

PLAGUE



Plague predictions for 1989

§ **Reverend Al Sharpton** will be gang-raped by six Swedish women in trench coats sporting police-style badges. He will be found in a burlap sack with the words "Kiss Me, I'm Polish" smeared on his abdomen with rabbit feces.

§ **Michael Jackson** will get breast implants and join the **Pointer Sisters**.

§ **Morton Downey, Jr.** will defect to the Soviet Union and become a gay rights activist.

§ The **Beastie Boys** will put out a gospel album.

§ **Elvis** will be discovered living in the Himalayas with the Abominable Snowman's teenage daughter.

§ **Tom Carvel** will be arrested for illegally disposing of medical waste in his eight-ounce cups of Thinny Thin. **Cookie Puss** will jump bail and escape to Mexico, killing twenty National Guardsmen along the way.

§ **Ed Koch** will lose the mayoral election and join a community of gay glass spinners in the Rumanian countryside.

§ Aliens will land in Nevada and return to their galaxy with thirty Lucky Charms wristwatches and hundreds of pictures of **Don King's** hair.

§ **Keith Richards** will put out an aerobics album.

§ A Manhattan observatory will discover a tenth planet in our solar system. It will be named "TRUMP."

§ **Mike Dukakis'** eyebrows will get loose in the Boston State House and terrorize a secretary by the water cooler for three hours.

§ Uncertainty will be removed from cooking when mathematicians define a "smidgen" to be exactly .000132 cubic centimeters of a given substance.

§ **Emperor Hirohito** will receive his 388th blood transfusion.

§ **Sukhreet Gabel** will marry **Willie Horton**.

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?*

King-For-An-Issue:
Richard Bedard

Favored Princes:
Rob Marzulli
Howie Bernstein

Knights with Bum Knees:
Jon Perry
Jason Roth
Imran Rafique
Judah Friedlander

Toadstool Attendants:
Michael Yetter
Geoff Buesing

Those Who Dared to Draw
the Queen Sans Clothing:
Gus Plakas
Bruce Matthews

Royal Paparazzo:
Rich Pinto

THE PLAGUE
MAILBOX 189
21 WASHINGTON PLACE
NY, NY 10003

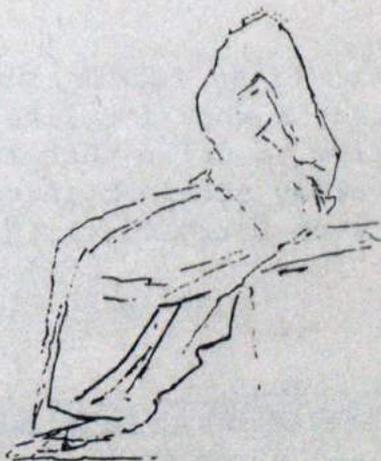
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V. 13 No. 1

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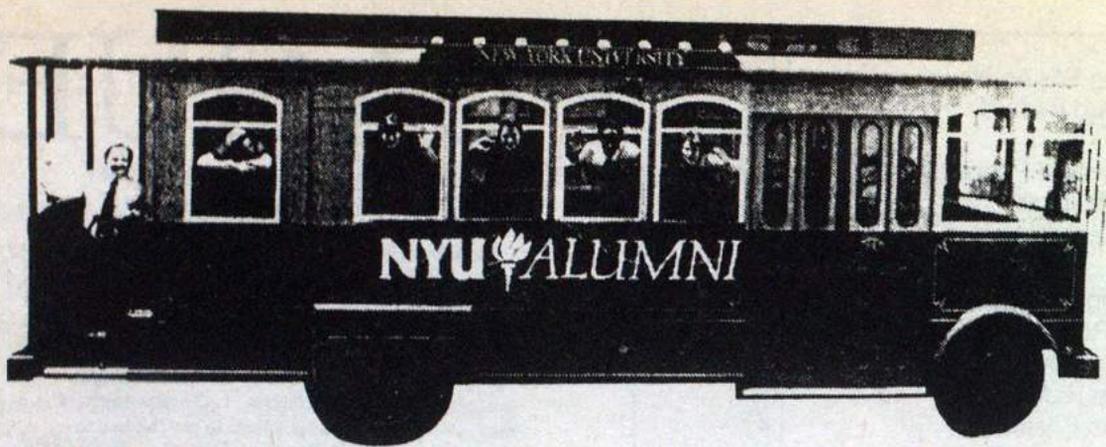
<u>WANTED: NYU Trolley Driver</u>	(2)
<u>Interview: Santa Bares All</u>	(4)
<u>The PLAGUE X-mas Toy List</u>	(14)
<u>A Peek Inside the Sports Express</u>	(18)
<u>The Mimetic Review</u>	(20)
<u>Deepe Throyte</u>	(22)



7. Jacques-Louis David:
Marie-Antoinette on the way to the Guillotine, 1793
Pen-drawing



8. Jacques-Louis David:
Marie-Antoinette on the way back from the Guillotine, 1793
Pen-drawing



Drive the trolley. Part-time, evening, and weekend. Class 2 license and good driving record required. Call the Information Center at 998-4640.

Dear Sirs,

Mmm, yeh. Mmmmm, the trolley. Dozens of snotty rich kids. In my trolley. While I drive. AND THEY THINK WE'RE GOING TO THE DORMS BUT I TAKE 'EM TO MY BASEMENT WHERE I HANG 'EM ON MEATHOOKS AND HACK OFF THEIR HANDS AND FEET. Mmmmm, yeh. Mmmmm.

Grinning Ed

Dear Grinning,

Congratulations, Grinning! We are pleased to announce that you have been hired to drive the trolley for NYU. Your shift will be Thursday from 2 p.m. until 8 a.m.. Please pick up the key at our security office on Washington Place half an hour before your shift begins.

Dear Sirs,

How much of my fucking tuition went to pay for that silly purple trolley, that's what I'd like to know. You fatheads wanna tell me? Yeh, I'd like to drive that fucking trolley. I'd like to drive that fucking trolley straight into Main Building, full of screaming trustees, with Larry Tisch in the front seat.

Madeleine

Dear Madeleine,

Congratulations, Madeleine! We are pleased to announce that you have been hired to drive the trolley for NYU. Your shift will be Wednesday from 3 p.m. until 9 p.m.. Please pick up the key at our security office at on Washington Place half an hour before your

shift begins.

Dear Sirs,

Dear me, I'd love to drive that pretty trolley. I've got a Class 2 license—heh, heh, here it is—and I'd like to request a shift during the day. It's easier on my eyes.

Mr. Magoo

Dear Magoo,

Congratulations, Magoo! We are pleased to announce that you have been hired to drive the trolley for NYU. Your shift will be Tuesday from 1 a.m. until 7 a.m.. Please pick up the key at our security office on Washington Place half an hour before your shift begins.

Dear Sirs,

I saw your ad and I'd like to put in my application. I'm a seafaring man, the ocean's in my blood, and I think I'm your man to drive that trawler.

Yours,

Captain Ed Hook

Dear Hook,

Congratulations, Hook! We are pleased to announce that you have been hired to drive the trolley for NYU. Your shift will be Saturday from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m.. Please pick up the key at our security office on Washington Place half an hour before your shift begins.

Dear NYU,

My name is Billy. I saw yore add for a guy to drive the trolly. I would like the job. I am eight years old. I have been driving a bike for nine years. I am pretty good. (Ask Mom.)

Sinsearly,

Billy

Dear Billy,

Congratulations, Billy! We are pleased to announce that you have been hired to drive the trolley for NYU. Your shift will be Sunday from 8 p.m. until 2 a.m.. Please pick up the key at our security office on Washington Place half an hour before your shift begins.

PLAGUE EXCLUSIVE:

Interview with SANTA CLAUS



Plague: Thank you for being with us, Santa. I know this time of the year is very busy. I understand you have some very important news you want people to know.

Santa: That's right. I'm quitting. This is my last Christmas.

Plague: What?

Santa: Job's open, December 26th. Send in your resume.

Plague: Are you serious, Santa?

Santa: Look, read my lips. Santa—Claus—is—quitting.

Plague: Millions of Americans will want to know why.

Santa: Oh, there are lots of things. You know, this is a thankless job. People have no idea.

Plague: How so?

Santa: I mean, you've got millions of kids—literally millions of kids saying "Gimme this, Santa" and "Gimme that, Santa." Gimme, gimme, gimme. So me and the elves, we're working flat out for a month and a half, pounding all this shit together—tops, games,

teddy bears, Rambo dolls, Atari microchips—and the day after Christmas, you wouldn't believe it. It's like these little kids have never heard of you. "Santa who?" No, you think that's funny, but I'm serious. Total amnesia. "Oh, Santa brought me this stuff? I thought it just kind of spontaneously assembled around the Christmas tree."

Plague: But the kids, they write to you. . .

Santa: Before Christmas. Before Christmas, when they gotta make sure I know what they want. Like, "hey Santa, get me this and get me that." You think anyone writes right after Christmas? December 26th, how many American kids do you think sit down with a pen and paper and write Santa a fucking letter? A little note saying, "Gee, thanks, Santa, you did great. Have a good year." Not a single fucking one.

Plague: You sound bitter.

Santa: Damn right, I'm bitter. And you know something? The parents aren't any more

grateful.

Plague: What do you mean?

Santa: They don't appreciate me any more. They really don't. Like last year, out in western Connecticut, I've got a sack full of fucking toys, a migraine that won't quit, and I'm huffing and puffing and squeezing down the chimney when I hear this woman down by the fireplace calling up, "Santa, don't forget to wipe your boots." Here I am, a fucking 245-pound man lodged in a chimney, soot all over my face, and this woman thinks I'm going to slide back up to the roof so I can wipe my boots. So anyway, I get down to the living room, and she's watching me lay the presents around the base of the tree with this anxious look, like I don't know how to do this, like I don't do it sixty million fucking times on Christmas Eve. And I accidentally burped because I always stop off at this all-night New Jersey diner and get the scrambled eggs and sausage. That sausage shit's full of nitrates, you know. So I burped

and this lady goes, in this shocked little voice, "Santa! I hope you don't do that around the kids." Right, lady. Give me a break. Like Santa don't eat food and have a little gas sometimes. When you take this job, they don't tell you, "Oh, by the way, Santa, you have to be perfect." I tell you, it gets to you.

Plague: Santa, didn't you say the woman was awake when you arrived? Isn't everybody supposed to be asleep?

Santa: Nah, that's just part of the myth.

Chrissakes, if you only knew. The parents, they sit up and drink the eggnog that the kids put out for me and talk about what a grand old Christmas Eve they're having. That's a real piss, them guzzling my nog. I get there, they say, "Santa, we forgot to put out the eggnog this Christmas." Bullshit. I see the empty glass and the note for Santa. I know damn well they sat around and drank my nog.

So I tell her I want to debunk all the crappy Santa myths, about how Santa's some superhuman and always laughing

Plague: Now you were saying before that people leave fires going.

Santa: Oh, Christ. Ain't that a pisser. It's just a little common sense thing. You got a guy coming down your

chimney, you put out your fire a couple of hours in advance. Right? Is Santa right or what? But some of these places, it's like these people wanna make



Santa burgers. I'm talking smoke, blazing fire. So I singe my ass, then crawl back out of the chimney and slip around to the side of the house and jimmy open a window. That's not good for the image, it slows me down, I'm sick of it.

Plague: Now Santa. Is this sufficient reason to abandon a job that brings joy to millions of American kids?

Santa: Aw, don't pull that guilt stuff. Don't fuck with Santa's head. I thought a long time about this. I decided I had had enough after the interview with *Jack and Jill*.

Plague: You did an interview for a children's magazine?

Santa: Yeh, I normally don't do interviews. But this *Jack and Jill* magazine said they thought it would be neat to interview me and I figured, "Hey, what the hell." So I'm sitting in this office in Chicago

with this redheaded woman with glasses and she doesn't know what to expect. So I tell her I want to debunk all the crappy Santa myths, about how Santa's some superhuman and always laughing and his sole aim in life is some bullshit altruistic incessant toy production. This kind of surprised her. I guess she didn't expect Santa to use words like "crappy" or "bullshit". Anyway, I'm in the middle of the floor, on my knees with a walnut cracker, showing her how Santa castrates reindeer. I look at her, and she's all white and hyperventilating. So I'm annoyed and I say, "Whatsa matter, baby? It's just crushing their nuts." And she gets up and leaves. So I say to myself, "Hey, fuckit. You don't need Santa, Santa don't need you."

I told the woman my fucking suit was too hot and needed to be redesigned with Goretex

Plague: Then they didn't print the interview?

Santa: No, no. That's the problem. They printed an interview, but not the one we had. It was full of "ho ho ho, better be good kids, or Santa won't bring you anything." Ho ho ho. Have you heard me say "ho ho ho" once? What adult man says "ho ho ho"? If I walked around saying "ho ho ho," the elves would put me in an asylum.

Plague: So they glossed over what you said?

Santa: Nah, worse. They

didn't use a single word. I told the woman my fucking suit was too hot and needed to be redesigned with Goretex. She didn't use that. I said I had lust in my heart, and I wanted her to include a map of where I live on the North Pole so these kids' mothers could fly out and service Santa's animal needs during the off-season. Didn't use that. They ran all this crap about how happy I was with Mrs. Claus. What Mrs. Claus?

Plague: Your wife, Mrs. Claus.

Santa: There's no Mrs. Claus. I got no wife. Look at me. I'm fat, I'm almost bald under this hat, I got a bright white beard and mustache, I'm cranky, I got high blood pressure. You think any woman's gonna marry me and live in the Arctic twelve months a year? Unh unh.

Santa's been going solo all these years. Besides, supposing Santa was going to marry, he sure as hell wouldn't marry some fat old lady that looked like him. Santa wants some insatiable little love nymph from the Kentucky foothills, some babe that can satisfy all 245 pounds of Santa all night long.

Plague: Santa, you don't sound as though you're very happy at the North Pole.

Santa: Hey, let's face it. The North Pole sucks. We don't even have a hockey team. I've been telling the Santa committee, if they want to keep a Santa for more than the length of his ten-year contract, they gotta move headquarters. Now don't misunderstand me. They can keep the pictures of Santa and

the reindeer in the snow at the Pole. I'll fly back up for photo shoots. And look, I'm even willing to start from the North Pole on Christmas Eve, for the sake of tradition. But Santa and the elves should be based someplace warm. You know: Bermuda, Florida, Hawaii.

I just sit all-slumped over in my recliner and suck nitrous oxide from the tank

Plague: How bad is it up there?

Santa: Well, I don't have to think about it for the one and a half months before Christmas. We're busy getting toys together, feeding the kids' lists into our computer data bank, setting production quotas, keeping the elves working



nineteen hours a day.

Plague: Then afterwards, on December 26th?

Santa: Oh, I sleep most of the 26th. The depression doesn't really hit until about January 5th. I'm at the North Pole all

by myself, the elves have gone back to the village, and I'm saying, "Oh shit. Another year." It's like prison.

Plague: You get depressed.

Santa: Yeh. I lounge around, eat too much, get fatter, watch old movies on cable. Some days I'm so lethargic I can't even turn on the TV. I just sit all-slumped over in my recliner and suck nitrous oxide from the tank.

Plague: Santa Claus, you use nitrous?

Santa: See, there you go. The old double standard. John DeLorean can snort five kilos of coke, but Santa can't even take a couple of aspirin. Yeh, I got big tanks of nitrous. Look, it's just not nitrous.

Plague: You use other drugs?

Santa: Figure it out. I got about sixty million homes to visit on Christmas Eve. That's one night, all night long, right up until dawn. Fifty states. What do you think?

Plague: Well then, what do you take?

Santa: Oh, I mix it up. I've got my Christmas jar of amphetamines. Black beaus, speed, bennies, caffeine pills. I gulp a handful before my Christmas Eve run. I get pretty buzzed. Luckily the reindeer know the

route pretty well. We landed on one roof in Nebraska last year, and ol' Santa's really buzzing, and he falls down and rolls off the edge of the roof and lies face down in a snowbank for ten minutes.

Jesus, was I wasted or what.

Plague: Santa you mentioned the elves working nineteen hour days. Is that true?

Santa: Not all year round. Right before, Christmas, sure, because we have to get the toys out. If they don't like it, they can quit. Look, Santa Claus is the largest employer at the North Pole.

Plague: Okay, here's a myth for you to debunk. In cartoons and stories we always see Santa and his merry band of elves hammering away, singing and assembling toys. What's it really like?

Santa: Well, there's a factory. A huge gray factory. Sixteen square miles, twelve stories. No windows, because that distracts the elves. We don't want 'em looking out the

window and admiring the sunset when there's work to do. And they don't sing because. . .uh. . .

Plague: Because why?

Santa: We had 'em lobotomized. Hey, don't give me that look. They're happier this way. See, when the factory was built, the Santa committee was reading the economist Adam Smith, and he was espousing the virtues of division of labor. So they reduced production of a single toy to thousands of little tasks. For instance one elf glues a spinner on a board game, the next puts playing cards in a package, etc. You really don't need much of a brain for that kind of work.

Plague: You mentioned Santa Claus contracts. Haven't you

always been Santa?

Santa: Hell no. What do you think I am, immortal, for Chrissakes?

Plague: How long have you been Santa?

Santa: This will be my twentieth Christmas.

Plague: And what's your real name?

Santa: Fred Grafstein.

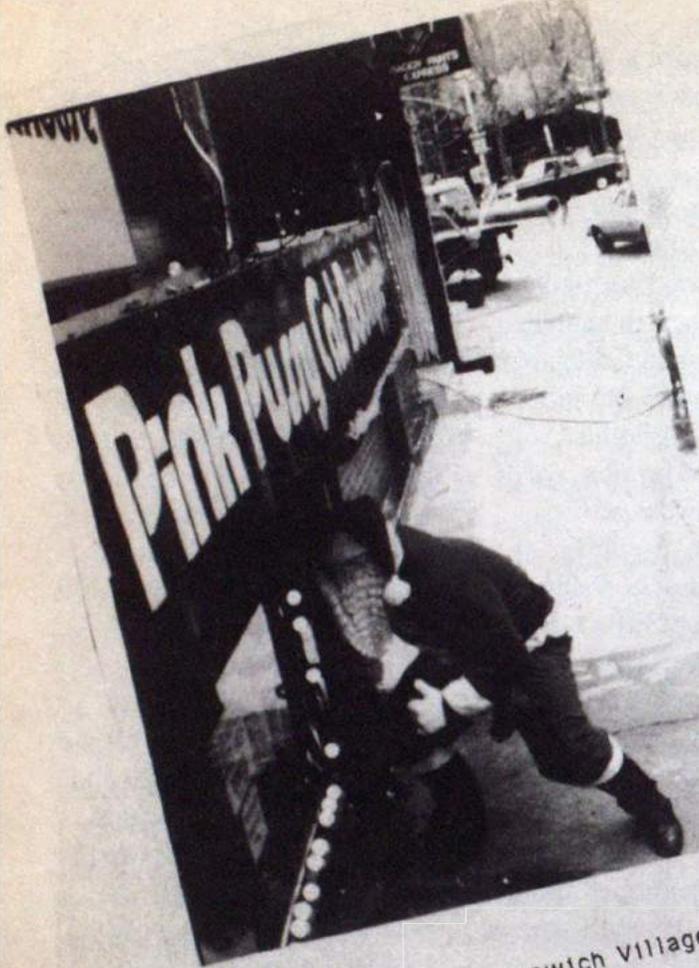
Plague: You're Jewish?

Santa: Well, not orthodox. But Jewish, yeh. Anything wrong with that? I tell you, it's just a job, this Santa thing. Hey, they almost hired a Moslem to do it thirty years ago. As long as you can lift the sack of toys and you're fat and you've got a white beard and mustache—hey, anyone can be Santa.



Plague photographer Rich Pinto followed Santa on a typical day off. . .

**NEXT
PAGE**



"I love Greenwich Village."



"I do pretty well with the babes."



"You just point down the street and pocket the fruit.
Piece of cake."

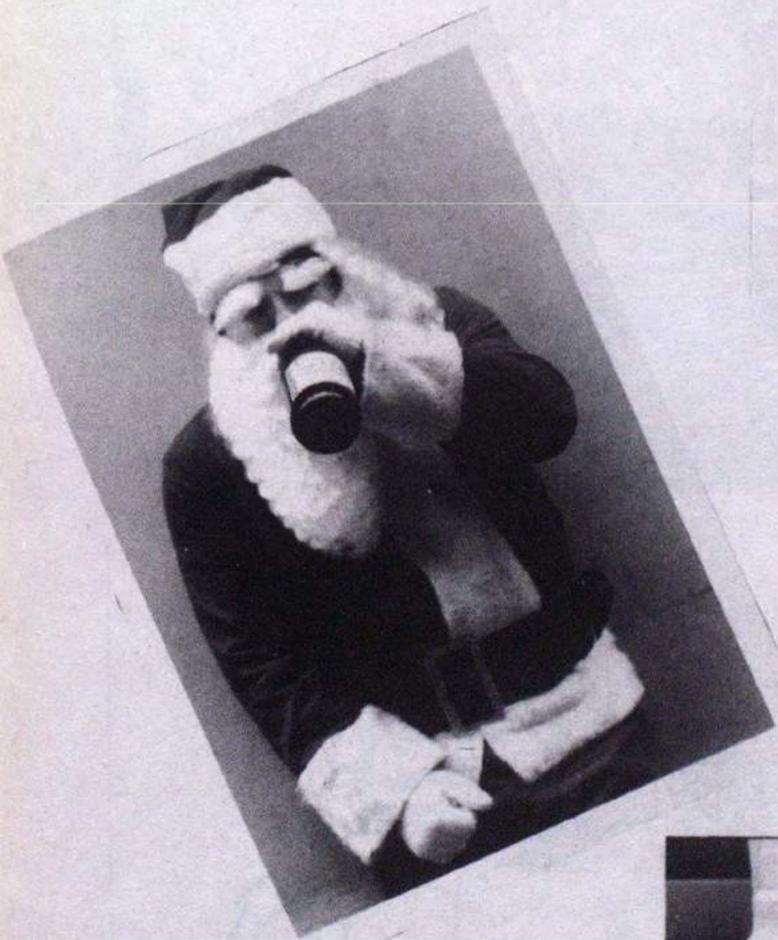


"I've friggged around with the martial arts."



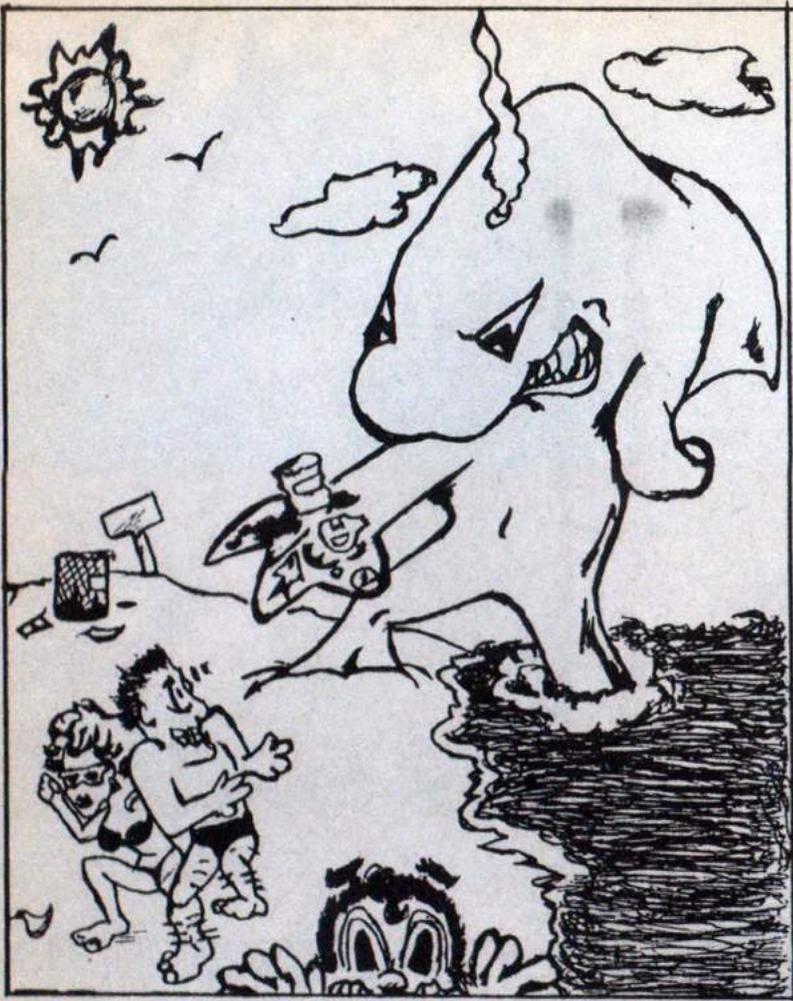
"Sometimes I get to New York and find I'm short on cash."

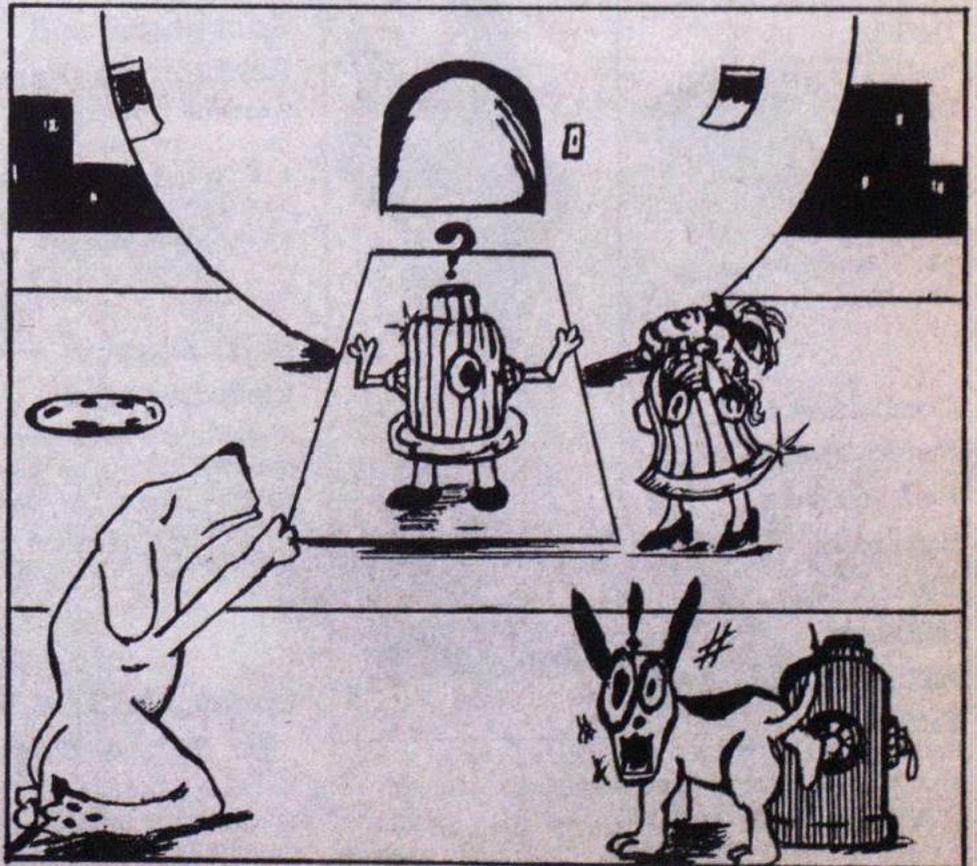
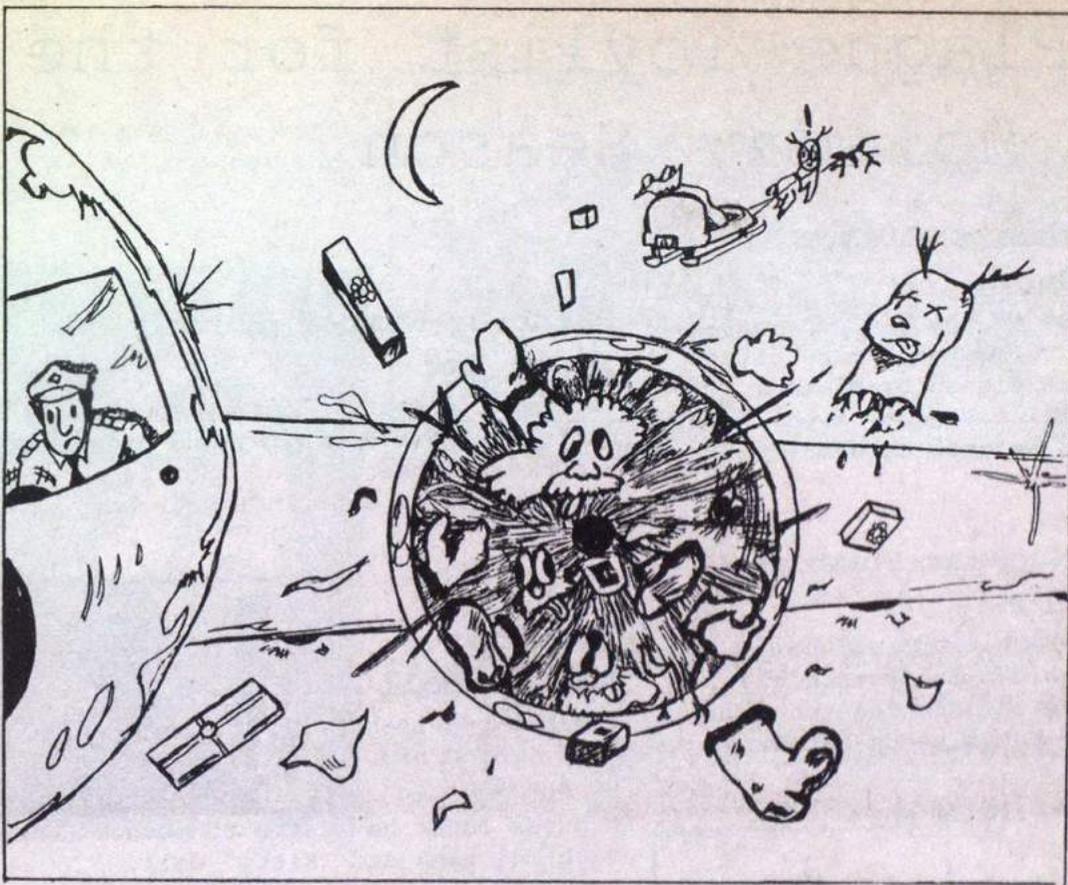




"Santa Garibaldi--yeh, I like it."







The Plague Toylist for the 1988 Holiday Season

Willie Horton's Prison Furlough Set

Great new twist to the old cops-and-robbers game. Comes with play prison furlough papers signed by Michael Dukakis, several toy guns, a pair of handcuffs, and several condoms.

Barbie's Nuclear-Powered Tanning Salon

Let's you give Barbie and all her friends that golden California glow. But don't leave them in for too long or they'll melt! Never needs batteries or electricity.

Officially Licensed NFL Doll

Realistic and posable. Fill up this 15" doll with water and pop a steroid in its mouth. Watch his muscles grow as his penis shrinks.

Combination Neck Medallion, Religious Symbol, Cadillac Emblem, Microphone, and Frisbee

Made popular by Al Sharpton, it's what all the homeboys are wearing. Tough lightweight gold-plated metal. Comes with secret compartment to store things in.



Paint-by-Number Shroud of Turin Set

Fool your pastor. Comes with 50 different shades of gray and brown plus a numbered sheet. Won't Mom be impressed when she finds this on your bed!

"Duke" Action Doll

Posable ten-inch doll. Wind him up and ten

minutes later he starts to move. Comes with M-1 tank and "Kitty" doll.



Hortense and Sukhreet Gabel Rubber Masks

Pretend you're the senile old judge and her loopy but lovable daughter. Comes with play bride money and erasable POST headline board. Durable plastic masks have airholes.

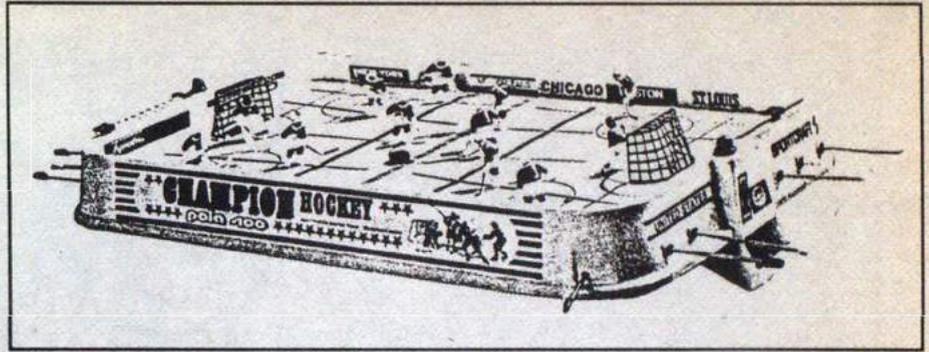
Ned Beatty's "Deliverance" Camping Set

A must for all you "backdoor men." Ned's big nylon tent comes with zippers in the rear for easy entry and exit. Also comes with a hillbilly lovesong booklet.

Bobby Hull's Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Table Top Hockey

Molded plastic players can shoot the puck, high stick, slash, and throw punches. Two sets of control rods help

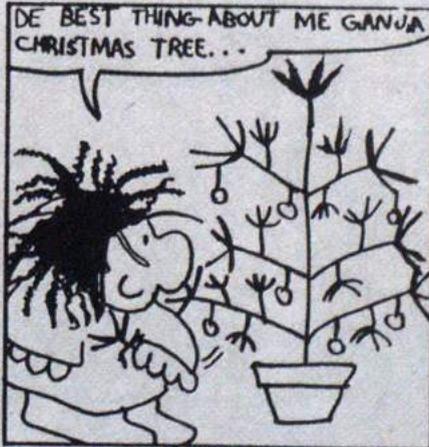
players uppercut each other and control the puck.



AND. . .

WITH EVERY ORDER, YOU'LL RECEIVE THIS WRESTLING STATUE COMMEMORATING THE 58 B.C. GAY OLYMPICS

ZIGGY MARLEY



WIN \$5,000

CAN YOU DRAW TISCHY?



You can win up to \$5,000* and a full scholarship** to NYU if you send us a sketch that resembles the clown pictured above. New York University, a private profiteering diploma mill, is now recruiting students for their spring '89 semester.

Draw Tischy in any size (no tracing) and a scholarship to our Arts Professions college could be yours! Every entrant gets a free appraisal of his work by an NYU arts professor. Just send us your drawing with the coupon below and you could be a winner!

*The \$5,000 will be awarded in McDonald's gift certificates in installments of one \$2 certificate each year for the next 2,500 years.

**In order to be eligible the entrant must have the application postmarked at exactly 4:59 on December 12, 1988, at the Patchin Station in Greenwich, New York City, by the large Jamaican postal clerk with the mole on her left temple. You must enclose an 8 1/2 x 11 color glossy of yourself at the post office wearing a blue blazer, an orange shirt, and a fuschia tie. You must be giving the "V for victory" sign with your left hand and shaking the Jamaican postal clerk's Rastafarian boyfriend's hand with your right. Pictures of the last six U.S. presidents must be clearly visible in the background in the following sequence, moving left to right: Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon in the top row; Ford, Carter, and Reagan in the bottom. Kennedy, Nixon, and Reagan must be saluting the American flag, but Johnson, Ford, and Carter must be standing next to their wives. All the presidents must be wearing a dark blue suit with a red tie. The scholarship of 132 credits will be awarded only as follows: one three-credit course, on Wednesday only between 1 and 3 p.m. per year for the next 44 years. Positively no exceptions.

NYU IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EDUCATOR

Name _____

Address _____

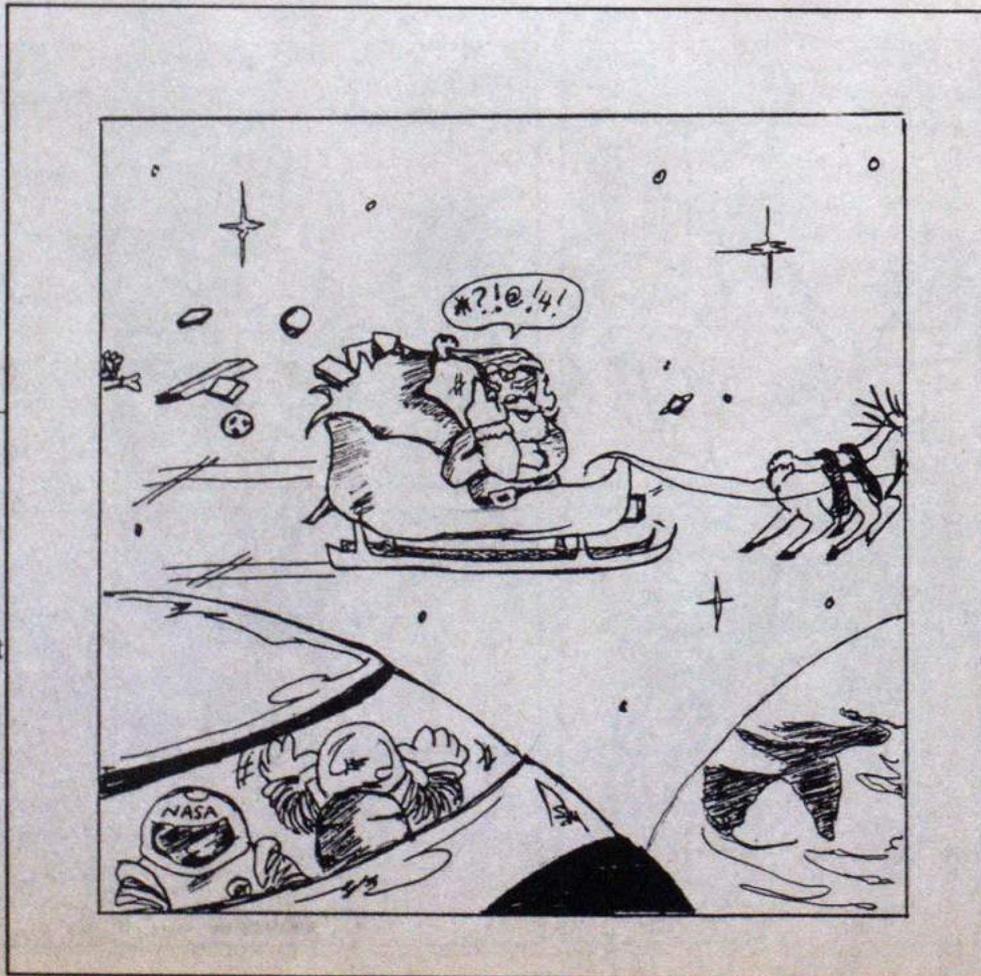
State _____

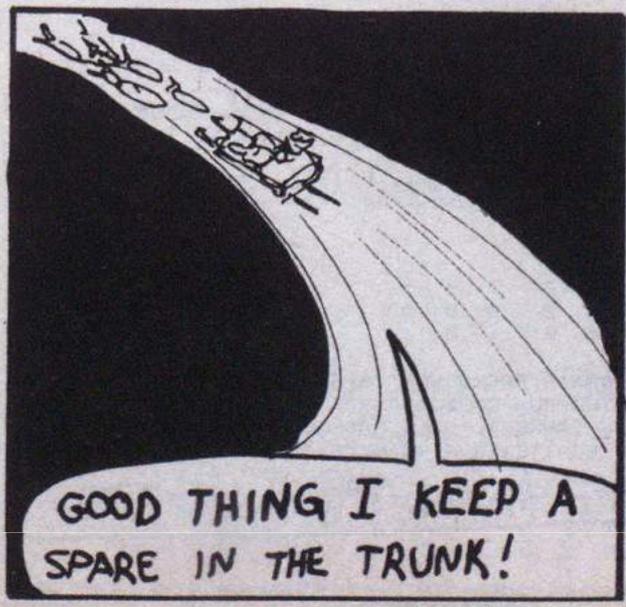
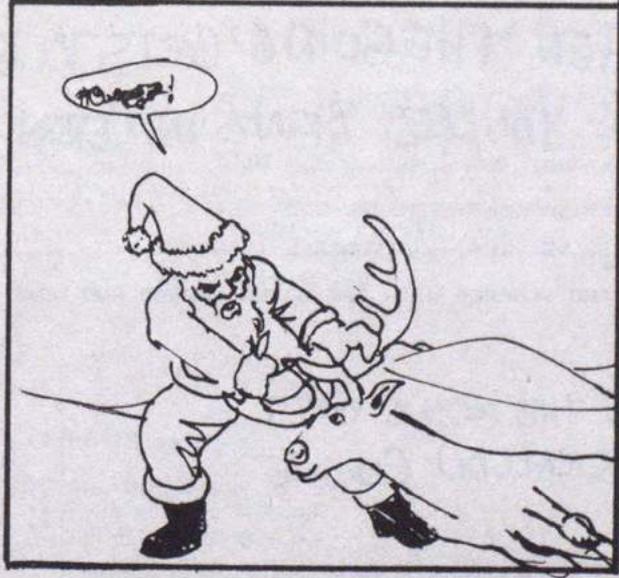
Zip _____

Present Salary _____

Mail your form to:

NYU Scholarship Contest
Box 189
21 Washington Place
NY, NY 10003





SPORTS EXPRESS

Jack Ray works at Sports Express, one of the city's instant 57-second sport fixes for the junkie who ingests piles of stats at hyperspeed. "This is Jack Ray for the Sports Express next update 7:35 top 4 Mets 3 Cards 2 bottom 3 Dodgers 3 Atlanta 1 . . ."

Basically, he sits and stares at the Sports Information God, an AP wire machine that spits out scores and summaries and news. Sometimes, the SIG will act less than God-like (e.g., when the fourth grade interns take over on weekend nights) and transmit garbage. But other times, the SIG will be accurate and reality itself proves the joke.

This is a collection of unusual snippets of wire copy Jack has saved. This is dedicated to the unseen and unsung heroes, those sports jocks voicing into mikes into the wee hours of the morning, not sure if anyone out there is still listening, and not really giving a damn.

Pitching? Someone looking for pitching?

July 19

07/19 23:34:05 ET
BC-AAP+036:039* 3 1816
----- BASEBALL -----
--- BOTTOM 8TH ---
NY YANKEES 3
TEXAS 18

WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH
THE YANKEES BRING IN CERONE

PITCHING: NYY - R. CERONE-(8TH) VS. TEX - J. RUSSELL-(8TH)

RICK CERONE WILL NOW PITCH FOR THE YANKEES WITH THE BASES LOADED AND NONE OUT.

AUG. 9

08/09 16:29:49 ET

BC-AAP+036:032* 4 1516
----- BASEBALL -----
--- BOTTOM 8TH ---

LIKE I SAID, WHEN THE GOING GETS
TOUGH THE YANKEES CALL ON CERONE

NY YANKEES 4
DETROIT 15

PITCHING: NYY - R. CERONE-(8TH) VS. DET - D. PETRY

CATCHER RICK CERONE STARTS THE INNING AS THE PITCHER FOR THE YANKS. IT IS THE SECOND APPEARANCE OF THE SEASON FOR CERONE.

08/09 16:31:24 ET

--- FINAL ---

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E	
NY YANKEES	1	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	-	4	9	0
DETROIT	0	1	4	9	0	0	1	0	X	-	15	14	2

WP: DAN PETRY (7-5); LP: DENNIS RASMUSSEN (8-6). LARRY HERNDON SPARKED A NINE-RUN FOURTH INNING WITH A TWO-RUN DOUBLE AND FINISHED THE DAY WITH FOUR RBI'S, AS THE TIGERS ROUTED THE YANKEES. BILL MADLOCK ADDED A TWO-RUN HOMER IN A 2-FOR-4 EFFORT. DAN PETRY SCATTERED NINE HITS IN EIGHT INNINGS TO PICK UP THE WIN.

MEET THE YANKEE PITCHING STAFF

---PITCHING---

NY YANKEES:

D. RASMUSSEN, S. TROUT-(4TH), A. HOLLAND-(4TH), T. STODDARD-(4TH), C. HUDSON-(5TH)
D. RIGHETTI-(6TH), R. CERONE-(8TH), WP: PETRY

10/09 17:12:57 ET

BC-ABS

BENGALS REMAIN UNBEATEN--PACKERS ROUT PATRIOTS--BEARS MAUL LIONS --

*** NFL SCORE SUMMARY ***

IDIOTS WRITE HEADLINES

FINAL	Chicago	24	VS DETROIT	7
FINAL	BUFFALO	34	VS Indianapolis	23
FINAL	GREEN BAY	45	VS New England	3
FINAL	Washington	35	VS DALLAS	17
FINAL	CINCINNATI	36	VS Ny Jets	19
FINAL	HOUSTON	7	VS Kansas City	6
FINAL	La Rams	33	VS ATLANTA	0
FINAL	Seattle	16	VS CLEVELAND	10
FINAL	MINNESOTA	14	VS Tampa Bay	13
2ND QUARTER	PHOENIX	17	VS Pittsburgh	7
2ND QUARTER	Miami	17	VS LA RAIDERS	0
2ND QUARTER	SAN DIEGO	14	VS New Orleans	13
2ND QUARTER	SAN FRANCISCO	10	VS Denver	3

CLEVELAND INDIANS AT TORONTO BLUE JAYS, 7:35 P.M.

PARTLY CLOUDY. WINDS ARE BLOWING IN FROM CENTER FIELD AT 5-10 M.P.H. GAME-TIME TEMPERATURE: 53 DEGREES.

KANSAS CITY ROYALS AT CALIFORNIA ANGELS, 10:05 P.M.

BASEBALL IN HELL.

CLEAR TO PARTLY CLOUDY. WINDS BLOWING OUT TO CENTER FIELD AT 5-10 M.P.H. GAME-TIME TEMPERATURE: 68.68686868 DEGREES.

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10/08 15:22:34 ET

BC-AAP+005:007* 4 316

----- BASEBALL -----

--- BOTTOM 8TH ---

LOS ANGELES 4
NY METS 3

PITCHING: LA - A. PENNA-(8TH) VS. NYM - R. MYERS-(8TH)

ALEJANDRO PENNA ENTERS THE GAME FOR THE DODGERS WITH NONE ON AND NONE OUT. JAY HOWELL HAS BEEN THROWN OUT OF THE GAME FOR USING AN ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE.

RULE 217.3b - NO SMOKING CRACK ON THE MOUND

10/08 15:22:50 ET

04/16 14:35:58 ET

NOW THAT'S A LONG GAME

BC-AAE 003100 0131

----- BASEBALL -----
--- TOP 66TH ---

	SCORE	1	2	3	4	5
CINCINNATI	1 -	(0	0	0	0	1)
HOUSTON	0 -	(0	0	0	0	0)

PITCHING: CIN - M. SOTO VS. HOU - B. KNEPPER

The Plague recently stole a peek at a new literary magazine to appear on campus. Hot Fingers Howie tore out a couple of pages on the sly and crammed them in his pocket, so here it is, another Plague exclusive, this one of:

The Mimetic Review

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hemorrhoid

hemorrhoid.
crimson, throbbing, twitching.
you center me.
the cerebral peels away.
the inky caspian sea, archimedes
metaphysical conundrums.
i withdraw.
inside the corporeal.
hemorrhoid.
lucifer's torch to my hindquarters.
hemorrhoid.

Fuck You

F-U c k
Y
O
U.

SHE'S NOT A FOSSIL SHE'S OUR FIRST LADY

Her skin is rotting away, her superstructure is crumbling, and her teeth fall out every night.

She's not the Statue of Liberty.

She's Barbara Bush, First Lady of the United States.

The Committee to Restore an Aging Barbara Bush (C.R.A.B.B.) believes a woman who represents America should look a little younger than something from the Paleolithic.

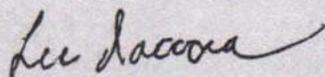
The environment can wait.

Let's beautify Barbara Bush now.

Please send any jars of Porcelana or Oil of Olay you can spare. All donations are tax deductible with the proceeds going towards body and face-lifts for our First Lady.

Help beautify our great country.

Thanks,



Lee Iacocca
Chairman C.R.A.B.B.



*Unbeknownst to most scholars, William Shakespeare started a rather bawdy play that he never finished, entitled **Deepe Throyte**. The fragmentary manuscript was used as the basis for a movie in the 70's.*

Messenger 1

The whisperings doth grow louder.

Messenger 2

And what say the scandal mongers?

Messenger 1

Prince Don must die. He doth slip his turgid member into orifi forbidden.

Messenger 2

You speak of his mother, Queen Lovelace?

Messenger 1

Nay, worse. I speak of his half-brother, Cecil. He has gone spelunking in the chocolate grotto nigh near four months. The king has decreed he will be devoured by ravenous gerbils.

Messenger 2

Nay, Queen Lovelace will intervene. Forget you the persuasive powers of her prodigious tongue?

Messenger 1

A thousand tongues, a thousand French ticklers to boot. To no avail!

Messenger 2

Hush. I spy Hernia. What a luscious tart, a fruit lying on the vine, waiting for tender fingers to pluck her free-

Messenger 1

And caress her smooth cherry skin-

Messenger 2

And suck her sweet juices-

Messenger 1

And bop her brains out-

Messenger 2

But how doth one penetrate the fruit's natural defenses?

Enter Pfuck

Pfuck ("f" is silent)

Stand you in need of potion for wee-ho, merry old Pfuck can stir that young tart's libido. Here. Essence of gnat's leg, ground newt tongue, estrogen concentrate. Blow some in her eyes. She'll sneeze, blink, shake her pretty little vacuous head, then. . .look out. Blow Job City.

Messenger 1

And what seeks Pfuck in exchange?

Pfuck

I'll see you both yonder by the gnarled oak
when the owl makes in a fortnight his throaty croak.
I will have ropes and chains, leather and sharp surgical instruments. You will
wear only your standard issue Elizabethan tights. Is that clear?

Messenger 1

Yes, Pfuck, anything, so long as Hernia is made enamored of us.
Exeunt Messenger 1 and 2 at a gallop. Enter King Holmes and Queen Lovelace.

Queen

How can this be? Say it is not so. Don doomed to die!

King

Don refuses to joust or grapple. No, he professes to be encumbered by weightier
matters. Like opening a hair salon.

Queen

But you cannot kill him. Let me teach him the myriad carnal pleasures.

King

What a brilliant idea, Queen. After all, you have taught the rest my kingdom.

Queen

Hush, Long John. Let us not argue. I riddle you this: Forsake talk for the
same without the transposed consecutive letters.

King

K...l...t...a...ah, a little t & a. Methinks the Queen doth riddle prettily. A
little t & a doth go a long way. Ah, Long John feels a volcanic rumbling in his
codpiece.

Exeunt King Holmes and Queen Lovelace. Enter Don.

Don

Oh, Thethil, Thethil. Thethil, my thun, thining rayth of thunlight into my life.
My darling half-brother. I will die a thouthand death for you.
Don swoons and drops to the floor. Enter the two messengers.

Messenger 1

Ah, what a grave error.

Messenger 2

How could we have known that Queen Lovelace and King Holmes would be fornicating
behind the same bush where Hernia had been picking strawberries?

Messenger 1

The love powder did blind the good King.

Messenger 2

Coitus wreckus. A thwarted orgasm. We must redeem ourselves or be killed.
Enter King Holmes, rubbing his closed eyes

King

Aye, this shit doth burn. Where is my Queen?

Messenger 1

Here king, allow me to wipe your royal eyes with my tunic.

King

Yes, I can see. And what a sight beholds my eyes. A pair of cute messengers.

Messenger 1

Ah, no, your majesty, you are delusional, operating under the thrall of an evil potion—ouch, his Majesty's fingers doth pinch very hard my delicate bum.

King

You will come with me, you of fair locks and firm buttocks. Also you, the fatter one. Come, the King doth feel manic urges and all this palaver bores him.

Messenger 2

Ah, but the king know not—

King

Will you be insolent and be hanged? Or will you consent to my wishes?

Messenger 1

A wee question, King Holmes. The King's nickname "Long John"—a foolish myth has circulated that this refers to an oversized portion of his lordship's anatomy.

Messenger 2

Heh, heh, foolish myth. Eh, King?

King

That be no myth. That be your pleasure shortly, golden locks and rump roast. *Queen Lovelace enters, missing King Holmes. She spies Cecil's body.*

Queen

Cecil, my dear, you must come with me. The king is enraged at your feckless bun lancing. He wishes you put to death. I must imbue you with manliness fore you and he doth meet again.

Enter Pfuck who waves arms in dramatic flourish.

Pfuck

Stay, gaze at the ubiquitous Pfuck, whose lust is good but not his luck. The king is off somewhere spearing my white trash, charmed by powder misblown into action rash. Menage a trois, mes amis?

Queen

Yes, you're a cute little imp. We'll design a configuration amenable to the pleasure of our merry trio. Come.

Don

Come.

Pfuck

My pleasure!
Exeunt Pfuck, Don, and Queen Lovelace.

*Editor's note: The rest of Shakespeare's manuscript is badly crumpled and mangled, indicating that the Bard may have gotten off to such a smashing start that he felt incapable of finishing **Deepe Throyte** to his satisfaction, leading him to attempt to destroy the work.*

PLAGUE BULLETIN BOARD•998-2800

To the cute guy with the curly blond beard who mugged me at 1 a.m. on the Westside IRT last Monday night: I wanted to say more, but your big gun made me nervous. Let's meet for capuccino.

Bob Box 7866

Ted: If that Doberman of yours breaks into my house one more time, I'll shoot it.

Craig

Ted: Thanks for the wild sex last night. How did you know I love men in dog costumes? I hope Craig didn't hear us.

Gladys

For Sale: Cheap. One Doberman Pinscher. Healthy. Not neutered.

Ted Box 1381

Hot Israeli stud seeks Arabian Princess. I'll drill your oil field, baby.

Yitzak Shamir Box 1288

LOST: 2 gerbils. White with brown markings on nose and front paws. Very friendly. Reward.

Anthony Crispo Box 795

**LOSE 50 LBS. IN FIVE DAYS!
GUARANTEED!***

Our skim milk and potato skin diet lets you lose fast! Who else promises such terrific results?

(*Amputation of arms and legs may be necessary on fifth day if weight drop is not made.)

SWGFWLB seeks **SBAMWGPAH** for movies, quiet conversations.

Box 5621

Oh, Holy St. Jude, faithful intercessor of all who invoke Your special patronage, and God the Great and his son Jesus the Equally Great and I revere the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Amen. Say this prayer every day for a week for five minutes, then eat this page and hang naked from a large chandelier in a public building for two days and all your wishes will come true.

BUILD YOUR OWN BREEDER REACTOR!

Heathkit offers how-to packages for hundreds of projects. Write for catalog: Heathkit/1258 Shady Lane/Eureka, Kansas 35112

Thank you St. Jude for favors granted. I was pulled from the chandelier by police, fondled by members of the 113th Precinct, and fingerprinted. Thereafter I was fired from my job at Saks, my dog got hit by a sanitation truck, and my apartment was broken into and ransacked. Thanks a helluva lot, St. Jude.

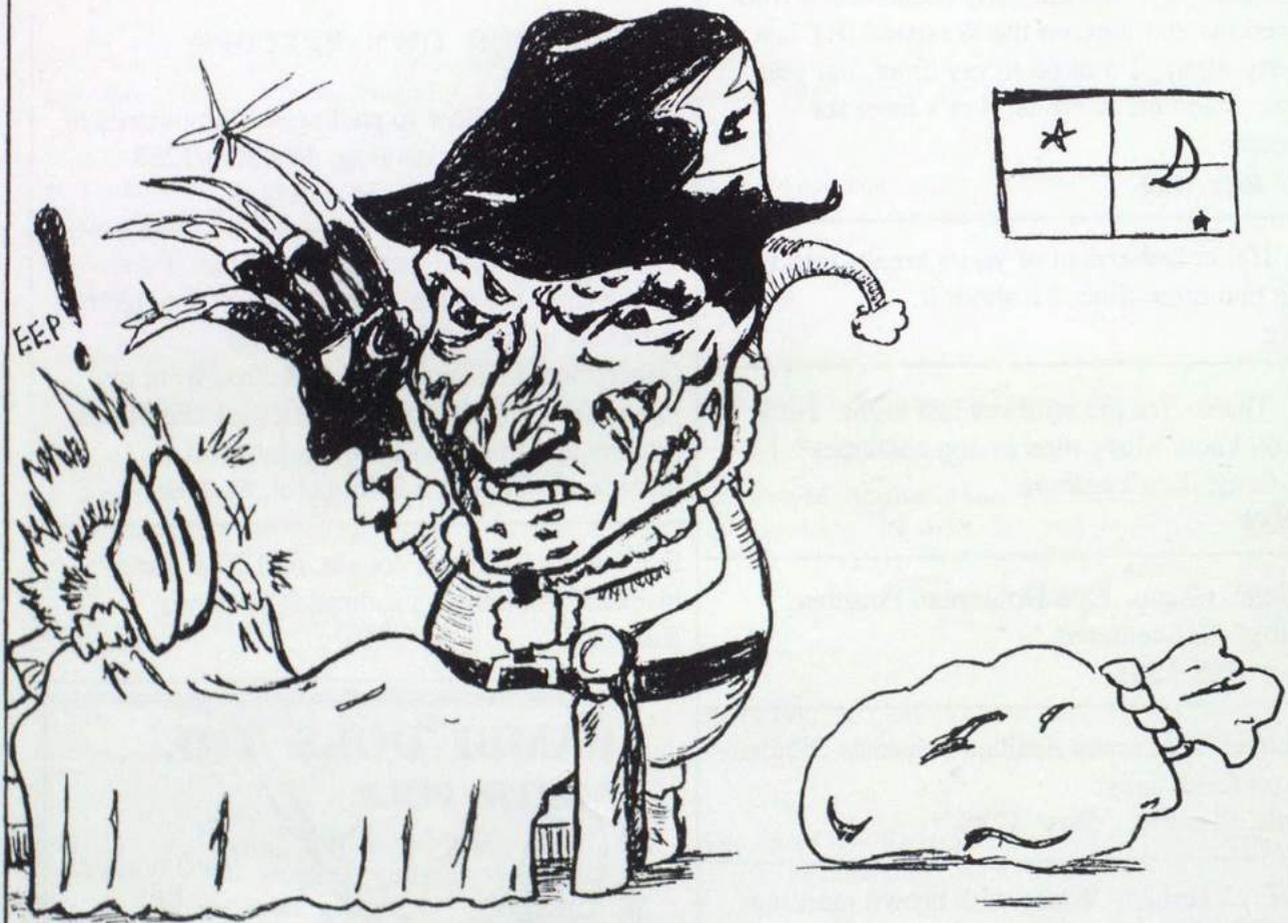
Fun-loving Christian couple, mid 30's, seeks bisexual woman with Labrador Retriever.
Box 887

BAMBI DOES THE NORTH POLE



TWO HOOVES
UP!
Stagsel &
Buckbert

STARRING:
Hot Rod Rudy
Don Ner Dasher
Bambi Whitetail
Nikki St. Claus
Aussie Dik-Dik



SO, YOU WANNA SEE WHAT SANTA
LOOKS LIKE, HUH KID?! MERRY X-MAS!!!

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM SANTA AND THE PLAGUE

(And a plea, but not for money)

We need your help. You. That's right. Young, smart, sexy, literate, embryonic yuppie thing. Contribute to NYU's only humor mag. We're looking for funny articles, photos, and drawings. Anything funny, 'cept for stuff that might rot in the mailbox. Drop your pieces off in Box 189 at 21 Washington Place. Or, if you want to join the Plague, come to our meetings in Room 504. (Unfortunately, at the time of this printing, meeting times for spring have not been set, so if you want to attend, DROP US A NOTE IN BOX 189 WITH YOUR PHONE # AND WE'LL CALL.)

SUBMIT
BOX 189 21 WASHINGTON PLACE