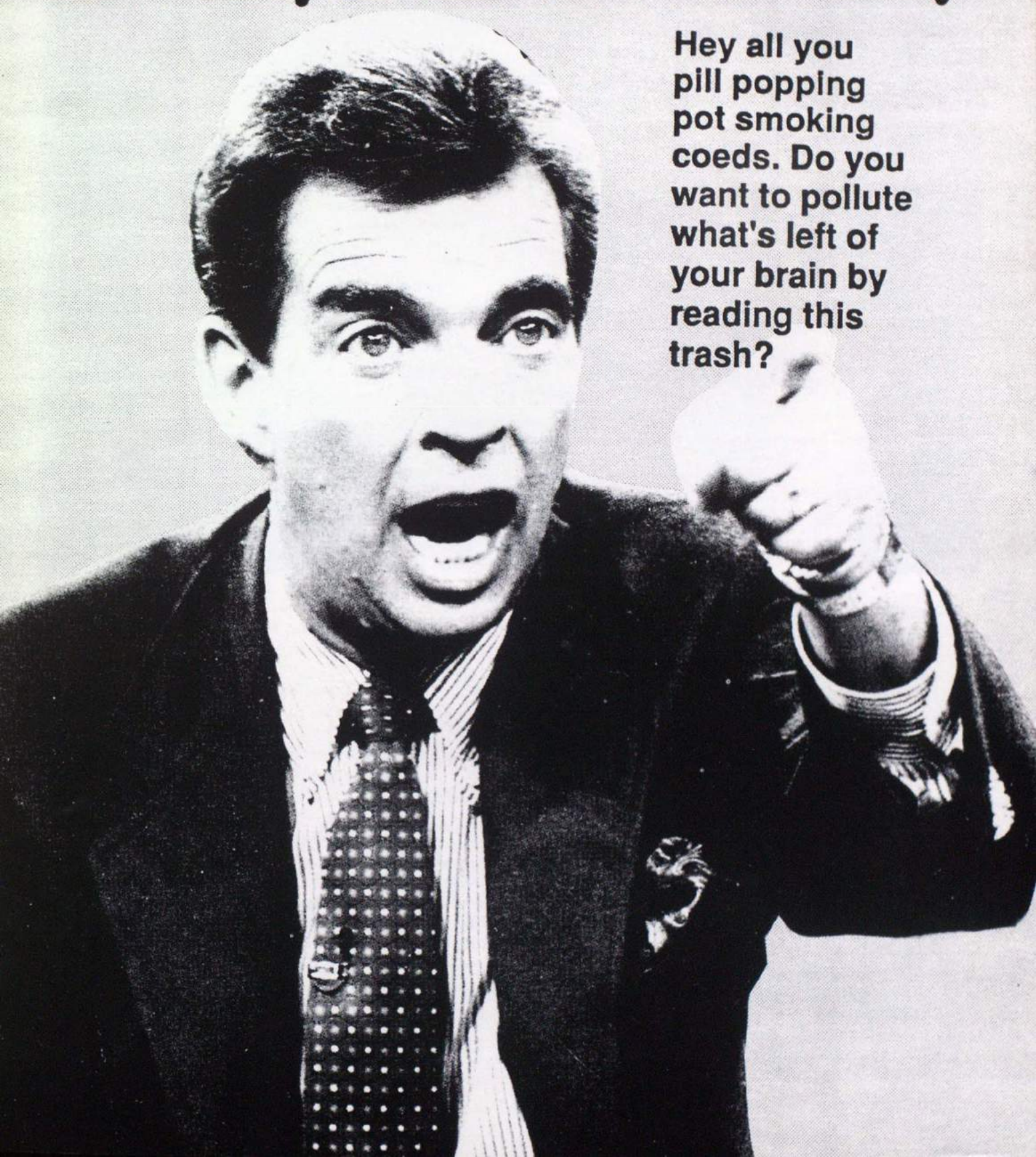
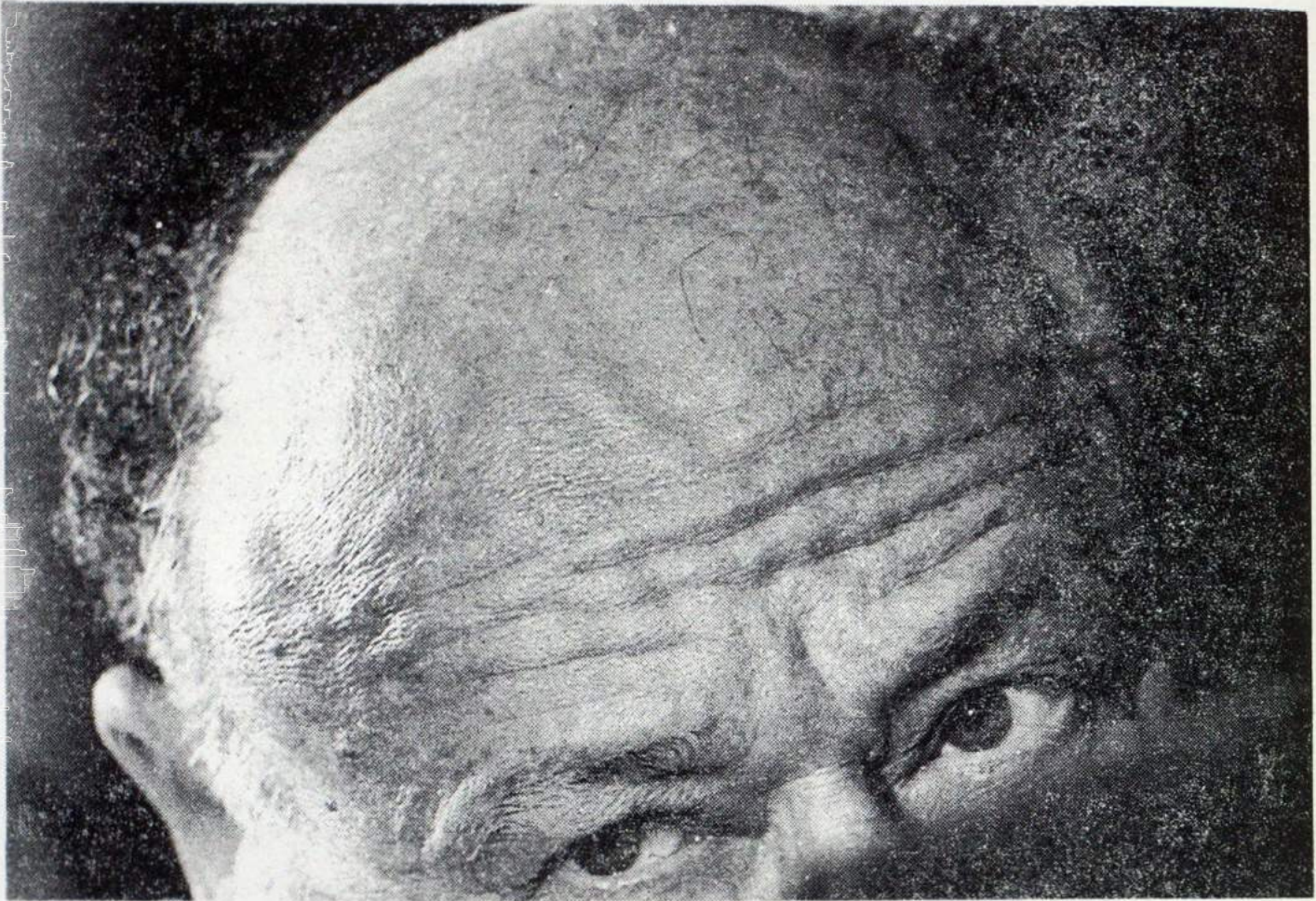


PLAGUE

Hey all you
pill popping
pot smoking
coeds. Do you
want to pollute
what's left of
your brain by
reading this
trash?



Are You Being Seduced By This Head?



For the past several months New York's Mayor Ed Koch has fooled the city about going to the hospital for his "bad heart." Investigators for the political consulting firm Hecht and Assoc. have learned that doctors were actually altering skin patterns on his head. Why?

It seems Koch's plan is to subliminally induce New Yorkers to constantly re-elect him. Every picture taken of this high profile person contains a libido-stirring image. Notice how the creases in his forehead resemble vaginal folds. The several strands of hair which remain in the middle of his buttock-smooth forehead are shaped like a bosom (34-D) and a flaccid penis. Light shining off the right side of his head illuminates a pox mark formation that reads "Re-elect me."

How effective is this cranial sexploitation?

Hecht and Assoc. surveyed voters after the last mayoral election in 1986. Typical reactions were:

"When I saw Koch's name on the ballot my mind immediately remembered that forehead. I broke into a sweat; I had to have that forehead around me another four years."

"After voting I went home, attached Brillo pads to the sides of a honeydew and rubbed it. It felt so good. I was glad I voted for Koch."

"I needed a cigarette after voting."

This megalomaniac can be stopped. In November vote YES for proposition 69. The bill forces all New York mayoral candidates to cover at least fifty percent of their heads while in public places. This act will thwart Koch's unsavory manipulation of our political future.

**VOTE YES ON
PROPOSITION 69**

Managing Bacterium:
Rob Marzulli

Chief Viruses:
Jere Hester
Richard Bedard

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Richard Bedard
Jere Hester
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THE PLAGUE
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21 WASHINGTON PLACE
NY, NY 10003

HI MOM!

Outlived Welcome to
Mankind:
Milton Berle
George Burns
Bob Hope

Favorite Dead People:
Jackie Gleason
The Marx Brothers
(except for Zeppo)
Moe, Larry, Curley, and
Shemp
Ernie Kovacs
Charlie Chaplin
Fatty Arbuckle
Abbott and Costello
Lenny Bruce
Mark Twain
James Thurber
S. J. Perelman

©The Plague 1988
V. 11 No. 2
Joe Biden--stay away

PLAGUE

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

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"Critics are like eunuchs in a harem. They know how it's done, they've seen it done every day, but they're unable to do it themselves."
--Brendan Behan

Letters To The Editor

Dear Comrades:

Want to know why I got kicked out of the Politburo? It's all because I asked Gorbachev what the hell that thing on his head is?

Boris Yeltsin, Sucking Snow in Siberia

My Dear Brothers in the Proletariat:

Well, at least Yeltsin didn't get a pick ax through his head. All I asked Stalin to do was pass the mashed potatoes.

Leon Trotsky, Festering in a Mexican Grave

Dear Plague:

I make one of the greatest contributions to Western Civilization and all they do is name a kid's clay after me. It's ironic though: I used to enjoy playing with children and now they like playing with me.

Plato, Mulling it Over in Athenian Heaven

Plague People:

Riddle me this! What's black and blue and looks like the Cowardly Lion? Hedda Nussbaum!

Frank Gorshin, Living in an Old Roll

Dear Voters:

Well, I think I've proven once and for all I'm not a wimp. And if Dan Rather ever yells like that again, I'll tell my Mommy!

George Bush, Living Behind Reagan's Skirt

Plague:

It's really hard having the same name as another famous person especially when that person is scum. But one thing's for sure: I'd rather be the nephew of a cat than the "mastermind" behind Contragate.

Poindexter, Playing With his Bag of Tricks

Sirs:

It sucks living here. None of these jocks ever listen to a goddamn word I say.

Ching Chow, At the Daily News Between Two Box Scores

Dear Plague:

I've written every book out there. I used hundreds of pseudonyms: Margaret Mitchell, Charles Dickens, Vladimir Nabokov, Tom Wolfe. They're all me. I wrote all that stuff.

Stephen King, Laughing all the way to the bank in Maine

Be Fruitful Without Multiplying

Does the practice of putting skinned animal flesh on your naughty bits turn you off?

J & M Pharmaceuticals, makers of ANDY'S condoms, in conjunction with DOLE Fruit Company, now introduce their line of 100% all natural condoms. **PASSION FRUITS** are made with the purest ingredients. They're grown thin enough to allow sensitivity for your lover, yet strong enough to prevent him from sowing his seed. Their fruity aftertaste will add a new dimension to your sex life. So come

on, give vegetarian sex a try and turn your bedroom into a Garden of Eatin'.

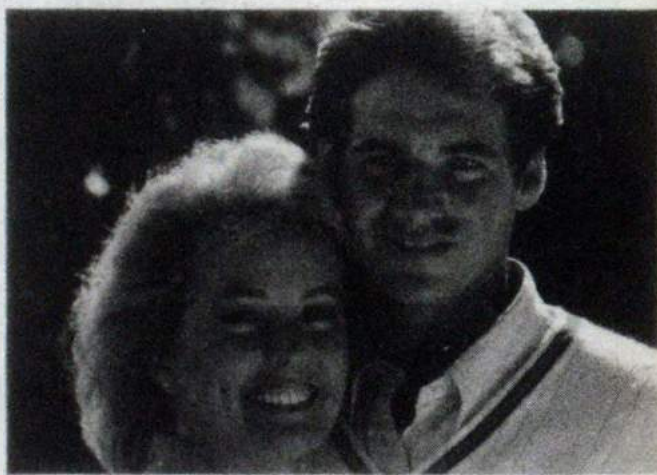
PASSION FRUITS come in several ambrosial styles and phylum:

Banana Skinned: are designed to provide safe, slick sex.

Root Hairs with Stems give extra stimulation to her and provide support and comfort for him.

Tropical Fruits: make sex carefree and provide the U S RDA of vitamin C

You can by **PASSION FRUITS** in bunches of six or try our economy "orchard" size of 24.



WARNING: The Surgeon General has found out (by a painful experience) that swarms of bees and wasps are

attracted by this product's scent. Please do not use in gardens.

FRANK ZAPPA REMAKES BEATLE CLASSICS

ON HER KNEES (Sung to the tune of "Let it Be")

When I find myself in need of suction
My hose monster crawls to me
Lip sync-ing lines from Deep Throat
On her knees

And in my hour of pained erection
She puts my pole between her teeth
Sucking like a Hoover
On her knees

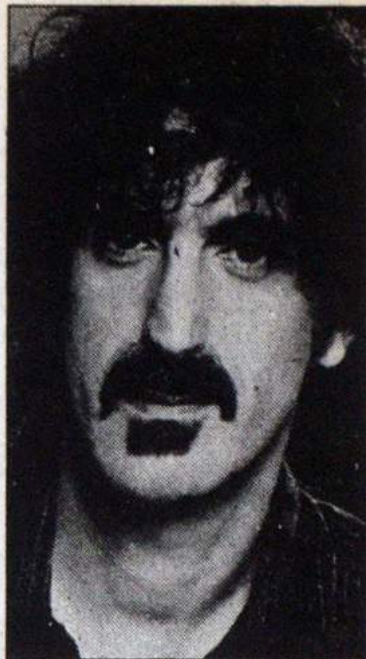
On her knees
On her knees
On her knees
On her knees
I love my little baby
On her knees

Her prehensile tongue tightens fiercely
And I start to pant and wheeze
I pat her bobbing head—she's
On her knees

And just before I launch my rocket
She makes me say pretty please
And I say okay—but stay
On your knees

On her knees
On her knees
On her knees
On her knees
I love my little baby
On her knees

That day she sucked
Baseballs through straws
I knew she was meant for me
I'll never let my baby
Off her knees



Be sure not to miss these other
Zappa remakes:

DAY STRIPPER
IN MY WIFE
TWIST AND SHOUT AND
CLAW MY BACK
PLEASE SQUEEZE ME
HEY PRUDE
I AM THE WELL-HUNG
THE TOOL ON THE HILL
SARGEANT PEPPER'S LONELY
HEARTS GANG BANG
EDIBLE STRAWBERRY UNDER-
WEAR FOREVER
GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY
PANTS
EIGHT DYKES A WEEK
I WANT TO HAND YOUR
HOLE

ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN (Same
title, lyrics by the Greenwich Village
Men's Club)

NORWEGIAN ROT (Sung to the
tune of "Norwegian Wood")

"I once poked a girl, a Norway
twat, she howled and screamed
She loved it a lot, but here's
what I got, Norwegian rot"

TRUE CONFESSIONS

"I WAS THE PILLSBURY DOUGH BOY'S SEX SLAVE"

Plague ace reporter Roland Barf in an exclusive interview with Kitty Lamblin, a data processor for Wang who claims to have been kidnapped by the Pillsbury Dough Boy and forced to perform strange sex acts for three weeks.

Plague: Kitty, this must have been awful.

Kitty: Oh, God.

(Sobbing) I'm sorry, this is so painful. Oh, God, the scars.

Plague: The emotional scars, Kitty?

Kitty: Emotional and physical. He raped me continuously for three weeks. Oh, it was terrible, terrible. . . he would—

Plague: Of course our readers are very interested in the three weeks of continual sexual violation, Kitty, but first—how did this happen? How did the Pillsbury Dough boy

kidnap you?

Kitty: Uh—see—I was shopping. I had walked a mile to the supermarket because it was a nice day. While shopping, I noticed his cart. It was full of yeast and butter.

Plague: Didn't you recognize the Pillsbury Dough Boy?

Kitty: He was wearing a heavy coat and sunglasses. I didn't know. How could I tell? He looked like just another fat man who maybe liked to bake bread.

Plague: And you didn't notice anything unusual about this strange man?

Kitty: He seemed very pale.

Plague: Then what happened after you left the supermarket?

Kitty: I had two bags of groceries, and I didn't want to walk all the way back to my house, when I heard this voice behind me. . .

Plague: The Dough Boy

had followed you outside?

Kitty: Yes, and he asked if I wanted a ride home. When I turned to look, he averted his face.

Plague: So you weren't able to see he was the Pillsbury Dough Boy and not simply a kind stranger.

Kitty: So. . .so—I climbed in his car—it was a Hyundai, don't ask me why—I think he's seen all the commercials.

Anyway, as he drove I tried to talk—you know, neighborly things—how long have you lived here, what a nice day, all that. But he was silent. Didn't say a word. Every so often he'd shift to get comfortable and he made this awful slucking noise, like mud being sucked through rubber. It was gross. **Plague:** Where did he take you?

Kitty: An old warehouse in the country. I knew we were going the

wrong way and I asked what he was doing, but he wouldn't speak. I got really scared. Then we pulled up to the old warehouse and he said, "Out, bitch!" I got a good look at him and saw the black glinty eyes buried in the mounds of dough and I screamed. I knew it was the Pillsbury Dough Boy.

Plague: Then the three weeks of continual rape started?

He smiled...jiggled...took off his clothes and waved his doughy member at me

Kitty: Oh yes. I knew from the moment I walked into that furnished bedroom in the warehouse that it was going to be pure hell. He told me to sit on the bed and he smiled and jiggled and took off his clothes and waved his doughy member at me.

Plague: His doughy member? Can we clarify that for our readers? Are you referring to the Pillsbury Dough Boy's penis?

Kitty: Yes, his—oh, God, I can't say it. He kept batting it back and forth and yelling "Woohoo! Woohoo!" It reminded me of a bad experience I

had in a frat once.



Plague: What did he do, Kitty?

Kitty: Oh, I can't—it's too painful. Oh, God.

Plague: Kitty, we're paying you three thousand dollars for this exclusive. What did the Dough Boy do?

Kitty: He tied me to the bed with old bread wrappers so I couldn't move. Then he winked at me, this big lecherous wink, and he said, "You wanna see some Wonderbread Pumpernickel? I've got some wonderbread that can really

pump your nickel, honey."

Plague: God, what a crude sense of humor. He sounds very cruel.

Kitty: Oh, do I have to go on? This next part. . .

Plague: Yes, let's hear it, Kitty. This will be cathartic for you.

Kitty: He turned on the oven and yanked down the door, pressing his body against the open front and holding his doughy member over the hottest part of the flames. Then half an hour later—his manroot was huge and hard and brown.

He kept grinning and fingering his rocky loaf

Plague: How huge?

Kitty: It was the size of a small baguette.

Plague: Incredible. So the Pillsbury Dough Boy is hung like a mastodon.

Kitty: I pleaded with him, I begged, but he kept grinning and fingering his rocky loaf. The next fifty minutes were a living horror. He just kept going and going. It was a living hell.

Plague: Amazing. Blood and crust everywhere.

Kitty: I can't begin to describe the suffering. I had to live with this

animal for three weeks. We always ate yeast. Yeast for breakfast. Yeast for lunch. Yeast for supper. Little yeast balls for snacks. And, you know, it finally happened.

Plague: You mean?

Kitty: Yes. I developed a yeast infection.

Plague: The sex must've been awful, Kitty. Can you tell us more about that?

Once he told me to get on my knees and pretend I was a sponge cake

Kitty: Each morning at 5:30 he'd shake me awake with that awful leer on his face and I'd have to submit to his flabby caresses and his insatiable sexual craving. He was like a Mickey Rourke on overdrive. And what was worse, he had strange ideas about sex.

Plague: Such as what, Kitty?

Kitty: Well, he often made me lie on my stomach while he poured melted butter on my back. Then he would slide on his belly back and forth on my back and moan "ooooh-wa, oooooh-wa." Once he told me to get on my

knees and pretend I was a sponge cake.

Plague: A sponge cake? How repulsive.

Kitty: It turned him on. He also used to put caraway seeds between my toes and lick them out.

Plague: This is sick, incredibly sick. . .keep going, Kitty.

Kitty: That's about it. Except he had a very warped sense of humor. His favorite joke was doing fart simulations with his hand and armpit. He'd raise his left arm, place his hand over the armpit hollow, and flap his arm and make farting noises. He always had this silly, dumb expression when he did that and he'd look at me and say, "Kitty, did you have to?"

Plague: My God, he has the sense of humor of a fourth grader. Kitty, we understand that you're suing Pillsbury.

Kitty: Yes, I am. I certainly am.

Plague: What kind of case are you going to make?

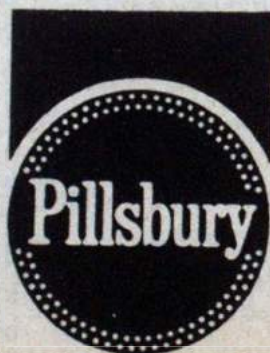
Kitty: Well, first of all, I'm an emotional wreck now. I have a bread phobia. And second, I start to shake around anyone who reminds me of the Dough Boy, like Caspar the Friendly Ghost or fat albino men.

How can a bread company release a 250 pound mass of animated, perverted dough and get away with it?

Plague: Do you think you have a good case?

Kitty: We must. How can a bread company release a 250 pound mass of animated, perverted dough into the real world and get away with it? I wasn't the Dough Boy's first victim. He told me he's been pulling this supermarket trick all over the country since Pillsbury released him from his contract. And Pillsbury wants to pretend they have nothing to do with him. We'll see about that.

Plague: Thank you, Kitty. The Plague wishes you luck in court. Another tragic story, another life scarred. Kitty Lamblin, ex-data processor, a sex slave to the PBD for three weeks. Kids, remember not to take rides from strangers.



Desserts
With a
Passion

Even More Famous Ray's

Since so many people are cashing in on the "Ray's" pizza name, a few celebrities have decided to open their own pizza parlors.

Famous Ray Bradbury Pizza:

Robots cook the pies and serve your table. A known haunt for Issac Asimov, Kurt Vonnegut, Gene Roddenberry and nerds. Three video screens on the antiseptic-white walls constantly play reruns of *Lost in Space*, the *Martian Chronicles* and of course *Star Trek*. Try their vegetarian green pizza (green pepppers, green bread mold and seaweed).



Wash down a Bradbury's pie with some dandelion wine

Famous Original Faye Wray Pizza:

Pseudo-gorillas and shapely blondes cook and serve the pizza. Jungle pizza combos include: banana pizza, coconut pizza and the vegetarian pizza (sod, bark, palm leaf). They only deliver to skyscrapers.

Famous Original Ray-Bari Manilow

Pizza: Midday hangout for middle-aged mothers. All the waiters sing, have red hair, white leisure suits and big noses. Piano bar is constantly manned by a Manilow impersonator. The menu (which is sung to you) includes Kosher combo pies.

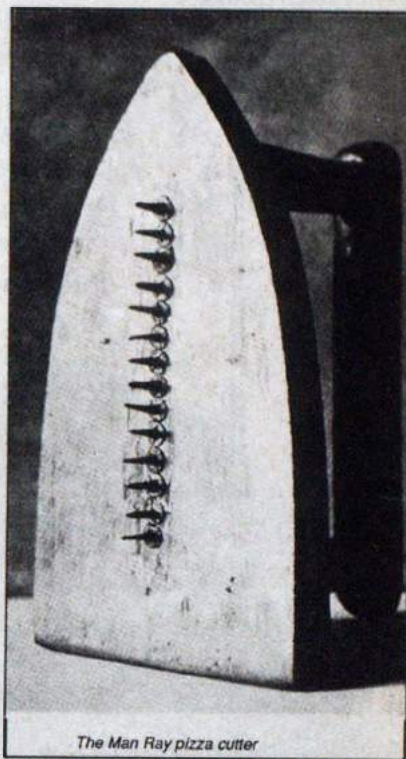
Famous Ray Charles Pizza:

A great place to buy a drink and hear the best of this rhythm and blues musician. If you plan to eat, better bring a bib. All the waiters are aspiring blind blues singers. After ordering, be prepared to scrape your dinner off the floor or off your partner.

Famous Original Raisa Gorbachev Pizza:

The franchise, a big hit behind the Iron Curtain, makes its Western debut in New York City. Caters to glamorous clientele and bald men with plainly visible birth marks on their foreheads. Autographed pictures of the U.S.S.R.'s first couple, Karl Marx, V. I. Lenin, and Nikita Khrushchev, as well as photos of glorious Russia, are everywhere.

Menu includes caviar pizza. Nightly entertainment by magician Grigori Rasputin, Jr.



The Man Ray pizza cutter

Famous Original Man Ray Pizza:

Not for the faint-hearted. You feast off pieces of canvas at this Dada eatery. There are no tables and graffiti obscenities in seven languages are scrawled on the walls. Deranged waiters, most of whom are Groucho Marx impersonators dressed as nuns, throw frozen pizza and bottle caps at you. A man dressed as a fig then smashes your dinner with a sledge hammer. The resulting paste tastes surprisingly good. The cooking/serving routine changes nightly.

CELEBRITY COOKBOOK

THIS WEEK: SALAD RECIPES FROM OEDIPUS

Oedipus' Waldorf Salad

1. Kill your father.
2. Core and quarter three apples and slice thin.
3. Toss with lemon juice to coat, then add celery and walnuts.
4. Mix mayonnaise and honey together until smooth.
5. Marry your mother.
6. Gouge out your eyes.

Oedipus' Waldorf Salad serves four. To drink, he suggests a red with a piquant bouquet.

Oedipus' Grapefruit Jelly Salad

1. Kill your father.
2. Sprinkle gelatin over cold grapefruit juice and add sugar.
3. Heat and stir well to dissolve the gelatin.
4. Pour into mold and chill until firm.
5. Place alternating pieces of grapefruit and avocado on the firm jelly.
6. Marry your mother.
7. Gouge out your eyes.

Oedipus' Grapefruit Jelly Salad serves four to six. He recommends a tart white with a full body.

Oedipus' Chicken and Almond Mousse

1. Kill your father.
2. Sprinkle gelatin over the chicken broth.
3. Pour the liquid over the egg yolks.
4. Stir until it thickens.
5. Add the ground chicken and almonds.
6. Chill until mixture thickens, then fold in the whipped cream.
7. Marry your mother.
8. Gouge out your eyes.

Oedipus' Chicken and Almond Mousse serves six. He enjoys a frisky red that lingers on the tongue. Try a Beaufloconais '46 or '52.

Don't miss our next issue. Hors d'oeuvres with Nietzsche.



Know Your Trustee *Laurence A. Tisch*

This Month:

LAURENCE A. TISCH

Born: Hell's Kitchen, New York City. March 15, 1923. Height: 5' 2". Weight: 175.

Education: B.S. (bullshit) cum laude N.Y.U. '42, M.A. Industrial Maintenance U. Pa. 1943.

Family Information: Married Wilma Stein, four sons (this does not include the children he ate).

Favorite Snack: Left-over popcorn collected from the floors of his movie theatres.

Person He'd Like to See Die: William S. Paley.

Most Romantic Moment: "I proposed to my wife while on the Cyclone at Coney Island. After saying 'yes' she barfed up a hotdog and sauerkraut onto my lap. I felt warm all over."

Favorite Pasttimes: Giving wooden nickels to blind women, watching Dan Rather fuck up, firing people.

Favorite Quotation: "Virtue has never been as respectable as money."

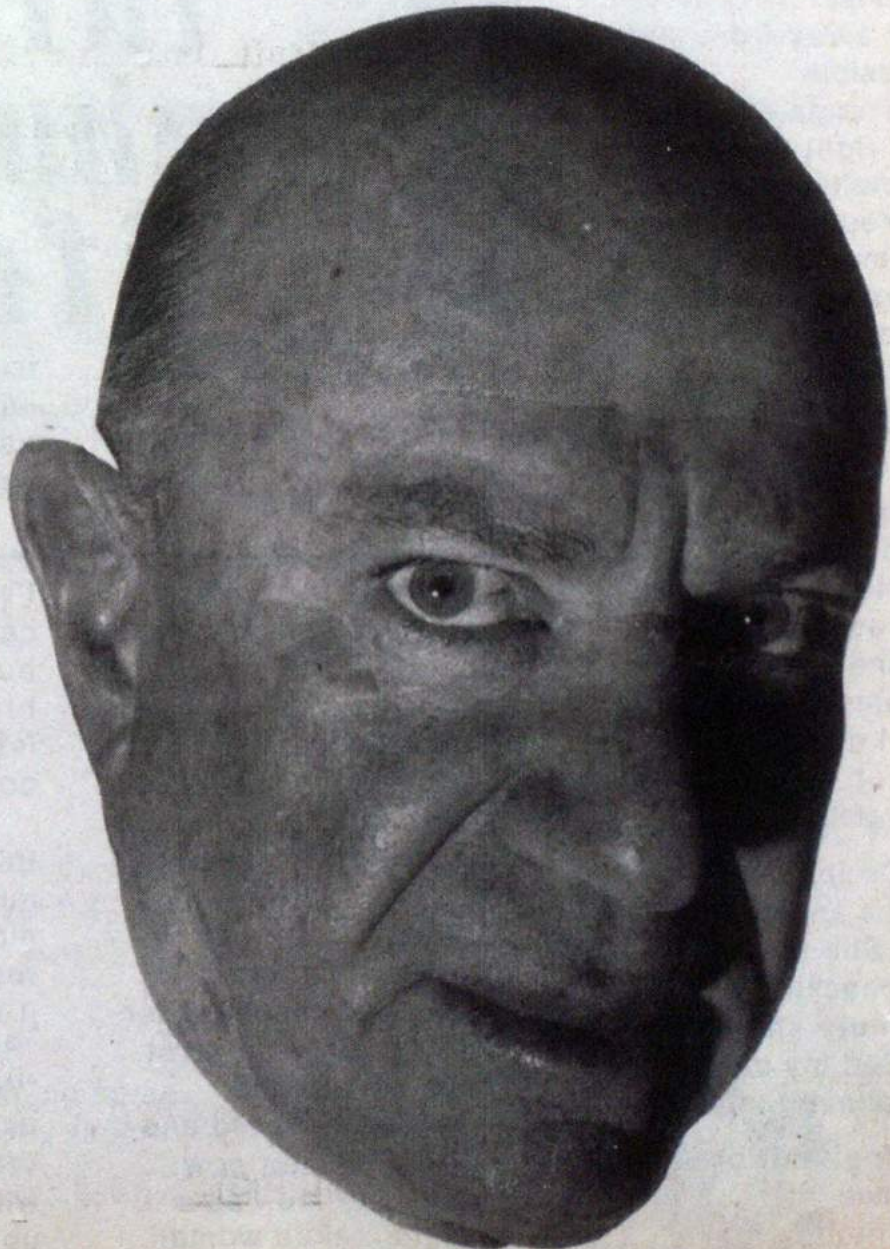
On Relaxing: After a hard day of work I like to drown my sorrows with a bottle of Muscatel

and have dinner at McDonald's (using gift certificates I received during the holidays). Afterwards I take my wife to a peppy little cabaret in midtown

known as nuts and sluts

Favorite Apparel: Tight, tight Fruit of the Looms.

On True Love: True love is going dutch.



I have a fixation with mirrors. Whenever I see one, I look for my reflection. You see, I have this irrational fear it'll be there.

Fortunately, it never is.

Most people in this world are narcissists. I suffer from a new disorder. I'm what psychologists call a farcissist. I try to get as far away from myself as possible.

Things are pretty tough right now, especially with my love life. You should have seen my last girlfriend. She was a nice girl—not once did she hang up on me when her ex-boyfriend wasn't there.

I still think they had something going on behind my back. She'd fall asleep and moan his name softly. The only time she ever moaned my name softly was when I got carsick and threw up on her chamois Gucci gloves.

On the bright side, she was an economics whiz. She took me to get a checking account the minute she over-extended my credit card. She believed in creative financing: her creative, my financing.

She didn't like going dutch, although

she frequently went scotch or bourbon. I heard her comment that it was the man's job to pay, but I'd have to do.

I try to figure out what went wrong. Freud was right, it was sex. My ex-girlfriend invented arctic kissing. It was like sticking my tongue in a block of liquid nitrogen.

L talking about life

Our love making was like something out of *National Geographic*

When two lovers have deep feelings for each other, the art of love making is passionate and pleasurable. Or as they say, a real day at the beach. For us, it was more like "A Night at Chernobyl."

Sure, I'm not a great lover. I remember thinking after my first sexual experience: "Here I am, relaxed and fulfilled. A man now. And next to me lies a beautiful naked woman. Maybe I should do her, too."

We had none of that. Our love making was like something out of *National Geographic*. You know, the male jumps into mating position. The female runs away. The male chases her and hauls her down as she scratches and bites (they severely understate the pain of those bites). The

triumphant male finally mounts her, then gets eaten by a black leopard waiting nearby.

Her problem, she was always so tense. I've had more fun caressing a brick building. At least then a brick might fall on you, let you know you're doing something.

I had to play music to calm her. Beatle music made her a little more tolerable than a root canal. But I knew it was pointless to play "Please Please Me" or "We Can Work it Out." I used to play "I Am the Walrus"—she liked it when I put the straws up my nose.

- Craig Fishbane

UPPER EAST SIDE STORY

A MODERN TRAGEDY

I FEEL WEALTHY

(Sung to the tune of "I Feel Pretty")

I feel wealthy
Oh, so wealthy
I feel wealthy and stealthy and gay
And I pity
Any girl who's in need today

I like money
Lots of money
It's so funny, the money I need
And so wealthy
I can hardly believe my greed

See the wealthy girl at the Seaport
there
Who can her stock broker be?
Is it Sherson Lehman?
Is it E.F. Hutton or
Is it Drexel B.?
Or Morgan Guarantee

I feel hilarious
And nefarious
Feel like tripling my money supply
Cause that Greenspan is a pretty
wonderful guy

I feel wealthy
Oh, so wealthy
Feel hopping on a shopping spree
All this money makes me feel so
BOURGEOISE

I love trading
And parading
My portfolio of stocks and bonds
And I'm waiting
For a mate who's rich and blonde

See the wealthy girl at the Seaport
there
Who can her stock broker be?
Is it Sherson Lehman?
Is it E.F. Hutton or
Is it Drexel B.?
Or Morgan Guarantee

I feel hilarious
And nefarious
Feel like tripling my money supply
Cause that Greenspan is a pretty
wonderful guy



Alan Greenspan

(Sung to the tune of "America")

Stocks and bonds, my heart's devotion
Got me a condo on the ocean
But all the newspapers showing,
Always the deficit growing,
And the money owing
And the liberals crowing
And Reagan's going

I've liked the past seven years,
Ronnie's allayed all my fears

I like Reagan's America
Being a Yup in America
Life ain't a boor in America
For a corporate whore in America

Having no conscience is so nice
Step on the poor and don't think twice
I have a house on the East Side
And a place in the Hamptons where I
hide

I like Reagan's America
Being a Yup in America
Life's for the rich in America
Being poor's a bitch in America

I like to buy coke that I snort
Hanging out at the seaport
I like the people that I meet
Scum like me from Wall Street

I like Reagan's America
Being a Yup in America
Life is a bash in America
If you've got cash in America

I buy land with anticipation
It won't be long 'til gentrification
Meanwhile, I'll live where I can

As long as it's got a doorman

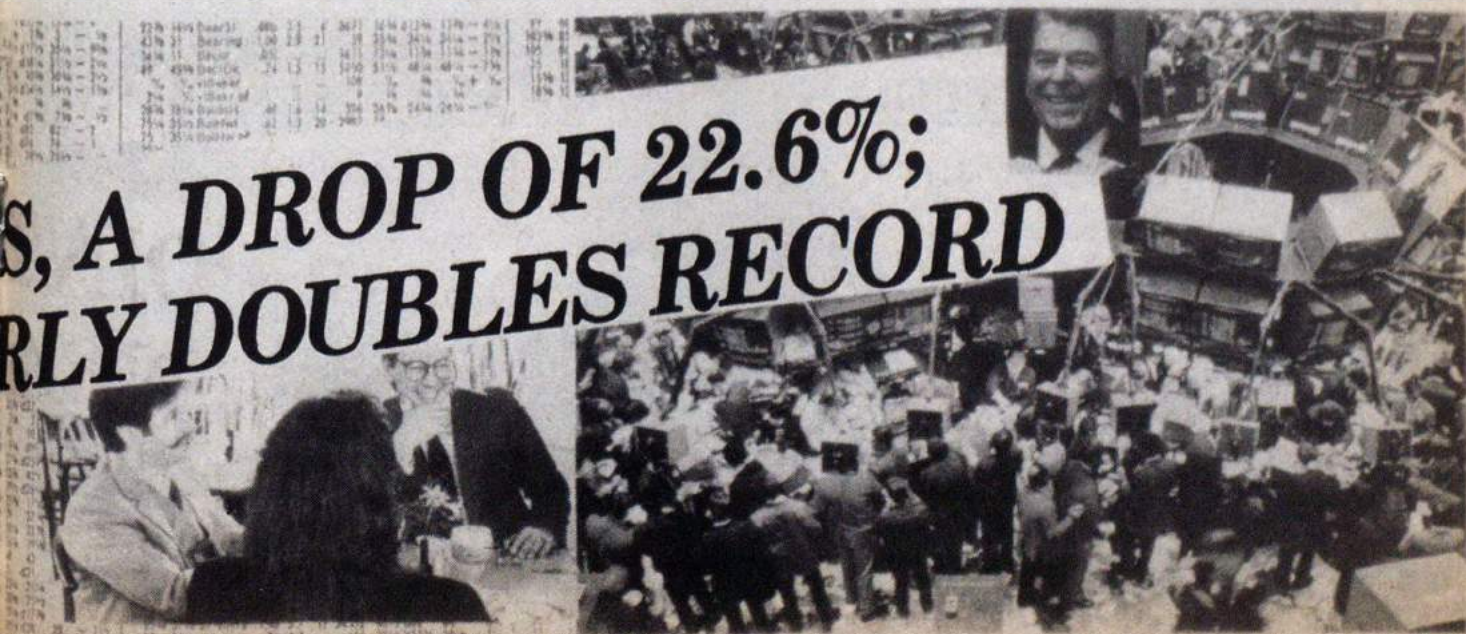
I like Reagan's America
Being a Yup in America
I don't care in America
About those on welfare in America

The friends I have are not strange
They all have a seat on the Exchange
My life will stay in this direction
As long as Bush wins the election

I like Reagan's America
Being a Yup in America
It really pays in America
No Black Mondays in America

STOCKS PLUNGE 508 POINTS

604 MILLION VOLUME NEAR



NYU DOUBLE FEATURE

The Money Pit

A young student comes to the Big Apple and loses the family fortune to higher education!

"Money can't buy ivy no matter how much Brademas spends!"

-Micheal Sovern

President of Columbia University

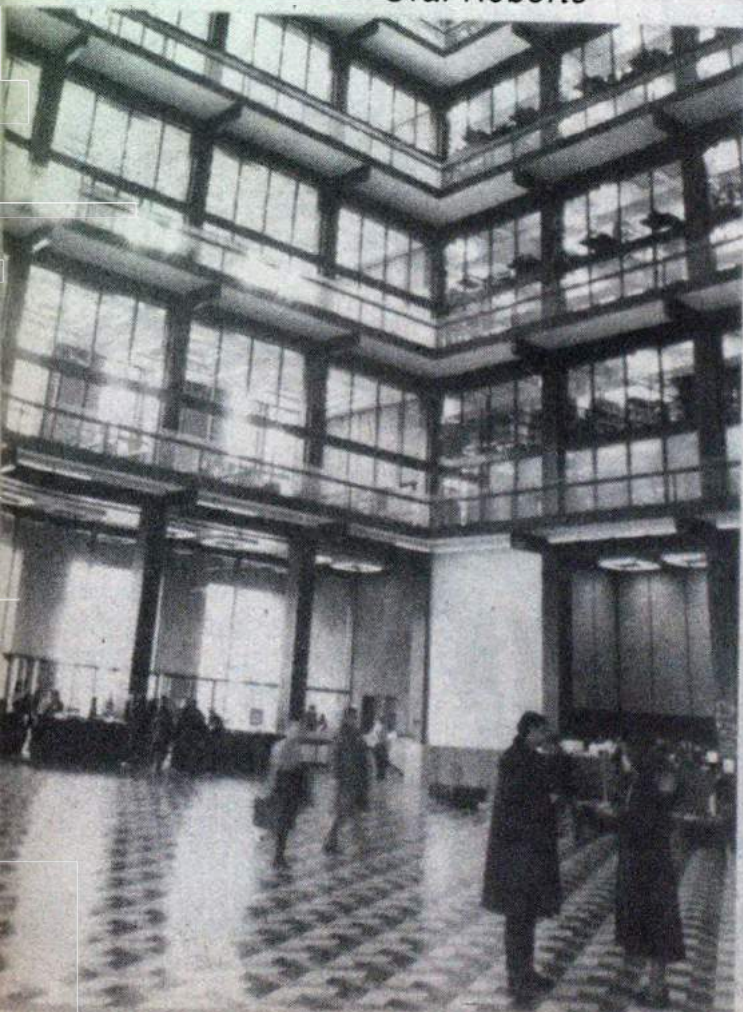
"For that tuition, they should at least give you a tool box!"

The Guy From Apex

Tech

"Brademas can raise more money than me!"

Oral Roberts



Ruthless People

Join the zany exploits of a former congressman and the chair of a major network who run a university for fun and profit while the students get screwed.

"I love the militant gay scene; so much vaseline!"

William F. Buckley

"I'd rather live on the street than in an NYU dorm!"

Billie Boggs

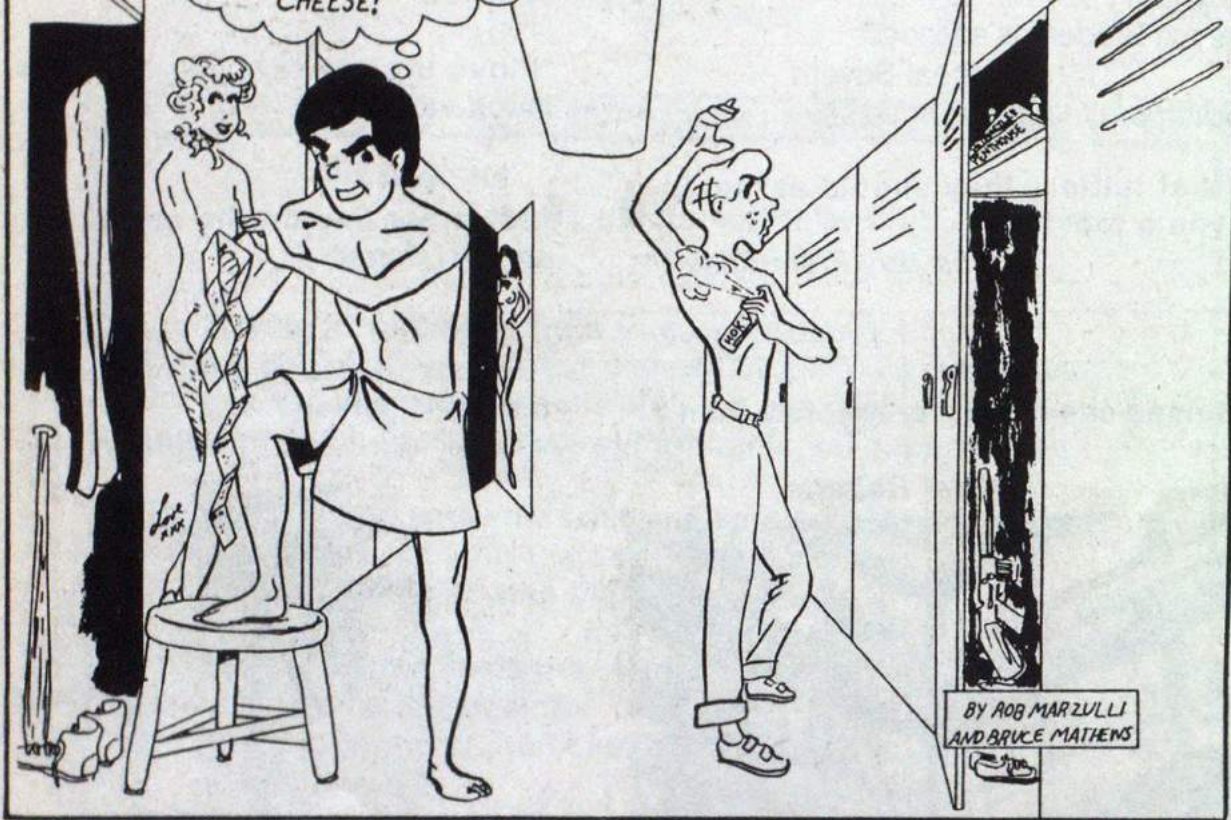
"Roaches tasted better than the food that NYU served me!"

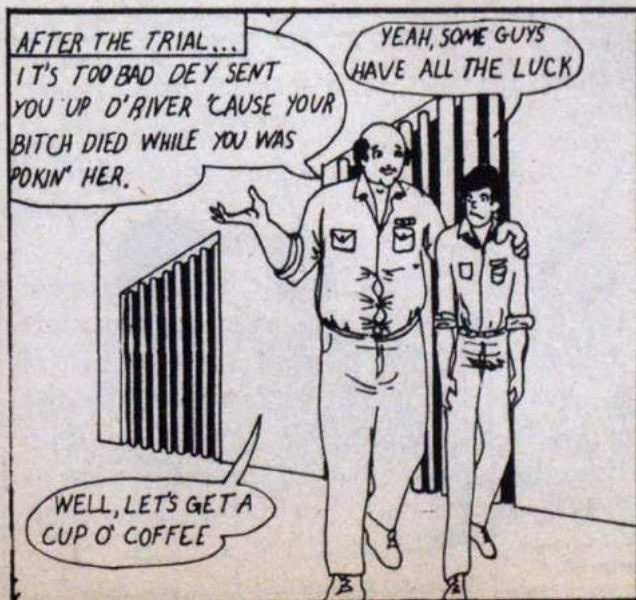
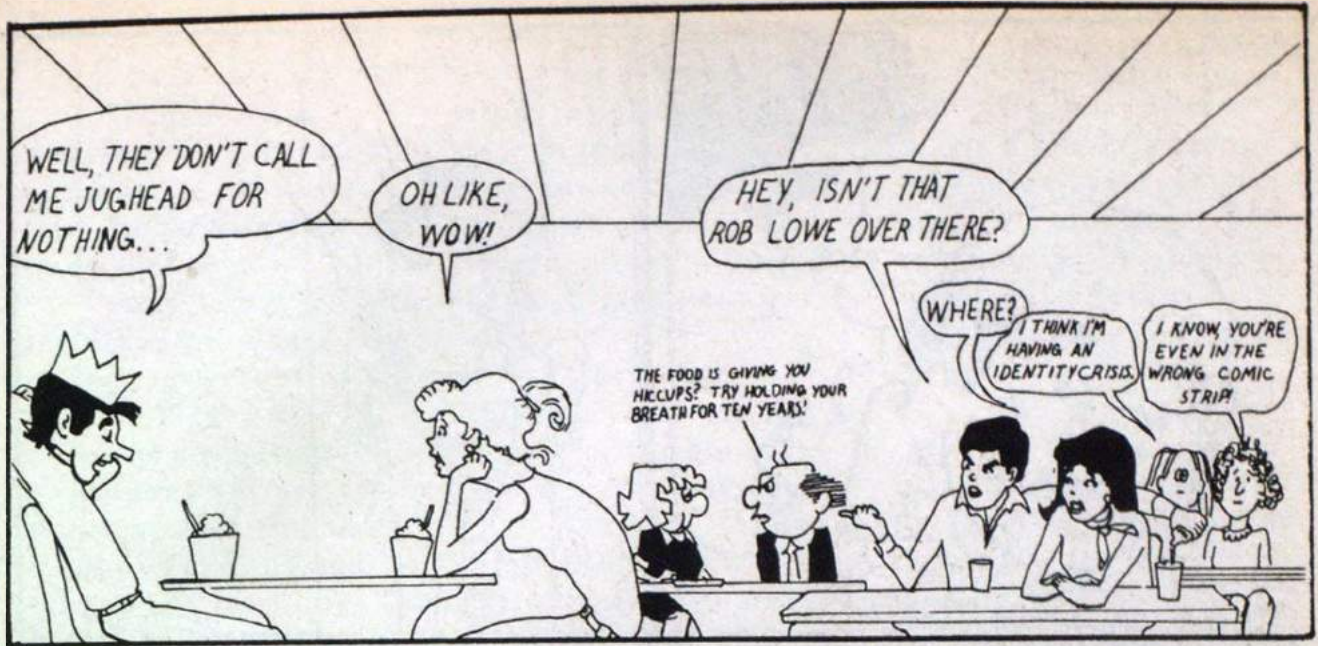
Papillion



COMING SOON TO A DORM NEAR YOU

REAL LIFE COMICS!





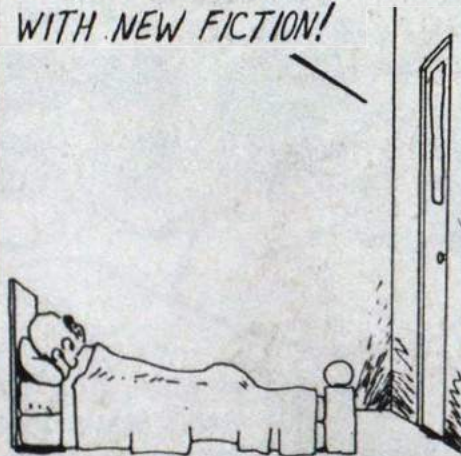
GEE PERCY, THIS COFFEE
IS AWFULLY STRONG

WELL DATS THE WAY THEY
SERVE IT UP HERE KID. BY THE WAY, YOU KNOW
YOU HAVE CUTE LIPS, LETS GO FOR A WALK OUTSIDE

659-62-6959



LET ME IN BLOOM SO I CAN
BURN YOUR COPY OF "PLATO'S
REPUBLIC" AND REPLACE THEM
WITH NEW FICTION!



GOOD HEAVENS!
WHO ARE YOU

I'M LINC, A PAD
FROM THE ACADEMIC
MOD SQUAD. I'D LIKE
YOU TO MEET SOME
OF MY FRIENDS



HEY BLOOMIE OL' BOY,
SAY WE FINISH THIS BOTTLE
AND DISCUSS THE
NATURE OF TRUTH...



... WE CAN DO THAT
IN-BETWEEN VIDEOS
ON MTV

GREAT!
I'LL GET
THE
CHIPS



Allan
Bloom
County

QUEST FOR QUARTERS

By **Katie Hern**

"Hmmm, I'm wearing my last pair of underwear, no socks left. Looks like it's time to do laundry."

Amy struggles into the elevator, Santa-like under the weight of her Sack-O-Wash. The elevator melodiously announces her arrival in the subcellar and she trudges forward and dumps her load onto the floor of the Weinstein Sauna (otherwise known as the laundry room).

Because she is a freshman and unfamiliar with the big-brained reasoning of the Weinstein management, sockless and sweatsuit-clad Amy looks around for a change machine. Naturally there is no change machine. A condom machine, sure. Change? Forget it.

"The change machine's in the Rec Room, freshman geek," says a fellow laundry do-er. He chuckles to himself.

Amy proceeds to the Rec Room, dollars bills in hand, only to find. . .

"LOCKED?!! Why? How can I do laundry if the only change machine is hidden in a locked room?" Amy asks the chained doors. She goes to the front desk. Annoyed that his

studying is being interrupted, the desk guy answers with a bored shrug and the helpful advice, "You'll have to go somewhere else."

"Got more information from the doors," Amy mumbles as she wanders outside.

Her first stop is the Forum Deli: home of the Genetically-Mutated Muffins. Amy smiles and politely asks the gray-haired immigrant behind the counter, "Excuse me, sir, could you possibly give me four dollars worth of quarters? You see, I have to—"



"OY-yoy-YOY!!!" These NYU students!" shouts the enraged foreigner. The next utterances take the form of some indiscernible language. Inferring that this man will not change

her bills, Amy leaves while a curse is being laid upon the next twelve generations of her family. A glump of well-slung potato salad splatters the back of her head.

The changeless student then wanders into the pizza parlor next door. She asks for quarters, she gets sexual advances:

"OOH Baby! I love those bare ankles of yours."

"Mmmmm. . .mmmmmm! Girls in sweatsuits—what they do to me!"

"Honey, come with me and I'll give you all the quarters you want," purrs a slimy worker taking a break by the door.

Though the last proposal is tempting (as it would be to any woman who loves to grease her frying pan with her lover's hair), Amy turns to leave and the horny guy by the door pinches her duff.

With spud-encrusted hair and a bruised buttock, she walks up Waverly Place. Amy fails to see the overgrown Charles Manson look-alike approaching. Into him she collides and he bellows.

"Impudent

salamander!"

The Manson-Man stares at her with bottomless eyes. Amy trembles as a horrifying look of disgusted recognition and hatred contorts the giant's face.

"My mother wore a dirty sweatsuit and no socks. I hated my mother. . .you. . .YOU!!"

He lunges toward her, but she ducks and dodges past him. But Amy is not quick enough and somehow the psychopathic avenger manages to grab the bottom of her sweatshirt. She thrashes about as the bearded cuckoo breathes, "Mother, Mother," down her neck.



Amy finally frees herself and bolts up Waverly. She sprints up the street, buttocks throbbing, wind blowing

up the gash in her shirt, and potato chunks dropping into her face. "If only there were a change machine at Weinstein," Amy thinks.

Ahead is the Caliente Cab Company. She runs to the Mexican restaurant, pops inside, and looks nervously about. Amy approaches a dark-haired employee.

"Excuse me, could you give me four dollars worth of quarters?" Amy asks in a quivering voice.

"No hablo Ingl'es. Taco?"

"No, I need quarters."

"Burrito?"

"NO, I'm not looking for food—"

"Enchilada?"

"NO! NO! QUARTERS!"

"Restrooms are for patrons only," recites the female automaton in a thick Spanish accent.

"But, no. . ."

"Restrooms are for patrons only! Restrooms are for patrons only! Restrooms are. . ." the woman screams as Amy races out of the building, ready to strangle the next Spanish-speaking person she sees.

She looks frantically up and down Waverly. Luckily, the Charles Manson clone is nowhere to be found.

Feeling far from optimistic, Amy enters the frozen yogurt place near the Waverly Smoke Shop.

"Can I help you?" asks the man behind the counter in a thick Spanish accent. . .

"AAAAAAAAGGGHHH!" screeches Amy. "ALL I WANT IS QUARTERS!!!! IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK???"

Running across the street, she is almost squashed by a "When-You-Gotta-Go" portable toilet truck. Just then, Amy spies a little old bum in rags. He looks hungry and holds a dirty paper coffee cup for coins.

She approaches and the man gently shakes his meager earnings. Amy glances into the cup and the gaunt man's face lights up with joy when he sees the dollar bills in her hand. He motions the cup toward her, and as he does, Amy rams her knee into his crotch and grabs it. The now soprano tramp drops to the ground, his testicles ricocheting off his spleen.

"Mission accomplished," Amy announces grimly, fingering the quarters as she returns to do her laundry.

PLAGUE TV LISTINGS

MORNING

6:00

(3) **Davey and Goliath** Davey learns a valuable lesson about hell and brimstone after he plays with matches and melts.

(6) **The Smoifs** Cartoon about small, blue Jewish tailors.

6:30

(3) **Scumby** While aiming for a copy of Tom Sawyer, the clay fantasy figure slips and accidentally leaps into the latest issue of Hustler, where he becomes trapped in a world of sin and pornography.

(6) **Caspar the Friendly Weinberger** The former Secretary of Defense spends his leisure time as an ectoplasmic ghou! haunting neighbors he believes to be Communist.

7:00

(3) **Beat the Press** Members of the Washington press corps engage in S & M to relieve the tensions of life on the Hill. Today Sam Donaldson whips a leather-bound George Will with a microphone cord. (1 hr.)

(6) **Woody's Woodpecker**

Promiscuous cartoon bird leaves splinters wherever he goes.

7:30

(6) **Gilligan's Island** A disappointed Ginger finds out why the Skipper calls Gilligan his "little buddy."

8:00

(3) **Mr. Head** A lonely Wilbur (Alan Young) teaches his talking horse a new and more satisfying trick.

(6) **Face the Urination** Members of the world's political elite get to fulfill a lifelong fantasy by pissing on host David Brinkley.



See Bess the homewrecker
(Channel 6 at 8:30)

8:30

(3) **I Love Hitler** Dolphie and Lucy find out the Mertzes are hiding Anne Frank.

(6) **Father Knows Bess:** Sitcom starring the family of Andy Capasso.

9:00

(3) **F-AG Troop** A horny Agarn blows

Dobbs' bugle.

(6) **Depleted Acres** Oliver loses his government subsidy and is forced to sell Eva into white slavery.

9:30

(3) **Mikhail's Navy** Join the exploits of a zany Soviet submarine crew as they have fun on the high seas and cause international incidents. On today's episode, Boris (Ernest Borgnine) falls asleep in a missile silo and is accidentally launched to Antarctica where he is eaten by angry Eskimos.

(6) **The Ghost and Mrs. Muir** The literary and television worlds collide when by an unexplained accident Hamlet's father is transported to the house of the young widow, Mrs. Muir.

10:00

(3) **Pork and Mindy** Arnold the pig returns to TV as a lovable, quipping alien who shares a sty with a single girl (Pam Dawber).

(6) **I Dream of Jeannie** Astronaut Tony Nelson finds a bottle containing former U.N. Ambassador Jeanne Kirkpatrick, who to the Major's dismay comes to live in his swank Miami

PLAGUE TV LISTINGS

bachelor pad where she monitors supporters of Castro.

10:30

(3) Sigmund and the Sea Monster

Freud takes on his most difficult case when he befriends Myron, a neurotic sea monster.

(6) Where's the Floss? Tony Danza stars as a stupid but lovable oral hygienist. This week Tony mistakenly flosses his patient's teeth with barbed wire.

11:00

(3) Movie: Abbott and Costello meet Marquis de Sade On

the road to bungling adventure, the comic team dabbles in S & M. Here Lou say, "Hey, Abbott, obey my orders." (2 hrs.)

(6) Hollywood Rounds Contestants try to guess the weights of obese celebrities. Special guest stars include Dom DeLuise, Peter Potamus, and George Wendt.



See Kay stuff her face
(Channel 6 at 11:30)

11:30

(6) TV Talk Gargantuan Daily News critic Kay Gardella discusses her favorite TV dinners.

AFTERNOON



Dennis Hopper gives poppers to Elizabeth Taylor
(Channel 3 at 1:30)

12:00

(3) Midday with Billie Boggs: Today Billie explores the question: "Wallowing in my own excrement—Is it worth the effort?" (1 hr.)

1:00

(3) The Million \$ Stiff: Profiles on former Yankee Don Gullet, former Met George Foster, and former Dodger Andy Messersmith.

(6) Wide World of Farts Celebrities compete in a contest to see who can deal the most fetid gases. This week, Oprah Winfrey lets loose against an always flatulent Dom DeLuise. World-re-

nowned ass-sniffer David Frost serves as host and judge.

1:30

(3) Movie: National Blue Velvet: Dennis Hopper kills Mickey Rooney, rapes Elizabeth Taylor, and gives their horse LSD. Directed by David Lynch. (2 hrs.)

(6) Make Room for Bork Situation comedy about hijinks on the high court. Sparks fly after Brennan pulls up Rehnquist's robe to reveal that the Chief Justice wears a garter belt. Starring Buddy Ebsen as Whizzer White, Bob Hoskins as Antonio Scalia, and special guest Redd Foxx as Judge Bork.

2:00

(6) The New-lydead Game Necrophiliacs compete for freshly-deceased corpses. Vincent Price serves as the ghoulish host.

2:30

(6) D. C. Vice: Reagan and Meese go undercover only to discover Judge Ginsburg selling nickel bags in Lafayette Park. (1 hr.)

3:30

(3) Lou Grant :

PLAGUE TV LISTINGS

Billie is shocked and repulsed when Lou asks her to comb the hair on his back. (1 hr.)

(6) People's

Court Judge Wapner is disbarred when it is revealed that a family of illegal aliens live under his robe.

4:00

(6) Ronnie's Angels

Jessica Hahn, Fawn Hall, and Donna Rice star as three beautiful detectives who further Republican causes by keeping media attention away from their boss. Also starring Ed Meese as Bosley. (1 hr.)

4:30

(3) Movie: All the President's Phlegm:

The White House is evacuated and the Red Phone turns green when a heavily-congested Reagan lets loose in the Oval Office. (90 min.)

5:00

(6) Masterpiece The-

atre: The Addams

Chronicles: Acclaimed series traces the saga of the Addams' from the childhood of Mama and Fester to the adolescence of Wednesday and Pugsley. On tonight's episode a young Gomez discovers that Thing can come in handy during puberty. (1 hr.)



Where's Mary Jo?
(Channel 6 at 6:30)

EVENING

6:00

(3) **Webster:** The new head of the CIA is adopted by a loving couple (Alex Karras and Susan Clark).

(6) **Head for the Class:** Linda Lovelace finds her new job as a

biology instructor in an all-boys high school a little hard to swallow.

6:30

(3) **The Honey-mooners** Sparks fly when Ralph has to bus students to Yonkers.

(6) **Safe Driving with Ted Kennedy** The Massachusetts Senator teaches safe driving techniques, including how to swim from the scene of an accident to get help.

7:00

(3) **Star Trek: The Next Generation:** The Enterprise is hurled out of the galaxy and into a lousy time slot where the Cosby monster mangles the entire crew. (1 hr.)

(6) **All-Star Wrestling** The battling Dons (Don Cornelius, Don Knotts, and Don Vito Corleone) versus the fabulous Lou-Lous (Lou Pinella, Lou Albano, and former Justice Lewis Powell).



Raucy Republican rascals risk all for Ronnie (Channel 6 at 4:00)

PLAGUE TV LISTINGS

7:30

(6) **Glasnost or Consequences** Soviet politicians are dared into showing party loyalty.

8:00

(3) **Cosby:** Cliff gets sued for malpractice after he burns an infant he delivers with his trademark cigar.

(6) **Siskel and Ebert** Roger rapes Gene after reviewing the year's best pornographic movies.

8:30

(3) **Different World** When Denise (Lisa Bonet) finally gets a date with guest professor Mickey Rourke, her roommates misplace her diaphragm.

(6) **Movie: Papal Attraction:** Glenn Close stars as a psychotic woman who stalks the Vatican posing as a nun after the Pope breaks off their torrid affair. (90 min.)

9:00

(3) **Family Ties:** Squeaky learns a valuable lesson after she's caught trying to assassinate the President, while Alex carves a pentagram on Mallory's head during a Black Mass.

9:30

(3) **Movie: It's a Wonderful Knife—The Marla Hansen Story** Two-bit model sees her career take off after a messy attack. (90 min.)

10:00

(6) **Miami Vice:** A crazed drug dealer (G. Gordon Liddy) captures Sonny, drugs him, and forces him to wear plaid leisure suits. (1 hr.)

11:00

(3) **The Godd Couple** A Muslim and a Jew are forced to share an apartment together on the West Bank.

(6) **Morton Downey, Jr.** Tonight Morton attacks Mother Theresa and her liberal politics. (1 hr.)

11:30

(3) **Simon and Simon** The singing Paul helps the nerdy Paul win the Democratic nomination. (1 hr.)

12:00

(6) **Movie: Indiana Jones and the Department of Motor Vehicles:** The swash-buckling hero battles long lines and fat bureaucrats while trying to get a New York driver's license. (6 hrs.)

12:30

(3) **Wall Street Blues:** The Hill is rocked by news of an inside trading scam. Washington and LaRue pose as investment bankers while Belker assumes the identity of a street bum outside a posh trading firm. Tonight's episode features anyone remotely related to actor Martin Sheen. (1 hr.)

1:30

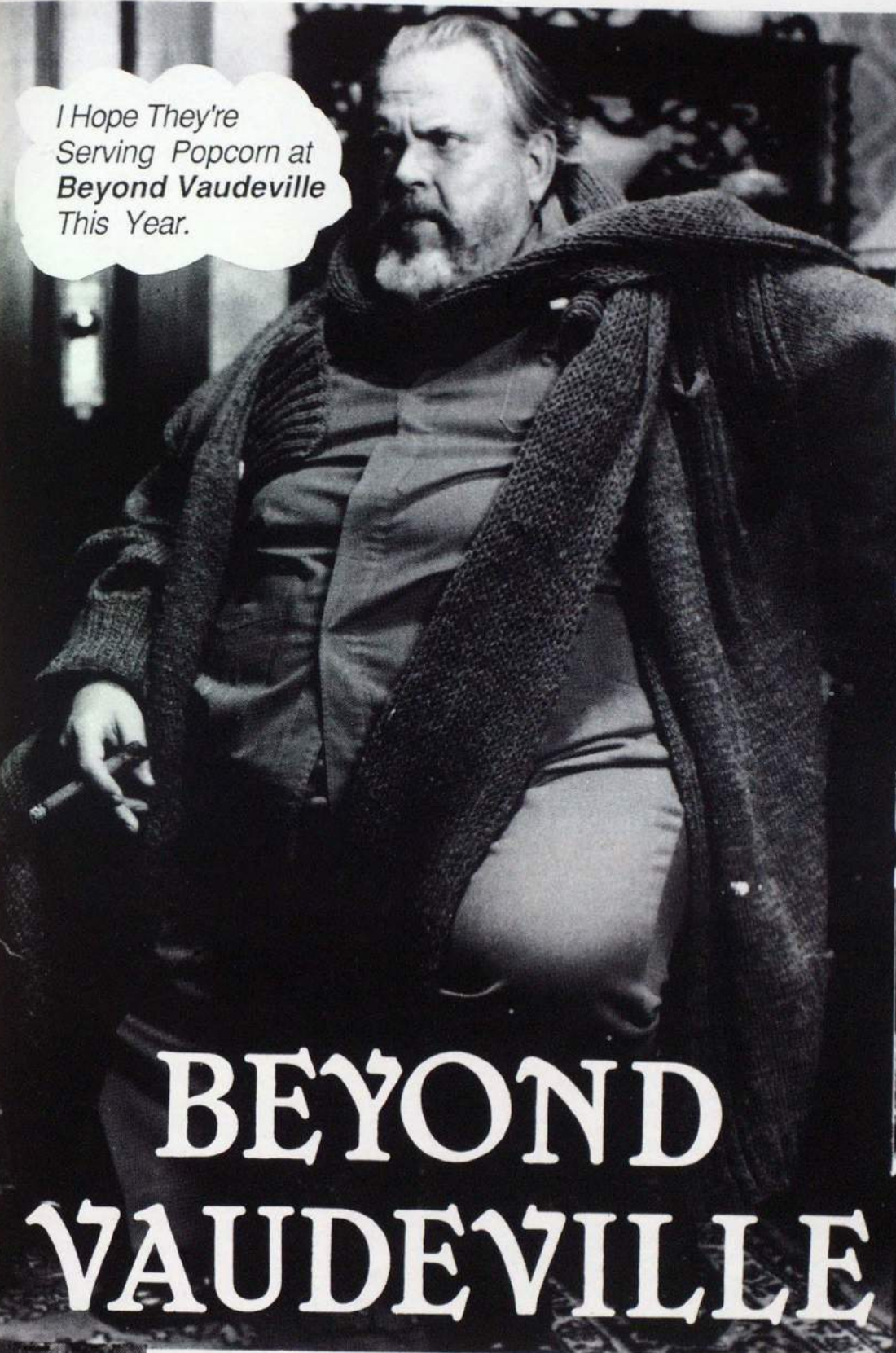
(3) **Simple Simon Templar** Story of a saintly, but retarded spy. (1 hr.)

2:30

(3) **Sid and Nancy and Ted and Alice:** One night, the men decide to swap wives. Nancy gets Ted hooked on heroin and the two OD while Alice teaches Sid the fine art of eating food with kitchen utensils. (2 hrs.)



Vamp at the Vatican
(Channel 6 at 8:30)



*I Hope They're
Serving Popcorn at
Beyond Vaudeville
This Year.*

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Harry loved a good joke and so does the *PLAGUE*. Most of our writers served in Truman's Administration. Unfortunately, they're all dropping like flies and our interns from the local elementary school just can't cut it. We need you to help us out. If you have any satire, one-liners, funny articles, pictures, or anything else humorous, drop them off in our mailbox (189) at 21 Washington Place.

If you're interested in humor writing or would like to showcase your skills in magazine layout, send us a smoke signal or stop by our offices in 21 Washington Place, Room 403. Our weekly heavy-duty meetings are every Thu. at 2:30 PM.

Thanks for reading, and remember it's up to you to spread the Plague.

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2:30 THU. RM. 403
MAILBOX 189