

PLAGUE

REAGAN WOWS
EUROPE WITH
BIRTHMARK

DARWIN DOES
STANDUP

CLIFFORD BUYS
SOME CRACK

HAMLET GOES
TO SHEA

STRUNK, WHITE
AND GUCCIONE





I'm not only president of the Soviet Hairclub for Revolutionaries, I'm a member.

-Mikhail Gorbachev

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PLAGUE PERSONALS

You had blonde hair and green eyes
and were sitting on a bench by
Wollman Rink. I was 5-7 male with
black hair. You were eating a
banana. It took you 35 minutes.
PLEASE call me. Eddie Box 2379

You were slim and curvaceous and
buying yogurt in Safeway's. I was in
dark glasses and cloak buying
chocolate chip cookie batter. You
said if Elvis were still alive, you'd
love to yank his hooter. Please call.
Elvis Box 5477

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V. 12 No. 4
(Yeh, even dregs like us can
get copyrights. Ain't it great
to live in America?)

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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PLAGUE EDITORIAL STAFF

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Paid for by Food Manufacturers and Harvesters on Earth

With friends like you, who needs
enemas?

-- Button in Greenwich
Village T-shirt shop

Please, Please Mr. Postman

Dear Sirs:

I just saw Sarafina. Boy I was touched. Those kids would make great butlers and maids.

Jesse Helms, Igniting A Wooden Cross

Sirs:

Dating girls has been the pits lately. Everytime I bring home a date Dad pisses on her leg.

Romulus, Latin Loverland

Sexist Slime:

I'm a feminist. I think your magazine is a chauvinist rag. You offend me and all of my friends. Everytime I see your publication I take the whole pile of them and throw them in the trash.

Name and Address Withheld

Dear Plague:

I'm a sanitation worker and me and my friends love your magazine. I only have one gripe. You guys should change your distribution methods. The only place I find your magazine is in trash cans.

Dolf Cocolovich, New York, New York

Plague Readers:

Don't drop acid. Take pass/fail.

Timothy Leary, Tripping In the Lab

Sirs:

Wilbur! Wilbur! Ya gotta believe me. I didn't kill Laius or sleep with my mother.

Mr. Oed, A Stall in Thebes

Sirs:

You had to eat me. Now I'm getting sprayed with acid in a dark smelly intestine while you get kicks from belching and farting in front of your frat buddies. But I'll get my revenge. I hope you have a copy of *War and Peace* in your bathroom.

The Mexican Food Rotting in Your Stomach

Sirs:

Hey this treehouse living is pretty good. We could build a shitload of these, drive the monkeys out, and sell them to yuppies for outrageous sums of money.

The Swiss Family Trump, Shipwrecked and Rich

Dear Comrades:

We in the neighborhood have been oppressed for too many years. Now is the time to overthrow the evil, capitalist regime of King Friday and his buddy, Rogers. Puppets of the world unite! We have only our strings to lose.

Daniel the Lion, After reading *Das Capital*

To the Plague:

It's not easy being Siamese twins. It's not easy doing all this campaigning. Besides, were not going to have any major foreign policy power. And goddammit, we're tired of the smell of souvlaki. If we had a razor, we'd commit suicide.

Michael Dukakis' eyebrows, Waiting to be plucked

Dear Plague:

Um, guys? I think I've got an apology to make. It seems that I was wrong. God *isn't* dead. Alright, I said it. Now can I come upstairs? Please?

Friedricke Nietzsche, Who found out the hard way, shovelling coal in Hell

Dear Plague:

Don't think it's fun being the only girl in town. All the boys are always hitting on me and when they say they have blue balls, they ain't kidding.

Smurfette, Hiding from a horny Papa Smurf

Dear Plague:

Why would anybody be afraid of me?

Virginia Woolf, In literary heaven

Dear Plague:

Sure he spends his whole day squeezing goddamn toilet paper, but when he gets home he says he too tired to pork me. He's out of hand — it takes him three hours to go to the bathroom. He just sits there all night fondling it while I lay in a lonely bed. And what's worse is when I got to take a dump, he hands me a bunch of napkins!

Mrs. Whipple, Wiping away the tears

To the Plague:

Thank God for the party line. It's saved my life!

The Maytag Repair Man, Happy at last

To whom it may concern:

Who says I don't care about the homeless? I think a man's cardboard box is his castle.

Ed Koch, Living in fantasyland.

To the world:

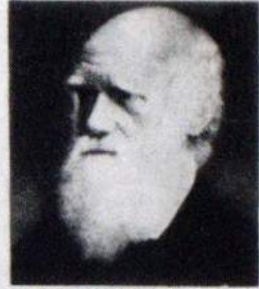
At last we can admit it. I love him and he loves me. All this "roommate" crap was just a ruse to keep PBS off our backs. Now we can take a bath together and play with the Rubber Duckie all we want. Whew! What a relief.

Ernie and Bert, Coming out of the closet

CHARLES DARWIN DOES STAND-UP

MC: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS MY PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE A NEW COMIC TALENT TO THE "TURKEY'S ROTTING GIZZARD"...MR. CHARLES DARWIN!

(A smattering of applause)



Thank you, thank you...and good evening...ladies, gentlemen...evolutionary throwbacks...you know, I just flew in from Sidney, Australia...and boy, my arms are tired...but seriously, folks, it's good to be here...I just finished a book called the Origin of Species...Mom's selling copies in the lobby, you're welcome to go out and buy one...great bedtime reading for the kids...Mother: Look, Timmy, your great, great, great, great, great great, great, great grandfather had gills and excretory pores in his cheeks...Timmy: AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!...but seriously, folks...I just got back from a little trip...anyone here getting back from a little trip?...no?...anyone here thinking of going on a little trip?...hmm...anyone here alive?...what about that guy quaffing his ale there...Jesus, look at the slope on that forehead...I think I've found the missing link...my theory of evolution saved...

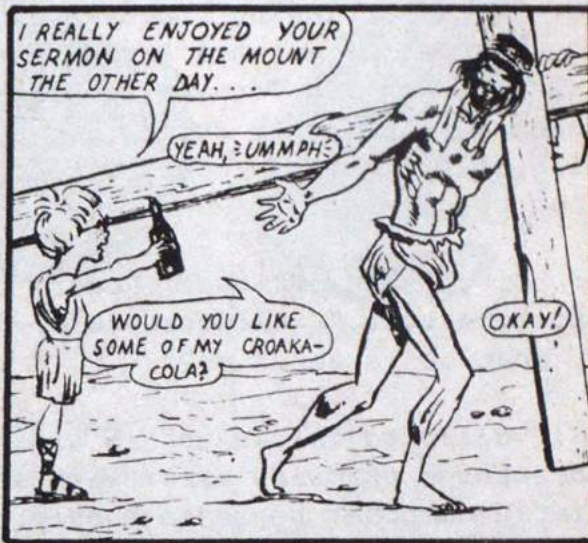
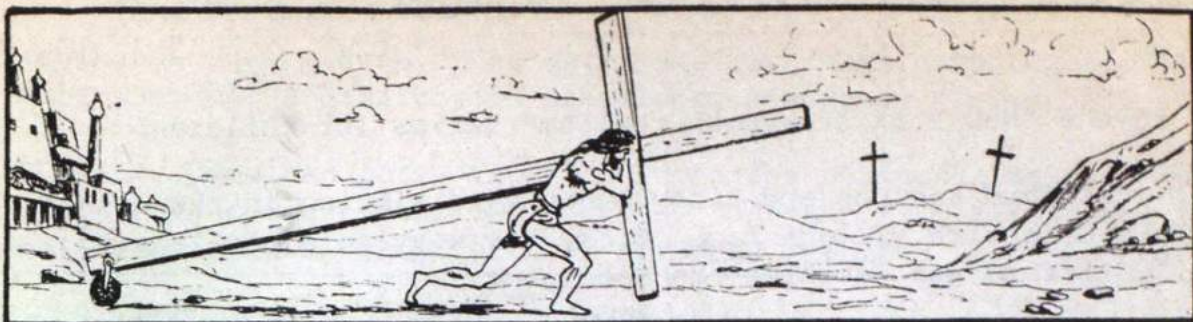
But seriously, folks, I went on a little voyage on the H.M.S. Beagle...yeh, as in dog...helluva name for a ship, huh?...fourteen thousand two hundred and eleven species in the whole frigging kingdom, and they pick a canis familiaris...a beagle, no less...I would've picked a name with more oomph...like "Satan's Succubus" or "Wailing Banshee from Hell"...but then again, I'm just Chucky D., a wild and crazy homo sapien...so we took off on this ship, the H.M.S. Beagle...and you can imagine what sort of crew answers an ad to man a ship called The Beagle...the captain had a ferocious lisp...he used to call me Chath..."Chath, itn't the thea tho dangerouth today! Oooh!"...so we went to the Galapagos Islands...Galapagos...sounds like a venereal disease for Greek horses...where's the Galapagos, this Cro-Magnon up front wants to know?...Christ, I hate guys like you...the body evolves, but you still have the brain of a lungfish...

So after this great expedition, Galapagos is going to be remembered for hundreds of years...why?...well, the animal life is incredibly stupid...they have no natural predators...you can pat the birds on the head and they just smile at you...I clubbed six finches silly with my walking stick...great stew, needed a little seasoning...but seriously, I thought we'd talk evolution tonight...that's my new theory that we're all descended from hairy apes...certainly explains Greek men, anyway...it took millions of years for evolution to occur...about the same time it's going to take a black man to hail a cab in Harlem in a hundred years...but forget that, I'm before my time with that joke...anyway, not all species survived...some vanished, not able to make the mortgage payments on their section of the primordial ooze...I call this survival of the fittest...the unfit get eaten or die off...heckuva fate, huh?... "Hey, Harold, you know that little paunch you've put on? Well, now there's some guy at the door built like a gorilla claiming he has the right to eat you"...but seriously, folks.....

DIVINE SELLOUTS

COSBY AND TYSON DO IT. NOW TWO DEITIES HAVE DECIDED TO PLUG SOME PRODUCTS...





CLIFFORD BUYS SOME CRACK

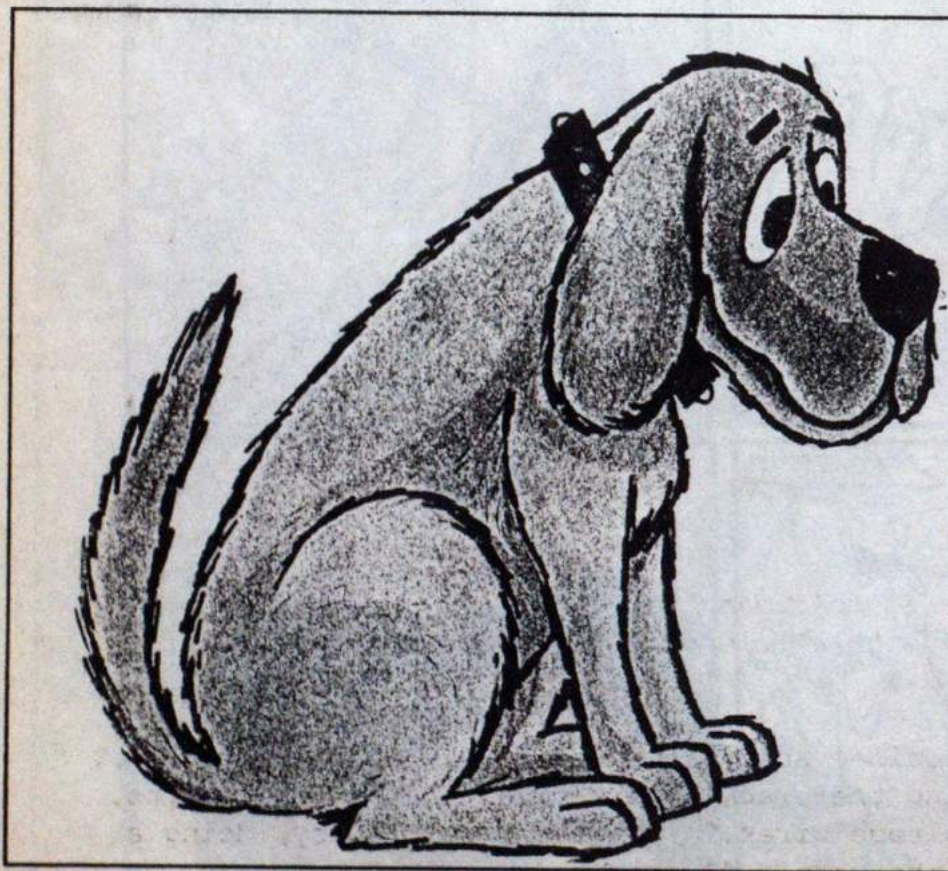
(First in the "New York storybook realism" series for children)

PAGE 1: Clifford the Dog and Bitsy Bunny were sitting in the den of Clifford's Greenwich Village pad. Bitsy was weaving a necklace of clover. Clifford was watching the Mets game.

PICTURE: Bitsy stringing together clover, Clifford's feet propped up on a dog dish as he watches Darryl Strawberry drop an easy fly ball. On the wall: Rin Tin Tin and Lassie posters. Lying about the room: half-eaten bags of gravy Purina dog chow, a cat skeleton and a couple of skulls, back issues of Canine Concubines, and a cheap tin turd-encrusted pooper scooper.

PAGE 2: Bitsy said, "Clover, Rover, the white cliffs of Dover. Clifford come over." Clifford said, "Shut up. Fucking rabbit. I'm bored. What do ya wanna do?"

PICTURE: Clifford throws up his arms as the Reds score again on a Keith Hernandez throwing error with one out. Bitsy's head bobs as she quietly composes nonsense poetry.



PAGE 3: Bitsy wiggled her pink ears and smiled: "Let's rub flowers on our chin and sing Mother Goose rhymes." Clifford rolled his eyes and started licking his balls: "Let's buy some crack."

PICTURE: Clifford licks his balls with absorption while Bitsy looks ditsy.

PAGE 4: So they went to the dark park. The dark

Washington Square Park. The dark and stark Washington Square park. There they met a Jamaican in dreadlocks and greasy Levis.

PICTURE: Jamaican looks back and forth for police on Washington Square Park corner, mumbling "'cense, 'shrooms." Clifford and Bitsy are silhouetted in front of him, Clifford fumbling in his pocket for



a twenty.

PAGE 5: "We want some crack." Clifford said. "That's right," chirped Bitsy. "We want some super duper crack. Step on some crack, break your mother's back."

PICTURE: Bitsy and Clifford interact with seedy Jamaican.

PAGE 6: "Wow. Animals," the Jamaican muttered. He eyed them suspiciously, then got an idea. "Uh, I got a special rate for dogs. Eighty dollars. And twice that when they come with rabbits. One hundred sixty." "I knew I shouldn't have come with you," said Clifford, glowering at Bitsy. "Twice as much with rabbits. Shit."

PICTURE: Clifford berates Bitsy, the Jamaican explains the terms of the deal.

PAGE 7: "It better be good crack," said a disgruntled Clifford, taking the vials. "Yah," said Bitsy. "It better be good crack." They went back to Clifford's pad. "Clifford," Bitsy asked, "What's crack?"

PICTURE: Back at Clifford's den, Bitsy twiddles her thumbs while Clifford rummages through a pile of dirty underwear for his crack pipe.

PAGE 8: "Diluted cocaine, specially treated so it can be smoked," Clifford said, tamping the crack in his pipe. "It's great, Bits. Like sucking high voltage wires." "Ooooooh," said Bitsy, doing a little dance around the room. "I can hardly wait."

PICTURE: Bitsy does her bimbo dance as Clifford hunches over the crack pipe intently, sweat beading his brow.

PAGE 9: Clifford smoked first. His eyes grew wider and wider. Then he put on the Theme from Rocky and started doing push-ups. Bitsy took two puffs and screamed, "My heart is getting bigger. It's going to explode."

PICTURE: Clifford does pushups on the floor. Bitsy freaks out and pulls out her fur. By now the Mets have lost and the TV is off.

PAGE 10: Bitsy scabbled onto the couch. She leaped up, grabbing a window curtain, then she fell and severed her spinal column. Clifford did three hundred forty-seven more push-ups, then took her to the hospital.

PICTURE: Clifford navigates crowded streets on the way to the hospital, Bitsy slung over his shoulder.



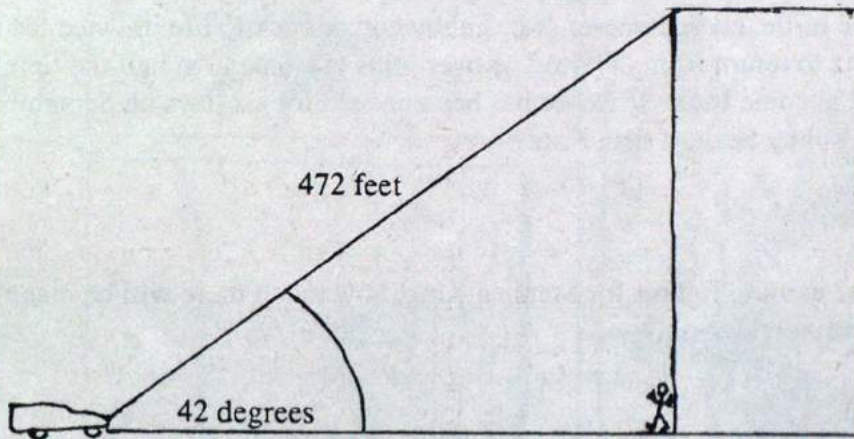
PAGE 11: "She's going to be a paraplegic," the doctor said. "And if you want my opinion, that's not much of a life for a rabbit." So teary-eyed Clifford signed the euthanasia form, but turned down the kind doctor's offer to hang around for that evening's surprise special, rabbit stew. Then he went to the Grand Union and bought a gallon of minty chocolate chip ice cream and a pint of blueberries and had a grand dinner.

PICTURE: Clifford pigs out back in the appartment, trying to forget the fate a supposedly benign universe has handed him. This should leave kids with an upbeat feeling: God's creatures die, but hey, that's no reason to miss dinner. Yet it should also suggest a dog with a conscience, a dog who buries his grief in material indulgence. The artist might do this by drawing a spot of ice cream on the top of Clifford's head.

MATH WITH STEPHEN KING

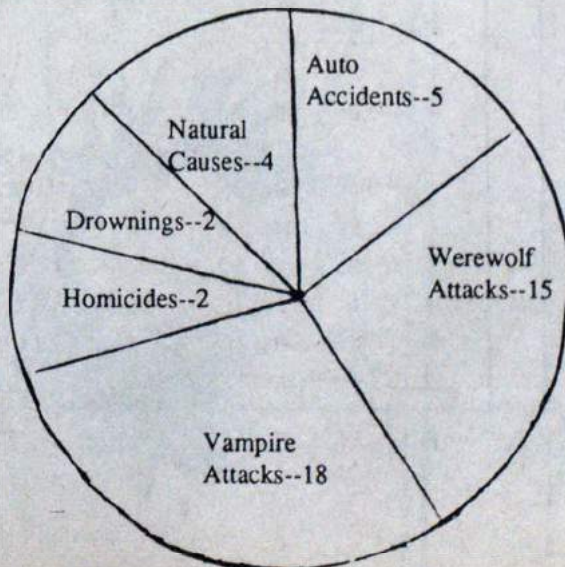
1. Cujo bites the 3.5 pound head off Miss Ephersheim's 23-pound toy poodle Muffy. The vet gives Muffy 19 cc's of codeine to keep her from going into shock while he tries to sew the head back on. Muffy must have .07 cc's of codeine per pound of body weight to keep from falling into shock and dying. If it takes four hours to sew on the head, and codeine has a half-life of 39 minutes, will Muffy live?

2. (See Diagram) Roger is hiding against an abandoned tenement. Given the angle and the distance from Christine's hood to the top of the tenement and an acceleration of 12 ft./sec^2 , how long will it take for Christine's front bumper to smash through Roger's pelvis?



3. (See diagram) The following is the cause of deaths in Salem's Lot for 1987. What percentage less are deaths from homicides and auto accidents than deaths from vampires?

TOTAL
DEATHS = 46

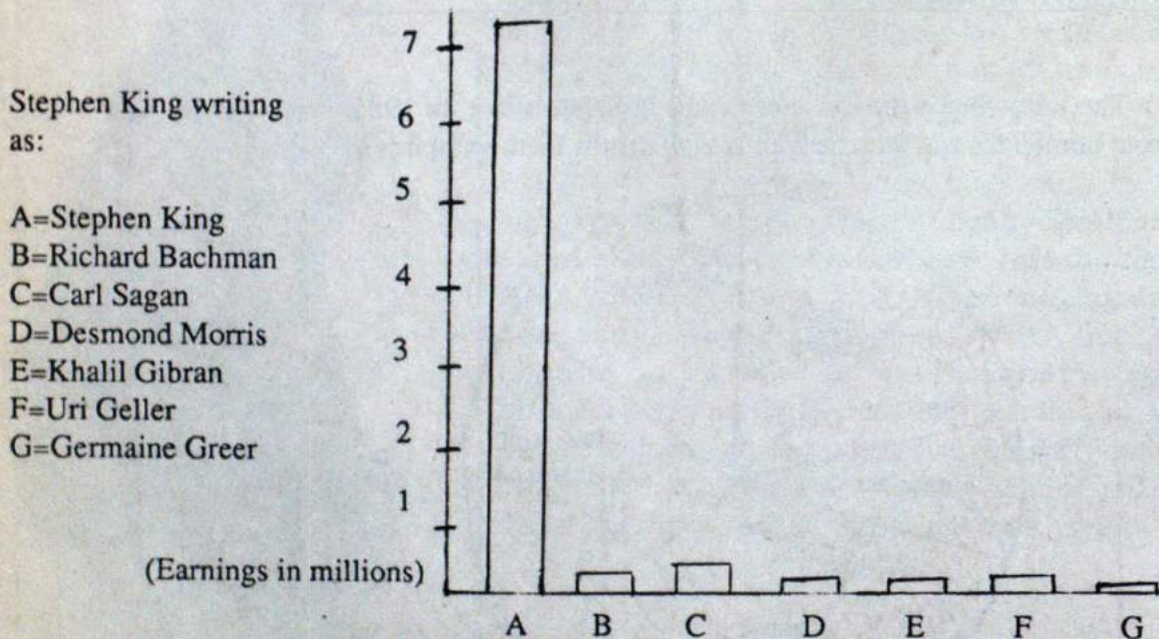


4. If it takes 50 gallons of pig's blood to cover a 16,000 square foot high school prom floor, how many gallons of pig's blood would it take to cover a 42,000 square foot floor?

5. Author Paul Sheldon's number one fan gets very upset when he doesn't write at least one thousand words a day. She also gets upset when Paul tries to escape in his wheelchair from his room. When Paul doesn't write one thousand words AND he tries to escape on the same day, his number one fan burns off one of his toes with an acetylene torch. If there is a 3 in 7 chance Paul will write at least one thousand words on Tuesday, and a 1 in 7 chance he will try to escape, plus a 7 in 9 chance his number one fan will notice he has tried to escape, what is the probability on Tuesday that Paul will lose another toe?

6. Mr. and Mrs. Jones have a special semetary they bury their pets in. They bury Rover the dog, Fritz the cat, and Tubby the turtle, on September 3rd. Tubby comes back to life in twice the time plus three days it takes Fritz to return from the dead. Rover joins the undead in half the time it takes Fritz and Tubby combined to come back. If Rover has been undead for six days on September 18, how many more days will Tubby be dead than Fritz?

7. (See graph) Given these earning figures for Stephen King, how much more will he make writing as Stephen King than as Desmond Morris?



ZILCY

MARLEY

OH MON, DEY GANJA IS LOOKING SICK
LEMME SING TO IT.



♫ BUFFALO SOLDIER ♫ FIGHTING
FOR AMERICA ♫



TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT TO
HEAR YOU BLOODCLOTS

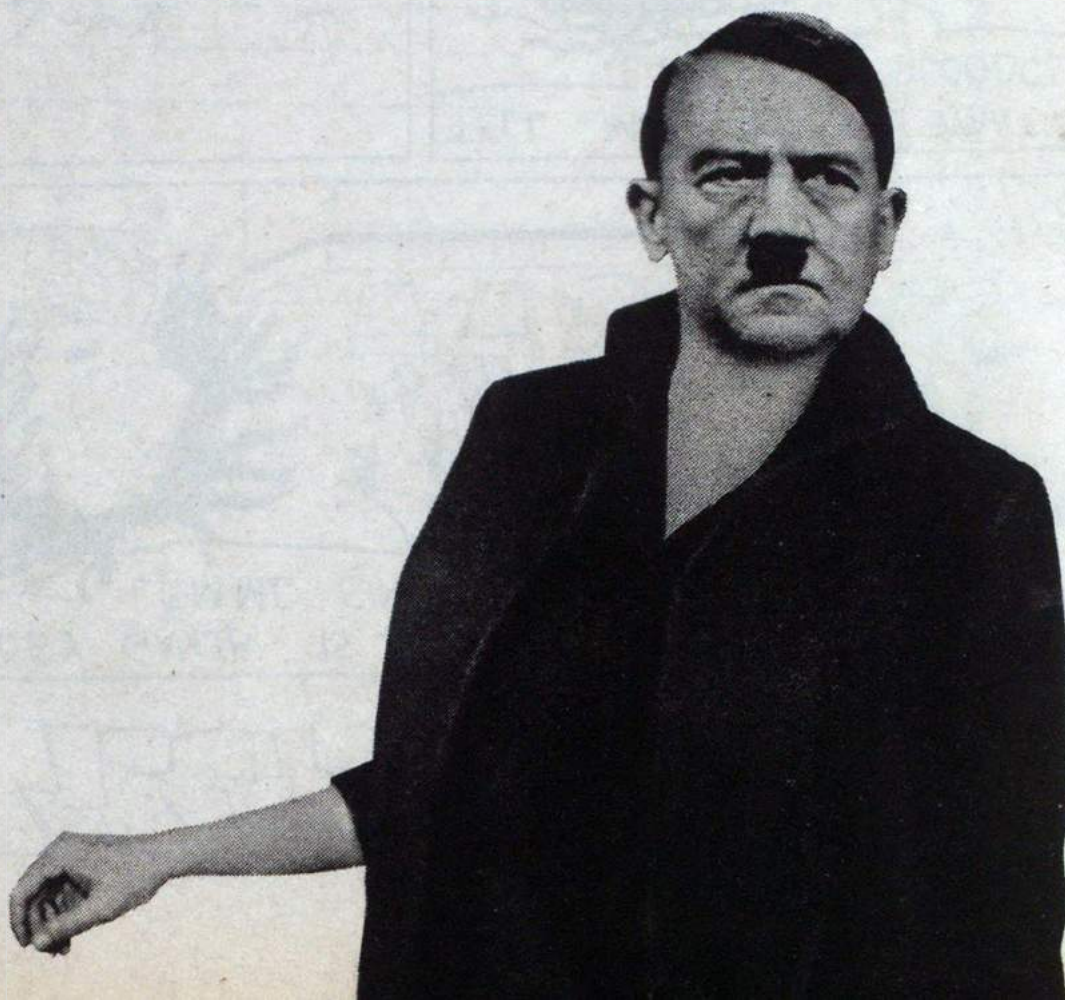


DEY RADDA HEAR
MARVIN HAMLICSH!



TRANVESTITE FASCIST-OF-THE MONTH

NAME: ADOLF HITLER (DOLPHIE)
BIRTHDATE: APRIL 20, 1889 BIRTHPLACE: BRAUNAU, AUSTRIA
HEIGHT: 5'8½" WEIGHT: 150 CHEST: 35" WAIST: 31" HIPS: 32"
TURN-ONS: NAZIS WITH LOW CUT BLOUSES, PATENT LEATHER PUMPS
TURN-OFFS: JEWS WHO DRESS BETTER THAN ME
SECRET FANTASY: TO DESIGN GESTAPO UNIFORMS w/ SEQUINS





ROSENCRANTZ

and

GUILDENSTERN are COEDS!

TALES OF THE ABSURD FROM COLLEGE WITH:



ANDREW ROSENCRANTZ:
OBNOXIOUS JOURNALISM
STUDENT FROM BROOKLYN.
BIG FAN OF SAM DONALD-
SON.



SETH GUILDENSTERN
EX-UNIVERSITY OF OKLA-
HOMA LINEBACKER WHO
TRANSFERRED TO NYU. BIG
FAN OF DAVE KOPAY.



BENITO ABRAMOWITZ:
TRISEXUAL SCREENWRITING
STUDENT FROM L.A. WHOSE
GPA IS LESS THAN ZERO
BIG FAN OF BRETT EASTON
ELLIS



CANDIDA ALBACANS:
AVARICIOUS BUSINESS
STUDENT WHO IS HUSBAND
HUNTING 'BIG FAN OF
JACKIE ONASSIS

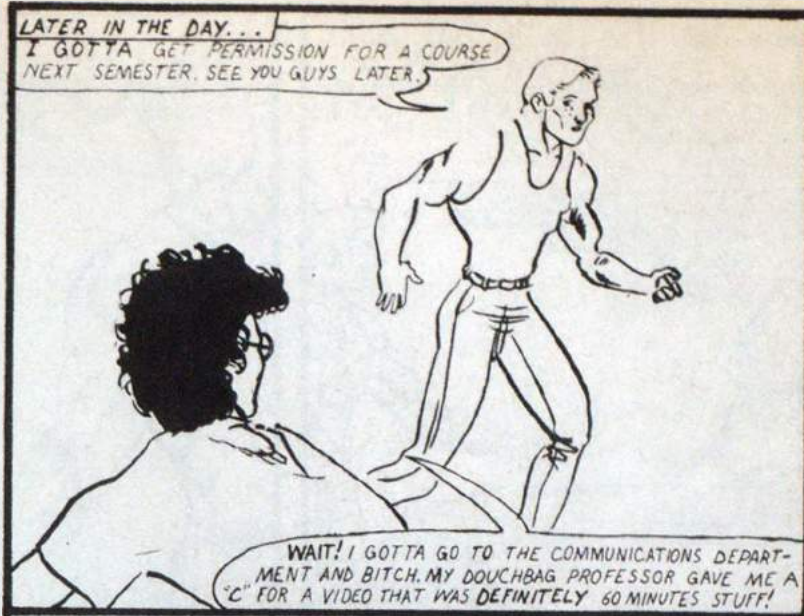
TODAY'S
EPISODE:

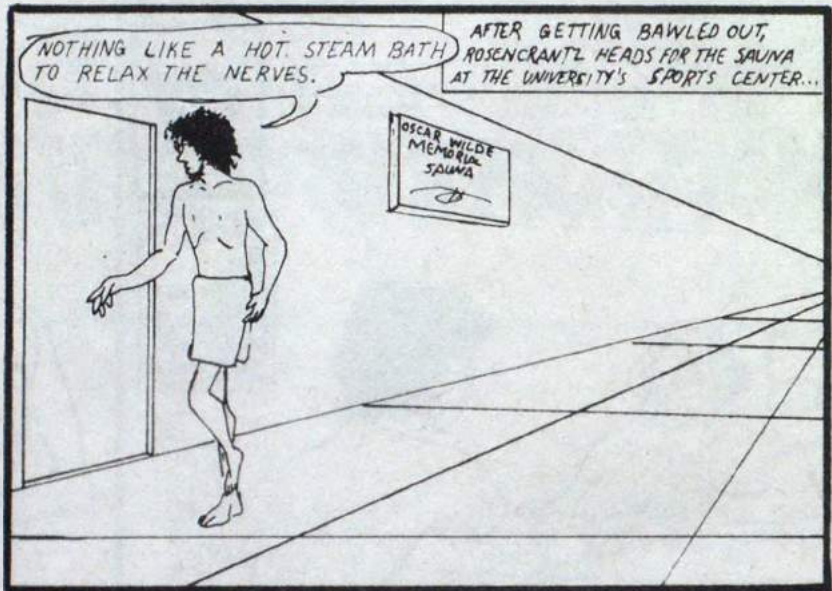
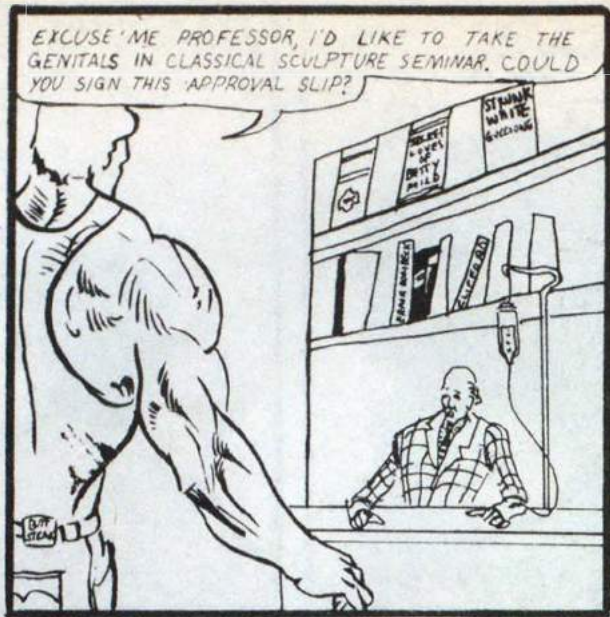
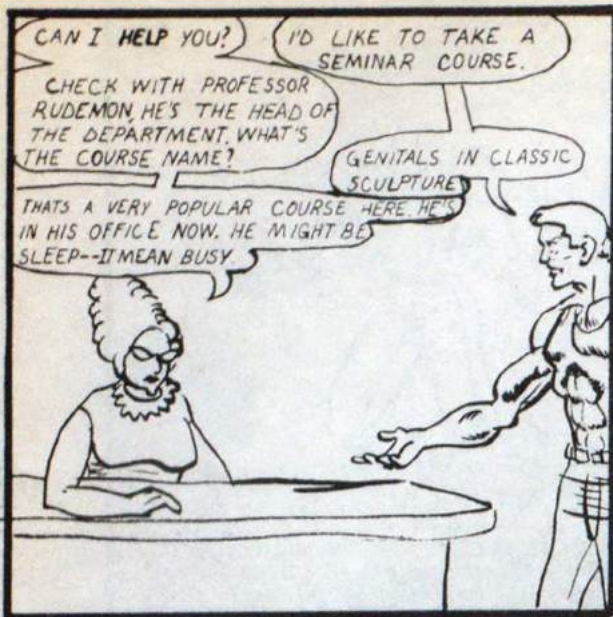
TENURED FRUSTRATION

STORY: ROB MARZULLI

ART: BRUCE MATHEWS







NEXT MONTH:

GUILD COMES OUT OF THE CLOSET!

Take me Out to the Theatre

Dramatis Personae (In order of appearance):

Bob Murphy

Rusty Staub

Tim McCarver

Ralph Kiner



Scene 1: Dramatis personae are sitting in private box overlooking stage of Broadway theater. Draped over front of box is a banner reading: "WWOR," with the masks of comedy and tragedy in each corner.

Murphy: Good evening everybody and welcome to Stengel Theatre in New York for tonight's performance of Hamlet. It's a beautiful night, isn't it Rusty Staub?

Staub: It sure is a great night for a tragedy, Bob. If Ernie Banks were here, he'd say, "Let's kill two."

McCarver: You're right on that one, Rusty old friend. But before the start of the play, let's go down center stage where veteran actor Laurence Olivier is about to throw out the first skull.

(Cut to center stage where Olivier holds the skull out as if about to start his soliloquy. He shakes his head as if he's just received signal from catcher, winds up and pitches the skull to an actor in Elizabethan garb. The audience roars in appreciation.)

Kiner: He's still got it, doesn't he? It seems just like back in '46 when I was breaking in with the Pirates and Larry was doing Julius Caesar. He still keeps fit by doing plenty of Nautilus workouts and soliloquies every day. I can't wait for Old Timers Day next month at Lincoln Center.

(Cut back to stage. The play starts. Hamlet's Father appears.)

McCarver: Isn't he amazing? He's killed by his own brother but he still manages to stay off the DL. You don't see gamers like that anymore, no siree.

Staub: I couldn't agree more Timmy. He's a shoo-in for comeback player of the year.

Murphy: Kids out there can take a lesson from an oldtimer like that.

(Cut back to stage. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter stage left.)

McCarver: And you want to talk about players who are underrated, who go unnoticed year after year while villians like Polonious and Claudius get all the headlines. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern may not be loud or flashy, or even unique for that matter, but they're there game after game, doing a solid job.

Kiner: What great fielders, too. With Rosencrantz at short and Guildenstern at second, they've led the league in double plays and double entendres for the past three seasons. Or is it Guildenstern at short and Rosencrantz at second?

Staub: All I know Ralphie is when I played against them back in '78 in the Scandinavian winter league, I grounded into many a double play against those two.

McCarver: Well Rust, with that Falstaffian gut you're carrying, it's a wonder you ever made it to first base at all. *(All laugh good-naturedly.)*

(Cut to stage. Enter Ophelia.)

Murphy: Ophelia has just come in to pitch to Hamlet and my isn't she a beauty, Ralph Kiner?

Kiner: She sure is Bob. I haven't seen gams like that on an Ophelia since the late Mrs. Joan Payson did the role back in '73.

(All bow their heads in silence at the mention of Mrs. Payson)

McCarver: I don't know about you guys, but I'm a purist. I think that men should be doing the female roles like they did back in Shakespeare's and Doubleday's time. I remember in 1965 when I did Othello with Bob Gibson in the St. Louie Rep theater. Frank Rich wrote I was the best Desdemona he'd ever seen.

Kiner: Things were a lot different back then Timmy, especially before free agency. Now you've got players running back and forth to different theater companies every season. And what about those huge salaries? Remember back in 1941 when Ted Williams did *King Lear*, *Taming of the Shrew* and *King John* in the same season? He still managed to hit .400. And the whole time he was working for scale!

Rusty: What versatility! That's one guy who really deserves his spot in the Hall of Fame.

McCarver: The game has changed so much. Thank God we're in a National League theater, or the Designated Hamlet (DH) rule would be in effect. Quite frankly, I think that rule has taken all the strategy out of the role.

Staub: I'm afraid I'll have to disagree with you there Timmy. The rule makes the play so much more exciting with the various Hamlets alternating scenes. And the most important thing is that it allows the older guys like Gielgud and Guinness to

extend their career a couple of extra years.

(Back to the play. Hamlet is standing unseen, behind Claudius as the wicked king prays. Hamlet raises the knife above his Uncle's back, but is unable to stab him.)

McCarver: Now what kind of play is that? The first rule is to keep your eye on the knife. That kind of indecision on the field will lose you games. Errors like that won't show up in the Playbill, but they'll kill you every time.

Murphy: He's obviously a confused young man. It's not that easy making the jump from Copenhagen U. to the big leagues. And trying to fit into the spikes of his father, one of the greats of the game, is no easy task.

(Back to stage. Hamlet, portrayed by Kevin Kline, starts the soliloquy, but stumbles over his lines and repeatedly drops Yorick's skull.)

Murphy: It look like Kline's getting tired out there. On a hot night like this, it's no wonder.

Kiner: This may be the time for Papp to make a move.

(Cut to back stage. Joe Papp, chewing tobacco, picks up phone and talks into it.)

McCarver: Well it looks like Papp has Malkovich, the righthander, warming up in bullpen. I talked to Malkovich, three-time MVT (Most Valuable Thespian) winner, earlier today about his new role as a relief Hamlet.

(Cut to video tape. Malkovich, in Elizabethan garb, stands next to McCarver as other actors toss baseballs in the background.)

McCarver: John, are you upset about being relegated to bullpen duty?

Malkovich: Definitely Timmy, but what can you do? I'm sure if was given the opportunity to start, I'd be able to do the job, but I guess I'll have to bide my time.

McCarver: Do you think Papp has put you in the pen because he's punishing you for the time you performed Henry VIII in the nude?

Malkovich: No comment.

(Back to the game. The play is rapidly reaching its bloody conclusion.)

Rusty: There goes Polonious. There goes Ophelia. And now Hamlet. Ouch! That smarts!

Kiner: For those fans keeping a scorecard, that's six to four to three.

McCarver: That's the most blood I've seen since the Pete Rose - Bud Harrelson fight of '73.

Murphy: Well, that's the end of the game everybody. We'll be back with the bloody recap in just a minute.

DINOSAURS: THE STARTLING NEW THEORIES

Surprising theories about dinosaur body structure and behavior have recently emerged, superseding old beliefs about these mighty behemoths who roamed the earth over 65 million years ago.

WHAT WE USED TO THINK:

Dinosaurs were cold-blooded. A dinosaur would just as soon spit on your shoes as look at you.

WHAT WE NOW KNOW:

Dinosaurs were hot-blooded. At dawn, above the murky prehistoric swamps, drowning out the chirping of the prehistoric crickets, could be heard cries of "Hey, baby, wanna Salsa?"

WHAT WE USED TO THINK:

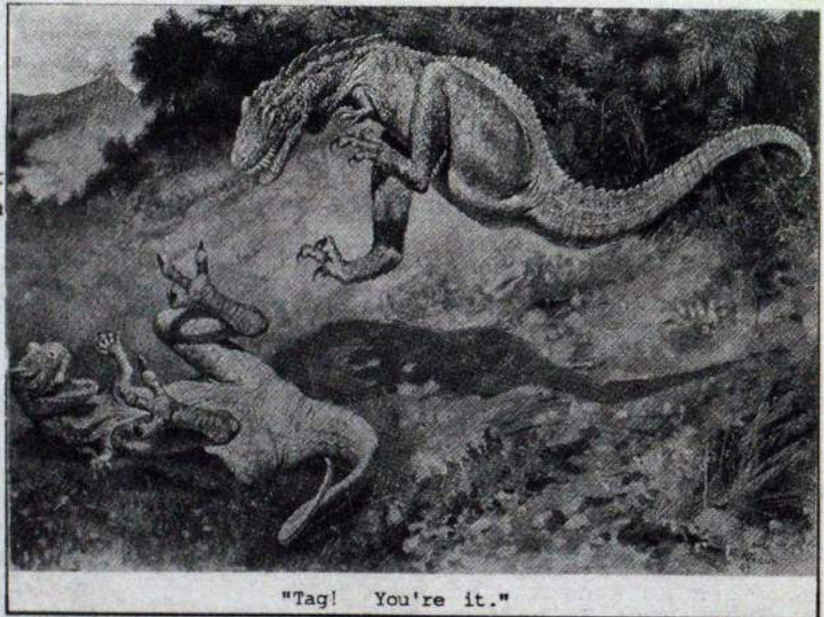
Dinosaurs were slow and sluggish and meek. If you slapped a dinosaur, he turned the other cheek. This took about six years.

WHAT WE NOW KNOW:

Dinosaurs were fast, cagey, and obstreperous. The Triceratops Partiopia (Party Animal Triceratops) liked to get drunk on cheap beer and play Twister. The Dryptosaurus was famous for blowing entire afternoons skipping rope and playing tag. Unfortunately, the games of tag were a bit rough, and there is speculation that the Dryptosaurus habit of landing on the opponent's genitals gradually resulted in the extinction of the species.

WHAT WE USED TO THINK:

Dinosaurs were perfect gentlemen, always polite and friendly. There is a story that has been passed down over the last 65 million years of a pair of Apatosauri who were watching a frightened salamander squirm in the mud and decided to eat him. One said to the other, "You take the first bite." The other said, "No, you first." The first said, "No, you first." The second said, "No, you." They died of starvation and the salamander swam away.



"Tag! You're it."

WHAT WE NOW KNOW:

Dinosaurs talked back to their elders, cut in line, and put swizzle sticks up their nose. Worse, they ate prehistoric grapes the size of footballs that had been souring in the sun and blew vicious jets of pure methane high into the stratosphere, all the while thinking they were so funny.

WHAT WE USED TO THINK:

Dinosaurs had a brain approximately the size of a Spanish peanut.

WHAT WE NOW KNOW:

Dinosaurs had a brain approximately the size of a cashew.

18. *Place the orgasm at the end of the sentence.*

The proper place for a climax that the writer wants to emphasize is at the end of a sentence.

WRONG

I exploded after plunging in and out of her a few times.

RIGHT

I plunged in and out of her a few times, then I exploded.

19. *Use a comma to separate perverted acts.*

When referring to fetishes in a sequence, use a comma to separate each act.

He whipped me and then he spanked me and then tied me up.

He whipped me, spanked me, and tied me up.

20. *Keep related words together.*

The position of words in a sentence is the principle means of showing their relationship.

She noticed a large stain on his pants that was by his crotch.

She noticed a large stain by the crotch of his pants.

21. *Omit needless words.*

A sentence should contain no unnecessary words or phrases.

He is a man who is very well hung.

He is well hung.

She had a body that could give the Pope a hard on.

Her body could give the Pope a hard on.



PEOPLE

PLAGUE

YE GODS! MICKEY IS OLD. . .

Several artifacts excavated from a palace on an island in Greece may reveal that Mickey Mouse is much older than anyone ever expected.

Guided by a Dutch clairvoyant repeatedly chanting "Why? Because we like you," archaeologists located a site they believe was a shrine for a Grecian rodent deity.

"If experts confirm this finding we're going to sue the pants off the Disney Corporation," said Demetrious Throbos, mayor of Kronospita, a small town on the island of Mykonos where the artifacts were found.

Senior officials at Disnev declined to comment.

Historians point to the regular correspondence that famed British archaeologist Sir Arthur Evans kept with Walt Disney as a bond between the ancient deity and the popular Mickey Mouse character. Sir Evans originally excavated the



Vase showing Hercules and Mickey capturing three-headed dog Cerberus

site in the early 1900's.

"If you read the tablets excavated from Kronospita, Mr. Disney's plagiarism becomes painfully obvious," said Martin Hughes, a fellow of Archaeology at Cambridge University.

The most convincing evidence Hughes cites is a tablet, dated about 1500 B.C., that records the adventures of *Jason*, *The Argonauts*, and *Steamboat Willie*. There are also several vases that depict a character resembling Mickey Mouse.

It is believed Sir Arthur wrote to Disney about the incident. The rest is cartoon history.

The artifacts were transported to Athens under heavy guard by Greek police armed with spitballs and slingshots.



The Knicks practice the new full-court press cabaret.

Showtime at the Garden

The Great White Way was transplanted in Madison Square Garden last week when the owners of the New York Knicks replaced coach **Rich Pitino** with Broadway showman **Peter Allen**.

"My team is going to dance as well as they slam dunk," said Allen. "I asked **Pat (Ewing)** and **Mark (Jackson)** to teach some of my dancing girls layups."

When asked about how his lack of basketball knowledge might affect the team, Allen said: "I'm not really familiar with the strategy, but I've seen my fair share of guys chasing each other in their underwear."

Al Bianchi, the Knicks' general manager, announced at the news conference he traded next year's first round draft pick for the rights to 6'6" **Tommy Tune**.

Pundits in the sport expressed pessimism at the Knicks' new formula of combining fast breaks and tap dancing, but one was optimistic. "I think the transition from playing basketball to dancing should be pretty easy for those colored guys. They do both really well," said sports analyst **Jimmy the Greek**.

Eau de Sourdough



Cher kicked off the marketing plan for her new perfume, **NUDE**, last Saturday by throwing a bash at her Beverly Hills home.

"I made **Nude** especially with **Rob** in mind," Cher said, referring to her beau **Rob Camilletti**, the 23-year-old ex-bagel maker from Queens.

"The smell drives me wild," Camilletti said.

But some partygoers were less than enthused about the fragrance.

"It smells like hot bagels," said one source. "She'll probably come out with another perfume next year that smells like lox."



Hoskin's Fumes Kill Grinch

Unfortunately, cartoons don't last forever. While working on a sequel to his Christmas classic, *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas*, the Grinch, (whose real name is Howie Schwartz) was accidentally melted after veteran straight man **Bob Hoskins** sat on him.

"I never should have eaten so many franks and beans for lunch," said a gassy and grieving Hoskins.

The Grinch's family, who live in Whoville, have filed suit in a California court against the movie's director **Jon Landis**.

"Not again," was Landis' only comment.

Bewitched, Bedraggled and Burned

Fundamentalist Christians, led by televangelist **Jimmy Swaggart**, hunted down actress **Elizabeth Montgomery** and burned her at the stake, West Virginia police said last Tuesday.

Ms. Montgomery, star of the 60's comedy *Bewitched*, was shooting a movie when Swaggart and his mob stormed the set.

Eyewitnesses recall the crowd yelling "You'll never wrinkle your nose again, pagan temptress" and "What did you do to the first Daron?" as they tied her to the stake.

Daron #1, **Dick York**, and Daron #2, **Dick Sargeant**, said they would attend Montgomery's funeral.



When Ya Gotta Go-mer

Career Marine **Gomer Pyle** was arraigned Tuesday in military court for treason and espionage, Marine officials reported.

Pyle, who was acquitted in the Mai Lai Massacre trial, has been accused of showing a KGB agent around the American Embassy in Moscow.

"Golly! He said he had to go to the bathroom badly, so I showed him where it was," said Pyle.

UNIVERSAL CHEATING SIGNALS

These signs are to be used during multiple choice and essay exams.



The answer is "A"



The answer is "B"



The answer is "C"



The answer is "D"



The answer is "None
of the above"



Don't steal my No.
2 pencil



Stop cheating, the
proctor woke up



I didn't know that
chapter would be on
the test



Help. I don't know
know the essay



Turn to the next
page



I don't know the
answer, turn to
the person on your
right



You'll have to pay
for that answer

NEXT MONTH: WE'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO MIME THE PERIODIC TABLE

MATTRESS BITES GIRL!

At the Plague, we recognize a good story when we see one.

Girl bites mattress?

Nah. Happens every night.

Sealy Posturepedic bites girl?

Stop the presses. We've got a story.

Could you have spotted this story? Are you that curious, inquisitive type? Are you--**PLAGUE MATERIAL?**

Here's your chance to become part of the **PLAGUE**.

The **PLAGUE** is NYU's only intentionally funny publication. We don't know why either, it just worked out that way. The **PLAGUE** is written, produced, and managed by students. Anyone who went to or goes to or bears a resemblance to someone attending NYU, graduate or undergraduate, can contribute to the **PLAGUE**.

We need your help. If you have satire, one liners, funny articles, or any other humorous material, drop it off in mailbox #189 at 21 Washington Place.

If you're interested in graphics or magazine layout, write us a note or come to our office--Room 504 in the "21" Annex.

Thanks for reading, and remember, boys and girls, it's up to you to help spread the **PLAGUE**.

WEEKLY MEETINGS: 4:30 on Thursday