

NYU
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THE O LAQUE

NYU'S EXCUSE FOR A
HUMOR MAGAZINE

VOL. 8
3

VINNIE
BLENDS HIS
HEAD...



INSIDE:

OFFENSIVE

—HOWARD BLECH 1983

PLAGUE ©



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IN
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Yes, Spring has once again sprung upon lovely NYUville. Spring is a time of renewal, happiness, sunshine, lollipops, and rainbows. At *The Plague*, however, Spring is traditionally a time for mischievous activity. *The Plague* meeting that broke the ground on this issue was moderated by the ever-subtle Oskar Retch. Retch wanted to produce an offensive issue of *The Plague*. Editors Fisch and Reiser balked. Well, when it came down to the bottom of the ninth, the decision was to print the juvenile junk in the back of the magazine. Fisch settled for a disclaimer, and Reiser ran away to London.

THE OFFENSIVE SECTION: every page will be considered unsuitable for children, folks with weak stomachs, and those with minds that can't handle it.

EDITORIAL

The following is the third in a series of *Plague* editorials, dealing with the issues that affect us all each day:

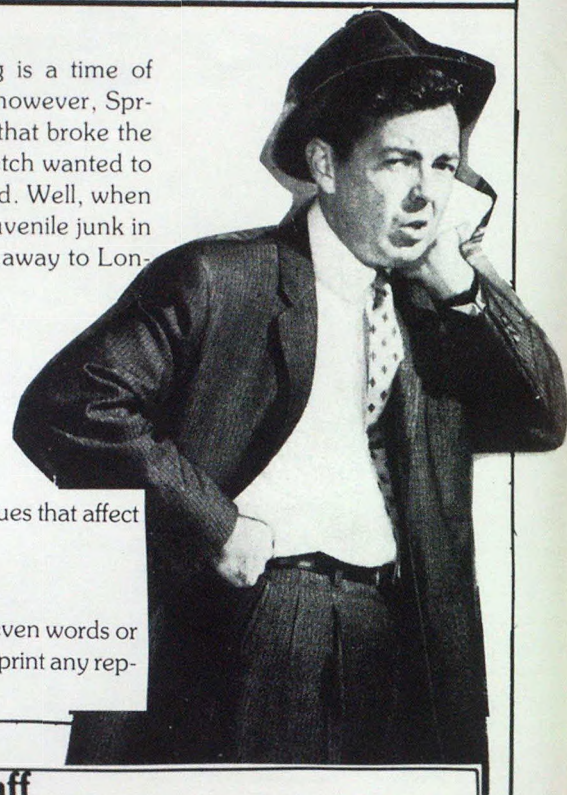
Very few physicists were raised by aardvarks.

That's our opinion. What's yours? We'd like to know. Editorial replies (in seven words or less) may be left in Box 80, 21 Washington Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. We will print any reply sent us by a member of the Archie Reporters Club.

36. El sujeto de la segunda frase es

- (A) "la independencia"
- (B) "quienes dependen vitalmente de su trabajo literario"
- (C) "qué delicada epidermis intocable"

By the way, Don Knotts is
Funnyman of the Month.
That is all.



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Circulation,

Finances and a bundle of laughs:

Vincent Nadile

...and "the wacky neighbor," Dave Greene



Funnyman of the Month — **Don Knotts**



WINNER
8 ACADEMY AWARDS



INCLUDING
BEST PICTURE



DONDHI

The Man of the Century.
The Motion Picture of a Lifetime.

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

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BLACK CAT IN A COAL MINE FUNNIES



Inside:



'SICK, SICK, SICK'

YE CONTENTS,

Being a Listing of Items of Merriment and Mirth to Be Found Among Ye Pages Following:



Man O'War — The Magazine with
Hair on Its Chest, by S. Fisch and S. Zwiren

And on the lighter side...



business with cock in hand.
knelt with her legs apart.
and threw her legs apart.
furry up, big boy, or I'll go right out of my
d." She locked her legs around his back. "Every last
le dove on top of her immediately, steering his
k through her cunt lips and then gently easing
into her body. He stopped when the organ was
if enveloped.
"You sure you want it all, baby?"
She locked her legs around his back. "Every last
uckin' inch!"
Gripping her hips for leverage, he slid his cock
out of her body to the rim of his crown, then gently
thrust it back inside her. This time he gave her
three-quarters of the long
Her pussy flexed and w
if it were a fist graspin
slippery fist. He slid on
hips, bending his cock
then smoothly stuffed
quarters of his member
"All of it," she gasp
"You asked for it, b
Propping himself u
shaft almost out of he
inside her. Well befor
he could feel the cre
furthest reaches of h

Special Offensiveness Section

The Tell-Tale Breast, by E. Morrissey
Pegz, by D. Brod
Boy Meets Girl, by O. Retch
Other Comix, by S. Zwiren

MAN O' WAR

MARCH
1983

FDC 55096 3

\$3.00

UK £1.75

**"YOU SHOULD
SEEN THAT
COMMIE BASTARD
RUN" PG. 12**





Butch Kowalski's
MAN O'WAR

The Magazine with Hair on Its Chest



Butch Kowalski, PhD
Editor-Publisher

EDITORIAL

You know what *really* gets to me? Loud-mouth jerks who've got the brains of a turnip but think they know it all. Here's the kind of stuff I mean:

Every once in a while, some gutsy mercenary comes out to the *Man O'War* offices, and if he makes it through our snake pits and mine fields, I take out some time and talk to him. Now, most of the time, these hotshot mercs turn out to be okay Joes, but sometimes I end up talking to a brainless moron.

Take this guy who came by just the other day. We got to talking over a brewski or two and this jerk starts belly-aching about the high-tech hardware that's taking over John Q. Mercenary's home arsenal. He goes on griping for about an hour, complaining about the cost of the stuff and how impersonal it is using these babies in combat.

Now, I could understand him complaining about the cost. Prices are kind of high, and a C-7358 heat-seaking missile with a computerized

infra-red tracking device isn't something every merc can afford.

But when this loudmouthed goofball starts complaining about the stuff being impersonal, that's where I draw the line. Okay, sure, so you don't get to see the faces of the Commie scum as they writhe in mortal agony after you've hit them with a tactical nuclear missile or two. But any merc who's seen the reddish glow that fills the sky after one of these babies hits its mark knows what I mean when I say that it makes you feel warm all over.

Let's face it: high-tech hardware is here to stay. You know, stone-age merc used to complain about bows and arrows being impersonal, and a lot of years later, they said the same thing about guns. But where would today's soldier of fortune be without his trusty firearm?

So let's give high-tech a chance, okay? With help from egghead scientists and some good old American guts and knowhow, it could turn out to be the wave of the future.

Think about it.

Surviving In the 80's:

Decorating Tips for Your Nuclear Bomb Shelter

By Betty Combat

You know bomb shelters aren't an unfashionable thing of the past anymore. Why, just the other day I was telling Larry I said, "Larry we just have to brighten up that dreary, dreary bomb shelter in the backyard." But you know how men are: he just kept polishing his Luger. That's when I realized it's up to us girls to do the real work in preparation for the next nuclear war. So here's some helpful hints to give your radiation-proof hide-away that certain *je ne sais quois*:





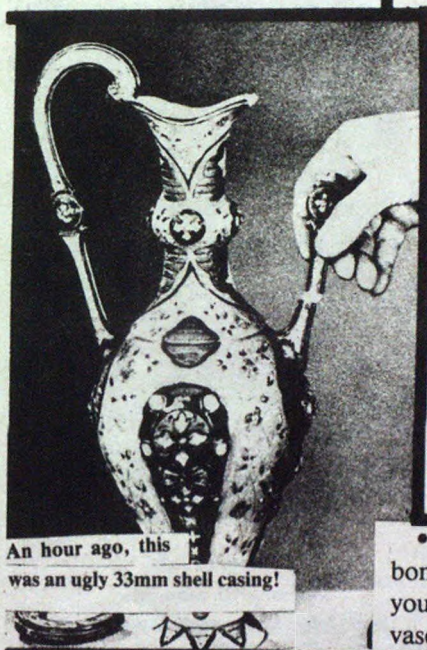
Kids of all ages love pets.

- Bring a little of the outdoors into your shelter to keep the kids occupied. After Dad's stuffed moose head loses their attention, send away for a packet of Sea Monkeys!

- No shelter is complete without a good sub-machine gun to keep out unwanted guests and berserk mutants. Take those old paper towel racks and display those guns in a place of honor. Be proud of your protection.



Would you want this battle in *your* home?



An hour ago, this was an ugly 33mm shell casing!

- Decorative planters may be hard to come by during a nuclear war, but when the bombs start coming down, there'll be plenty of metal all over. Instead of throwing away your mate's empty artillery casings, polish them up, add a few flowers, and *Voila*... a vase!



Getting together with friends is an ideal way to pass the time, both for you...



...and for the man of the house.

- And finally, keep that weekly Mah-jongg game alive! Bring some heavy-duty shovels so you can dig your way to neighbors.

DEAR JOCKO

Dear Jocko,

I'm only thirteen years old and I'm already a big fan of Man O' War magazine. About a year ago, I began to notice little things: my father watching "The MacNeil-Lehrer Report," my mother serving borscht for dinner. Could it be? Was my family going Red? Then my worst fears were confirmed! I decided to take action. I've started my own training program and had my little brother dig trenches in the backyard. That's where we buried the cat I shot with my B-B gun. But what I'm most proud of is last week when we ambushed my sister and tied her up with the garden hose. The problem is my mother. She takes my magazines and won't let me get a rifle for my birthday. What should I do?

Junior

Dear Junior,

I'm glad to see that you're disciplining yourself to be a fine young man, and that you're on the lookout for Commie influences. If you don't catch these things early, they spread like a syphilis. My advice to you is to go to your father about your mother. He's a man; he should understand. But if he's already too far gone, well... remember what you did to the cat? Try it on your mother.

Dear Jocko,

I just want to settle a matter between me and my friend, Jack. We're both 'Nam vets and we were discussing mass assassination. Who would you rather kill: Quadafi, Six Libyans and an Iranian terrorist, or twelve militant Communists and Jane Fonda?

Sam Bruckner

Dear Sam,

You set up a tough one, Sam. I'd like to set them all up against the wall and make them into chopmeat. But if I had to choose, I'd take the dozen commies and Barbarella... providing I could torture her first.

Dear Jocko,

I have a problem of a personal nature. I'm a Korean War vet and I still have my sidearm. I like to keep it with me all the time. In fact, I feel naked without it. Even when I'm naked I feel uncomfortable without it, but my wife feels uncomfortable with it. I need to wear it when we're getting it on. I even like to fire it off occasionally. What can I do.

Soldier With A Problem

Dear Soldier With A Problem,

I myself like to carry my sidearms at all times, and what I've found is that warming my pistol on the stove in a cloth does the trick. The women go apeshit over it. I'm sure it will go over great with your wife. As for shooting it off, tone it down with some music and aim at the wall.

Dear Jocko,

I'm looking for a reliable sub machine gun that's sporty enough to be taken out to picnics and shown off at the Men's Club. I've been comparison shopping, and I can't decide between a self-repeating Beretta 12S and the new P7 A13 9mm Squeeze-cocker with a 13-round magazine. What would you suggest?

Bob Whack

Dear Bob,

You've chosen two fine guns, but let's look at the pros and cons. The Beretta 12S is a classic, but the new line tends to pull to the left when fired. As for the squeeze-cocker, it has a tendency to jam at embarrassing moments. What I recommend is the B-15 Rat, a handy little submachine gun that can be found in the Sears-Roebuck Catalogue.



Today's youth:
Our hope for tomorrow.



Godless communists
rejoice at the prospect
of killing good American boys.

**DURING THE WEEK,
THEY DEAL IN THE
STOCKS OF MAJOR
CORPORATIONS, BUT
ON THE WEEKENDS,
THEY DEAL OUT HOT
LEADEN DEATH!**



WHITE COLLAR COMMANDOS

At home...

By Ham Berger

If you could stand to look at them, you'd probably want to puke. Their ties, their suits, and their haircuts all spell out one thing: wimp.

But then, if you look at their station wagons and four-door sedans, you start to wonder if they're really as namby-pamby as they look. Their back windshields are covered with travel stickers: Nicaragua, Angola, Zimbabwe, Iran...

Naw, these guys are no pantywaists. Sure, during the week, they might be accountants, bankers, insurance salesmen... wimps. But on the weekends, they change into Saturday afternoon soldiers of fortune and fight-mad financiers. Yeah, these are the white collar commandos—guys fighting wars in foreign countries to make a little extra cash on the side.

But aren't there easier ways to make a couple of bucks? Sure there are, but it's not just the money that gets these guys to do what they do. They're in it for the excitement of traveling to exotic countries and that unique smell—the aromatic mixture of sweat and blood. Like one of them told *Man O'War*, "To a large extent, we do it for the money, no two ways about it. But there's so much more to it than that. I mean, sure, accountancy's glamorous and exciting, but there's this indescribable, warm feeling of satisfaction that can only be gained by blasting some commie gook's brains across the floor."

Yeah, underneath their Percy Pureheart exteriors, these weekend warriors are *real* men. They know the icy touch of cold steel, the feeling of power that comes from holding a sleek submachine gun in your hands, and the taste of dirt kicked up by a mortar shell.

And since they are real men, they've got the guts to care about their buddies, too. "Being together under fire can lead to a camaraderie that you just don't find on the floor of the stock exchange," one of these part-time paladins told us.

We asked him to give us an example. "Well, here's a story that I think illustrates my point," he said. "I was down in South America, helping to squash some revolution or other, and these two insurance salesmen, Jim and Mike, were down there with me. The fighting got pretty heavy on Saturday, and by Saturday night, we'd all become fairly close. But on Sunday, I got to see just how close Jim and Mike had become.

"On Sunday, you see, there was a particularly heavy rebel offensive, and Jim was shot up pretty badly. We could all see that he wouldn't last longer than a couple of minutes, but none of us could think of what to do for him.

"Suddenly, while the rest of us were just standing around, watching Jim bleed and exterminating the agent of the red menace, Mike pulled out a pen and paper and said, 'Here, Jim, sign this.' It was a life insurance policy.

"'No, Mike,' Jim said, coughing up blood by the pint, 'I'll be dead in a couple of minutes. I'm too poor a risk... I can't... You'd get in trouble...'

"'The Hell with the risk,' Mike said. 'Sign.'

"And so Jim, his eyes clouded with tears, signed the policy only seconds before he died.

"Now, that's the kind of friendship you don't see every day."

That's just the kind of guys they are. They're tough enough to wipe out a village at a moment's notice, but they'll still do anything they have to do for a buddy.

So the next time you want to break some wimp's glasses, hold on for a second. Check him out. Look for the scars here and there. See if his shoulder droops a little from carrying a rifle. And if you can find this stuff, put your hand on his shoulder and say, "You're okay, buddy."

Of course, if you can't find this stuff, go ahead and break the wimp's glasses.



If you're a mollycoddled momma's boy, you'd better STOP READING RIGHT NOW.

But if you're a REAL MAN, then keep reading, buster. HAVE I GOT A BOOK FOR YOU!

It's called **Secret Lethal Weapons of the Ancient Ninja Death Cult**, and it's NOT for sissies. This is a book for a REAL MAN, one who likes to read **bold type** and CAPITAL LETTERS, and one who can responsibly handle the secrets of HOW TO KILL UP TO THIRTY MEN IN LESS THAN A MINUTE USING ONLY COMMON HOUSEHOLD OBJECTS!

Secret Lethal Weapons of the Ancient Ninja Death Cult reveals the ancient, closely guarded secrets that can turn you into a MASS-MURDERER and make you someone to be RESPECTED and FEARED! Gain the POWER to MAKE YOUR WILL KNOWN!

Here is a book containing information so potentially DANGEROUS that COPIES SENT TO MAJOR INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD were returned, THE GOVERNMENTS CLAIMING THAT THE BOOK WAS "USELESS, MEANINGLESS TRASH." WHAT DO THESE LEADING GOVERNMENTS HAVE THE HIDE? COULD THEY BE TRYING TO KEEP THE BOOK TO THEMSELVES?!

Now, **Secret Lethal Weapons of the Ancient Ninja Death Cult** can be your for ONLY \$32.98! ORDER NOW BEFORE SUPPLIES RUN OUT!

NOTICE: This book is sold solely for the purpose of educating police and law-enforcement personnel, and does not condone the use of violence by private citizens.

Please rush me **Secret Lethal Weapons of the Ancient Ninja Death Cult** before it is too late. I enclose \$32.98 in check or money order made out to "Cash."

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

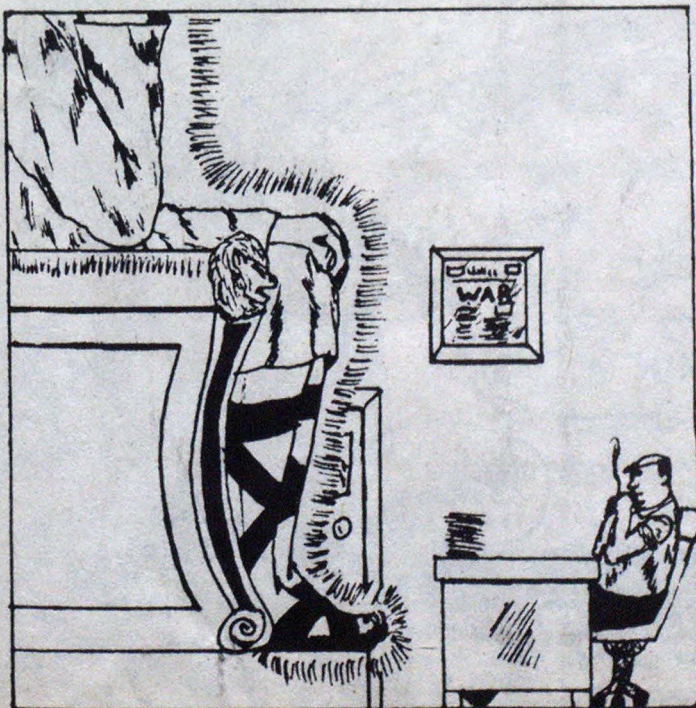
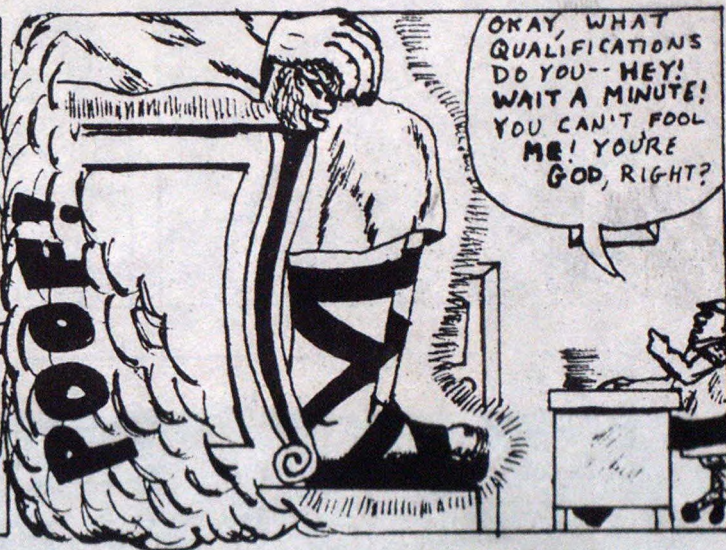
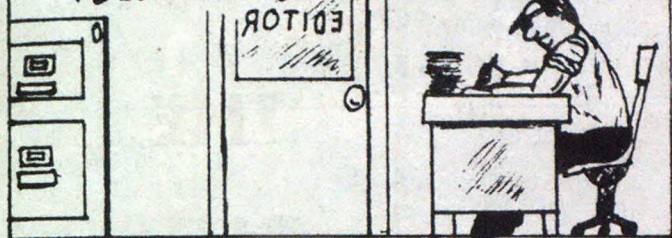
I hereby certify that I am over 18 and in no way connected with the IRS or any fraud investigation squad.

**DO YOU
HAVE
THE
GUTS
TO BUY
THIS
BOOK?**



GOD

"GOD GETS A
SECRET
IDENTITY"



AND CRIES OF PAIN
AND SHOUTS OF
"STOP, THIEF!" DID
PASS UP FROM THE
EARTH.

AND HE DID HEAR
THEIR CRIES AND
THEIR SHOUTS.

AND HIS WRATH WAS
KINDLED...



"NO NUKES IS GOOD NUKES"

Reiser
& Fish
©83

LOOK AT THAT HEAD-
LINE! SO MUCH FOR THE
BIG G.!

L.E.P.

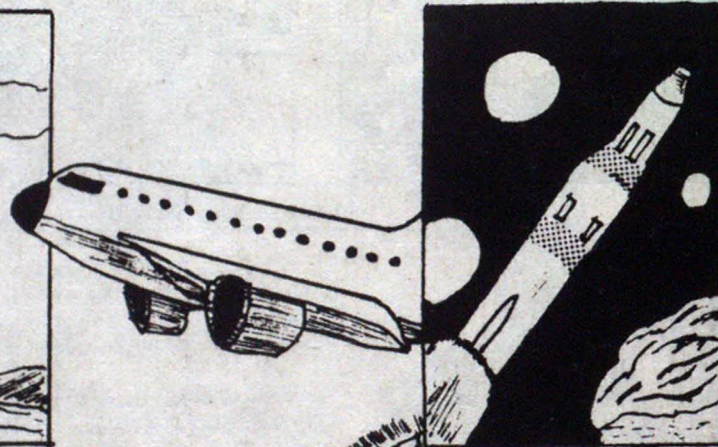


NOW, LET'S
GET THOSE
BANKS!

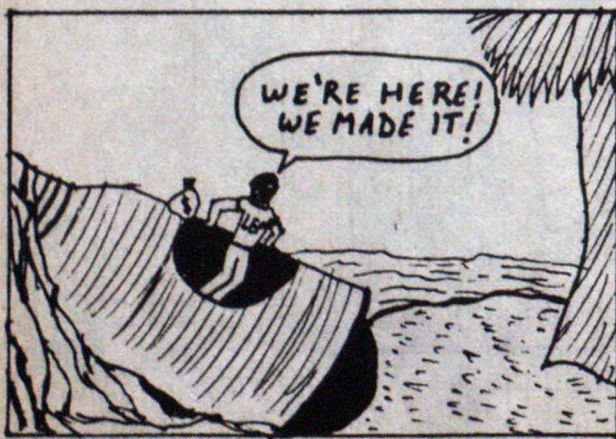
WE WANT ALL THE MONEY,
CAPITALIST PIG!



OKAY, LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!



WE'RE HERE!
WE MADE IT!



SURE IS
NICE WITHOUT
GOD AROUND,
ISN'T IT?

SAY, WHAT'S
THAT GLOW?

CRIMESTOPPERS TIP #2:
"IF THEY WERE WISE...
THEY WOULD DISCERN
THEIR LATTER END."
(DEUT. XXXII, 29)



EDITORIAL

Hello. Hey, really, hi, AND WELCOME
TO ANOTHER ISSUE OF THAT BUNDLE OF
"HILARITY," THE PLAGUE. HIYA. THIS IS
OUR ECLECTIC "WHERE THE FUCK HAVE
THEY BEEN?" ISSUE. IT'S ALSO ~~ER~~

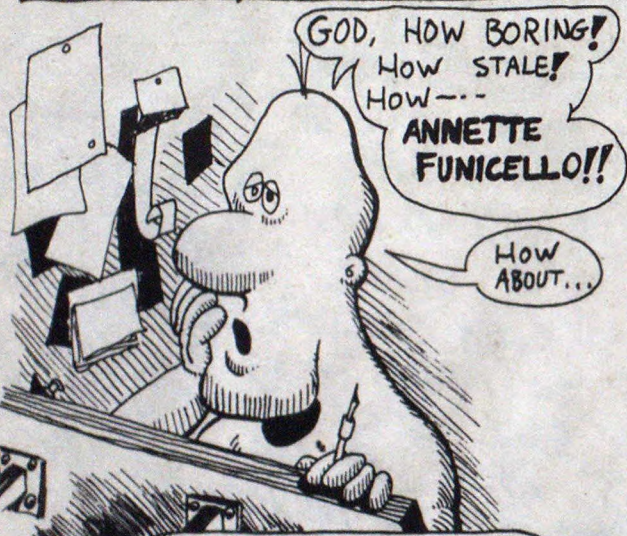
~~THIS~~ OUR SOLDIER OF FORTUNE PARODY ISSUE. AND
MOSTLY, INCLUDING WHAT WAS AFORE-
MENTIONED, IS OUR OFFENSIVE SECTION. SO,
HEY, LET'S GET RIGHT TO IT, OKAY?
FUCK YOU, ASSHOLE. SUCK MY COLOSTOMY.
SIT ON A STEAK KNIFE. YO MAMA FUCKS
THE TURKISH ARMY FO' FREE EV'RY
WEEK. AN' SHE DONT WASH HERSELF
AFTER. AN' ONE O' DEM WUZ YO' FATHER.
YOU SUCK. YOU SWALLOW. EAT MY SHIT.
YOU SMELL LIKE A DONKEY'S ASS. SO
FUCK OFF. G'WAN, BLOW. GO DIE.
TAKE A HIKE, ASSHOLE. DICKBRAIN.
DILL BAG. SPHINCTER FACE.
SEE HOW EASY THAT WAS? NOW EN-
JOY THE ISSUE.
SHITHEAD.

The following wish to make it known that they are in no way associated with
this issue's special offensiveness section: Sholly Fisch and Peter Reiser,
Editors of Taste and Refinement.

BOY MEETS GIRL

By Oskar Retch

© 0392.4



BOY MEETS GIRL

By
OSKAR
RETECH

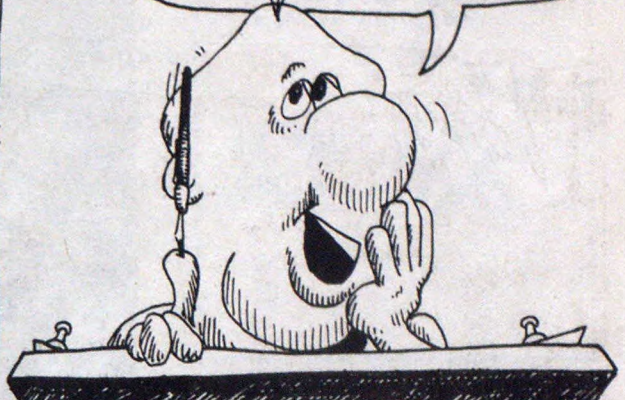
© 303



AND SOON...



Ho Ho Ho!!!... Hoo BOY...
NOW IT'S GETTIN' GOOD...
BUT **STILL** NOT QUITE
RIGHT. How ABOUT...

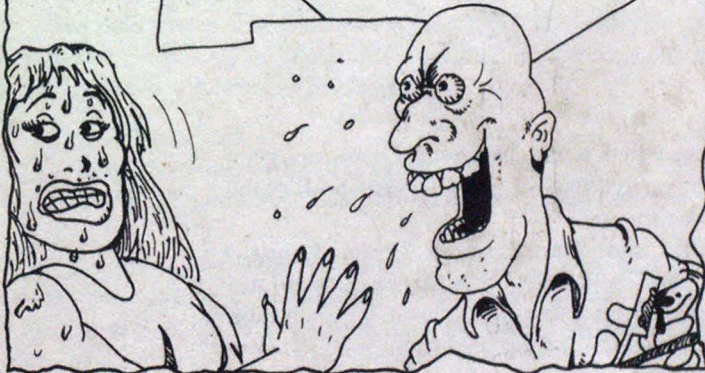


BOY EATS GIRL

© 54-40 OR FIGHT

By Oskar Retch.

.... IT'S BEEN A WONDERFUL
EVENING... UHH....
BETTY.... CAN I....

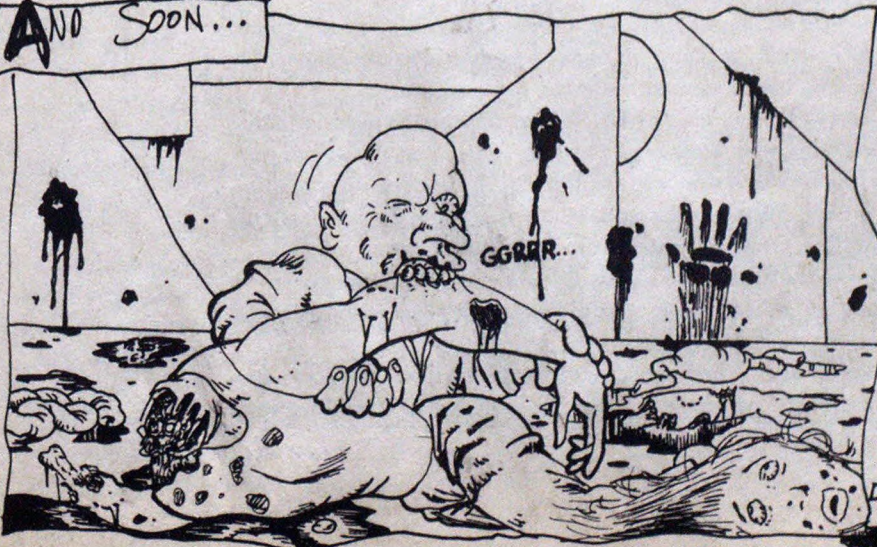


.... SLICE YOUR THROAT OPEN??

OW...



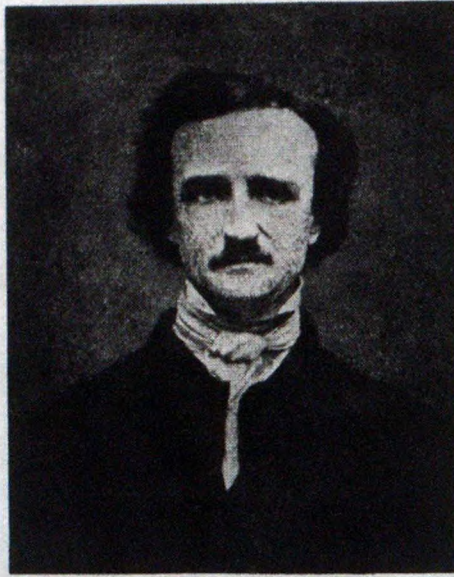
AND SOON...



YEAH!!!



O.
Retch
'81
©



Edgar Allan Poe

Even among Poe scholars, few people know that Edgar Allan Poe began his career by writing "novelettes sexuelles" for popular consumption. Poe's later writings often drew upon the concepts and frameworks used in these earlier works.

We at The Plague have come across one of these novelettes, and in the interest on preserving literary magnificence, we present it here.

The Tell-tale Breasts

As I set down these words, my throat feels parched, a nameless hunger consuming my small intestines, a gripping fear which shadows my thoughts...Yet I must speak of the horror which haunts me, lest it overcome me forever.

Yes, that is what I must do. I must, I must, I must, I must, I must, I must, I must...

It all began a week ago when I arrived at my Uncle Carroll's residence outside London. In my childhood, he regarded me as his favorite nephew, often showing his affection by putting his hands down my pants and squeezing till I sang the last bars of "Ninety-Nine Bottles of Beer On the Wall." But I digress.

I was let in by Bruce, my uncle's man-servant, and ushered into the drawing room. My uncle sat there in his favorite chair, rubbing his hands together with sandpaper. He wore no shirt, merely the bra I had seen him with the last time we met.

Now, I hear you ask, "What bra?" You see, my Uncle Carroll shared a peculiar affliction; he was born with women's breasts. They began to fully develop at the age of thirteen. By his eighteenth birthday, he was the only student in his all-male dormitory at Oxford with a 36-24-32 measurement. Strangely enough, he became quite popular with his fellow students, most of whom had been separated from their sweethearts.

Again, I digress. My uncle saw me enter, and shouted, "Sweetie-Pie! Come give me a hug!" Before I could respond, he embraced me tightly, stuffing my face into his chest. God, how I hated his holding me in this manner.

My uncle agreed to take me in after I had explained that my fortunes were at a low ebb. "In other words, you're broke," he drooled. "Damn the Bismark! Yer worse than yer old man!"

How I hate his crude manner, his suggestive habit of sucking a pickle as he spoke at the dinner table, how he scratched at my bedroom door night after night offering to "Tighten my pipes"... Oh, how I hate him! After two days, I resolved that this situation as it was could not continue. I had to...(gasp!) kill him. End his life. Shorten his circuit. Remove his bulb. Pluck his strings. And so on.

My motivation was made easier by Uncle Carroll's informing me that I would inherit his fortune upon his death. "Just think, Duckie," he exclaimed, while picking his teeth with his ten-inch fingernails, "You'll have full run of the household, and as a special bonus, my chastity belt to protect you from those big bad women... Tee-hee!"

"I'll be here too," whispered Bruce. "You know, I can see what your uncle likes in you." He then blew in my ear. Now, I had two degenerates to kill.

That night, I decided that now was the time. My Uncle Carroll had to die. I crept downstairs to the basement, where my uncle's "pleasure toys" were kept, and extracted a device he referred to as an "electrical-powered chain saw," a rather odd device to appear in this year of our Lord, 1852. Nevertheless, the so-called "gadget" would serve my purpose, my dark intent, my murderous cloud... AGAIN, I digress! When will I stop?

To make a long story short, I snuck into my uncle's room and sawed—if that is the term—the old faggot to death in little pieces. The so-called "electrical outlet" by which I was able to "plug in" this miraculous weapon, proved an invaluable aid.

I wonder why my uncle never saw fit to share this invention or several of his others, including things like the "stereo" and the "air-conditioner" with the rest of the world. But then, who would listen to an old fairy?

There was no outlet in Bruce's room, so I resorted to a lead pipe over that moron's skull. Afterwards, I struck myself on the head, then proceeded to call the police by my uncle's unusual method of whistling.

The police were able to believe my story that armed robbers broke in, knocked me out and slew my uncle and Bruce. After exchanging some pleasantries, I was about to usher them out when I heard—*The Dripping!*

Plop! Plop! Plop!

...It kept coming again and again.

"Listen," I said to the two police officers. "Can't you hear it? The damned dripping?"

"Ere now Guv? What dripping? Aside from you, that is?"

By now, the dripping had gotten a hold of my senses, giving me a splitting headache. As fast as I could, I ran upstairs to the source of the infernal dripping; my uncle's room!

As I entered Carroll's room, the door behind me suddenly slammed shut. Then the closet opened and there before me was a ghastly sight!

My uncle's breasts, which I had chopped off mere hours ago, were suspended in mid-air, dripping mother's milk on the floor!

As I turned to the door, I found the lock would not come loose! Then, the horrible breasts, bulging and primed, shot mother's milk at me! I screamed, confessed my crimes at the top of my lungs, then fainted.

When I awoke, the policemen were around me. They noted I seemed to have some wet substance on my pants and asked if I would please remove them. I complied with their request.

To my horror, I discovered my uncle had taken his revenge! There, between my legs, to shock of everyone, was a... Vagina! My uncle had passed his strange curse upon me.

And so, as I await the hangman, I realize my strange hunger which I had since setting down these words was for.

It was for a... pickle!

TWO FLIES

DO YOU REMEMBER
WHEN WE WERE
YOUNG—
SURE



I COULD MOUTH A GOOD
HUNK OF SHIT THEN



NOW I CAN BARELY
SUCK DIARRHEA THRU
A STRAW—



SIGH



SFZ

**DANCE YOUR STUMP OFF
AT
THE NEW-WAVE DANCE
CLUB FOR AMPUTEES**

Peazz

**Every Monday
Wheelchair night -
Everyone in a wheelchair
drinks free all night**

**Every Wednesday
Fashion Night -
Dress up your stump to
win fabulous prizes!!**

**Free Admission Every Night with
Artificial Limbs**

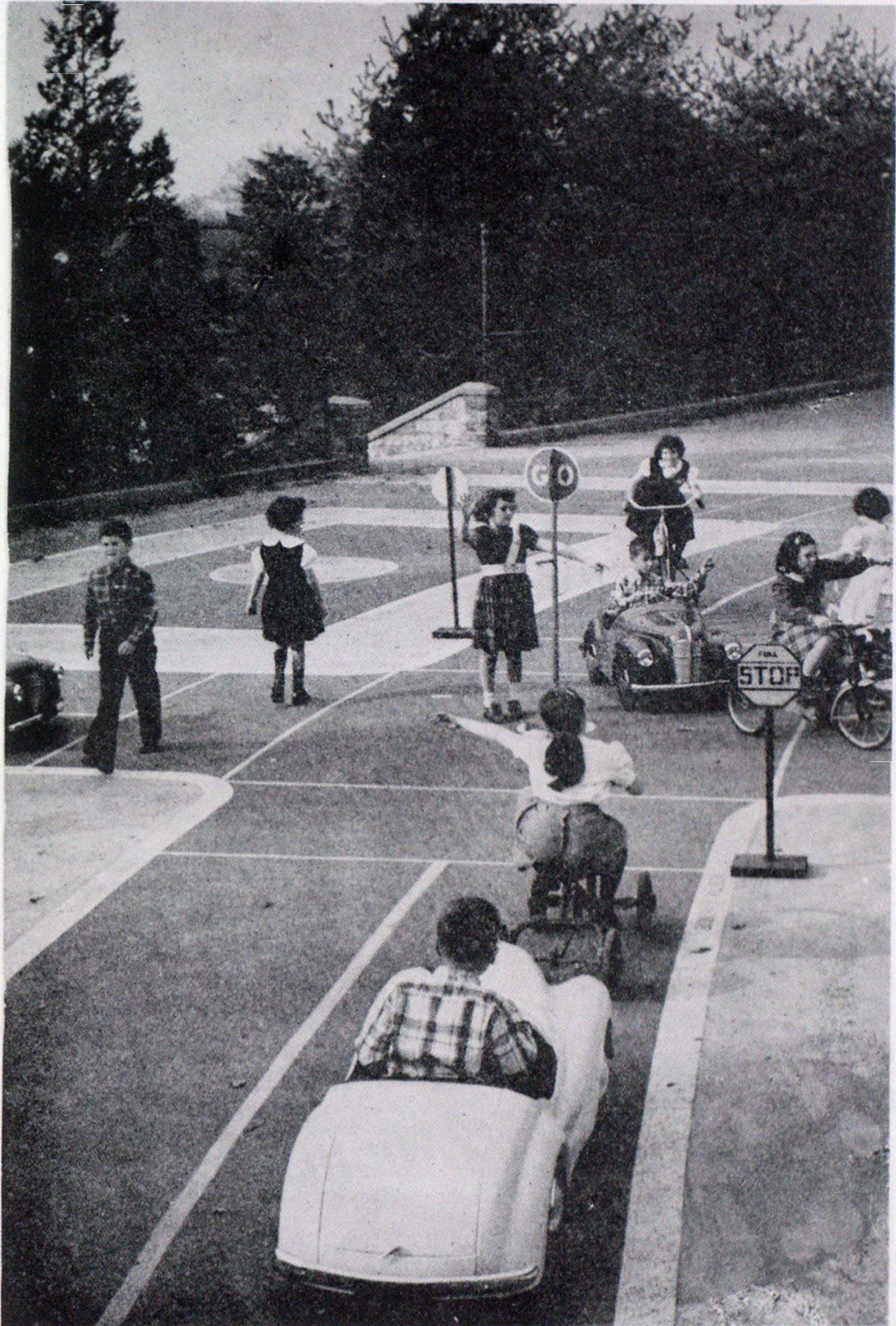
**PROOF OF
DEFORMITY
REQUIRED**

D.J.'s - Lefty & Stubby

293 STUYVESANT AVE.
QUEENS, N.Y.
(opposite Smith's Surgical Appliances)

**real
ad**

COMMUTERS:



**PARTY at 21 Washington Pl.
19 May 1983**

A SAGA OF
RUINED YOUTH!
ISTRICT

GROW

THIS!!

НУН? =
ТУН ОН...

SEVENTY FIVE
FEMININE PUL

...AND HE'S
NOT EVEN
WEARING A
PROPHYLACTIC,
EITHER!

UNNGGH!
 NNNNGH!
 NNGGH!
 GRUNNNT
 GRUUUNNT!
 GGGRRUUUUHNT!
 GRRUUUUHNT!
 GRUUUNNT!
 GRUNNT
 GRUNNNGH!
 UNNGGH!
 NNNNGGH!
 NNGGGH!
 NNGGH!
 wow!