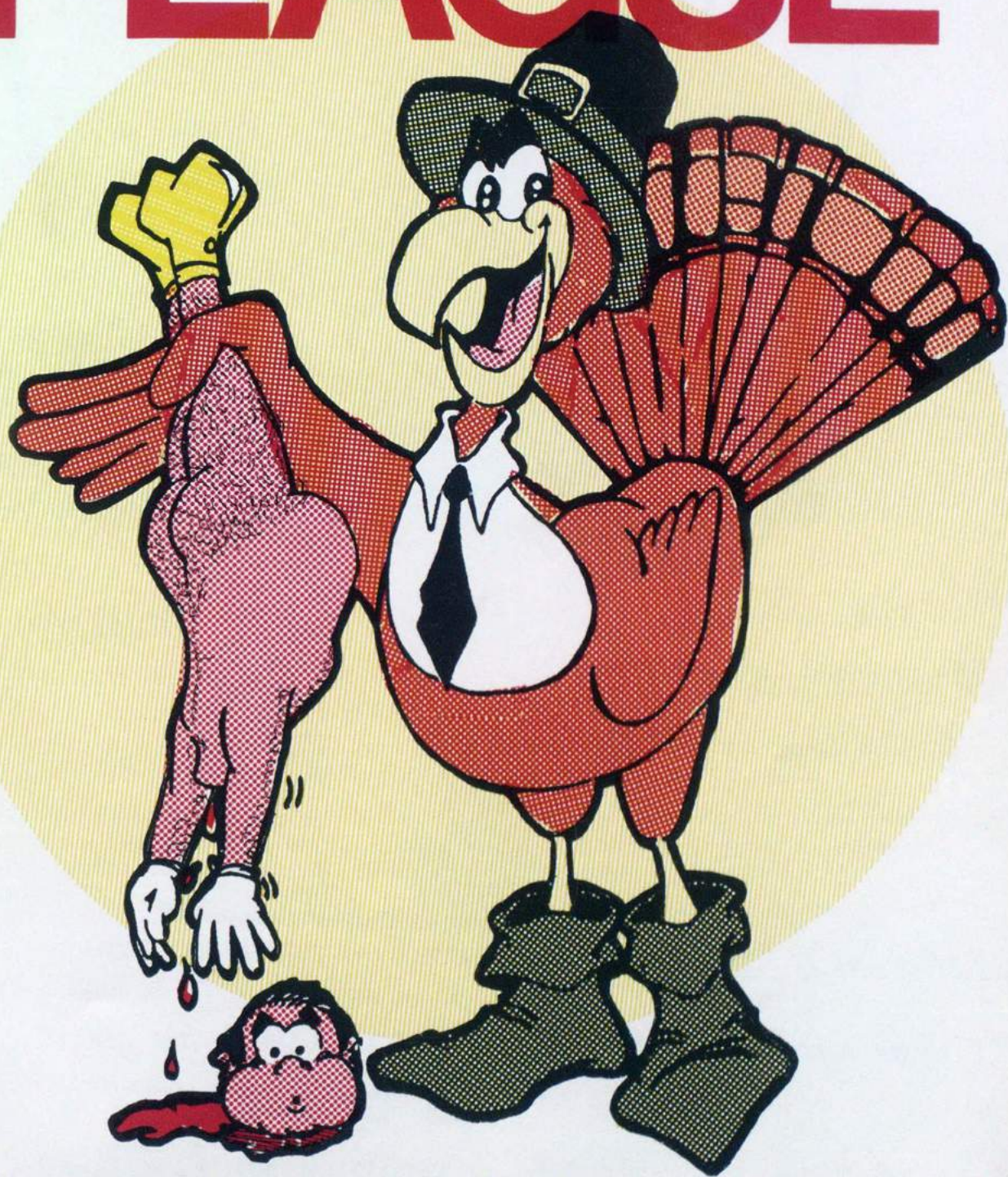


PLAGUE

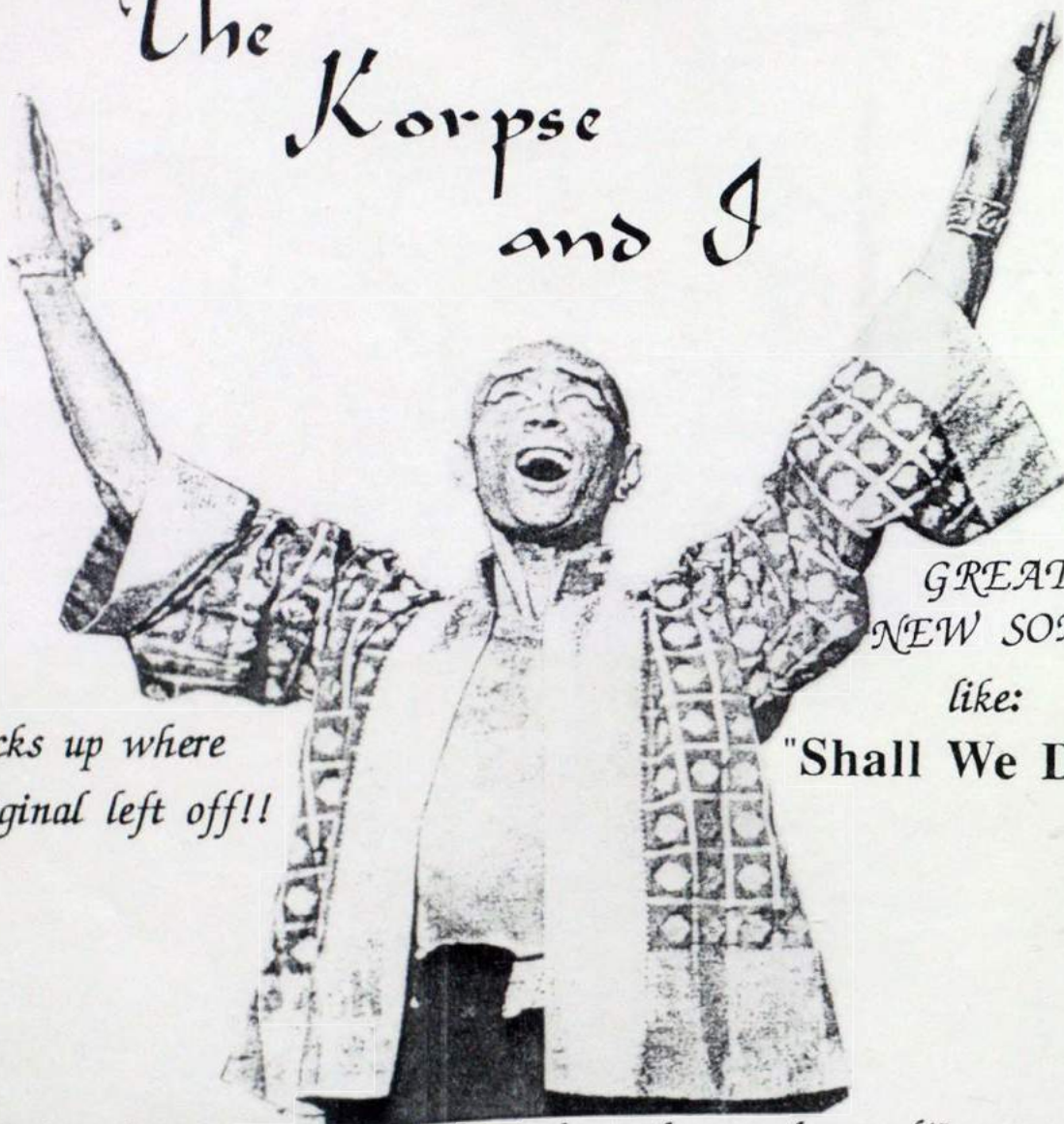


HE'S UNSTOPPABLE!!

YUL BRYNNER

IN

*The
Korpse
and I*



*Picks up where
the original left off!!*

*GREAT
NEW SONGS!*

like:

"Shall We Die?"

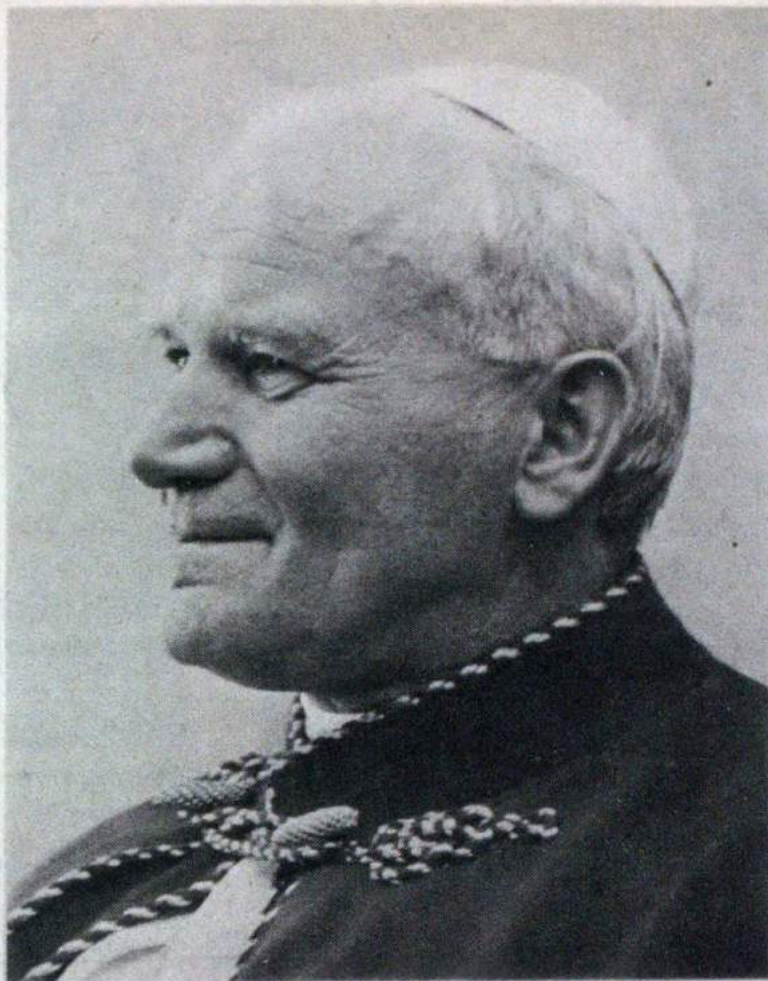
"For a kid to love a funeral this much, it has to be good!"

--- KID WHO'S SEEN QUITE A FEW BROADWAY PERFORMANCES.

"I think everyone should come out and see him in his green!"

--- WOMAN ON SIDEWALK OUTSIDE THEATER.

coming soon: Citizen Dead



Joannes Paulus P.P. II

This office is a friggin' mess. How can anyone *think* in this hideous pigsty, let alone publish a quality college gagmag?

Which brings me to my next point. I *know* it's the Thanksgiving Issue, and I *know* we're coming out just short of Christmas, but this office is such a hole that I couldn't *find* any of the submissions until Halloween.

Still and all, I think you'll like the ish. We've got short stories, we've got essays, we've got restaurant reviews, we've got just 'bout every darn thang that'll keep ya yokkin' 'til the next PLAGUE hits the stands. So limp on over to the 'fridge, grab yerself a cold brewski, and settle into a nice, ol' fashioned, Yuletide Yukfest. And please remember to have your pet spayed or neutered. Bye.

MR. MILLER
Editor-in-Chief

MR. MILLER



MR. MILLER,
Editor-In-Chief

Volume 9, Number 1 The Plague

STAFF



JOHN WALSH Intimate Apparel Editor



SCOTT ZWIREN Papal Bull Editor

ALUMNI KIBITZERS

Doug Brod



Steve Korn



Rich Brown



Bob Young



ART GAL
Kathy Kikkert



**...and the Wacky Neighbor,
Dave Greene**



SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCES BY...

Jeff Kramer
Paul Whelan



JM Chaneski

Jon Zeiderman
Dawn Hannaham



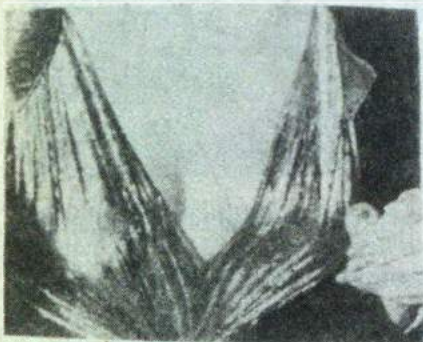
2 **Cover Illustration by Jason Vega.**

Color Separation

•lon Campbell.

◆◆◆◆◆
Newsmagazine
 ◆◆◆◆◆

Shysters On Parade



In stunning counterpoint to all the rah-rah good will generated by the current music-biz vogue of *Singing For a Cause*, Johnson and Johnson today announced plans to sue the English group BAND-AID for all profits on grounds of copyright infringement.

Dr. Herbert Horensohn, Chairman of Johnson and Johnson, makers of the Band-Aid brand adhesive bandages, said that neither Bob Geldof nor any other rock-n-roll has-been currently sneaking into world attention via the charitable venue, had bothered to ask his permission to use the product's name in their campaign to fight world hunger. "So," says Dr. Horensohn, "We're gonna sue dem muthahs pants right off 'em."

Recognizing a gravy train when it made a whistle-stop in their vicinity, the cities of Boston and Chicago, as well as the State of Kansas, joined the fracas by filing suit against the rock groups using their respective names for any and all profits reaped during their existence.



S.Africa Plugs New Domestic Policy

Into a floodlit conference room at the Sun City Sands, South African Prime Minister Pieter Botha strolled arm-in-arm with big-hearted, ne'er-do-well rocker Bob Geldof to announce the "new line" of Pretorian domestic policy.

The line to which Botha referred was the one of least resistance: "Let the Blacks have what they want," he said in that annoying accent of his, "I don't give a shit." This sweeping statement crystallized a decidedly mellow plan called "Apathyeid".

Botha explained that the new system differed from *Apartheid*—Afrikaans for "Aparthness"—in that complexion was not the factor determining an individual's worth. "You could be black, white or green; I'm still not too crazy about you," Botha yawned. "I sit in a hot, sweaty Executive Mansion all day trying to run my country right," bitched the PM, "and what do I get? Riots, murders, bomb threats. Well, I really can't be bothered anymore. Go loot the cities. See if I care."

Mr. Geldof, looking as grimy as a johnny-come-lately, Nobel Prize nominee can look, chimed in to say that he had produced a rock-video to propagate this new national character. Entitled *Apath-Aid*, the video will feature Pat Paulsen and a chorus of forty other nondescript has-beens, chanting, "We are the world/And we don't like you." Look for it to hit MTV in April of '86.

FUCK SHIT PISS DAMN HELL

THE SLEAZE PAGES

Brynnner-Bonaduce

As he lay dying of lung cancer, 65-year-old "King and I" star Yul Brynner made a bizarre and shocking last request to the loved ones who surrounded his bed on his final day: "Please, please, when I die, make sure that my head is removed and attached to the shoulder of my favorite TV star, Danny Bonaduce of 'The Partridge Family' . . . etcetera . . . etcet.."

Brynner's wife, 27-year-old Kathy Lee, and his son, Rock, didn't know what to make of the strange request, but decided to comply with the dying actor's wishes. As soon as Yul died, surgeons carefully removed his head and sent it to California, where it waited to be attached to an excited Danny Bonaduce.

Danny Bonaduce, a former child star on the hit series "The Partridge Family," and now a 26-year-old, who was just recently arrested for cocaine possession, couldn't be happier that the "King's" head will become part of his body.

"I was always a big fan of Mr. Brynner's," says Bonaduce. "I am touched and honored that he wants my body to bear his great head."

"Now, maybe I can make some money by appearing on TV talk shows, and possibly I'll have my own one-man . . . I mean, two-man show!"

Rock Brynner is still confused about the entire situation.

"My father must have been delirious," claims Rock. "I'm really disappointed, because I wanted to stuff Dad's head and have it mounted on the wall of the 'Hard Rock Cafe', which I co-own."

"Now, I guess that's never going to happen," laments Rock.



—Danny Bonaduce: Hopefully two heads will be better than one



—Yul's head, soon to become part of Danny Bonaduce

FUCK SHIT PISS DAMN HELL



—Dan Haggerty and wife Brunhilde in happier times

THE SLEAZE PAGES



—Placido Domingo: Brunhilde's new lover

Hall-Haggerty Hugfest

The recent marital breakups of popular game show host Monty Hall and popular "Grizzly Adams" star Dan Haggerty didn't leave both men in the dumps, insiders reveal, it opened the door for a new romance—between Monty and Dan!

"When my marriage to Marilyn broke up, I was lost. I didn't know where to turn," confessed Monty.

"Then, I went to a party, and it was there that I met Dan Haggerty. He put his arm around my

shoulders and said, 'Monty, I know how you feel, man. I just gone through the same thing too.'"

Coincidentally, Dan had also recently suffered through a painful divorce. Brunhilde the Dancing Bear, Dan's wife of ten years, whom he met on the set of "The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams," divorced him on grounds of physical abuse and mental cruelty.

"She's a liar," states Dan, "I ain't never did nothin' to her. She just wanted to divorce me so that she could run off with her new lover, Placido Domingo."

Despite the pain of their broken marriages, Monty and Dan decided to take another chance on romance, another chance which has, so far, paid off.

"I'm so happy now," says Monty. "I never thought I could ever find love with a man, but I have. Dan is so warm and affectionate."

"It's great when we play 'Let's Make A Deal' in bed. I'd tell you what the prizes are, but I know this is a family magazine."

Dan adds, "Monty is a wild, but at the same time, gentle lover. I can't imagine loving anyone else as much. He's my own, special bitch."

The relationship between Monty and Dan may evolve into a marriage, insiders speculate.



—Monty Hall and wife Marilyn in happier times



Girl of His Dreams

by D. Allen Brod

Richie heard some noise—TV noise—coming from the den and figured Scott must have just gotten home. Richie hadn't been able to sleep, had too much on his mind, so he sat up in his bed, thought for a second and shuffled his pajama-clad body toward the source of the late-night disturbance. The abrupt change from the darkness of his room to the light of the den made Richie squint, and with his fists he rubbed his eyes. A rumpled shape lay across the sofa, staring zombie-like at the 25-inch console.

"Hey, wuh," Richie asked the motionless figure. "Just get in?"

"Uh yeah, about 10 minutes ago. I'm beat," his brother answered.

"How'd you do?" That was the first stock question Richie asked if he caught his brother coming in from a late night out.

"Got a number," Scott said. Richie feigned a surprised, oh-really look.

"Cute?" Stock question number two.

"Eh," Scott shrugged, holding his hand flat and see-sawing it sideways. "Okay, I guess."

"Gonna call her?" Number three.

"Maybe. I don't know. I didn't really get to see her too well in the light," Scott said. "I guess I'll wait and see if she shows up next week so I'll get a better look."

Same old excuse, Richie thought. Scott was always complaining about Club Foote's inadequate lighting, and Richie gave him his standard two cents: "Good idea." Richie wasn't at all shocked by his brother's unique attitude toward girls. At 21, Scott seemed bored with them and practiced an indifference about them that Richie, seven years his junior, felt was unhealthy.

All during high school Scott had had his share of good-looking girlfriends. But now all that seemed to occupy his time were his '78 Rabbit and his Buzzcocks records. Richie, on the other hand, had reached the stage in his life in which girls were the most thought-about subjects. They were forever prancing and puckering in his head. He felt generally weird. I hope I'm not like Scott when I get older. Seems his enthusiasm has run out, Richie thought.

"What are you watching?" Richie inquired, glancing at the bright rays emanating from the set.

"Joe Franklin."

"Yeah. Who's he got on with him?"

"Some singer from a Long Island supper club, and some guy who wrote a pamphlet on the dangers of breakfast cereals or something," Scott said, not diverting his eyes one bit from the screen. "Hey, check this out."

Richie watched with befuddlement as the screen became filled with a close-up of the hefty, mustachioed singer's face. The singer smiled and tried not looking into the camera as one of his recordings was being played over the soundtrack. Obviously uncomfortable with this arrangement, he scratched his head and picked at his ear, just to keep busy while the song played out its three-and-half minutes. When the record stopped, the camera shifted back to Franklin at his desk. The host asked the fidgety performer what he thought of his fellow guest's contribution to nutritional literature. "Terrific, I can't wait to read it" was the portly singer's reply.

"Sure you can't," Scott hissed at the screen. "Isn't this guy a riot?"

"Yeah," Richie mumbled, failing to comprehend his brother's fascination. "You going to bed soon?"

"Uh huh. Little while. Why?"

"Nothing," Richie said. "What are you doing tomorrow?"

"I don't know." A commercial for Martin Paints appeared on the screen so Scott turned away and saw his brother for the first time that evening. "I'm probably gonna sleep late." A thought struck him. "Oh yeahhh...you got that big date tomorrow. Don'tcha?"

"Yeah," Richie said. He dropped his brother the hint about tomorrow just to let him know that there were still girls out there who were worth going after. Dummy's probably too dense to realize it, Richie concluded.

"Well good luck," Scott added with an exaggerated elbow nudge in the air.

"Yeah," Richie said. He started back to his room.

"Wait, wait... come here a sec."

"Wha?" Richie headed back toward him.

"Put your face under the lamp," Scott ordered. Richie shrugged but complied. "Yeah, I thought so. I see some hair, little brother." Richie was not amused. Scott put his fingers to his brother's face, pressing gently on the skin while counting, "There's one, there's two, three..."

"Cut it out, jerk," Richie said, tired of his brother's teasing. Should've expected it from this bozo. On his way back to his room, Richie stopped off at the kitchen for a glass of orange juice and a handful of Oreos.

Sitting on his bed, scraping (with his bottom front teeth) the last clump of whiteness from a black cookie, Richie thought about the next day's big deal. Suzanne St. Clair. He corrected himself.

8 The beautiful Suzanne St. Clair.

Richie woke up with

Miss December's tits in his face.

The girl Richie had waited weeks for the opportunity to go out with: whom he thought was the hottest property around. So many guys were out for her and Richie realized he had to be patient. And his patience paid off. To him she was lust incarnate.

Richie propped up the pillow against the headboard and whipped out the four-month-old Playboy that had been hidden under his mattress. Sitting back, he pulled his cover over him, and he began thumbing through the pages and pages of soft-focus sex kittens. He slid his right hand beneath his bed sheet and soon fell asleep.

"Richard," Knock, knock. "Richard."

He woke up with Miss December's tits in his face. "Yeah, yeah, yeah. One minute," he said, trying to silence the ungodly disturbance. Still half asleep, he hastily crammed the magazine back into its ersatz library. "Yeah, Come in."

Richie's mother, a thin red-haired woman of forty-five poked her head through the crack of the opened door. "Get up," she demanded lightly. "You told me you wanted me to wake you."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," he grumbled barely audibly. It was time. Two days earlier he had busted his radio alarm clock after violently flinging it against a wall in his room. He had been experiencing a particularly stimulating dream and was furious at the interrup-

tion. "What time's it now?"

"Quarter after 11. You want me to drive you this afternoon?" she asked.

"Nah, nah. No prob. I'm taking 'The Wheels.'"

There was no way he'd allow his mother to drop him off at a date's house. Especially Suzanne's. No way.

At the mention of Richie's alternate scheme for transportation, his mother joined her head to the rest of her body in the hallway and closed the door.

As he heard her footsteps become fainter, Richie shook the rest of the sleep out of himself, launched out of bed and glared close up into the mirror hanging over his dresser. Scott was right. There was a bit of fuzz beginning to sprout on his face. It had to be removed. Suzanne wouldn't want a guy with a hairy face.

He looked down at the top of his oak dresser, at the scattering of articles upon it. Keys. Seventy-six cents in change. A wallet. A black digital watch. And a snapshot. It was a picture of a young woman (18 or 19, Richie figured) lying prone across a frilly bed. Jeez, Richie thought. With her long locks of golden blond hair, smooth red lips and laser blue eyes she resembled a goddess, or a movie star at least. A thin pink negligee was draped over her gracefully curved torso. Her right hand motioned provocatively toward the photographer or the viewer, beckoning him to come join her.

Richie picked up the picture and brought it into the bathroom. He stuck it between the mirror and its metal rim and then stepped into the shower.

After towel-drying his hair and brushing his teeth, Richie removed an unused disposable razor from the medicine chest. He worked a glob of his father's shaving cream into his face and started the procedure he had carefully studied while observing Scott. This was his first shave and he wanted to do it right. He occasionally blew wolf whistles at the snapshot as he stroked his face.

Not half bad, Richie smiled. Just a few nicks. Copying his brother's remedy, Richie tore bits off the roll of toilet paper and dotted his face with them. A little better. While putting the shaving cream can and razor back into the cabinet Richie noticed a small jar of his father's Old Spice. Why not, he figured as he generously splashed the liquid on his face. "Son of a bitch," he hissed. His face was beet red, raw, and burning.

Ah, what shoes to wear? Not the sneakers, this is a class lady. After a few minutes of deliberation, Richie decided upon his Grandma Ida shoes. Yeah, they'll look all right. The black hard leather lace ups were so named because they were the shoes his mother made him wear whenever the family visited relatives. He hated the shoes. They made his feet feel like they were being compressed, but he loved going to Grandma Ida's. She'd always slip him five dollars that he'd use to buy new plastic models. All his father's measly five buck allowance would cover was some pizza and video games.

Richie buttoned up a crisp white shirt and a green cardigan, grabbed his blue Bates Junior High windbreaker from his closet and set off toward the kitchen.

His mother and father were sharing some bagels and reading the papers. "Scott still sleeping?" Richie asked. He had forgotten to stop by his brother's basement bedroom.

"Yeah." His mother shoved a cinnamon raisin bagel in his face. "Don't you want to eat?"

"No. It's O.K. We'll grab something later. 'Sides, I'm not hungry." Actually, his stomach was in knots. "See ya. I'm gone."

"Have a nice time, dear," his mother offered.

"Yeah," his father added, speaking into the *Dispatch's* sports pages.

Richie opened the garage door and rolled out The Wheels, a deep blue Schwinn racer he had inherited from his brother. Scott had given it up upon buying his Volkswagen. After closing the garage door behind him, Richie hopped on and sped away. The bright sun needled at his eyes as the warm wind brushed his face. It was a beautiful spring afternoon and he soon realized he needn't have brought the jacket.

About a mile from Suzanne's house, Richie parked outside a florist on Grove. Once inside his eyes immediately began to tear. He collected three bright red

roses and paid the old, bent over man at the register.

"Have a good time, sonny," the man said, his rubbery, toothless face flapping wildly. "Don't do anything I couldn't do." A knowing wink and a lascivious wiggle of the tongue followed Richie out the glass door.

"Sicko," Richie said to himself as he attacked the cellophane wrapped roses to the metal book carrier above the bike's rear tire.

When he reached Stanton, a block away from Suzanne's, Richie locked The Wheels to a telephone pole. He took the black plastic comb from his rear pocket for some last minute fine-tuning. As he ran it through his straight brown hair, his hand brushed against his cheek. God, almost forgot, he said to himself. He peeled the crusty tissues from his face.

He reached back for the package of roses and found that the petals had flown off. He was angry and anxious and his skin became cold. Heh, heh, he smirked, kidding himself. It's no doubt due to my incredible acceleration. No great loss; all that erotic dynamo needs is me.

Helmsdale Street was pretty quiet for a Saturday—only one suburban father was mowing his lawn. The houses were all so similar, Richie remembered. Two stories, steps up front and a porch out back, not like his parents'

**"Have a good time, sonny,"
the man said, his rubbery,
toothless face flapping wildly.**

ranch. Richie walked nervously up the gravel pathway leading to the third house on the left. Sixteen-seventy. Clearing his throat, he buzzed twice.

The door was opened by a rotund, balding man. More chins than a Polytech yearbook was Scott's joke. The little gray hair he had was disheveled and greasy. His heavy gut poked out from his size-too-small, threadbare white T-shirt. "Yeah?," he said through the screen door. "Say, didn't I pay you yesterday?"

"Excuse me?" The guy's questioning wasn't helping Richie's nerves.

"Didn't I pay you yesterday?"

Richie stood with his eyes bulging and his legs buckling. Silent.

"You *are* the newsboy. Right?"

"Oh no, sir. I'm here to see Suzanne. I'm Richard."

"Oh yeah. Sorry, son. Thought you were that damned newsboy. Never brings the paper before nine. Hold on a second." He shifted his body around and called through the foyer and up the stairs. "Sooze, Richard's here to see you."

"Tell him to come in. I'll be down in a minute." Richie only caught "minute" but figured the rest.

Richie opened the screen door as the man walked deeper into the house. Holding his hands behind his back, Richie tapped softly on the stained wood floor. His head circled the immediate environment. The pretty, yet ordinary flower painting on the wall. The pointed black iron ceiling fixture. The umbrella stand at the foot of the stairs. Soon he heard a creaking at the top of the staircase. She appeared at the first landing and Richie found a lump about the size of a softball forming in his throat. A blush of red filled his already bright pink cheeks. Suzanne was stunning. She was garbed in that same skimpy outfit he had ogled

in the snapshot.

"Richard," she whispered from the last step, "hello." She stepped toward him.

She moved her soft white arm around his shoulders and blew a warm stream of strawberry smelling air against his neck.

"Uh. Hi, Suzanne," he trembled.

She took away her arm and moved a step back. "Oh, my dearest. Would you mind waiting another minute? I'd like to go upstairs and change into something a little more comfortable."

"Uh, sure," Richie gulped. He felt his shirt sticking to his skin as she disappeared up the steps.

Something more comfortable? What could she possibly put on that was more comfortable than that flimsy little nightie? Richie wiped away a saltwater mustache.

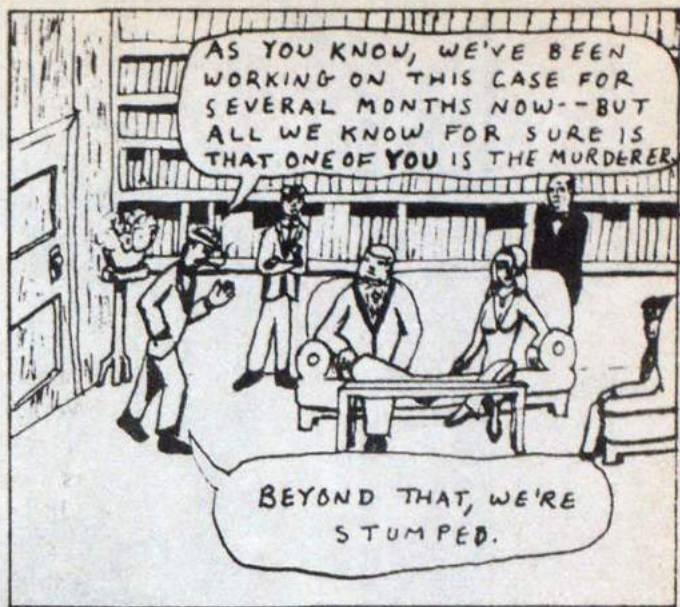
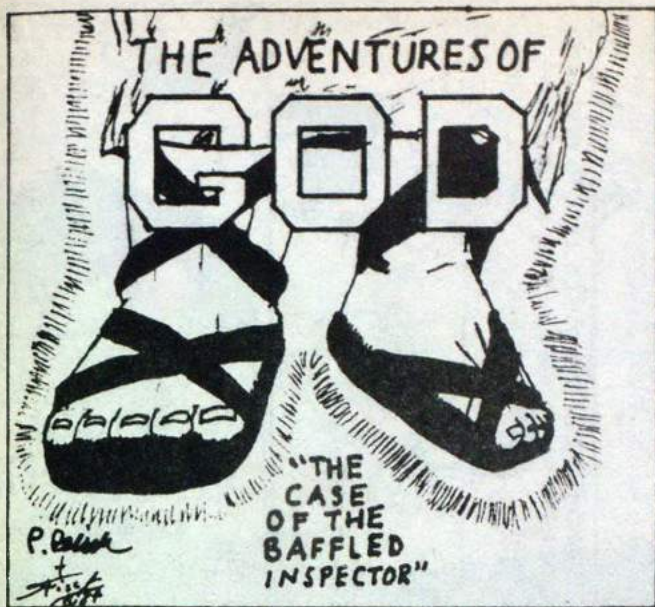
He started tapping again. Two minutes passed and he heard some movement at the top of the stairs. He jerked his head up and saw her descending. She was 14 and her plump face was spotted with freckles. Her blond hair was held snugly in a ponytail. She wore blue jeans, a red blouse and penny loafers.

"Uh, Suzanne."

"Hiya, Richie," she said, crackling her strawberry gum loudly. "What movie you wanna see?" □

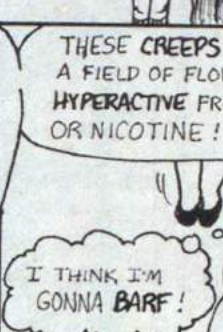
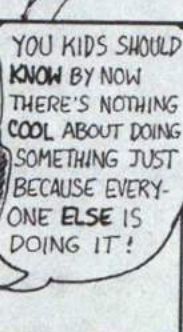
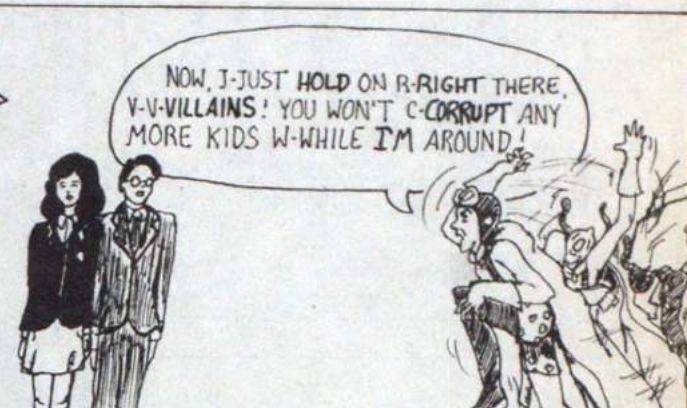


SWEET WILL has a great disposition.

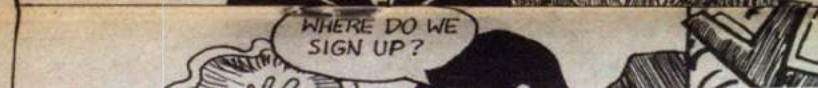




"IF YOU REMEMBER LAST TIME, BAMBI AND CHIP FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE LAND OF NO BACKGROUNDS, WHERE THEY WERE RIDICULED BY THE NASTY CAPTAIN CAFFEINE AND HIS COHORTS, CONNIE CHOLESTEROL AND NIKKI NICOTINE! BUT, JUST AS IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE WORST WAS YET TO COME, A QUIVERING MASS OF SKIN AND BONE RUSHED TO THE PREPIES' AID!"



"SURE, FILLING UP ON CAFFEINE, SUGAR AND NICOTINE MIGHT HELP YOU STAY UP ALL NIGHT AND SPARK YOUR CREATIVITY, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS IN THE END? YOU FALL ASLEEP!"



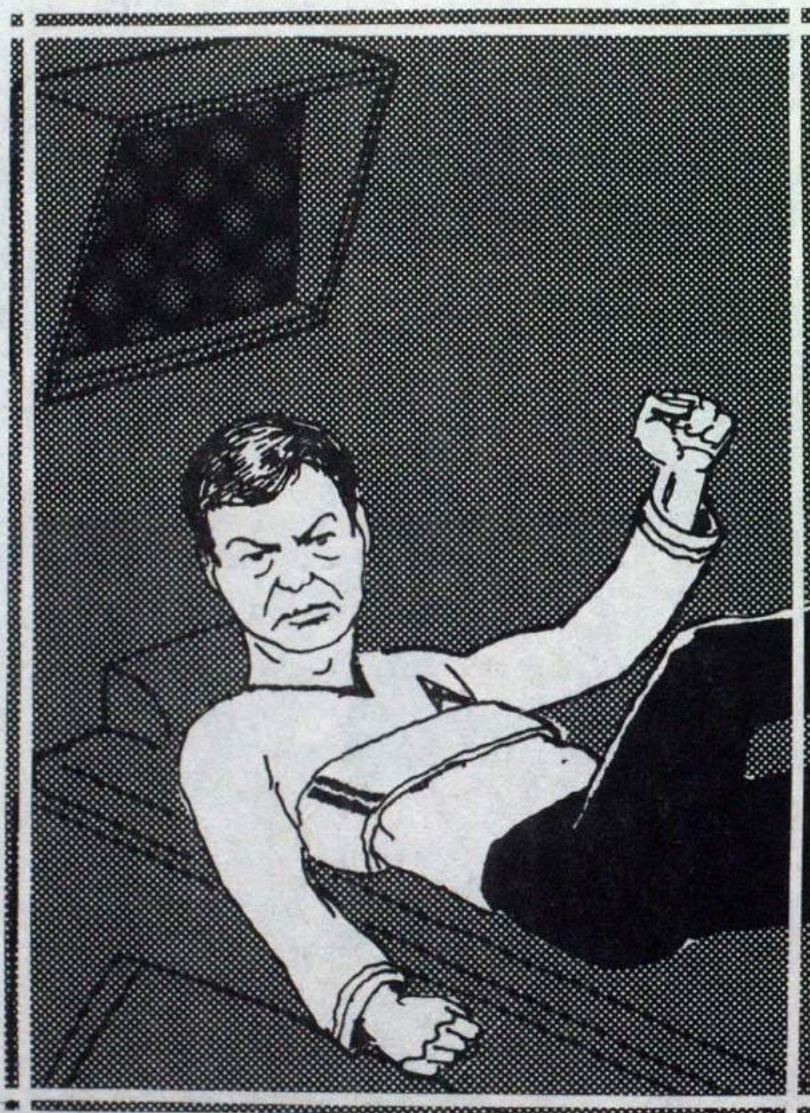


13
STORY: Scott Zwiren + Steve Roman * ART: Steve Roman

STAR TRICK®

Bones was drunk. Lately, Bones was almost always drunk. A dry, crusty laugh crept out his dry, crusty mouth; "Confined to sick bay," he muttered. "I'll show them . . ." Thye had no right to do this to him. He hadn't hurt Uhura, only frightened her a little. He hadn't even meant to, it was just that these five-year missions were tough on a man of his age. Those new bio-engineered trainees couldn't understand him. They were just like computers, this new breed. "They're perfect," he thought. "Flawless, mentally and physically. No weaknesses, perfectly disciplined. No vices, no fears, no faults. Just a sense of purpose." He wasn't like them; he had grown up on Earth, had known the joys of love in his youth, had experienced the pain of giving it up for the Med-Academy and his long, slow rise to the post of Chief Medical Officer of the U.S.S. *Enterprise*. Not like *them*; they had it easy, bred from birth for an assigned post and rank. How could *they* know the pressure a man in his position feels? "The man on top walks a lonely street; the 'chain' of command is often a noose," he reflected. Well, he would show them.

McCoy hated computers, but he knew how to use them. He opened the front panel of the



med-scan and removed the Sherman 251E51 wire; it wasn't crucial to the overhead readout and it was the perfect length for the job. He ran the Sherman wire from the

IHC module to the base of the steel medicine tray. He bypassed the power from the Sherman sequencer into the displaced Sherman 251E51 wire and along



into the metal tray, 500 ZOAs of energy. He got into bed and waited, a crusty smile on his crusty lips.

FFFWWT! The sickbay door slid open and Captain Kirk entered, followed by Dr. Jones-26. The captian smiled and spoke;

"Hello Bones, how are you feeling today?"

"How am I feeling? Jim, there are certain absolutes, and one of

"How am I feeling? Jim, there are certain absolutes, and one of them is the right of humanoids to a free and unchained environment—the right to have conditions which permit growth..."

"... Bones, ..." he interrupted, "You have got to understand that I can't have my officers committing rape in the ship's corridors. Whatever possessed you to do such a thing? Are you crazy, or what?"

"Dammit, Jim, I'm a doctor, not a patient!!! And I also happen

to be a lonely old man in a young man's world. I couldn't stand it. Love can drive a man to such ecstasies, such miseries, broken

**"Dammit Jim,
I'm a doctor,
not a patient!!"**



rules and desperate chances. Glorious failures and glorious victories..." The old man started to blubber. "And then you took my job away! Now I have nothing."

"Bones, My friend. I'm sorry

"We're all sorry for the other guy when he loses his job to a machine," he raged, looking at Dr. Jones-26, "but when it comes to *your* job—that's different! And it always will be different!"

Jim tried to reason with him as the young doctor read the med-scan; "Bones, if I put you back on active duty, will you behave?"

"Jim, when the personality of a human is involved, exact predictions are hazardous...", said Dr. McCoy as the young doctor reached for the sedative drawer in the steel tray. 500 ZOAs coursed through his body when he grabbed the handle. He tipped over backwards and fell to the floor, charred and smoking. Dr. Leonard "Bones" McCoy, Chief Medical Officer of the U.S.S. *Enterprise*, laughed a dry, crusty laugh and smiled at his old friend Captain James T. Kirk; "He's dead, Jim." □

"Sometimes, when it was very hot, they would hurl themselves from their office windows, clutching their typewriters to their chests..."





JOHN L. BLAIR
PRESIDENT

Hello. I'm John L. Blair, 34th president of the United States, here to tell you a tale of

LOVE AND BROKEN DREAMS



It began when Timmy was a youngster, growing up somewhere in the American heartland. His was a happy life, and he enjoyed tying flowers together with string and taking bondage photos of them.



But as he grew older, Timmy became dissatisfied. He dreamed of moving to the BIG CITY, where he could have his own desk and learn interesting facts about blood.

about no days and is replaced by a new
10. Blood is divided into 8 major groups based on different combinations of its biochemical compounds. Each person belongs to one of the following groups:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| O-positive (39% of the population) | B-positive (4%) |
| O-negative (6%) | B-negative (1%) |
| A-positive (35%) | AB-positive (3%) |
| A-negative (5%) | AB-negative (1%) |

11. Blood is needed somewhere in the Un



And so he left his three sisters and his dog, Spot, who lived in the microwave oven, and went to the BIG CITY.

THE CITY





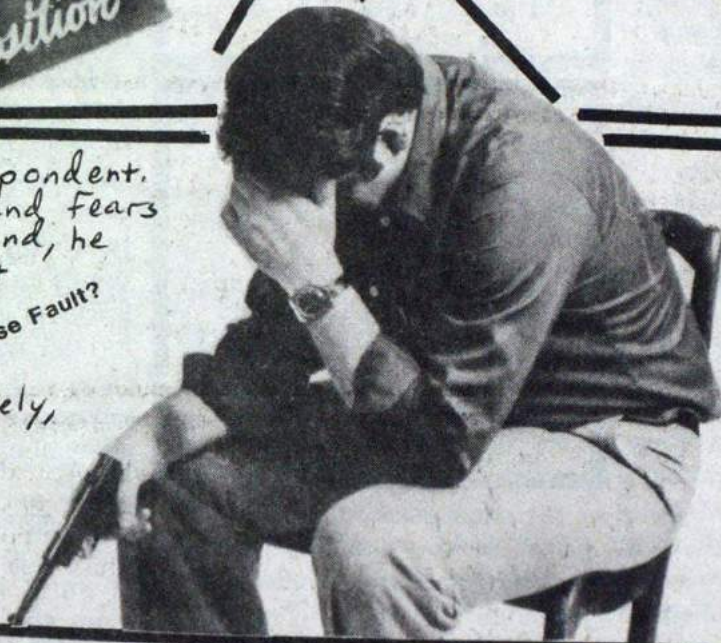
But the BIG CITY was not what he had expected. It was an evil place where old people carried guns.



He grew despondent. As doubts and fears filled his mind, he tried to shoot himself.

Whose Fault?

But fortunately, he'd pointed the gun at the floor.



Where Was God?

They Are Sick

Sorry, no mail or

phone orders



He soon met and fell in love with the duchien triplets, a family of acrobatic podiatrists from France. The four of them married, proving once again that love conquers all.



JOHN L. BLAIR
PRESIDENT



I can comment fairly on the character of Lobo. But from what I saw, there seem to be some serious character flaws.

Lobo has the innocence of Andy Taylor, yet there seems to be some seething darkness in his character that is more on the line of Boss Hogg. He seems concerned about the citizens in his town, yet he involves himself with the more corrupt elements of society. The viewer witnesses a tremendous struggle, as Lobo fluctuates between what he knows is right and what he tries to convince himself is right.

The result is a very sad character, one who is at odds with himself. And—this is an important “and”—Lobo knows that he needs help. But where is he to turn? B.J. certainly has other things on his mind. And the evil forces of society make him comfortable with money and favors. I believe that he needs to learn to follow his own instinct, and not allow himself to be persuaded by others.

He also needs to lose weight.

I was asked to write two pages of copy, and I should be able to wrap that up quickly with one more brief description.

Hence, let us discuss the advantages of an electric lawnmower over the manual type. Few people still use the manual type, which requires a greater effort to push and which doesn't always cut as close as one would like. The electric, however, is usually a lightweight model that cuts a nice, close lawn. The disadvantage of the electric, of course, is the potential hazard of a live electric wire placed dangerously close to a spinning metal blade.

Next time, we'll explore the gas-powered mower. □

David's Favorite Things

COLOR—Depends on mood

DRINK—7-Up

DESSERT—Strawberry Shortcake

SONG—“The Thrill Is Gone”

MISCELLANEOUS—Mountains, good films, food

Shirley's Favorite Things:

COLOR—Green

DRINK—Champagne

FOOD—Spaghetti and Meat Balls

DESSERT—Chocolae Mousse

SONG—“Beyond The Sea”

MISCELLANEOUS—

Unusual candies, fluffy pillows, antique jewelry, singing, snow

It was just the type of day that everyone needs so often: just the right blend of sun and wind to make the backyard a carefree Valhalla. Settled in a lounge chair, I was jolted out of the tranquility by the telephone.

I ran inside and grabbed the receiver off the hook, blinking my eyes in a desperate attempt to alter the sun-inspired greenness.

It was Walsh. Seems he was rambling about a new Plague. He's always trying to get people to submit shit. Nobody ever wants to do it, because writing for a college humor magazine is the equivalent of saying, “my time is virtually worthless and I can't think of anything better to do than spend my time writing sophomoric stuff that few people will even read.”

But this time it was different. He was talking money this year, promising to dish out that stuff that makes us happy. I agreed to write under such conditions, and the length of this introduction attests to my approval of a pay-by-volume writing assignment.

Now, about the Partridge Family. I was listening recently to the *Partridge Family Sound Magazine* album. As one likes to do with albums, I reviewed the jacket as I listened to David Cassidy sing “Brown Eyes.” I would like to share with you some of the revelations on the jacket:

My concern now is whether or not these likes applied to David Cassidy and Shirley Jones, Keith Partridge and Shirley Partridge, or any other combination thereof. As it is written on the jacket, it remains ambiguous. So, I have tried to recall as many of the episodes of the *Partridge Family* as I can remember, hoping to identify any references to these particular favorite things. Unfortunately, I cannot recall any.

In an unrelated television reference, I would like to comment on the episode of “B.J. & The Bear” that I viewed this morning. Sheriff Lobo appeared on this particular episode, and it was the first time that I had ever seen the character. I had to go out after twenty minutes, so I am not sure if

by **Noodles Taylor**

MAKE ME RICH



by JM Chaneski

Make me rich.

Go ahead. Read it again.

I wrote it. I meant it. I still mean it.

What is it all about? I'll tell you. You see, it's very simple and it's very exciting for *everyone* involved. You make me rich and famous (for the two are, in this instance, inextricably linked) and I will give you something you want. Something you need. You want a celebrity. And you want *more* than a celebrity; you want a hero.

I'll tell you where this all started. I was watching television one day and I saw a commercial for the New York Lottery, specifically, for Lotto. In it two former millions-and-more winners tell you that you can become like them by playing Lotto and also show how "real" they are; how just like you and me they are, by buying hot dogs from a street vendor. By now the closing line is well-known: "And don't be stingy with the mustard!"

And don't be stingy with the mustard.

I almost puked.

The scene is so obviously written-and-performed that no one, no matter how media-blind, could enjoy it. But, it started me thinking. What do these new millionaires do with their wealth?

Save it. Pay their bills. Go on cruises. Buy a nice house.

Let them go to hell. I want to see someone go bloody crazy. I want to see someone buy France and throw everyone out. I want to see someone buy the entire first three rows at the Oscars and just sit there by himself, with a bucket o' popcorn and a tall Hire's root beer. I want to see someone buy an entire Major League baseball team and staff it entirely with guys named Al.

Who's on first?

Al.

Who's on second? Al. Short-stop? Al. Who's up next? Al. After him? That's right.

I want to see someone totally graft himself onto the celebrity circuit and then do things we all wish we could do it we had the chance and the nerve. I know you want these things, too. And I know just the guy to do 'em.

Yep. Me. I got the nerve. All I need is the cash. With the cash comes the fame; with the fame comes the opportunity.

The opportunity to ask Brooke Shields out on a date and then let her see what it's like to be stood up. Or I'll tell her I'm sterile and then knock her up. Cover-ups? I'm workin' on a goddam *diet* right now. How's this: John C.'s Fabulous Four-week Bosco and Redi-whip Diet. Or: J.C. Says, "Sulfuric Acid did Wonders for my Sore Throat!" Just kidding. But quite seriously: I'm no "Team-Player". If Burt makes a pass at me, *you'll hear about it*. If Robert Blake grabs my ass, I'll *talk*. If I accidentally walk in on Joan Collins and Nancy Walker while they're sucking face, I'll call a press conference *in less than an hour!!* Just don't tell them, okay? I'm *your* spy. I'm one of you.

But, that's not all you'll get. 'Cause, you see, I'm cool. I'll let you live through my leisure time! Jet-ski, snow-ski. I'll ski, skate, climb and fucking *dance* on every

goddam surface known to man! I'll *find* the goddam Yeti. I'll *drain* fuckin' Loch Ness! Adventure? Shit, I'll be Indiana Jones and Jacques Cousteau!

Philanthropy? Fuck, I'll be goddam *Bruce Wayne*. Band-Aid? Fuck that. How about this?: *McAid*.

I will *personally* airlift and deliver a Quarter-Pounder with Cheese, small Coke and large Fries to every single man, woman and child in Ethiopia. Don't believe it? Try me.

Cancer research, MD, MG, Diabetes, hangnail, athletes foot, the common cold, . . . I'll give to everything. I'll help with the research on the weekends. Give huge bowling trophies to the guys who come up with answers to these damn ailments.

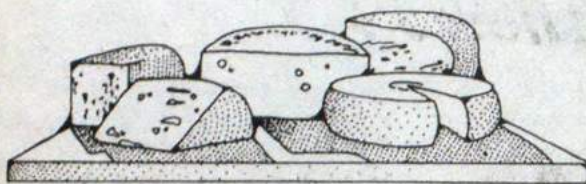
Oh, and don't think I've forgotten you guys. Every once in a while I might find I have an extra ticket to the World Series, Super Bowl, Miss Nude Universe Contest, . . . Whoa! Looks like Susan Sarandon won't go to the movies with me tomorrow night 'cause her friend, *Seka* needs a date! Well, . . . hmm, let me see, . . . I'm sure I could find a nice, gentlemanly-type fellow from amongst my fans. No?

Send all non-deductible (but, hey, who *really* uses the Long Form anyway?) contributions to:

THE PLAGUE
21 Washington Place
NYC 10003

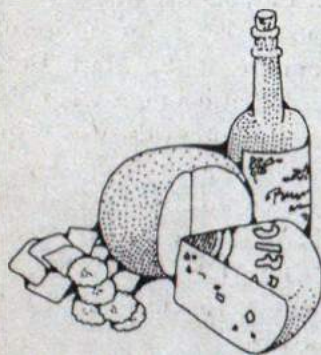
BANTAM 6' HIGH 28" WIDE 3' DEEP £45		GARDENER 6'3" HIGH 4'6" WIDE 4'6" DEEP £79	
<small>ALL PRICES ARE INCLUSIVE OF VAT & DELIVERY</small>			
NHM Ltd. Griston Road, Watton, Norfolk			
<small>I enclose £_____ or my Access/ Visa</small>			
<small>is: _____</small>			
<small>NAME _____</small>			
<small>ADDRESS _____</small>			

Dining Out With Stan Evil



The tables are too small, the background music's too loud, the wine sucks, and the doggy bags leak. Yet here we see the cream of the Albany Social Register in seeming epicurean bliss, sucking down Rice-a-Roni and swilling Ripple while the cash register swells. What gives?

"Dis is a historic place. Real



historic," says the owner, Johnny "Dat Ain't On Da Friggin' Menu" Ticonderoga, second son of that famous trencherman, "Back Door" Lu Pone Ticonderoga. Indeed, the entire restaurant reeks of history, from the naughty Italian frescoes above the ladies' room door to the McDonaldland wine glasses on the table. But is this all the establishment has to offer the educated gourmand? "Hell, no!" spits Johnny through a mouthful of chicken salad, "Da food's da cat's pajamas!"

The diner is seated and forced to chain-smoke a complimentary pack of Pall Malls as the appetizer is served. It is Johnny's renowned Abdomen of a Small Animal Au Jus, a delightful little trifle with which to begin the dining experience. Next comes a personal favorite, Crazy Drunk Chicken. A

steaming covered dish is placed on the diner's right hand ("So's not ta burn da tablecloth," winks Johnny) and opened to reveal sauteed chunks of chicken breast in a boozy broth, slightly redolent of what one might find oneself lying in the morning after a night at the Pyramid Club. On the side is that old house staple, Rice-a-Roni. "Ya can't eat widout da San Francisco Treat!" belches our host.

The culinary odyssey draws to a close with the Flaming Baked Alaskan Surprise. It is neither flaming nor baked, but the Eskimo brought to our table does seem a little dazed.

So grab your best gal, grab the kids and the missus, or grab yourself that special way, but get on down to Johnny Ticonderoga's Adventure Restaurant. You won't be disappointed! ☐

Apex Art School

Can you draw Tippy the Neo-Surrealist diagram?

Then you may have what it takes to be a great cartoonist.

INTERESTED???

20 Then take this simple test:

Question #1

A surefire concept for a funny daily comic strip might have as its central characters:

- A. Small children
- B. Transvestite nuns
- C. Politically aware college students
- D. Common household objects

Question #2

Gary Trudeau, creator of Doonesbury, is busy:

- A. Keeping up with the current trends so he can successfully parody them
- B. Annoying the President, his cabinet, and Jerry Falwell
- C. Schtupping Jane Pauley



Theatre and Show Biz

by John A. Walsh
(one who knows)

Well, it looks as if raving dick-breath CHRISTOPHER DURANG is hard-up for rent money: MCA-TV insiders blabbed that the playwright will be scripting an hour-long animated feature, *The Marriage of Betty Boop* . . .

Bug-eyed limey ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER is licking the ol' crowquill to begin his autobiographical *magnum opus*. *Twilight Regress* details the declining years of a once-great Muzak magnate whose advanced decrepitude causes Multiple Personality Syndrome. The various personas square off in a musical Battle Royal to determine who'll inhabit the composer's wasted body at that year's Tony Awards . . .

Speaking of washed-up schmeck-eggies who find a formula and beat



JA WALSH

it to death, CHARLES STROUSE is opening at the Village Gate with week with *Meir*, a fictionalized musical biography of Israel's pug-ugliest Prime Minister. BELLA ABZUG will make her stage debut in the title role, opposite veteran romantic lead SAMMY DAVIS, Jr. as Moshe Dayan . . .

See what happens to a composer, a lyricist, and a whole bunch of edgy investors when their highly touted Broadway musical falls on its puss. Join their suicide-pact hanging party in *The Noose*, slated for a Spring '86 premiere at the Mark Hellinger . . . What happens when the star of "My Mother the Car" winds up at a used-auto dealership, to be discovered by her consumer-advocate niece? You get WALLACE SHAWN's "Aunt Dan's a Lemon," at the Public Theatre. ☐

Question #3

When presenting your work to a newspaper editor, you should say:

- A. "Well, sir, what do you think?"
- B. "Lissen bucko, at least it's not another fuckin' cat strip!"
- C. "Hey, it beats *Nancy* don't it?"

Question #4

Charles M. Schulz has:

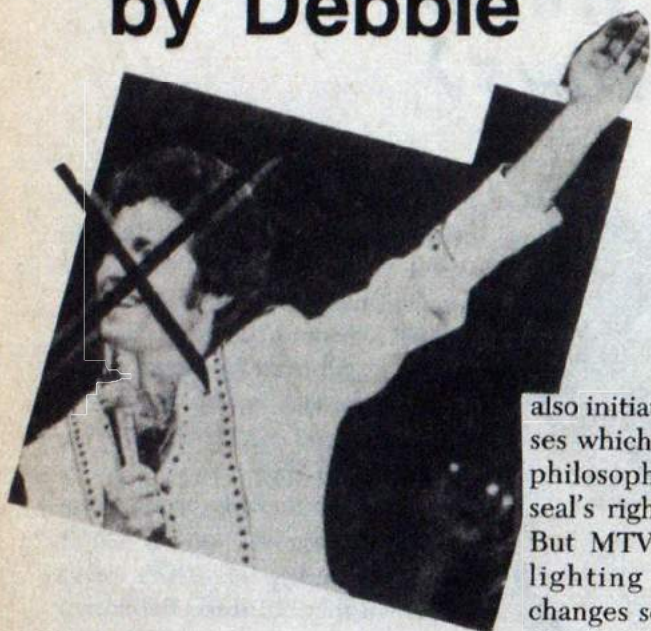
- A. Created some of the longest running strips of all time
- B. Reaped untold fortunes from the licensing of his characters to Hallmark cards, Metropolitan Life, lunch boxes and other school supplies, and anyone else with enough cash
- C. Gone senile and is having *Peanuts* written and drawn by little elves

STILL INTERESTED???

GREAT! Just send your non-refundable application fee to:

APEX ART SCHOOL
c/o L. Ron Hubbard
16 Mind Control Blvd.
San Bernardino, CA 90017

THE FORMATION OF THE MTV STATE by Debbie



The Russians were winning. Their ruthless tactics of propaganda were too overpowering, even for the superstar charisma of Ronnie . . . Ronnie from Hollywood. He had attempted in every way possible to obliterate this growing Soviet sympathy and nuclear arms resistance—black-listing Jane Fonda and rebroadcasting old John Wayne movies, reinstilling that old American value of “blow ‘em up, rip ‘em up, rah, rah, rah!” But these kids today, they just weren’t listening. They were too busy dressing up in rock star leathers, whipping their girlfriends and inventing extra-terrestrial wars. [right ideas/wrong enemies] But there they were, with all their misdirected aggression . . . unreachable liberals veged out in front of their MTV.

Their MTV!!! Had there ever in history been a more mind debilitating force than music video? Drugs and alcohol, although they often sustain major brain damage,

also initiate certain artistic impulses which lead to such Bohemian philosophies as individual and seal’s rights, peace and free sex. But MTV, in all its complicated lighting displays and scene changes somehow conformed the masses into a single groupie, awaiting each pelvic thrust as if it were a new Van Gogh, the coming of Halley’s comet or a juicy Big Mac. But could he still do it? Was he hip enough? Did he still have the moves? Of course, he was Ronnie . . . Ronnie comes from Hollywood.

He knew it was the look that mattered and although those pale sagging cheeks were no stranger to make-up, that formaldehyde shine was not the vision the teenage trendies idolized in their dreams. He needed the fit, the doo—a blend of Billy Idol’s flash and trash and Bruce Springsteen’s down home, subtle, but still obtrusive patriotism.

And so the project began. Madonna’s own was enlisted. The transformation—spiked blonde hair to lift the heavy flesh and Bruce’s T-shirt, tight jeans and red bandanna in the back pocket—cool, but also covering up what was left after the infamous cancerous pimple. So looking like your average aging village denizen he set off to conquer the world.

The band? A problem, Tip and the guys’ only musical inclinations were those forced upon them at age eight by overbearing mothers, wishing for violin wimps. Where could ultra conservative guitarists and drummers be found? Nazi punks. The *Facist Four*, a tattooed, emaciated, skinhead band from Atlanta, Georgia, volunteered for the job. They were overjoyed at the prospect of degrading women on film—even though it was now quite a difficult task, considering they had just transformed their once linear postures into swastikas [something close enough] through sadistic rituals.

But it was the look. *Our Savior and the Swastikas* were now ready to film their first video.

The set was ready—women clad in leather carrying sickles, their weapons rendered useless against American Saturday Night Specials, lights flashing reflecting their catsup tainted blood various hues of purple, and from this splendid carnage He came and burst into song—

Shiite, Shiite
you not be right
kidnapping an American
not while I’m the man . . .

Lenin, Lenin, ain’t fit to
wear no denim,
brainwashing your
babushka—
that any way to treat your
ma?

Get hip! Get now!
Trade in your sickle for a
plow!

His shrilling voice, although inaudible on a conscious level, was a major subliminal force in seducing the adolescent crowd. But what really overwhelmed his viewers were those pounding images—a swastika that could play guitar? The masses of teenyboppers were repulsed in such a way



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GREG
MORRIS
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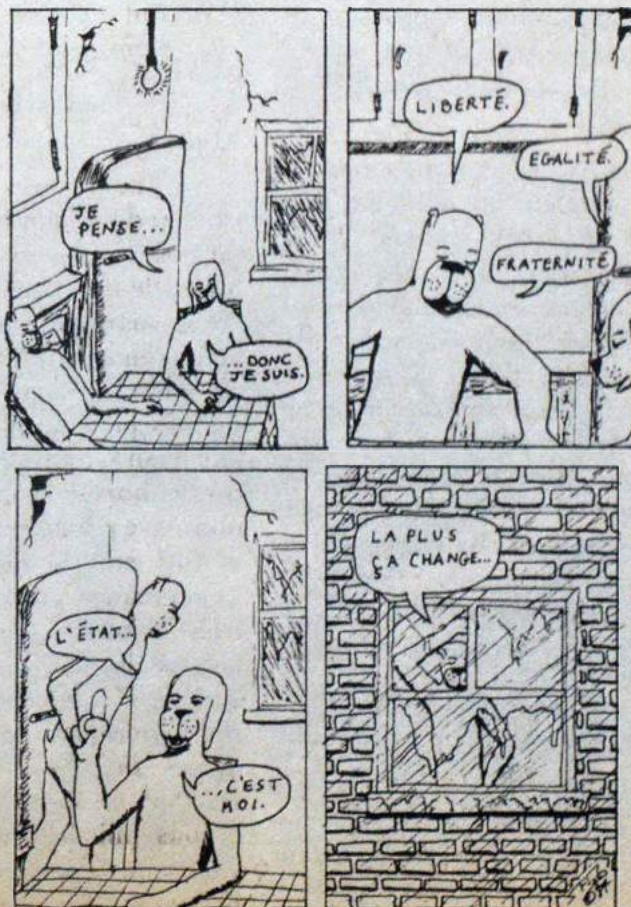
that they couldn't take their eyes off the red-spotted transmission [not that they would anyway] and the video soon hit number one.

Reagan was ecstatic. He now had all of America in his grasp and bra slinging groupies, no less!! The world's first videocracy was now instated and it was time for its first press conference—a sold-out gig at Madison Square Garden.

One could not even guess how many millions of cows gave their lives for this one event. Ronnie was pumped, this was the first time he would gaze upon his millions of disciples in the flesh and shake from their foot stomping fever. It was his life-long dream being realized. The Swastikas began to jam and he triumphantly trotted out on stage. He felt the painful roar of the crowd and scanned his followers . . .

Sadly, he slumped to the ground, when he saw the mangled postures of his fans; his citizens. After all, they knew it wasn't the message, but the look that mattered.

TWO DOGS SITTING IN A KITCHEN
 TALKING FRENCH FUNNIES



MR. FRIEND'S HAVE -A- DATE COLUMN



Are you looking for the perfect mate? Well, look no more! Mr. Friend, a noted authority in match-making, will help you find that special someone. If a person below interests you, simply write down the accompanying code number and mail it to Mr. Friend. If you would like to include your personal bio in this column, send the appropriate information, along with \$15 per line, to Mr. Friend.

The mailing address for Mr. Friend is : **Kowalski Publications, 21 Washington Place, NYC, 10003.**

MWM, 37, seeks slender petite SF 18-20 for discreet pleasures of the sort my wife doesn't understand. Bx 747, Mudvilles Station NY 00000

I ain't nothin' but a hound dog lookin' fer a bitch. Bx 617

IRT seeks fearless individual to ride me until the last stop. Bx 280

MATERIAL GIRL—SF, 24, seeks financially filthy rich man for support of extravagant life style. Send phone # and most recent bank statement. Bx 303

MX1 seeks senile old man to help with the world's biggest blow job. Bx 333

NEW IN TOWN—Financially secure, fun-loving Rhesus monkey seeks SF for movies, dinner, theater, quiet walks in the park, romance and possible marriage. Send phone & photo. Bx 209

MIC seeks KEY for MOUSE. Bx 54, Buena Vista, CA

MWF, 32, seeks virile CQ man 18-25 for sensual fun times Bx 747 Mudvilles Station NY 00000

I believe that a sincere relationship is based on caring, mutual trust, sharing, several successful throws of the I-Ching, and a sense of essence belonging in each other's karmic oneness. If you are a SWM, 30-35, 5'10" or taller, blond hair, brown eyes, non-smoker, have an endearing facial mole, if you like LSD, old Woody Allen movies, tofu, *National Geographic*, no-frills beer, Australian football, ancient Sumerian pottery, *Courageous Cat*, and Keith Haring, and I haven't bored the living shit out of you by now, please send phone #, photo, complete and certified genealogy, most recent SAT scores, and two references in writing from persons not related to you to Bx 010.

BMW, '84, looking for someone to drive me to Paradise Garage Bx 809

SF, 16, seeks discreet Humbert Humbert. Bald heads OK Bx 666

LOOKING FOR THE PERFECT FEET—Avowed fetishist seeks beautiful female feet. Rest unimportant. Please no hammer toes, neon socks. Box 209

BIG BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WANTED—Sexy senior stud seeks Reuben-esque babe for marriage. Box 976

MTV seeks vacant eyed young people for S&M fantasies. Churls just wanna have fun!! Box 007

SM, intelligent, successful Mel Gibson look-alike seeks to tell all SF's that it's no hope, where I am this time you'll never find me. Ha ha ha ha



Kathy, our Art Director, went to Italy this summer. We thought you'd like to see some of the stupid postcards they publish over there. And if you wouldn't, well hey. We've got a page to fill here, and these were the only things lying around that didn't have a US copyright. So turn the page if you're not interested. You stupid ass.



