square Park has been used by 100,000 people in the weeks since the British Naval Task Force arrived.

This super-size bath bar as large as a whale's gut enables residents of the city to come to the Square, rub themselves against the bar, and plunge into the nearest river.

The bar was installed for commercial sudsing, and to teach the joys of cleanliness to the city's residents.

"When we first installed it," says the city's mayor El Blimpo de Costa Coasta para Social Disease, "The neighborhood kids skated on its top and we had dance marathons to soften overworked foot soles."

Britain is awaiting the precise moment when the mega-soap dwindles to the size of a toy truck.

"Then they'll have *nothing* to live for," says G.B., "and we won't feel guilty about launching another attack. Plus, the soap fumes will lead us right on track."

This Week's Top Tracks Compiled by Doug Brod & B.W.

1. Well-Respected Man Ozzy Osbourne
2. I Love Rock-n-Roll Sheena Easton
3. Neon Slime (Love theme from Vice Squad Wings Hauser
4. You Don't Bring Me Flowers . . . Joey Ramone
. and Olivia Newton-John
5. In the Majors The Anti-Nowhere, Human
. League of Gentlemen
6. Our Tits Are Real The Goo-Goo's
7. Motorhead Medley Leper's Lust
8. Rage in the Cage Attica Prison Choir
9. Theme from American Top Forty . . . Casey's
. Coast to Coast
10. Black Coffee and Saccharine . . . Wonder &
. McCartney

FLASH: Israel has halted further arms sales to Argentina on the sly calculation that the bionic limbs will bring too much power to the Argentinian cause.



Reagan vows to go 'extra mile' to get accord on budget

President Reagan today trumpeted his innovative plans for a self-imposed "WALKATHON" to raise money for the faltering federal budget.

"I think he's punishing himself for goofing up so much until now," a source close to the President confided.

"This will be symbolic," Reagan said. "I need accord from the Democrats. Any chord. C major might not be bad," he mulled, blowing his trumpet again and disclosing yet another of his many talents. "The important thing is for us to make beautiful music together, heh, heh."

The President stroked his Steinway.

"I keep it in the dungeon under the Oval Office with the minority people I collect from my travels. At least this way they'll be able to get some education, albeit musical. Well what do you want, with the financial aid cuts and all?"

What is he planning to do? What is the purpose of the "WALKATHON?"

"I'm asking each American to contribute at least 5 cents per mile. Each donation is tax deductible," Reagan said.

For symbolic effect, President Reagan will do his "WALKATHON" in a wheelchair.

"A la FDR," he said, "and I plan to go an extra mile with Billy Beer." All for the accord.

The "WALKATHON" will take place on an uphill course.

"This way the people will know I'm really working hard for their money."

"But, I don't want anything bad to happen to me, you know," Reagan said, "because if I go, all Nancy gets is lousy Social Security Survivors' Benefits."

Upon the President's crossing of the finish line, snacks of veal cutlets, cuts of beef, and deep spending cuts, will be served to waiting notable invitees.

"When I bring the budget out at next week's press conference I should be able to strike accord on the budget with the Democrats. Although it doesn't always work that way. We may have to elaborate."

Meaning?

"It'll be called 'Theme and Variations on a Budget: A chord in C Major'. Me on Steinway, Stockman on Lyre, O'Neill on the Tuba and the Senate Budget Committee singing harmony."

The result of the accord will be a deficit record which will be released as a double album on District of Columbia Records and tapes in July.

A NATIONAL COALITION FOR THE HOMELESS WAS FORMED

Yes, for those who because of indulgence, impotence or lice, have no resources for housing. The coalition provides wood, cinder block and sand from which to make cement.

"The rest is up to them," says Lyon Sandwich, the benevolent, jovial president of the altruistic association.

To those selected by a lottery it will provide legal assistance, whether they need it or not.

"It's just our way of saying thank you," says Lyon Sandwich, the underpaid philanthropist. "In addition, we intend to press our goals in Washington, launder park bums, iron out their shirts and perhaps, their alcoholism."

What about down-to-earth medical care?

"Not important. they go to the earth eventually anyway," says Lyon Sandwich again. "Since the U.S. doesn't have nationalized medicine, it's out the window with these destitutes. All we can do is rub some garlic on their chest and hope for the best."

The rationale? Preventive: you can't contract too much if no one comes near you.



☐ Yes! I would like to help the poor unfortunates who because of indulgence, impotence or lice, have no resources for housing.

☐ No, I don't want to join but here's my generous contribution of \$1____ \$5____ \$10____ \$25____ for garlic for the destitute.

☐ No, but I'd like to "HOUSE A BUM FOR A DAY."

☐ Yes, and I'd like to "HOUSE A BUM FOR A DAY."

National Coalition For The Homeless

P.O. Box 3

N.Y., N.Y. 10000

Please add 15% for Us

Book OUTLOOK

Richard J.T. Brown



FATHER OF AIR CONDITIONING

By Margaret Ingels
Foreword by Cloud Wampler
With Tables and Chairs and Bibliography
170 pp. Country Life Press, Garden City, 1952

"Willis used to play baseball, skate, swim in Lake Erie, and box with us boys almost every day; but when milking time came, he went home." It is this sort of commentary by people who knew Willis Haviland Carrier that provides the reader of *Father of Air Conditioning* with fascinating insight into the man who invented air conditioning.

This absorbing character study tells us more than the story of one man's life—it also tells us about air conditioning. In defining air conditioning, Carrier said, "Added to the control of humidity are the control of temperature by either washing or filtering the air, and the control of air motion and ventilation." Such sharp insight continues throughout this masterful work.

The reader is initially drawn back to Carrier's early American ancestors. Thomas Carrier, who arrived in Massachusetts in 1663, would carry corn on his shoulder eighteen miles to a mill, up until his death at the age of 113. Thomas' wife, Martha, described by Cotton Mather as a "rampant hag," was hanged on Salem's Gallows Hill after being charged with witchcraft. It is from this background that author Ingels brings us to Carrier's upbringing in Angola, New York.

His mother taught him about fractions with sliced apples, which Willis later in life called the most important thing that had ever happened to him.

During the Depression, Willis attended college at Cornell. It was at Cornell that Carrier met and later married Claire Seymour. Carrier's relationships with her and the other women in his life are mentioned only vaguely in this latest work on his life.



WILLIS H. CARRIER

In the soon-to-be-released work, *Carrier: Inventor or Casanova?*, we learn much more about the man's relationships with the female sex. Although an inferior work compared to Ingels' extensively-researched biography, author Gay Tanuse covers the sex angle from a far more interesting position.

According to Tanuse's text, Carrier allegedly said in a 1945 press conference that "I fucked just about anything I could get my hands on. . . First I'd give chicks all that bullshit about air conditioning and science, then next thing you know, I'd be sticking my hand down their pants!" New research by Tanuse also reveals that Carrier's first two wives left him after excessive beatings, and that he had a

torrid homosexual affair with his partner, Irvine Lyle.

Carrier met Lyle at the Buffalo Forge Company, where, in 1908, the two formed the subsidiary known as the "Carrier Air Conditioning Company of America." Carrier, in describing colleague Lyle, provided another of his amazing insights: "He was serious and hard working."

Author Ingels provides detailed information about the history of Carrier's business, up through the Carrier conditioning system installed on May 29, 1925 at the New York Rivoli Theater (recalling how patrons had put their hand-held fans away in favor of the air conditioning, Carrier recalled, "We had stopped them 'cold'. . .") Unfortunately, *Father of Air Conditioning* never tells us just how much the practical joker Carrier was—Did he intentionally arrive at an inspection trip in Pennsylvania with a large suitcase. . . in which he had packed only one handkerchief? The questions remain.

Suffering from a heart ailment, Carrier's later years were spent remaining in a horizontal position twenty hours a day. Nevertheless, prior to his death in 1950, Ingels points out that Carrier would not give up on his inventing. "He was on his back, a pad of paper on his knees, his slide rule close at hand."

Ingels successfully develops the image of a dedicated worker. Unfortunately, however, her book fails to entertain the reader with interesting facts about his bizarre sex life and his incredibly warped sense of humor. Where Ingels should be explaining to us exactly why Carrier had bundles of liverwurst sent to his house each week, she prefers to bore the reader by retelling such boring humidity history as, "3,000 years before Christ, an Assyrian merchant had the walls and floor of a room below sprayed with water by his servants in hot weather."



Fun



With

Sports

by Steven Korn

Several weeks ago, the film "Chariots of Fire" won the Academy Award as the best picture of 1981. It's a sports movie set in the 1924 Olympics and deals with the pride, dignity and brotherhood which is fostered by the honest competition which the Summer Olympics represents.



There are some critics who will claim that "Chariots of Fire" picked up many votes because Academy members were trying to assuage the guilt they felt for the 1980 U.S. Olympic boycott. When confronted by the film's portrayal of the beauty and purity of amateur competition, the shame of hurting this noble institution was too much for Hollywood to bear. Personally, I think a "guilt vote" for "Chariots of Fire" goes only a small way toward making up for the monkey wrench we threw into the Olympic works. How we could have allowed something as inconsequential as armed aggression to prevent any present-day members of the U.S. team to play out their own "Chariots of Fire" stories, the feature films extolling the virtue of sport on an amateur level of tomorrow, is beyond me.

We should thank our lucky stars that we've still got the Olympics. In today's sports world of multi-million-dollar contracts, player strikes, cable TV and rising ticket prices, the Olympics still symbolize the uncommercial, the human drama of athletic competition as it was meant to be. The athletes participate for love, not money and people can't wait for 1984 and the next Olympic games to see pure sport once again. Some benevolent companies are so anxious to remind people that Olympic competition, free of the concerns of the corporate balance sheet, is only two years away that TV

advertisements for 1 video products company and 1 athletic shoe company are pronouncing themselves "The Official (your product here) Of the 1984 Olympics." To insure that the sport remains the sole consideration, automobile makers, margarine companies and other patriots are already lining up to tie their name with the selfless sacrifice which lies behind all the years of training, culminating in "The Gold." Of course, the Olympics are very careful about who gets an official designation. Heaven forbid commercialism should ever enter the Games which served as the backdrop for "Chariots of Fire." Below, you'll find a partial list of Olympic official products, which I think you'll agree, show the utmost in taste and will only serve to make the '84 games more exciting than ever for the fans.

Official Athletic Shoe: Converse

Official Book: "Baseball Is A Funny Game" by Joe Garagiola

Official Network Newscasters: Marvin & Bernard Kalb

Official Film: "Demons Of The Dead" starring Edwige Fenech

Official Cartoon Character: Joe Rockhead (of The Flintstones)

Official U.S. City of '84 L.A. Olympics: El Paso, Texas

Official Shoelace: Eternal Love brand

Official Pear: Bosc

Official Ancient battle aid: Battering Rams

Official Chart: Periodic Table of Natural Elements

Official Number: 89

Official Musical Instrument: Song Flute

Official Song: "Tiny Bubbles" by Don Ho

Official Work of Political Thought: Federalist Paper #26

Official Proper Noun: Roland

Official Bone: Fibula

Official Cable-TV Documentary: "On The Road With Pat Carroll"

Official Commemorative Stamp: 8 cent Eisenhower

Official Astrological Symbol:

Official Junior College: Ottumwa Heights (Iowa)

Official Superlative: Tremendous

[illegible]

Peter Reiser

MOVIES



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CHAINED...
CONDEMNED
to a life of
TORMENT at
the hands of
their beautiful
BRUTAL captor!

The funniest movie
about getting off ever
made!

DORKY'S

You'll be glad he came!

STARRING John Holmes

AND THOSE PLAYBOY CENTERFOLDS

PAMELA BRYANT · ROSANNE KATON

R RESTRICTED
Under 17 requires accompanying
Parent or Adult Guardian

WARNING: SOME MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC MAY FIND CERTAIN
SCENES IN THIS FILM OFFENSIVE AND SHOCKING The Management

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Before It Can
Be Seized!

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subtle movie—sensual and sexual, and
informative, too."
—Pauline Kael, The New Yorker

100% AL VOLUTER

"One Of The All-Time Best!"
—PLAYBOY

PERSONAL BREAST

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NATIONS RED CARPET ADULT THEATRE
49th St. Bet
6th & 7th Aves
247 5747
Cont. from 10AM

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CINEMA II
12th St. & 1st Ave. WA 9 8037

HAREM
Adult Theatre
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EROTIC HANDS
12th St. & 1st Ave. WA 9 8037

EROTIC HANDS
12th St. & 1st Ave. WA 9 8037

EROTIC HANDS
12th St. & 1st Ave. WA 9 8037

SOUP FOR

CONAN THE BARBARIAN



DINO DE LAURENTIIS
EDWARD R. PRESSMAN
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER · JAMES EARL JONES · "CONAN THE BARBARIAN"

When life is at its fullest...
When breath is at its shortest.

On Olden pond



HENRY FONDA · KATHARINE HEPBURN
JAMES CAGNEY · RUTH GORDON
GLORIA SWANSON · POOR YORICK
Music by EUBIE BLAKE
Directed by KING VIDOR

THE **Ziegfeld** A WALTER READE
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HAPPY FAMILY SCENES

file # 72

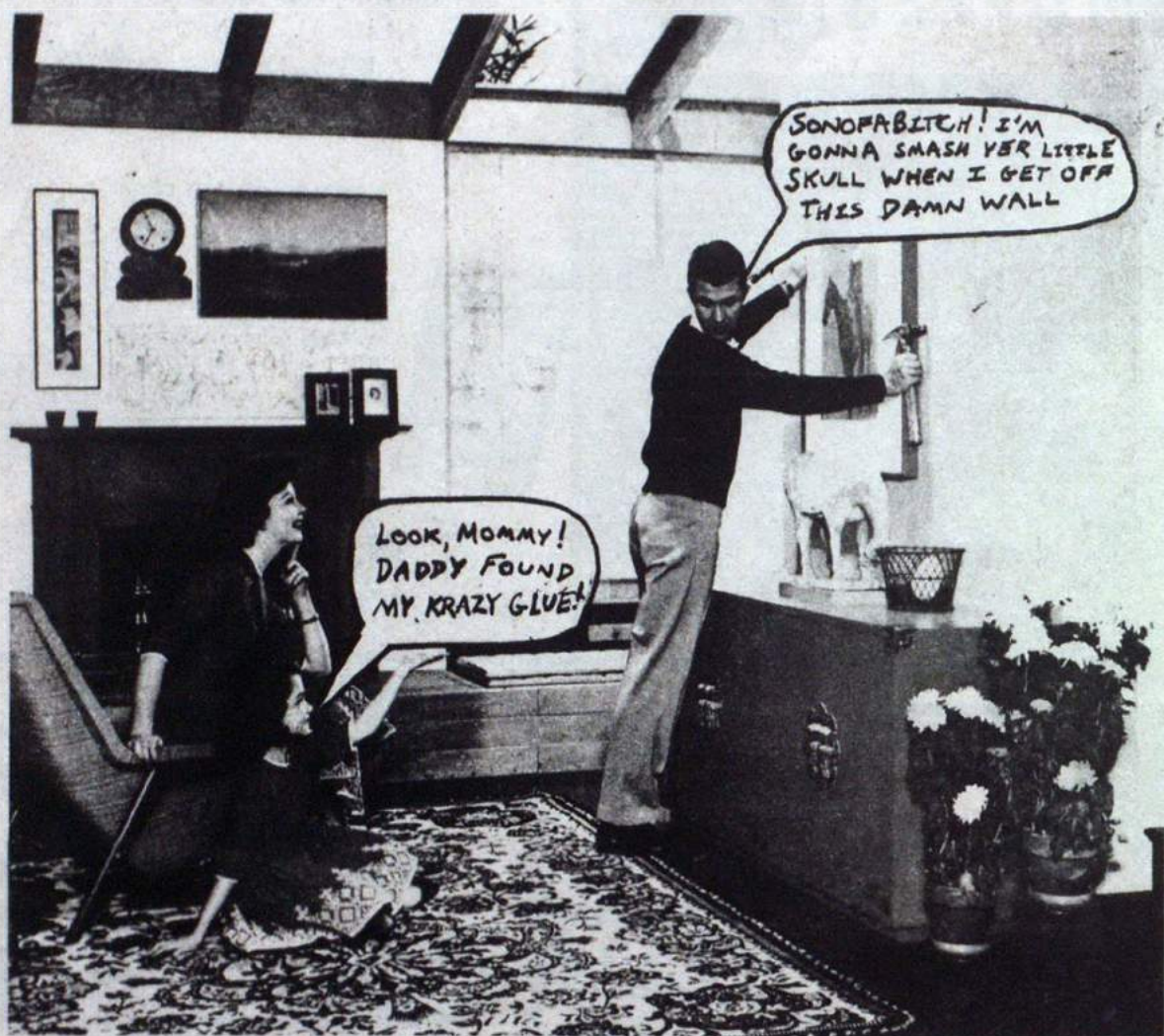


ILLUSTRATION 1. Comfort, convenience, and beauty are being planned into this contemporary living area by the family members.



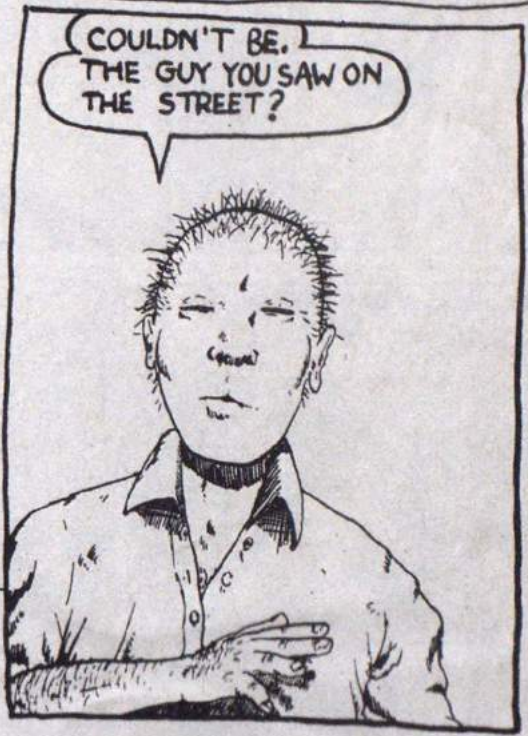
HOW DO YOU DO? I'M...

Someone Else Entirely

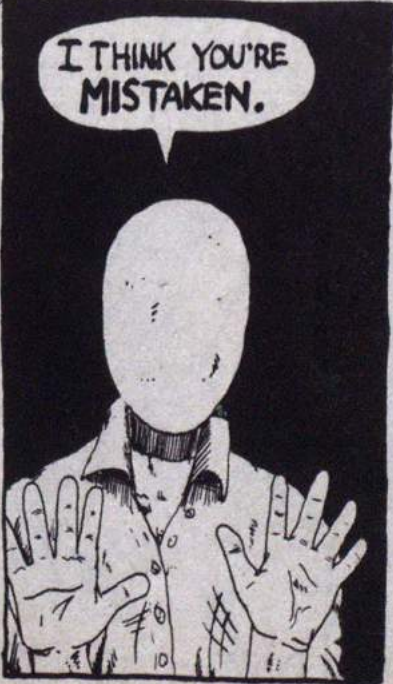
BY
OSKAR
RETCH
©1982



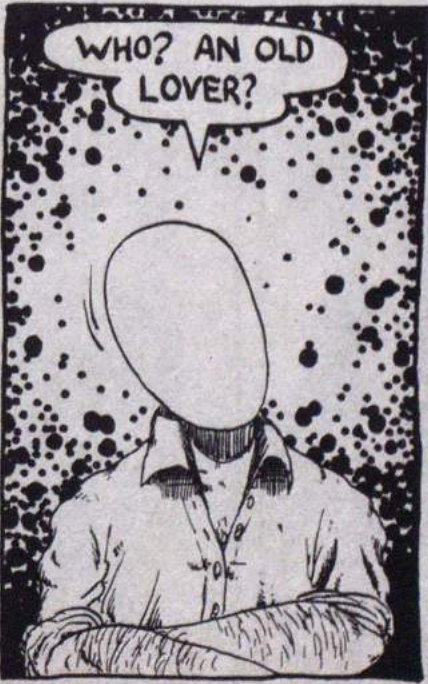
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?
I REMIND YOU OF **WHOM?**



COULDN'T BE.
THE GUY YOU SAW ON
THE STREET?



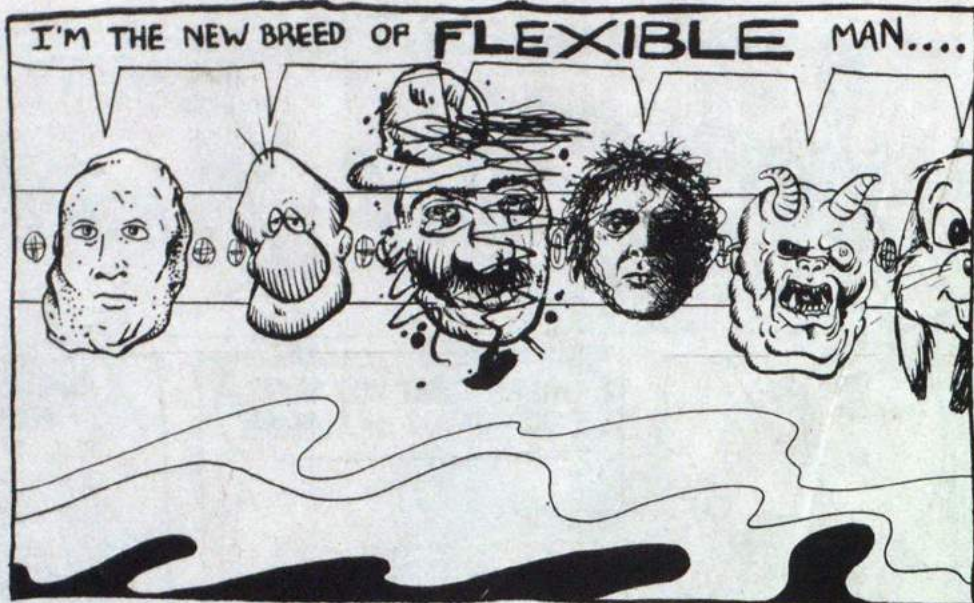
I THINK YOU'RE
MISTAKEN.



WHO? AN OLD
LOVER?



DON'T MAKE
ME LAUGH.





Few people know (or even suspect) that before he began painting covers for the *Saturday Evening Post* and became "America's best-loved illustrator," Norman Rockwell wanted to work in comic books. But he soon found that his "homey" style and penchant for boy scouts and Santa Claus did not fit in with

the blood and thunder style of the comics, and so he moved on to other things.

We at the *Plague* have recently uncovered some of Rockwell's unpublished comic book work. In the interest of the study of fine art, we print it here for the first time.

Norman
Rockwell's

COMICS

and
STORIES



featuring
The
Cavalier
in:

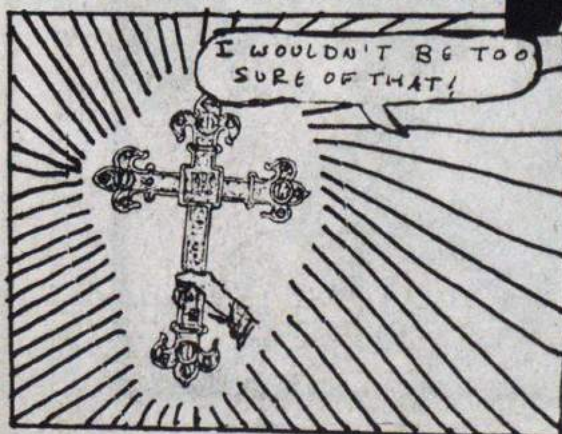
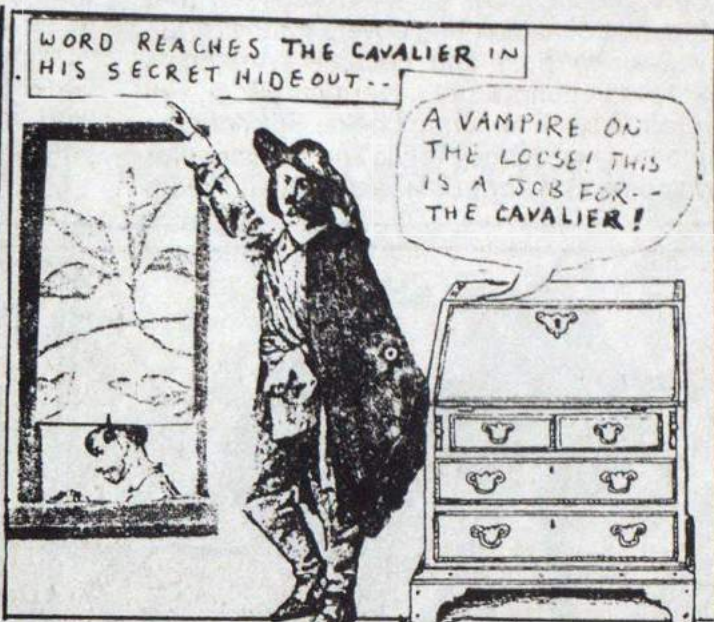
NIGHT OF
THE
VAMPIRE

BY DAY, THE CITY IS A BUSTLING
METROPOLIS--



--BUT AT NIGHT, GOOD PEOPLE STAY
IN THEIR HOMES, FOR THE NIGHT IS
THE DOMAIN OF VAMPIRES!





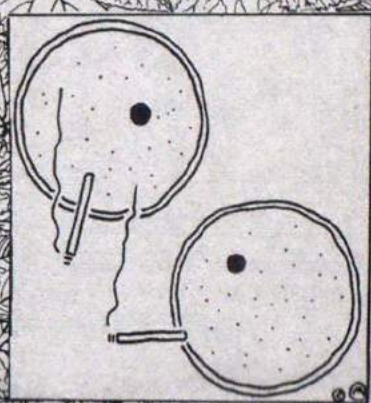
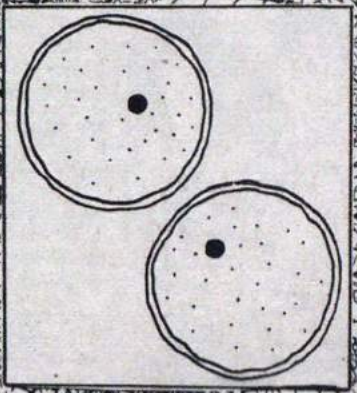
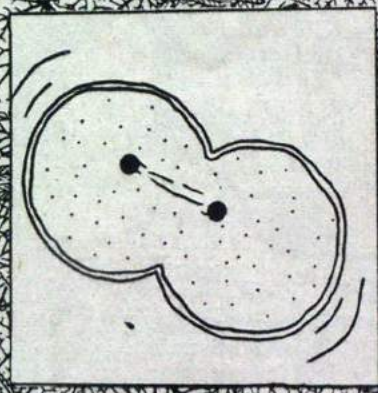
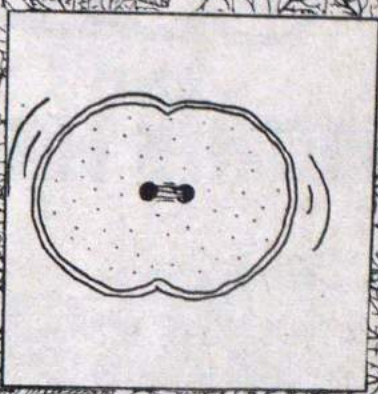
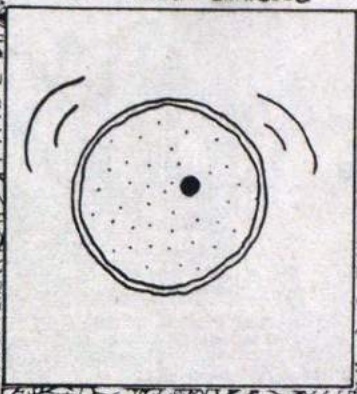
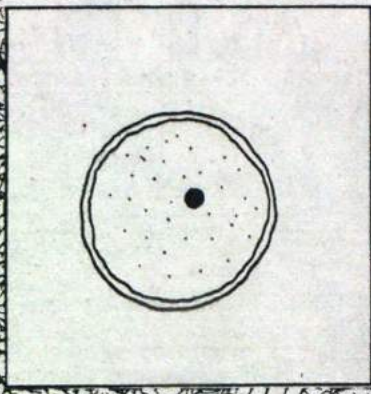


Next:
SALVADOR
DALI:
THE DISNEY
YEARS



BIOLOGY COMICS!!

BY MARLON CAMPBELL



ALION FUNNIES

© 5/11/82



02-4-AN
C V * G...



027003H1
"07 27m?"



020197
"T-XO..."



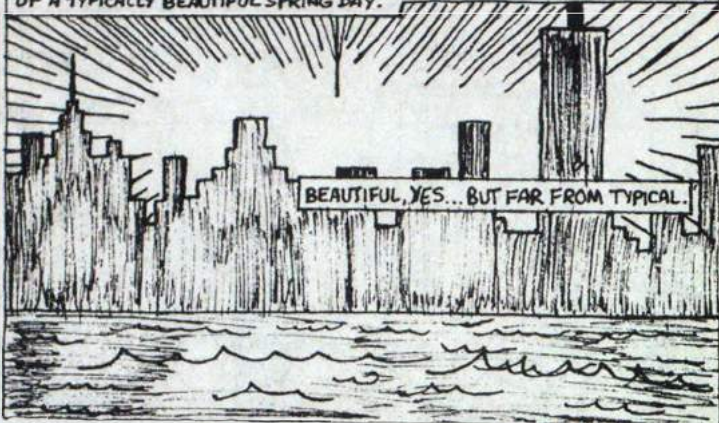
"...II NU-288
32K!!"

DOCTOR ODD

AND A HITCH IN TIME

STEVEN A. ROMAN: STORY & ART PART 1

DAWN COMES TO THE ISLE OF MANHATTAN, BRINGING WITH IT THE PROMISE OF A TYPICALLY BEAUTIFUL SPRING DAY.



BEAUTIFUL, YES... BUT FAR FROM TYPICAL.

ON ONE OF THE MANY STREETS WINDING THROUGH THE STRANGE LAND MEN CALL GREENWICH VILLAGE...



KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT PORT-O-SAN, FOLKS--IT'S IMPORTANT!

OKAY, YOU CAN STOP STARING AT THE PORT-O-SAN NOW! TIME WE MET TWO MEMBERS OF OUR CAST--MATTHEW TROUGHTON AND ELIZABETH CHANDLER, TWO STUDENTS AT MOLE HILL UNIVERSITY.



...WELL, I ENJOYED THE PARTY.

WELL, OF COURSE YOU WOULD! THEY'RE YOUR FRIENDS! BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW IT FELT TO BE THE ONLY WOMAN AT THAT PARTY? EVERY GUY THERE TRIED TO HIT ON ME!



SO I FORGOT IT WAS A STAG PARTY! IT WAS AN HONEST MISTAKE!



HONEST MISTAKE! AND WHOSE IDEA WAS THE GIRL IN THE CAKE?

IT WAS A JOKE, LIZ--A JOKE!



I'VE THOUGHT SO! THAT CREEP! DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE A CAKE OPEN IN FRONT OF YOU AND SEE YOUR SISTER POP OUT, WEARING NOTHING BUT A BASEBALL CAP?

I DON'T THINK IT WAS FUNNY.



I CAN SEE THAT!

AND FEEL IT, TOO! OUCH!

NOT PERSONALLY, BUT THE CONCEPT IS INTRIGUING. WOULD YOU BE INTERE-- OW!



SLAM! CREEP!!

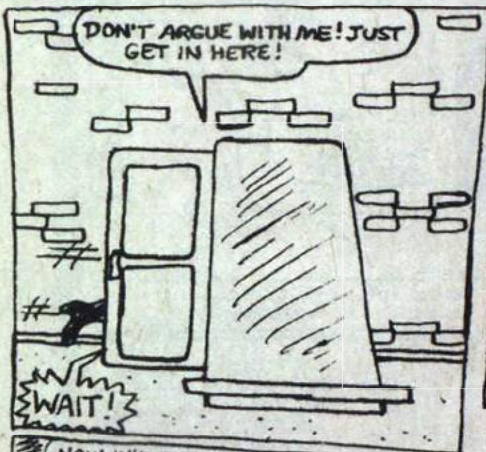
SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE WORSE THAN-- WHAT'S WRONG?



I THINK ALL THOSE BEERS I HAD ARE CATCHIN' UP WITH ME!

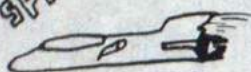


I'LL JUST GET IN HERE AND LET NATURE RUN ITS COURSE!



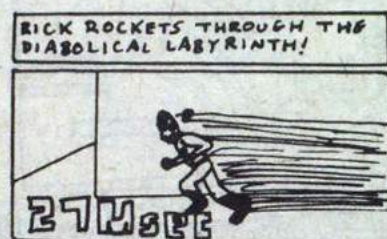
RICK TYME

SPACE RANGER

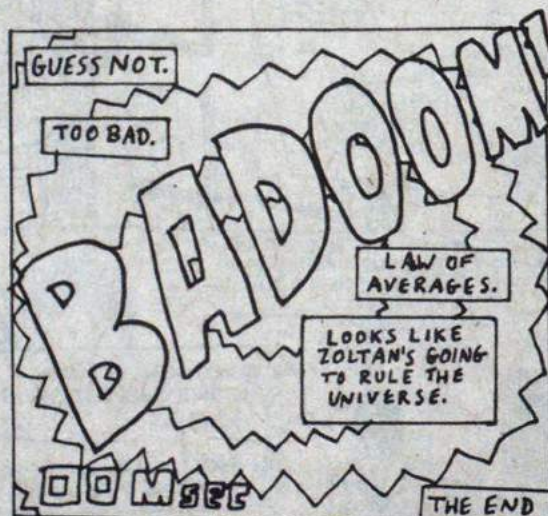


CAPTURED AND SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THE 19,363RD TIME BY THE EVIL WARLORD, ZOLTAN THE UNSPEAKABLE, RICK TYME FINDS HIMSELF IN A MONSTROUS LABYRINTH, FACING CERTAIN DOOM!

© Steve 1982



CAN HE MAKE IT IN TIME???



... ? ... ! OH, MY.

ACTIVE AMERICAN

IN "D.C. DILEMMA"

Written By
Ed Morrissey

Drawn By
Doug Brod

THE TRUE CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY "ACTIVE AMERICAN" ONCE AGAIN LEAPS INTO THE BREACH OF EVIL!



MEANWHILE...
AT OUR NATION'S
CAPITAL...



SUDDENLY...

I'M JUST THE MAN
TO HELP YOU
MR. PRESIDENT!



WE MUST NOT ALLOW
THE FEDERAL GOV'T
TO IGNORE SOCIAL
PROBLEMS EXISTING
TODAY.



MEANWHILE... IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES...

THEN THE FAT WHITE-HAIRED
DEMOCRAT IS TAKEN ABACK
AS HE SEES THE PATRIOTICALLY
DRESSED CHAMPION OF JUSTICE
SPEED TOWARD HIM.

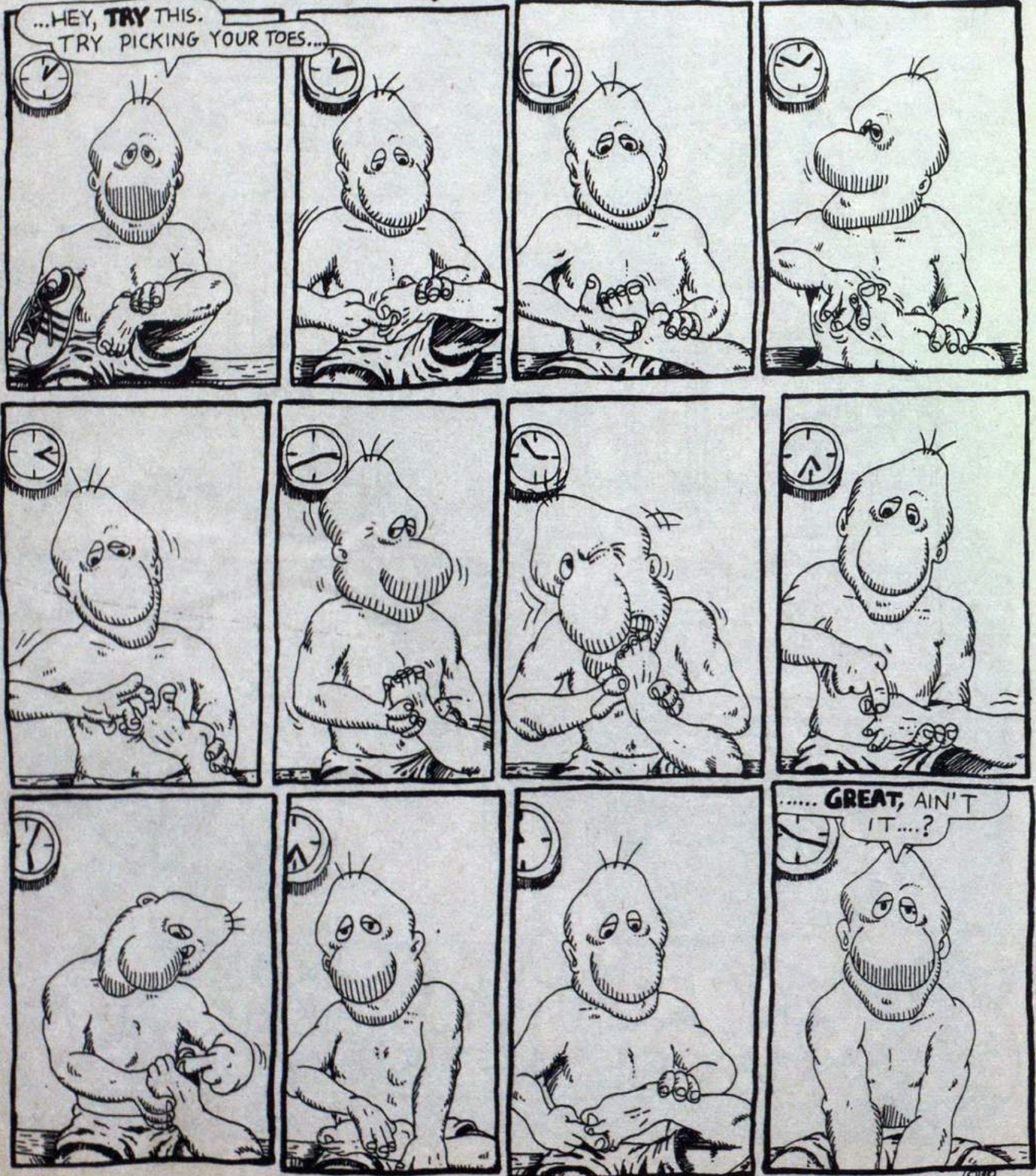


WATCH OUT, PINKOS!!!
AN ACTIVE AMERICAN
MAY BE AFTER YOU!!

D'END

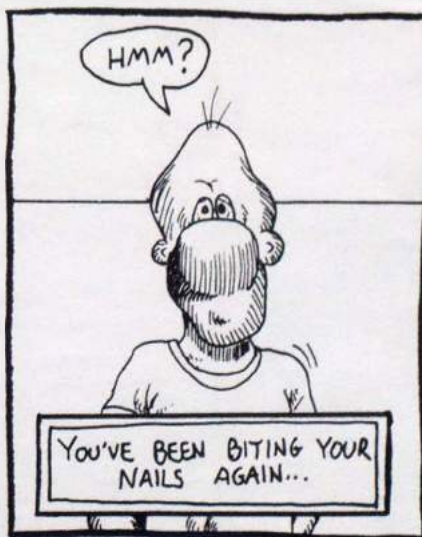
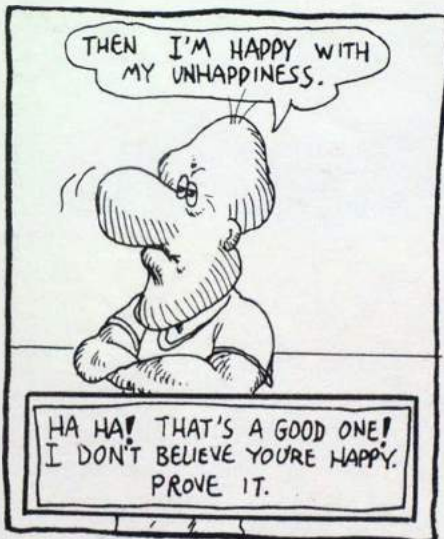
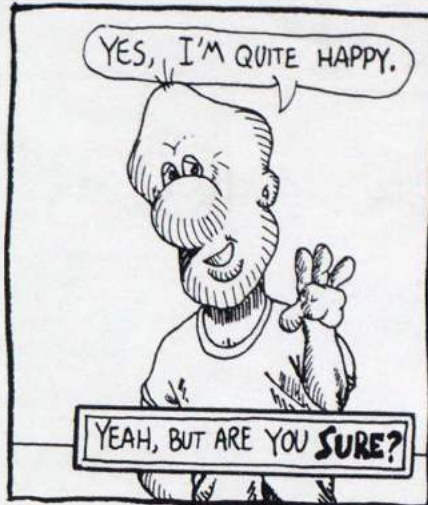
SPAN!

By OSKAR RETCH © UHH.....



HA HA

By Oskar
Retch
© 1929
REMEMBER
THEN?



LIFE

AT A BUS STOP

By
OSKAR RETCH

© THE DAY YOU WERE BORN

UHY ZELDUH, HOIB CALLS ME UP
YESSTIDAY AN SEZ VOTTA YA TINK
CHOLLIE, DEY OPND UP A BETH
DOWNTOWN JOOST LYKE INDE
OLDAYZ DA REEL TING WITTA
STIM ROOM ANDEVRYTING

Wow...
must be
terrible...

BUS
STOP

ZOOM
GAGAGA GA!
BRRRT!

Zo YE VENT DOWN DERE
AN OY LEMME TELL YOU
DA PLACE VAS A HENGOUT
FOW FEES OR SUMPTING...
SOCH HA SCENE YOU SHOODEN
NOH FROM IT

TSK

all of a sudden a
WHAM

and it's all over
forever and ever
and never and
always and....

Weeeeeeeee

I JOOST VAS AFGHRAID EF
I SHOOD HAV A HOTT
ATAK IN DAT PLACE
VAT VOOD DA
CHILDGHUN TINK?

Tenks
Gott

...oh...

WOOSH!
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA