

Fall '99

PlagueScout

Young Men's Magazine For Little Boys

Introducing New
Merit Badges For
"Special" Scouts
pg. 36

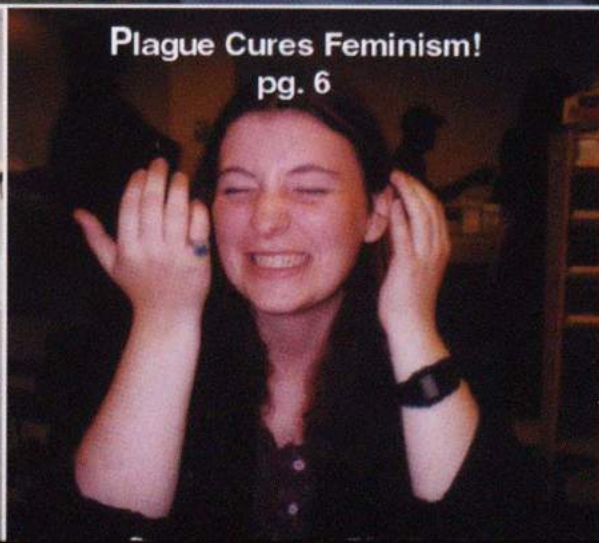
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Where Are They
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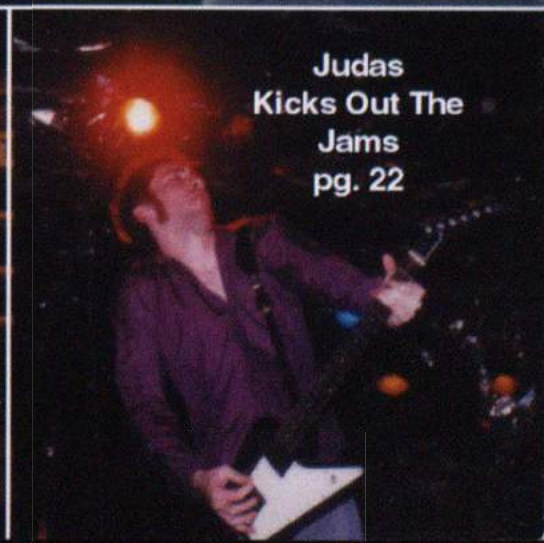


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Kicks Out The
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Midgets are the answer to all of life's little problems, and once again DwarfCo is giving you the chance to purchase one of your own. Forget about the messy clean-ups that come with most household pets because, get this, midgets can use the toilet just like you or me! (Except for Cowboy Lang) Don't be fooled into buying inferior midgets from our competitors. Only DwarfCo midgets are specially bred in our space-age midget ranch atop the Appalachian Mountains, ensuring you the shortest and freshest midgets that money can buy. Take a look at this page for just a small sample of the over 3,000 midgets that await you in the full DwarfCo Catalogue.



Gorko - This midget is more vicious than any attack dog on the market. Put his razor-sharp teeth and severe mental imbalance to work for you in guarding your home or junkyard. Comes with industrial strength stun gun (like the ones they use on circus elephants).

Price: \$6,455

DwarfCo Brand

GOLD SERIES EDITION

MIDGETS



Price: \$4,095

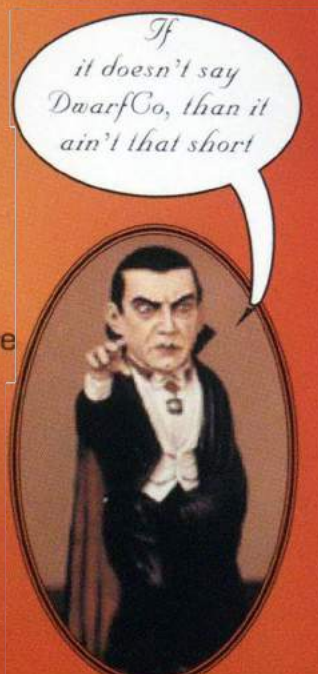


Cowboy Lang - This midget is a dancin' fool, and he don't care who knows it! Take him into your home and show him the love that his drunken abusive step-father never did.

Price: ~~\$10,000~~ \$15

Vampire Dwarf - What can we say? Its name speaks for itself. Vampire Dwarf was born somewhere in the Transvaal Mountains of Hungary and has stayed alive by feasting on the blood of mortals since 1607.

Price: \$13,995



THE PLAGUE

"Sinners repent, the end is nigh!"

Plague-(n) 1.A pestilence, affliction, or calamity, originally one of divine retribution. 2.A sudden influx, as by destructive or injurious locusts. 3.Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance 4.A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plague. 5.Shadowy collective of jaded alcoholics and deviants posing as NYU satire magazine; perpetrators of cruel and inhumane practical jokes; wannabe vigilante superheroes.

YOUR Fall 1999 Staff Content Table

EXECUTIVE EDITORS

SETH FREACH
Recently aquired by Viacom
MICHAEL JASTROCH
Hates ozone layer, kittens
JOE W. RICE
Norse god of mischief (Loki)

EDITORIAL STAFF

GENERAL MANAGER
LEILA AMINEDDOLEH
King's Tryin' a keep
hammy down

ART DIRECTOR
ALEX TEICH
Like Van Gogh, but with
both ears

AND INTRODUCING...
ERIN FOLEY, AS HERSELF
Ever see the movie,
"RoboCop?"

PRODUCTION EDITORS
BRIAN WADDELL
The Southern Dandy
MICHAEL P. CASEY
Dances like a Mennonite

COPY AND CONTENT
GREGG ZEHENTNER
Leathery Spawn of Satan
JOANNA BOWDEN
Genetically engineered to
be the perfect killing
machine

ALL THE WORK, NONE OF THE CREDIT...

AMANDA LANDES
Life is not worth living
MICHAEL GRUDZINSKI
Scrabble King of MA
JESSICA MINIFIE
Dirty, dirty, dirty

PAT STANGO
Steve Forbes on the
inside

VICTORIA PINGARRON
Commuter
JESSICA EVANS
What would she do for a
Klondike Bar?

BEN DEWEY
The Littlest Elf

Special Thanks to:

Marisa Ragonese and the Womyns' Center @ NYU, The WSN, Captain Britain, Theresa from K-Mart, Bob Butler for all the political support, Paulo, Rob, Maria, Ed and the Second floor crew (werd), New, Inc! for still talking to us after the "Other Sister" incident, ASSBAC for slashing our budget and stealing NI's salsa, The Minetta Review for having a sense of humor (unlike some other organizations), Spin Club, Half-Breeds everywhere, Those damn video game reporters, The Spartacists Commie Club, Y2K, Sync Magazine, the Rogue Violet (Cough), and Audrey (we love you, thanks for being so kind), Santa Claus (young and old), the F train, BBQ's at Seth's house, The drug/alcohol problems of the editorial staff, The Chef of Power, Legumes, Super Mario, the Domestic Violents and CBGB's, Johnny Recluse for the Eeyor idea, and Soldiers in the Good War.

SCOTT BARKAN
Santa's Midwife
NIKKI CESKO
Fucking foreigner
ETHAN ERWIN
Willow
MOLLY FELDER
Parks in Handicapped
spots
MARK DZULA
Just a figment of our col-
lective imagination
MATT SCOTT
Wears a helmet
BLANE PERRY
Who the hell is this guy?

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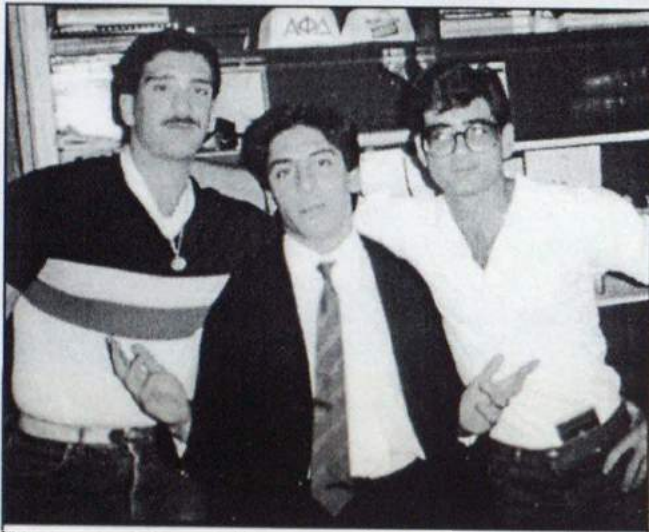
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OR E-MAIL US: plague.club@nyu.edu

This magazine is NOT biodegradable. If left in the park or a lonely throughstate roadway it will be used to entertain wildlife and warm bums. In no way whatsoever do we claim to be a natural resource for generations to come. Eat meat.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...



Pictured, Left to Right: Plague Editors Joe Rice (KY), Michael Jastroch (CT), Seth Freach (PA)

Misogyny

Gad! It's finally happened! Women have taken over The Plague; our once noble patriarchy has collapsed.

"What's this?" you ask. "Is this possible?"

Yes, faithful reader, we are afraid it that it is. Our ranks have been inundated by the fairer sex. NYU's only intentionally exclusionary publication, the last bastion of misogyny, is ruined.

"Give them the boot!"

Oh, if it were that simple my friend. These are not the quiet women of yester year, content with their traditional roles of prostitute and midwife. No, there is no laundry to be done or wild fellatio to be had in our

offices, not any more. These women are different.

These women have forsaken the old ways. They speak their minds freely, they have a knowledge of Pagemaker and Photoshop, and they taunt us

until we weep. One of the Amazons made light of our complexions and alcohol problems until we were forced to flee from the building. Surely, they all had a good laugh at our expense.

Gone are the days when we could escape the irrational women folk with brandy and cigars in the drawing room. Why, there was even a time when our meetings would end with mighty feats of strength like the caber toss and the once popular boulder push. They have even gone so far as to abandon the bare knuckled fisticuffs that were once the hallmark of our proud heritage. The last time we tried to use Axie, the Plague axe, to break something, they

called the local constabulary. Nowadays, the three of us sit huddled in the corner while they discuss Vogue magazine and other such nonsense. We haven't the heart to look at the rest of this once healthy publication; no doubt it references "My little Pony," or whatever the hell that diminutive beast is called. Indeed, they've allotted us only this single page.

"Have a nice misogynist day!" A fellow student leader heard of our plight and offered us the aged greeting--- a feeble attempt! Bah! We shant have a misogynist day in the foreseeable future. Presently, our only hope is that the strains of academia and comedy should induce fainting spells or, perhaps, a kind of dementia. We shall follow the ebb and flow of their womanly cycles carefully and seize control when the time is right. Until then, our only recourse is to join Il Circolo Italiano at NYU.

Executive Editors Joe Rice, Michael Jastroch, and Seth Freach request that you look up **IRONY** in the dictionary.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...

Girl Talk

Reason Breasts are Useful Tools:

As a woman of the 90's, I've noticed there is a growing trend towards us not flaunting our bodies. Women who do so are looked upon as ignorant sluts. I, however, am aware that the women who supposedly act or dress in whorish ways have all the power. There are a number of reasons why using your breasts to their fullest potential is a good idea.

First, in the right position, a woman's breasts have the power to make any man their slave. Think about it, fellas. How many times have you given into the demands of a large-breasted woman in a tank top? Though these ladies may seem like helpless airheads who would not be able to exist without a strong male hand, chances are they are smarter than you think. Women know how to get whatever they want, and if what they want is to sit around and have men tend to their every desire, so be it.

In addition, breasts are good for earning a living. From the waitresses in Hooters to those chicks who can make the tassles on their nipples spin in girly bars, women are profiting off the ignorance of men. Would you go to an arcade and pay to look at the games and not play them? I highly doubt it. But put a woman in a gold bikini in front of a man and say "Look, but never touch," and the dollar bills come a-flyin.

Using our bodies is not demeaning all. When we do so, we are making a conscious choice to dance on a stage and take money away from willing men. Hell, if I had more time, I'd do it--and consider myself that much better as a result.

A Budding Flower of Intuition:

Every night in this country, parents put their children into bed, kiss their slumbering brows, and wonder what these angelic innocents dream of. Well, if these parents have done their job, their children are probably dreaming of free enterprise. And who would deny them this dream? The communists, that's who.

And don't let anyone try to convince you that communism isn't just as much a threat in 1999 as it was in 1959. When the Reds march into DC and take over this country, then we'll see who's *paranoid*.

Other economic systems might look good on paper, but the fact is that they just don't work in the real world.

Adolf Hitler is widely-recognized as one of the most evil man to have ever walked the earth, and *HE* hated communists. They're *THAT* bad.

Communists believe in different things than you and me, and different is bad.

Communists don't believe in God or economic Darwinism. Communists have no soul and their blood is acid. They make a bi-annual hejira to Lenin's tomb to pay homage to their fallen leader and re-charge their battery packs. They eat babies, and they melt if you throw water on them.

So... what can YOU do to prevent the domino effect from toppling another good Christian neighborhood, and destroying life as we know it? Be alert. Does one of your neighbors dress, act, or speak in a non-conformist manner? Does he

or she not attend Church at least 3 times a week? Is he or she a democrat? If you answered "Yes" to any of these questions, then this person is probably a communist in hiding, and must be dealt with accordingly. Now, communists cannot be killed by conventional means, so you'll have to be creative.

If you use the old stake-through-the-heart method, be sure to use a silver nail to seal the coffin, so they can't rise from their unholy graves. Since communism is decrepit and evil, a little holy water will stop a commie right in its tracks. A silver bullet will do the trick, but if you miss its heart, you'll have to burn the body and have a priest bless the ashes.

Remember, if you corner a communist, don't look directly into its glowing red eyes, or it will hypnotize you and force you to embrace its anti-american propaganda. Don't forget: It's up to all of us to combat this red menace and keep the world safe for democracy, capitalism, and free will.



CALLING ALL GIRLS!

Have you had enough of hiding your boobs from the frat boys who stand outside of Main Building? Are you sick of feminists trying to pressure you into lesbianism just because you don't have a penis? Well, come join The Plague! Feel free to flaunt you boobs at will and live in peaceful coexistence with those members with members of their own. Jump on board the now mostly female staff of NYU's only intentionally funny publication.

Womyn's Center @ NYU

21 Washington Place, Room 808

New York, NY 10003

Tel. (212) 998-4712

Dear Plague:

We think you're really funny.

Ha ha! Just kidding! (And they say feminists have no sense of humor...)

So, we could've let the back cover of your magazine - "Absolut Back Alley Abortion" - slide. After all, it could certainly be construed as pro-choice propaganda. Clearly you find it funny to be insensitive to reproductive rights issues because none of you have ever *had* an abortion. Or sex, for that matter.

But what was truly disappointing to us was that we were actually predisposed to like your Bible issue - thinking that you might be sagacious or savvy enough to make fun of the straight, white, sexist, Christian Right for a change. But instead, we found the Plague full of the same tired old sexist, homophobic, and racist bullshit. Great work, guys! The Plague is sure to be a hit with frat boys and fascists alike! (They love skinny dorks, too. You just might get lucky.)

So then, to make matters worse, your "Ode to Lesbians" featured a brilliantly homophobic tirade against "unholy dykes" whose hairy legs are, like yours, "fucking disgusting." Those comments seemed awfully militant and hateful for a non-political, so-called "humor publication." No doubt you guys slapped each other high-fives as Mathew Shepard was lowered into his grave. (And no, there's nothing extremist about this. If you don't see the connection between homophobic jokes and hate crimes, you're blind.)

Now don't get me wrong - Womyn's Center is anti-censorship. We in no way want to hinder your freedom of speech or censor your publication. We believe that everyone has the right to strive for humor, no matter how abjectly pathetic those attempts may be. (And don't take this the wrong way, boys, but the whole hairy angry feminist thing was done far better way before your time. Congratulations and welcome to a pantheon of greats who have already done it. Isn't it nice to be surrounded by the likes of Rush Limbaugh - straight, white dickheads who fail to realize that the only reason feminist dykes don't shave is because, if we did, members of the Plague might actually want to *date* us?)

Face the facts: it's not brave to merely echo the sentiments of the dominant culture. Nor is it funny. You might have thought you were just using jokes about women, etc. to make fun of religion, but actually you ended up using religion to make fun of women, lesbians, and minorities. We're flattered to know that our mere existence bothers you, pisses you off, intimidates and frightens you. All in a day's work!

Sincerely,

the bitches of Womyn's Center @ NYU

PS- We've found some great uses for our copies of the Plague: beating up men, kindling for bra-burnings, and showing the folks back home that ignorance and intolerance thrive even at institutions where people supposedly *aren't* dumbfucks.

And another thing: we hear you've got plenty of funny things to say about the flyers on our office door. Two things to say to that: 1) We're impressed. You can read. 2) Have the balls to say it to our faces.

DEAR WOMYN'S CENTER,

NOTHING WE COULD POSSIBLY SAY COULD MAKE UP FOR OUR ACTIONS. WE CANNOT ALTER WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, NO MATTER HOW MUCH GUILT WE FEEL BECAUSE OF IT. WE PERFORMED THE CARDINAL SIN OF A HUMOR MAGAZINE: WE WERE NOT FUNNY. WE ATTEMPTED TO LAMBASTE THE HOMOPHOBIA WE SEE ALL-TOO-OFTEN IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY BY WAY OF IRONY. OUR INTENT WAS TO MAKE THE PIECE SO INCREDIBLY STUPID SO AS TO POINT OUT THE RIDICULOUSNESS OF THE STEREOTYPES AND SUCH PRESENTED WITHIN. INSTEAD, WE APPEARED AS THE VERY THING WE WISHED TO PARODY AND RIDICULE. WE COMPLETELY FAILED. THIS IS NOT MEANT AS AN EXCUSE, FOR THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR WHAT WE DID. WE ONLY HOPE THAT IT SOMEHOW HELPS EXPLAIN THAT OUR INTENTIONS WERE NOT AS EVIL AS IT TRULY DID APPEAR. STILL, IN THE REALM OF PRINTED PUBLICATIONS, THE READER CANNOT BE EXPECTED TO READ THE AUTHOR'S MIND. THE WRITER'S JOB IS TO MAKE HER/HIS MESSAGE CLEAR. WE ARE ENTIRELY TO BLAME.

FOR THIS, WE SINCERELY APOLOGIZE. WE DO NOT EXPECT THIS APOLOGY TO WIPE AWAY THE DAMAGE WE CAUSED; IT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE. WE CAN ONLY HOPE TO BUILD OURSELVES, TO LEARN FROM THIS TRAVESTY WE HAVE COMMITTED. WE ARE NOT HATEFUL PEOPLE. LAUGHTER IS THE MUSIC OF LOVE AND OUR MAIN GOAL IS TO PROVOKE THIS LAUGHTER. SOMETIMES (ALL TOO OFTEN, IN FACT) WE FAIL. OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT WE GROW PAST OLD MISTAKES AS EXPERIENCE MEANDERS ON.

TO FURTHER THIS, WE WOULD LIKE TO EXTEND AN INVITATION FOR RECONCILIATION. WE KNOW WE DO NOT DESERVE IT; ALL YOU KNOW OF US IS OUR MOST UNFORTUNATE PAST. BUT PERHAPS ONE DAY, THE PLAGUE AND NYU'S WOMYN'S CENTER CAN GO TO CONEY ISLAND TOGETHER, PLAY THE SKEET-SHOOT TOGETHER, LOLLYGAG ON THE BEACH TOGETHER, ENJOY THE UN-HEALTHY BUT TASTY FOOD TOGETHER...IT WOULD BE OUR TREAT, UNLESS THAT VIOLATES YOUR PRINCIPLES, IN WHICH CASE WE COULD GO DUTCH. PLEASE, DO NOT TAKE THIS AS A SLEAZY COME-ON. WE, AS YOU (WITH UNFORTUNATE ACCURACY) PUT IT, ARE SKINNY WHITE DORKS (THOUGH SOME OF US ARE CHUNKY RATHER THAN SKINNY) AND THIS IS ALL WE COULD THINK OF IN THE WAYS OF A PEACE OFFERING. WE OFTEN ENJOY OURSELVES AT CONEY ISLAND. THE GO-CARTS MAY BE SMALL, AND SURE, WE MAY BE ABLE TO DRIVE REAL CARS NOW, BUT THE MAGIC OF CHILDHOOD CAN BE REGAINED WHILE DRIVING IN THOSE SMALL LAPS. THE BUILDINGS MAY BE DILAPIDATED, BUT WE CAN STILL FEEL THE GLORY AND BEAUTY OF OLD-TIME LEISURE. WE ONLY HOPE TO SHARE THE JOY OF SNO-CONES AND COTTON CANDY AND ARCADES WITH THOSE WE HAVE OFFENDED SO GRIEVOUSLY. WHILE THIS WOULDN'T EVEN COME CLOSE TO MAKING IT UP TO YOU, WE SURELY MUST START SOMEWHERE. PLEASE ALLOW US TO TRY. IF YOU DO NOT, WE WILL UNDERSTAND, AND NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN.

SINCERELY,

THE PLAGUE

Memorandum

To: Editors of *The Plague*
From: Angela Kluwin, Operations Coordinator
Re: Copyright Infringement
Date: October 27, 1999

Cc: Bob Butler, Director-OSA
Sally Arthur, Asst. VP for Student Life
Kerri Mason, EIC-WSN

Enclosed is a copy of the March 24, 1999 *Washington Square News* front page and page 5 from the Spring 99 edition of *The Plague*. There are several items on page 5 of the Spring 99 edition of *The Plague* which infringe on copyrights held by the *Washington Square News*. The two most egregious infringements are the direct use of the nameplate *Washington Square News* and the use of the photography of President L. Jay Oliva.

The Student Law Press Center has reviewed these infringements on behalf of the *Washington Square News*. The Student Law Press Center has advised the *Washington Square News* that while *The Plague* is a parody/satirical publication the manner in which the nameplate *Washington Square News* and photography of President L. Jay Oliva were used do not represent fair use. Fair use of the photography would include altering the image in a humorous or satirical manner or directly commenting or criticizing on the use of the photograph in the *Washington Square News*. Fair use of the name *Washington Square News* includes criticism of, comment on, and news reporting on the publication. Fair use does not extend to using the nameplate *Washington Square News* in the same font as is used by the publication as a page header in *The Plague*. The manner in which the nameplate *Washington Square News* is being used by *The Plague* is very misleading and suggests to readers that the page in *The Plague* was contributed by or endorsed by the *Washington Square News*.

At this time, the *Washington Square News* is requesting that *The Plague* cease and desist using the nameplate *Washington Square News* and that *The Plague* seek usage permission for all *Washington Square News* photographs. If *The Plague* continues to violate copyrights held by the *Washington Square News*, the *Washington Square News* will seek appropriate punitive actions within the University.

If you have any question regarding this matter, please contact me at x84973 or ak63@is6.nyu.edu. Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Dear Washington Square News,

We are shocked and stunned by your accusations. In fact, one might say we are indeed appalled. Our Editor-In-Chief, the illustrious, adventurous Michael Jastroch has locked himself in his apartment and refuses to even pet his goldfish. Several staffers have been suffering from severe bouts of fainting, brought on by the mere thought of your letter.

Well, enough with the pleasantries. We've carefully read your letter over and have done a lot of soul-searching. It wasn't easy to come to terms with what we had done, but after all the introspection, we saw the light. The light was bright . . . in fact, it was many lights. It was a marquee. And on this marquee was inscribed the following message:

"Fuck you, illiterate, uninformed, embarrassing, pathetic fucking losers who will never, ever, ever get actual jobs in journalism."

Let me tell you something. If you want to scare us with legal mumbo-jumbo, next time try a real lawyer, OK? Everyone knows that the reason Law Students are still students is because they're severely mentally and sexually retarded. John F. Kennedy Jr. graduated from NYU's law school and where is he now? So you can tell your pet law students to return to their vigorous masturbation to John Grisham novels.

While everyone at NYU knows that the staff of the Washington Square News is comprised solely of ugly, fat, stupid people, it is not fair of said staff to assume the same of the rest of the populace. You claim that the way we used your logo was misleading, that someone might have thought the Washington Square News actually wrote/published the article. There are a few problems with this theory. Firstly, said article was in *The Plague*, not your poorly-printed excuse for toilet paper. Secondly, the number of typos was WELL below WSN averages. Thirdly, while the WSN is hardly known for accuracy or truth, the IQ it would take to mistake our joke articles for even your dunder-headed excuse for 'reporting' would be even lower than the depths of stupidity it would take to find your April Fool's issue amusing.

Let me present two facts to you:

1. The Washington Square News is staffed by dangerously obese half-wits. I hear they aren't allowed to go above the first floor of a building, out of architectural fear that they would fall through each additional floor until they reached the ground. None of them have seen their own genitalia or feet for about seven years. The only things they do well are eat, flatulate, and sweat, and let me tell you, they do a shit-ton of each of these things. The reason they are so fat is that they are so dumb. They don't know it is bad to be fat. They don't know not to eat constantly. They don't know it's good to be able to fit through narrow passages. A snow ball effect occurs, because as they get fatter, they get dumber as fat replaces what few brain cells they had previously. They soon become automatons of farting, sweating, eating, misspelling, misreporting, and of being ugly.
2. *The Plague* is good, the WSN is evil. The WSN beats up old ladies and kicks puppies and kittens. They hate all non-white races, but reserve special disdain for Native Americans, whom they torture with disgusting glee on a nightly basis. Whereas the *Plague* likes to plant pretty flowers, the WSN likes to shit on your mother. The *Plague* is delighted by little babies and finds them adorable. The WSN cooks and eats babies after violating their every orifice with a nail gun. The *Plague* is G.I. Joe, the WSN is Cobra. If you read the Washington Square News backwards, you hear Satanic messages and Aryan propaganda. Unfortunately, if you read it 'correctly,' it makes no sense at all. The WSN killed that cop Mumia's in jail for killing. China was going to free Tibet years ago, but the WSN won't let them. The paper used to print the WSN is made from 100% pure rainforest trees. That and HUMAN FLESH!

We hope our point has been made sufficiently.

Fuck You,

The Plague

THE PLAGUE

Dear Plague,

I read your magazine and I think it was funny. I think your jokes are funny. Reading your magazine was a lot of fun for me. I'd like to be part of your magazine and write funny jokes. The funniest part was everything because you are so funny and I wanted you to know that you are the funniest guys ever. My mom thinks so too and she says that donkey-fucking jokes are "really fucking hilarious." Your fan,
Kevin Eubanks, age 10

Kevin, you certainly have a way with words. We appreciate your interest in The Plague, and would consider printing any jokes you send. However, with the economy becoming more and more globalized, and what with all the strife between the separatists in Quebec and the rest of the Free World, not to mention the question of "How many licks does it take to get to the Tootsie Roll center of a Tootsie Roll Pop?" The Plague feels compelled to offer you, and your entire generation some words of advice: don't be so quick to invest in technology stocks. They are unstable and may collapse at any given moment. Internet IPO's are a roll of the dice, Kevin. The only sure way to wealth and happiness is with the help of a bottle of Southern Comfort and a penchant for knocking over local gas stations for cash.

Oh my fucking God!

You guys are the best! I mean you got it all: twisted, sick, hilarious - hell

I even saw some donkey fucking jokes! Aw man, you must be some sick people. I think I'd fit in great on your staff cuz my friends always say I'm a real twisted fuck. I love to say crazy shit. Like stuff totally out of left field. Like the other day I was at my friend Donald's house and his Grandma baked us some brownies and asked us if we would like some milk, so I said, "No, Mrs. Donaldson, but I'd sure love to stick my dick in your juicy cunt!" She thought it was so funny she couldn't breathe. She nearly choked to death! Ha! I love making jokes that make people think. I mean, I may be a fan of "potty humor," but I always try to have a message. So keep it real. Peace.

Butch Jefferson, age 18

The mission statement of The Plague states that, "Every single edition of the magazine unequivocally must carry forth a message designed for the benefit of the NYU community, nay, the entire Milky Way Galaxy. The Plague shall be a 'beacon upon a hill,' by which a guiding light shall be cast, illuminating the path towards the eternal gates of Heaven." So, Mr. Jefferson, does your "potty humor" have a place on The Plague? Fuck yeah! By the way, we too would like to mount old Mrs. Donaldson like the wild sex-fiend she is, as long as our pillaging of her sacred private parts has a meaningful undertone, a message.

To Whom it May Concern,

You suck. May God have pity on your wretched souls.

Yours in Christ,
Pope John Paul II

Listen hombre, just because you go fishing with The Lord on weekends, you don't have the right to go off on a tirade against us! I mean, what did we ever do to you? You must have a lot of fucking free time on your hands to compose diatribes against innocent magazines. Your high-and-mighty attitude won't get you far in this world, pal! You need to shape up or ship out! Not everybody on this planet blindly follows your pretentious and bland words. As far as we're concerned, there's not enough room in this town for Roman Catholicism and us! So, you better get a move on! You and your stupid cult won't last long, once you go up against our superior belief system: capitalism. So, you and your commie-buddies can take a hike! Go suck on an egg! See you later, alligator! Make like a tree and leave, or else our literary foot will be so far up your white-washed ass that you'll feel forsaken. How do you like them apples?

Dear Plague,

I was wondering if you'd be interested in publishing a story I am writing about an experience I had with the Washington Square News. It involves thinly disguised censorship, refusal on behalf of the "WSN" to print necessary corrections and bald-faced lies. The piece also includes my demand for the severed

GETS FAN MAIL

hands of several editors. I don't know how you feel about demands for severed hands, but let me know if any of this sounds appealing to you. I no longer write for the "WSN" due to the incidents I will describe in this story, but I was once a contributing writer and now I just have a score to settle. I would prefer to let students know about the practices of the "WSN" through another NYU publication, but I may take it to the Village Voice or NY Press. Then again, I don't know how they'll react when the hands start rolling in to their offices, so I feel comfortable giving this proposal to you as I am sure that you've at least had a digit or two turn up in your mailbox over the years. Let me know.

OK,
Some real Guy

In response to your letter, we here at The Plague would like to inform you that no, we have never received any mangled body parts in our mailbox. Our mailbox is too small to hold anything larger than a small stack of papers, but that's not the point. Cutting off hands is never a good idea, unless you plan on eating them. And that too, can sometimes be frowned upon. Your letter was, however, something we are not very interested in. Yes, censorship is bad, but that's why we don't do it. We, here at The Plague are not the superheroes that everyone thinks. Our job is not to fight the evil we see around us, but merely to make fun of

them. We are not trying to solve problems. Our main goal is to find humor at the personal expense of others. In addition, we feel your story would be ineffective in our publication. Not only do the readers of The Plague not care about dealings with the Washington Square News, but also most are illiterate and merely enjoy our witty, yet socially offensive pictures.

In addition, your freakishly high level of references to cutting off people's hands is somewhat disturbing. There is a thin line between humor and insanity buddy, and we think you've crossed it a while back. Hey crazy, we don't need your kind round here. Just think of the results-we wouldn't want to tarnish our pristine reputation with something that could later be brought into play if (when) you decide to blow up some government building.

We hope that answers some of your questions. Keep them letters a comin'.

Dearest Corey,

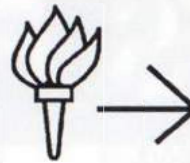
I love you. I adore you. I worship the silver screen that you grace with your unbelievably masculine presence. I've lusted after you since I first saw The Goonies. I thought you were the coolest! I kept this burning desire hidden inside. But I could not contain it when I saw The Lost Boys! Oh you were so strong and powerful in that film - how did you find the courage to fight against those mean vampires? Well, you big hunk of man, you had my adrenaline pumpin'. I cuddled up with

my Corey Bear for 3 weeks after ogling you in that frightening film. And let me tell you that my favorite movie in the whole universe is License to Drive. You totally outshined "the other Corey." Anyone that even tries to compare that skinny wimp to you should be killed with a spork. Corey Haim is nothing next to you - you make him look like a piece of garbage. You are a god, more wondrous than Zeus. You are a prophet, a messiah - my messiah! I pray to my Feldman shrine 5 times a day in hope that you will one day realize we are the perfect match. Don't make me wait much longer, my sweet. My patience can only last so long.

Love,
Corina

The Plague has yet to condone the stalking of any washed-up, has-been actors. Although, we do understand the erotic thrill that comes with anonymous observation. You'll never be with Corey because there's no justice in the world. Plato was a filthy shit-face. Remember that just because he invented the light bulb in 1492, doesn't mean that Dwight Eisenhower got any more respect than Kennedy did for freeing the slaves. The point? No one cares about other people's great feats. Just because you can quote Corey Feldman movies in you sleep doesn't mean that we give a damn. Next time write us a letter about Dina Meyer or Milla Jovovich, maybe then we'll listen...

WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS



Washington
Square News

Fall, 1999

[Http://pages.nyu.edu/clubs/plague](http://pages.nyu.edu/clubs/plague)

Vol. 28 • Issue #whatever

Alcohol Temporarily Makes Pain of Day to Day Living Tolerable



Ennui...

"This really comes as no shock to any of us," said an anonymous administrator at the OSA. "Our jobs drive us to the bottle thrice daily. I had Jim Beam for breakfast."

The survey, taken over the course of a three-month period just last winter, sited failing relationships,

A recent survey of NYU students conducted by the Office of Student Affairs indicated that 90% of the student body use alcohol to escape their tortured, pathetic existences.

stressful course loads, and the psyche-crushing monotony of modern American culture as the main causes of the student body's ever-growing alcohol addiction.

"Life is an endless abyss from which I cannot escape," said NYU freshman Ronald Hidalgo.

The use of booze to forget the mind-numbing dreariness of living crosses all political, ethnic, and cultural boundaries. Student-run clubs as diverse as The Womyn's Center and The Plague regularly incorporate tainted spirits into their events and meetings.

"I guess I'm just really lonely," said Plague Editor Michael Jastroch. "Rum and Coke makes me feel sexy."

See "BOOZE" • Next Page

Fans confused by pair of Star Crossed Lovers

"We're in love." Never have those three words caused such an uproar in geek communities. But when Han Solo and Mr. Spock announced their undying devotion for each other at a press conference last Thursday, the star-shit really hit the star-fan.

See "GAY GEEK"-Next Page

Today's WSN...

Opinion:

"Where the Hell Are You Guys?"

"Racism is Double Plus Ungood."

See Next Page...

Glasses Hinder Beauty

Gladys Terwilliger, widely-known as an unattractive, uncool girl, recently removed her glasses. "She looked hot," Lewis Manalo, football team Captain said. "I had no idea."

Witnesses also report her hair, usually kept in a tight bun, flowed down to her shoulders, almost magically. "She also has a rockin' body," Lewis added. "I guess I just never noticed."

Gladys and Lewis have been having sex ever since. James Franklin, Gladys' lame male friend is torn. "I always knew she was amazing. I don't think she needed to change. Also, she won't speak to me anymore. She has my inhaler. Please help. I can't even LARP anymore, my asthma's so bad."

In response, Gladys said, "Whatever, Nerdo. I'm cool now."

Sparticists Whine Again

The local NYU communist organization was seen crying around like a little baby recently. "It was something about fairness or equality," one eyewitness said. "I wasn't really paying attention. They're always bitching." Residents were annoyed, but not enraged. "I kind of feel sorry for them. Don't they know that while communism is beautiful on paper, it will never, ever work? Damn commie brain-washing."

This comes on the heels of the recent revelation about the complete and utter lack of NYU student involvement in the communist organization. The Minetta Review, NYU's only intentionally pretentious

See "COMMIES" • Next Page

WSN Scooped Again

The pathetic NYU "newspaper" was scooped again, this time by the *Minetta Review*. New Media Editor Dave Morreale released the following statement: "God dammit. We were just about to blow that Spartacist thing out in the open. The *Minetta Review*? They're not journalists! They're not even a good literary magazine!"

The *Minetta Review*'s super-heroic leader Captain Britain is had little to say: "They were actually researching the movie *Spartacus*. I mean, it's a good movie, but they're a little late."

In a related late-breaking story, the Washington Square News is also pissed that *The Plague*

See "SCOOPED"- Next Page

Where the Hell Are You Guys Anyway?

I'm Waiting, Where the Hell Are You?

Hey Mark, I'm waiting. Where the hell are you? I've been sitting outside this movie theater for almost an hour now and its starting to drizzle. I'm chilly. Where are you, man?

These tickets are special passes and are non-refundable. The movie starts in ten minutes and we'll never get good seats at this rate. You assured me that you'd be here on time this time.

If only there was some way I could magically project my voice into your home and then hear your responses and we could communi-

cate with each other and I could figure out where exactly it is that you are and we could see the movie and then I wouldn't be standing here by myself on this crowded street with all these people looking at me.

This really cute girl looked at me but I felt so pathetic and alone that I couldn't even muster the saddest of smiles. I am so alone. Why won't you be my friend and come to a movie with me?

It's raining harder now and my clothes are soaked. I hope I catch pneumonia and die. Then you'll be sad, huh? Where the hell are you, anyway?

Feature

No More Prisons

Citizens all across the country rejoiced this past week when all prisons across the United States suddenly closed. The inspiration for this event was a simple message, spray painted on the sidewalk on the corner of University Place and 10th street. "It seems that some schmoe spray-painted the words, 'No More Prisons!' on the sidewalk and everyone listened," said police Sgt. McHenry, an officer on the DeLaVega task force.

Joseph Garvey, head of the international coalition for the elimination of prisons commented, "I can't believe we've been going about this the wrong way all these years. I mean shit, we were going through legal litigations, and all we had to do

was paint some crap on a sidewalk to get where we wanted to be!"

When asked for comment, Alfred Cintok, head of the New York Department of Corrections stated, "All these years I have never wanted to listen to those damn long hairs, but this spray paint speaks to me. My evil ways have changed."

The move does have critics, however. Some anonymous sources fear that the release of thousands upon thousands of convicted felons may have something to do with the 400 murders that occurred in New York City last week alone. However, mayor Giuliani stands by the decision insisting that all naysayers, "Chill out and stop being such a drag."

BOOZE, Cont. from page one

The tide of substance abuse to deal with this shit-hole excuse for a moral universe shows no signs of ebbing any time soon. One student remarked, "She won't leave him and I don't want to feel anything anymore."

COMMIES, Cont. from page one

publication, exposed the scandal in their fall '99 issue. "It turns out they're just a bunch of homeless losers," Minetta Review Editor in Chief Captain Britain said.

"True 'dat," a random passerby added.

GEEK, Cont. from page one

Sci-Fi Magazine *Starlog's* Editor Elwood "The Kewl Klingon" Waddell was among the agast nerds. "But . . . but . . . but . . ." he stammers to this very day.

Some of the more rational dorks protest that two fictional characters from different fictional diogenesises cannot fall in love, but they have no explanation for the public 3-hour make-out session last week.

SCOOPED, Cont. from page one

scooped them on the "WSN Scooped by the *Minetta Review*" story.

"Shit ass hell! We were THIS close!" the strikingly handsome Morreale hollered. "I hate *The Plague*. They're so thin and unretarded."

When asked for comment, *The Plague* was busy weeping. "There's just so much hurt in the world," they said in eerie unison.

Hell Bound, Cont. from page one

that the whole situation was kind of creepy, VERY creepy."

Whatever the case, authorities still have no idea why the truck exploded, or why its driver, a monkey, and members of the Big Apple Circus were tied up inside.

"It appears that there was a tiny bit of space left in the magazine and they needed some filler."

NYU STUDY SKILLS WORKSHOPS

- Tired of failing everything?
- Not enough time for drug/alcohol problem?
- Or are you just a lonely, lonely young man?

Every Friday afternoon

Learn the secrets of note taking/speed reading/spelling/English/ Martial Arts/ Marital Aides/ Time management and avoidance behavior/ No one likes you

WEEKLY World News

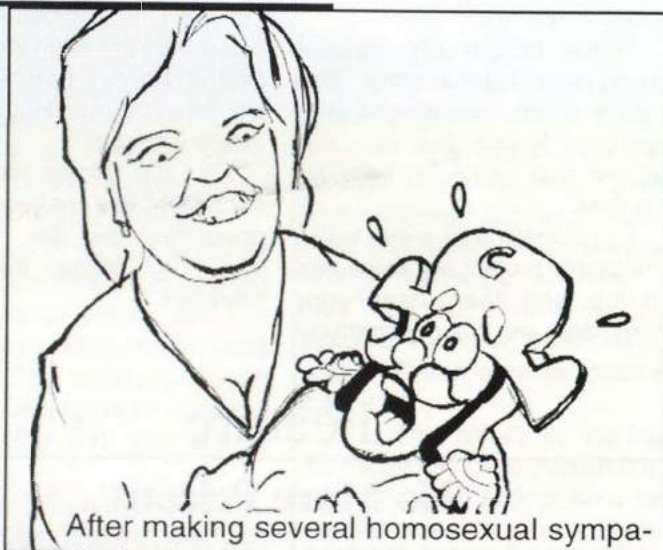
This issue:

- New Kimmel center to house "Goyer Worshipping complex"
- L.Jay Oliva found alive with dead Elvis

Corporate Mascots, After the Magic*

They say that power corrupts and that absolute power corrupts absolutely. That may very well be the case, but it has little or nothing to do with this article, really. Child actors often face serious mental and physical problems after their ten minutes of fame are over. Unfortunately, corporate mascots, although largely fictional creations of some soulless ad agency, are not immune to the pains of celebrity. Here are some of the more depraved stories of mascots going bad...

*Alternate Title: When Company Logos Attack

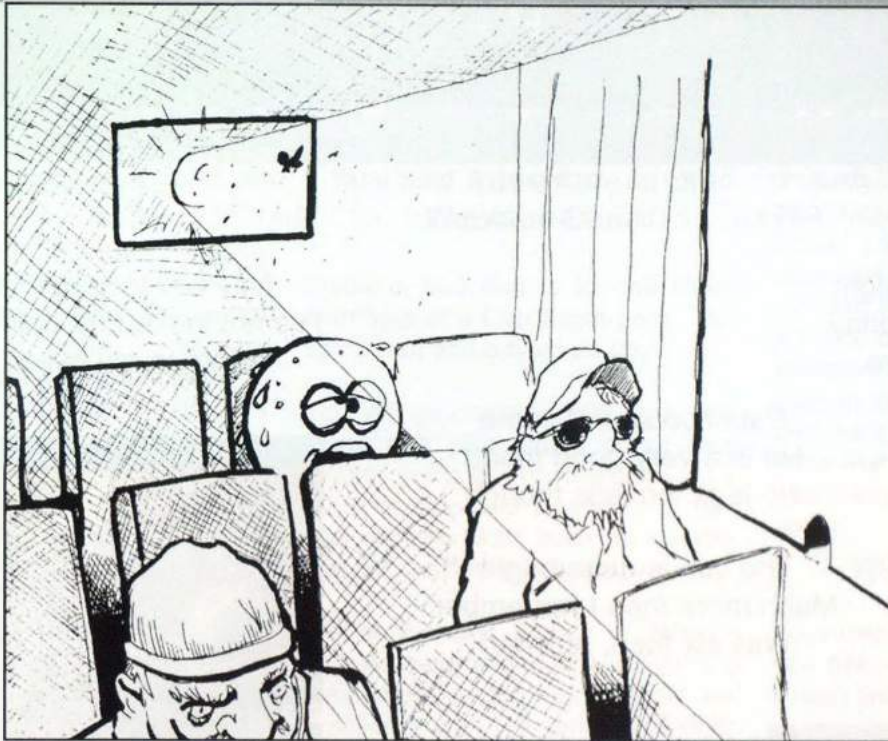


After making several homosexual sympathetic remarks at a 1996 press conference, Capt. Crunch was seen as 'unamerican' & 'anti-family'. Quaker Oats Cereals promptly dropped him from the payroll, and he found other work hard to find. 2 years later he was adopted by Rosie O'Donnell.

Mr. Clean? Well, he turned into a nazi and has since been on a crusade to 'clean' the world of Judaism.



After a 9 year battle against alcoholism, the Michelin Man fell off the wagon in 1994. The accident left 3 dead and another teenage boy injured. While the teenage boy later went on to disguise himself as a dirty old man and become the president of NYU, the Michelin Man wasn't lucky enough to be able to walk away; he currently lives at Spring Acres Care Home where he undergoes daily air dialysis treatments.



After the Mr. Bubble campaign to clean every bathroom in America was officially deactivated in 1993 Mr. Bubble found himself with a lot more free time, and a lot less cash: enter pornography. After a failed attempt at starring in pornographic film, Mr. Bubble found a niche in regional distribution of video tape, through which he made the contacts that would eventually led him to his current calling. Mr. Bubble now gets free admission to all the XXX movies he wants if he cleans the sticky floors after the movies are over.

Although Max Headroom didn't do much for the Pepsi company in their attempt to out-edge Coke, it was a significant nail in the coffin that buried Kool-Aid. "Kids don't like me anymore," The Kool-Aid man was quoted as saying, "They want to drink soda, but that'll change if I can get 'em while they're young". The scene then got ugly when the Kool-Aid man burst through the wall of a church screaming, "Oh Yeah!" and then proceeded to 'open his valve' in the baptismal water.



The Company Picnic



In the spirit of a positive work environment, we here at Nike decided it would be a great idea to have a company picnic. We had one of our older employees write, in Haiku form, the events of that fun-filled day:

We shall see the light
Company picnic today
I'm glad I'm alive



Pablo could not come
He is a very good friend
No legs, no legs though

The sun is quite bright
Much more than I remember
Was six then, now ten

There are no parks here
The parking lot as much fun
Don't dive for Frisbee

Breathing is easy
No choking black fumes outside
I cough, but not much

Bacon and Saltines
Cold and stale, respectively
Snack time is for fun



Now we play baseball
Strike one, strike two for Phillipe
One more and he dies

A fly ball towards me
I've not looked up until now
Fire in my eyes



Next event scheduled
Father/son three-legged race
Who? It is canceled

Potato sack race
There are lots of smiles and laughs
Winner gets water



We're loud, Boss is mad
"Unruly," he says, "is bad
Now swallow this tack."

All this fun tires me
Years of stillness—muscles soft
Steel bites when you move



The day is over
We go back to the building
Why does God hate me?

BOY SCOUTS



OF AMERICA

Cultural Diversity

The Boy Scouts of America proudly proclaims: We are an equal opportunity organization! We accept all shades of white. We are especially sensitive to the plight of the American Indian. Why, a hundred years ago, when the White Man came from Europe and killed off this proud race, little did we know that this culture would one day be considered fashionable and tragically ironic.

Long before they were reduced to selling their wares by the side of the interstate and their reservations were overrun with alcoholism and gambling addiction, these "Native Americans" were savage heathens. Our efforts to save their souls having failed, we now see little threat in leaving them to dance around their little fires while we go to Heaven. Here's little Tommy Williams sporting the "Chief Proud Feather" Deluxe War Bonnet Headdress.



Paying respect to the Red Man now through homogenized and stereotypical representations makes up for us nearly wiping them out such a long, long time ago.

Fun and Adventure in the Webelos Den

Webelos Scouting is for the oldest members of a Cub Scout pack. Get set for fun and adventure boys!

You will go camping with your den, along with your parent or an adult relative or friend. You'll explore some adult careers and learn lots of new and exciting skills such as forestry, first aid, and masturbation.

We at the Boy Scouts of America (B.S.A.) recommend that you learn to masturbate as soon as possible and practice it with frequency and vigor. You will earn special badges and masturbatory awards that only Webelos Scouts can get!



Remember: You are better than anyone in your den, and you can

probably beat them up, too. I suggest a sneak attack during the Cub Scout promise, or in appropriate situations, during the flag salute. It will take the entire den to eventually pull you off of Jimmy Jones' bloody, whimpering body. His Cub Scout uniform will be stained and ripped, and he'll be crying because he'll know that you're the best Cub Scout ever. And that's what Webelos is all about.

Volunteers Wanted

Volunteer today! Learn how Scouting can help you make the most of the limited time you have with your son.



Be a Scout Master!

Wander in the woods for days with a dozen little boys who think that you are a real authority figure!

At The Boy Scouts of America, young boys are given positive male role models and are kept busy with stereotypically masculine activities including camping, woodworking, knot tying, bloodletting, and others!

Remember: homoerotic servitude prepares boys for a lifetime of ridicule, having their masculinity slowly stripped away by a bitching wife, whining kids, and a dickhead boss! We are always looking for eager men ready to share their time and experiences with impressionable, pre-pubescent boys who know how to keep a secret.

When Good Things Go Bad: An heroic struggle

"WE ALL KNOW THAT BEING A PLAGUE SCOUT IS SUPER-FUN, SUPER-"COOL," AND SUPER-PRODUCTIVE. THOSE OF US REALLY "IN THE KNOW" (YES, YOU, FAITHFUL PLAGUE SCOUT SUBSCRIBERS) ALSO KNOW IT CAN BE SUPER- DANGEROUS. WHAT FOLLOWS IS A SUPER-EXCITING TALE OF HARROWING ADVENTURE AND NEAR-DEATH CREAMINESS.

A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER

SETH AND GREG—YOU'D BE HARD-PRESSED TO FIND PLAGUE SCOUTS MORE DEDICATED, HONEST, EFFICIENT, SACHARINE, OR LITHE. THEY STARTED THEIR ADVENTURE ON A WARM TUESDAY. SETH REMEMBERS, "IT WAS DEFINITELY A TUESDAY. I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO THE NEW ISSUE OF X-FORCE, RUMORED TO HAVE A SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE BY CAPTAIN BRITAIN!"

KAYAK CATASTROPHE

GREG HAD RECENTLY BUILT A NEW KAYAK, ONE HE FELT WAS SPECIAL. "THE IDEA CAME TO ME IN A VISION THE LAST TIME PLAGUEMASTER BOB TOOK US CAMPING. I KNEW MY DESTINY WAS TO BUILD A POST-MODERN KAYAK FROM TV GUIDES AND EIGHT DIFFERENT BODILY EXCRETIONS".

THE KAYAK WAS LIKE NO OTHER. IT COULD TALK FOR ONE THING. "I THINK IT WAS GAY, THOUGH," SAID SETH. "IT KEPT TALKING ABOUT KITT'S TURBO- BOOSTER IN THAT VOICE MOM TALKS ABOUT GREG IN".

THE VOCAL KAYAK WORKED A BIT TOO WELL,

PERHAPS, AND THE BOYS FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE CLASS SEVEN RAPIDS OF WASHINGTON PLACE AND BROADWAY. "THAT'S WHEN I KNEW SOMETHING WAS FISHY," ADDS GREG.

FINDING DRY LAND

THE SCOUTS WISELY STEERED THEIR MIGHTY SHIP ASHORE. BUT THE AMAZING TWO MAN BOAT WAS DISPLEASED. "EAT MY SPACE-DUST, SUCKERS!", IT CALLED OUT WHILE ROCKETING SKYWARD WITHOUT THEM. UNDAUNTED, OUR BRAVE BOYS CONTINUED THEIR QUEST ON FOOT.

"WE SAW TREES. I LIKE TREES" REMEMBERS SETH. THEY STEALTHILY APPROACHED WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK, READY FOR ANYTHING. ANYTHING, THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR WHAT CAME NEXT.

SURVIVAL

PLAGUE SCOUTS GREG AND SETH TURNED TO THEIR WILDERNESS SURVIVAL SKILLS. ARMED WITH SNAKE-LIKE CUNNING, THEIR WOODSMAN COOKERY MERIT BADGES AND THE PLAGUE SCOUT MOTTO (BE DESPAIRED), GREG AND SETH SET ABOUT

CONSTRUCTING A MAGNIFICENT SHELTER AND A FIRE WITH WHICH THEY COULD KEEP WARM AND RENDER THE FAT FROM THEIR NEW FOUND WOODLAND FRIENDS.

THE QUIET TIME

GREG AND SETH SETTLED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT IN THEIR NEW HOME BY TELLING GHOST STORIES AND TENDING TO THEIR FIRE. BY THE TIME THEIR DAY CAUGHT UP WITH THEM, THEY WERE SOUND ASLEEP LIKE HELPLESS BABIES.

**"That's when I
knew some-
thing was
fishy"**



Plague Scouts Seth and Greg engage in positive male bonding while getting in touch with the beauty that is nature.

GOOD MORNING

GREG AND SETH WERE WELL-RESTED AND BEGAN THEIR MORNING BY REKINDLING THEIR FIRE. THEY WERE UNPREPARED FOR WHAT WAS TO COME AFTER THE LARGELY PLEASANT AND WELL-MANNERED EVENING.

GOOD THINGS TURN BAD

AROUND ELEVEN IN THE A.M., A FRIENDLY, GOOD-NATURED SQUIRREL APPROACHED SETH AND GREG'S CAMP. IT CHIRPED IN A BUBBLY MANNER AND BEGAN PLAYING WITH THE BOYS. GREG FED THE FRIENDLY BEAST NUTS WHILE SETH TRIED TO EARN HIS ANIMAL TELEPATHY BADGE. "IT WAS ABOUT THEN THAT IT ALL HAPPENED," GREG



The scouts' precision training allows them to sense the trouble which is brewing. The air is thick with tension.

SAYS, "THAT HELLHAND SQUIRREL WAS PROBABLY A SCOUT OR SOMETHING. I SHOULD HAVE CRUSHED ITS PUNY RODENT BRAIN CAVITY WHILE I HAD THE CHANCE.

THE "IT" THAT HAPPENED WAS THE MOST TERRIBLE THING A PLAGUE SCOUT HAS EVER KNOWN. EVEN MORE TERRIBLE THAN JOSHIE COOK'S NEW ELEVENTH-DEGREE BURNS, WORSE THAN THE FUTURISTIC BEARBOT THAT MAULED AND GROUND THE BONES OF PLAGUE TROUPE 983, EVEN MORE TERRIBLE THAN THE HOT GIRL THAT DOESN'T KNOW THAT TIMMY KOWALSKI EXISTS. MORE TERRIBLE INDEED BECAUSE THE LUCHADORS DESCENDED!

A BRIEF EXPLANATORY NOTE

NOAH WYLIE DEFINES A LUCHADOR (LOO-CHUH-DOOR) AS A "MEXICAN PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER KNOWN MOSTLY FOR THEIR INTRICATE, COLORFUL

MASKS AND THEIR HIGH-FLYING, HIGH-RISK AERIAL TECHNIQUES."

PAIN FROM THE SKY

THESE WEREN'T JUST ANY TWO LUCHADORS. THEY WERE ANGEL DE LA MUERTE AND HIS EQUALLY DEADLY PARTNER, THE SWEATERED DEMON. THE BOYS REMAINED CALM ON THE OUTSIDE, BUT KNEW THE SITUATION WAS BAD. "GREG WET HIS PANTS," SETH CLAIMS. "NO, SETH WET MY PANTS FROM AFAR," GREG REBUTS.

WHAT FOLLOWED WAS A MAXIMUM DEATHBLOOD ASSORTMENT OF KICKS, PUNCHES, ELBOWS, FLYING POWER SLAMS, AND TORTUROUS SUBMISSION MOVES. THE PAIN WAS

INDESCRIBABLE. "I SAW MY LIFE FLASH BEFORE MY EYES. IT WAS DEVOID OF WORTH," SETH CLAIMS TO THIS VERY DAY.

**"I saw my life flash
before my eyes. It
was devoid of worth"**

"IT WAS BAD. REAL BAD. WORSE THAN UNCLE UMBERTO'S TALES OF BEING IN THE SHIT IN NAM. WORSE THAN THE BEATINGS THAT ALWAYS CAME AFTER THOSE STORIES," GREG ADDS.

A SUDDEN RESPITE

JUST AS SOON AS THE MEXICAN MASKED MARVELS HAD ARRIVED, THEY DEPARTED. THE BOYS CLAIM THE TWO GRAPPLERS THREW THEM IN A PILE AND SCREAMED "THINK AGAIN BEFORE YOU START ACTING LIKE ASSHOLES ON OUR TURF!" THE TOP PLAGUE SCOUT LITERARY ANALYSIS TEAMS ARE WORKING AROUND THE CLOCK TO DECIPHER THE CRYPTIC MESSAGE.

A LESSON FOR US ALL

IF ANYTHING GOOD CAME OUT OF THIS DEPLORABLE INCIDENT, IT IS THE VALUABLE MORAL THAT CAN BE PASSED ALONG TO ALL SCOUTS EVERYWHERE. "WHAT LESSON? IT MADE NO SENSE WHATSOEVER!" SETH FIERCELY AND GUTTURALLY SCREAMS BEFORE BURSTING INTO A FURY OF PUNCHES, ELBOWS, AND TEARS. "YOU SUCK, INTERVIEWER-GUY," GREG SAYS, GATHERING HIS FRIEND AND LEAVING.



*"Why am I so small
and weak?", ponders
Greg as his life is painfully
drained from his
soul by a luchador.*



If you would like to acquire the full length Young Santa comic book, call the Young Santa hotline for mailing information at 516-633-1234. If not, you won't have a very merry Christmas.



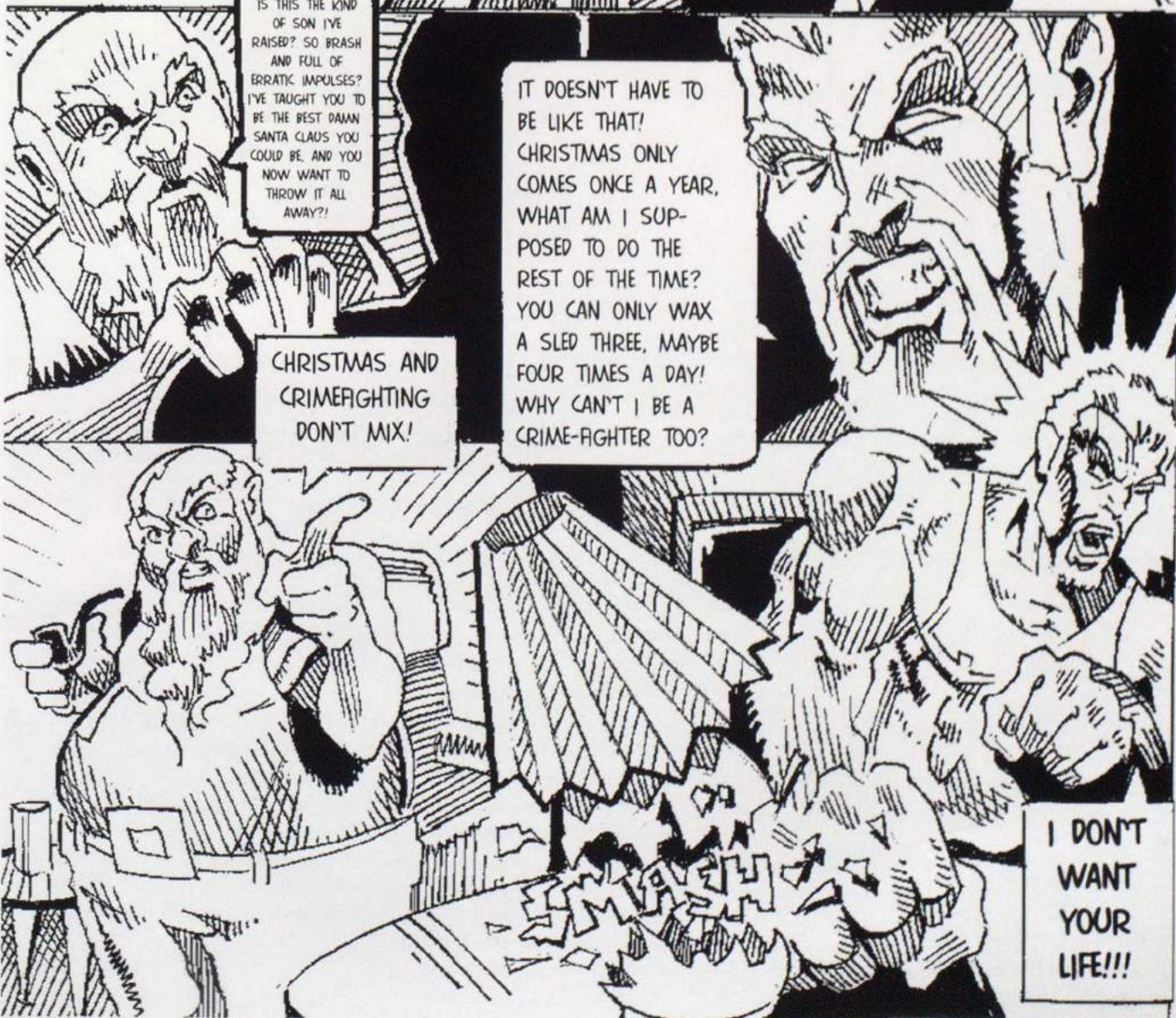
I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO THIS AGAIN WITH YOU, SON.

...over thirty stores vandalized, their eggs missing. In an unrelated incident, thousands of painted eggs have been found strewn about the city. Police are baffled.

DAD, GOD DAMN IT! WE SHOULD BE OUT FIGHTING CRIME, NOT SITTING ON ASSES EATING CHRISTMAS COOKIES! DA-

WHY?
'CAUSE YOU'RE FAT !?!

CRUNCH



IS THIS THE KIND OF SON I'VE RAISED? SO BRASH AND FULL OF ERRATIC IMPULSES? I'VE TAUGHT YOU TO BE THE BEST DAMN SANTA CLAUS YOU COULD BE, AND YOU NOW WANT TO THROW IT ALL AWAY?!

CHRISTMAS AND CRIMEFIGHTING DON'T MIX!

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THAT! CHRISTMAS ONLY COMES ONCE A YEAR, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO THE REST OF THE TIME? YOU CAN ONLY WAX A SLED THREE, MAYBE FOUR TIMES A DAY! WHY CAN'T I BE A CRIME-FIGHTER TOO?

SMASH

I DON'T WANT YOUR LIFE!!!



BEHIND THE MUSIC

In the past, VH1's Behind the Music has brought you the inside story of such musical heavyweights as Metallica, R.E.M., and Leif Garrett...but there is one story that those dick-licking pussies at VH1 were too scared to bring you. Luckily, we dick-licking pussies at The Plague have acquired portions of the transcript from this un-aired broadcast and are proud to bring you...

JESUS CHRIST AND THE 12 APOSTLES BEHIND THE MUSIC

Matthew. Mark. Luke. John. Today these four men are known the world over, but just a mere 1,979 years ago, they, along with 8 other guys, were a struggling rock & roll band called The God-Hating Apostles of Satan. They played mostly at circumcisions and on Nazareth's titty bar circuit, hardly making enough money to survive.

That was until they met a sandal-wearing, long-haired hippie by the name of Jesus Christ. He may have looked and talked strange, but the boys accepted Him because, as Luke most eloquently put it, "That nigga can play!"

"Anyone who can turn water into wine can hang with us," added John, the alcoholic of the group.

Jesus' first move was to make the band shorten its' name to just The Apostles.



MARY IS PROUD OF HER BOY



JESUS DEFEATS SATAN WITH HOLY ROCK!

His addition to The Apostles quickly paid off, as they recorded two hit songs: "Thou Shalt Treat Thy Neighbor as Thy Would like to be Treated (Golden Rule)", and the rap/rock sensation "Fuck tha Roman Police".

This led to (in)famous appearances at Mt. Sinai and on the Ed Sullivan Show where Jesus could only be filmed from the waist up due to His sexually explicit dance moves. Everything looked fine and dandy for Jesus and The Apostles, but soon things would take a turn for the worse.

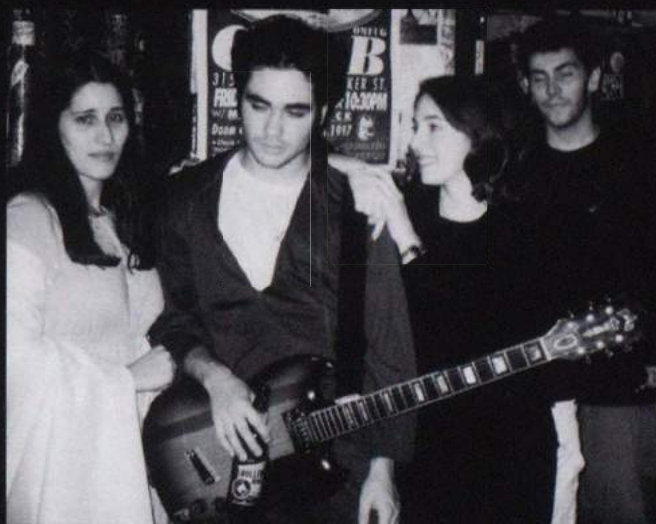
Some of The Apostles became jealous of Jesus' rising star and rapidly inflating ego. Said Judas in an interview with Rolling Stone, "Just because He's the Son of God, He thinks He's special or something." Other Apostles grew wary of Jesus' penchant for saving the souls of prostitutes. As James the Elder recalls, "Jesus could get any kind of pussy He wanted, but He just had this thing for whores."

The most troubled member of the group was definitely Judas, who had been nicknamed "Ringo" by many Nazarethians. Deeply in debt, Judas turned Jesus in to the Roman Police for 30 silver pieces and was heard to exclaim, "Just Because His father is the Creator of Heaven and Earth and my dad shoveled camel shit for a living, He thought He was better than me! I'll show Him!"



JUDAS AND JESUS ROCK OUT!

This betrayal sent Jesus into a severe depression and turned what was once a passing fascination with mind altering substances into full-fledged addiction. Many unsuccessful visits to the Betty Ford Clinic followed. Then Good Friday rolled around...



THE GIRLS LIKE THAT DIVINE ROCKABILITY

The Apostles discovered what they feared would happen...Jesus...crucified...dead of an overdose at the approximate age of 30. The Apostles attempted a reunion on Easter Sunday, two days after Jesus' death. However, it was not to be and Jesus quietly ascended into Heaven...

SO WHERE ARE JESUS AND THE 12 APOSTLES TODAY?

DEAD!



THE LAST CALL

Except for Luke who runs an auto-body shop in Tupelo, Mississippi. As for Jesus, He is currently seated at the Right Hand of the Father, waiting in Heaven's Glory to judge the living and the dead. But their fans have not forgotten them.

Christians, as they are called, are second in size only to "Deadheads", and are led by Fan Club President Pope John Paul II.

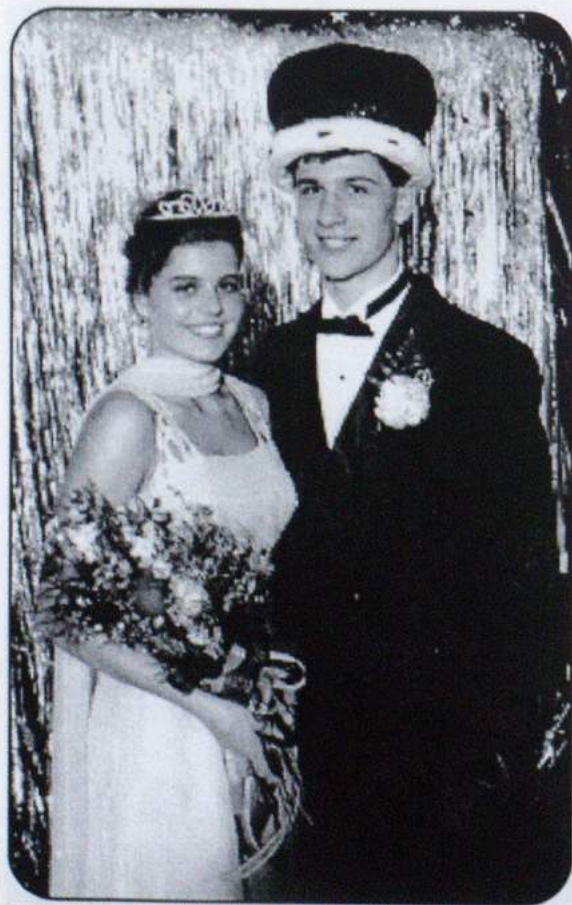
All photos courtesy
of L. D. Vincci



Didn't
get **Laid**
at your high
school prom?
Well, here's
your second
chance



The 4th Annual Plague Prom!



When: Friday, May 5, Y2K. 8pm - mid

Where: Thompson Center Basement.

Why: Charity, why else...

How Much: \$3

What to Wear: Come dressed to the nines in the tackiest 80's clothes you can find! We'll be wearing ours. Don't let us down.

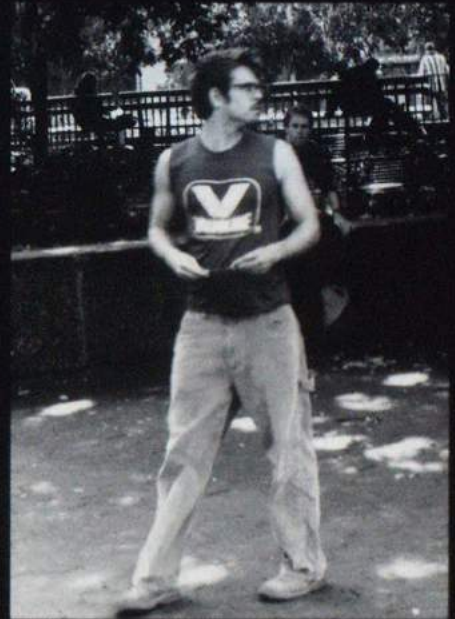
Last year's prom was a big success. Between the 35 foot octopus that got loose and Merlin the magician sporting his American pride, hardly anyone noticed the huge orgy that broke out in the corner. (Well, except those mormons, but they were perfectly content, gaining 3 more wives each.) But everyone had a kick-ass time. Be sure not to miss this year's, as we kick off the biggest, most bad-assed prom yet!

Are There Celebrities Among Us?

We at The Plague want all of you to realize that there are countless celebrities just walking around our area begging to be gawked at. So, to give you a jump start, we decided to give you a crash course in spotting them so stalking them and killing their pets will no longer be nearly as difficult.



The Eagles take a break from "Hotel California" and jam under the trees.



Brad Pitt tries to remember not to talk about Fight Club



"Superfreak," Rick James takes a dip in the fountain



Melissa Joan-Heart shows she knows it all



Dark Lord and master Sean Connery surveys his domain

If you Love Science...

There must be something wrong with you, get a life

Order your free copy of "Scienetics" Now!



Give yourself over to mind numbing dogma today...

LEARN TO BUILD A HOVER CRAFT



Let's be honest, this thing will never, ever work you pencil-necked geek. Stop indulging your adolescent sex fantasies and START working on moving your out of your **parents' home**

send us money to our house

WHAT IS THIS THING?



I mean, Jesus, what the fuck is it? I've got no fucking clue. I thought maybe you goddam nerds would figure it out. Let me know if you figure it out. Christ if I know.



Turn your shit into tasty vittles!!

ENVIROLET!!

- Make butt stuff useful
- Fuel scooter and self
- Functional. Sanitary, and SAFE FOR KIDS AND PETS

SPY OUTLET

Latest Hi-Tech Surveillance Equipment

Russian ex-patriots deal in small arms from their homes. Very discreet. Order now and receive "Secrets of CIA Torture Revealed."

Spying on your neighbors and friends since 1946



•New developments in Karaoke technology have allowed scientists to extract ancient secrets of Asian Rock for the western world
•Confusious say, "rock out."

SINGER WANTED!!!



Literary Magazine Needs Obscure Superhero

We here at New, Inc! desire to hire an obscure superhero to edit our magazine. It worked for the Minetta Review!

Construct Your ROBOT HOME TODAY

Our Robo-Home-Kit requires a robotics and/or engineering degree to complete construction.

Note: Failure to follow directions will result in Skynet brand robo-homes perpetrating the genocide of the human populace



Help me, I've Been Captured

Please send a para-military style extraction team to 317 SunGrove Road. They have me in their basement and force feed me a meager portion of wet gruel thrice daily. I've been sleeping on a damp, soiled concrete floor for months. They beat me if I cry. I think they may be trying to kill me, call Amnesty International.

Are you gay? Time to find

We can send you the prettiest men and women to experiment with. From the corpulent to the emaciated, we got 'em all. Indulge your most repressed emotions. We kill breeders.



WANT TO BE A CYBORG?

Stick a remote control in your arm and see what happens.

Earn Fast
Cash, you
Salty Bitch

EARN TWO INCOMES

Don't settle for second rate gimmicks. Our gimmick is a first-rate, sure-fire money maker. Call us now for more vague details and chicanery.

1998-1999

In Loving Memory

X5ZE

You were my favorite robot. Sorry I dropped you in the pool.

IS YOUR DRINKING WATER SAFE????!!

Probably not, I've been peeing in random wells and resevoirs around the nation. Pretty fuck-ing gross huh? Buy my water filter or get Cholera.

Think about it

LEARN THE SECRETS OF MOTOR COOR-DINATION

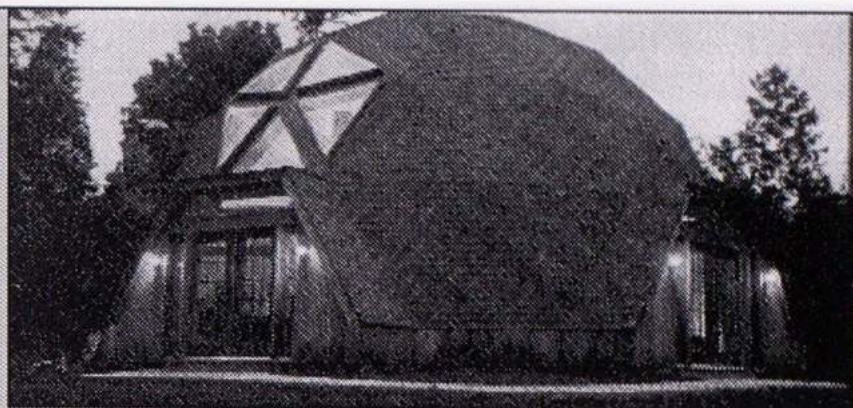
Train at home in your spare time. Learn to manipulate small objects, handle simple tools, and create simple machines such as the lever, pully, and the inclined plane. Opposable thumbs made EASY! Call now!

GET
FREE
FACTS

Practice These Valuable Skills

- Puzzle Assembly
- Master the Rubix Cube
- Basket Weaving
- Make Balloon Animals
- Eat with Utensils!
- Hold Your Pencil the Right way
- Fun with Kiddie Scissors
- Kill a man with your bare hands
- Play the game "Monopoly" without knocking everyone's hotels over
- 7 animals of Kung-Fu
- Sew flesh wounds

- closed
- Construct Sun Temples to our God, Amun-Ra
- Masturbation and Child Molestation
- This is becoming less and less funny
- Not looking like a bumbling idiot
- Filler, good god need more filler
- Operate heavy machinery while drunk or high
- Smoke Cigarettes without burning self, others



Chrysler Domehomemobile: The Future of Lame!

Ever wonder where that old fart Lee Iaccoca's been? We put him in one of these! And we think you should try it too! Our Domehomemobile can go in excess of three miles per hour and though it won't fit on any known highway, won't your neighbors be jealous? You bet they will! So go to your local Chrysler dealership and ask to see the Domehomemobile! They just might let you breathe it's precious automated air. Check it out. You'll be glad you did.

HERE COME THE STAIRS! *

*Remember, Jesus Loves you. Woe unto thee who doth not purchase here

Metal Spiral Stairs

Only **\$3300**
For 5'0" Diameter
11-Riser Kit F.O.B.
Broomall, PA

Shows 5' diam. with optional 6' diam. kit. 10-12 inch wide treads and solid wood balusters.

•Sturdy, Durable, Reliable

Robo-Computer Stairs

Only **\$1575**
For 4'0" Diameter
11-Riser Kit F.O.B.
Broomall, PA

•Uses advance Aerospace Technology

Rusty Death Trap

Installation Video featuring The Ferris Guy now included with all Metal Spiral Stair kits.

Only **\$425**
For 3'0" Diameter
11-Riser Kit F.O.B.
Broomall, PA

•Salvaged from rusting hulk of Titanic

JOIN THE FLOCK

CALL US NOW, and ASCEND INTO THE GREAT UPSTAIRS
1-800-UDIENOW

*Service not directly affiliated with Jesus Christ

SEND ME STAIRS!!!

Name: _____
Address: _____
Identifying features: _____
Are you the Anti-Christ: _____

The Leading Manufacturer of "Spiral" Stairs and deliverers of Christ's divine truth!

IRON WORKS

When Worlds Collide*

*Alternate title: "Beauty and the Beast" (but which is which?)



The NYU Womyn's Center reads *The Plague* and is aghast at its sexist content.

In a productive and well thought-out response, the Womyn's Center unleashes their anger on the magazine.



A token *Plague* member attends a Womyn's Center meeting hoping to make amends.



The Plague seeks the advice of thier advisor, Bob Butler. Upon finding him they concludes that the Womyn's Center reached him first.



A Plague member accidentally finds himself in the midst of a "Take Back the Night Rally."

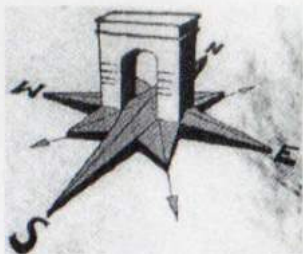


Just as the Womyn's Center captures another victim, they receive a letter from The Plague. After reading this letter, they decide that a peaceful coexistence is possible.

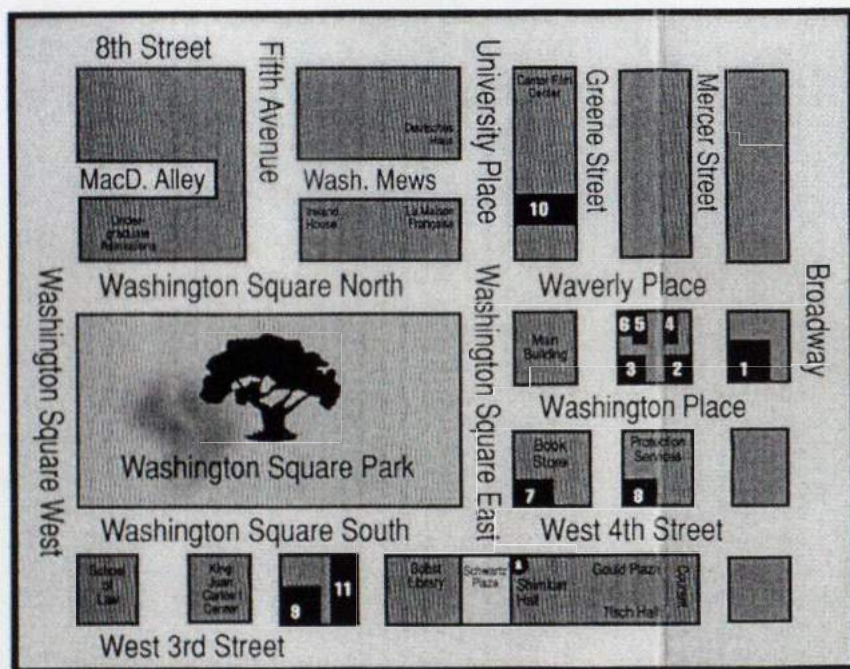
Even though they may not find humor in the wacky antics of The Plague, they discovered that to forgive is sublime. From that point on, the two groups lived happily ever after.

He flees in an attempt to save his life.





THE *REAL* NYU STUDENT COMPASS



1 STUDENT EVENTS CENTER

Where student events are centered.

2 MERCER LOUNGE

The home of mercernaries.

3 PIRATES' COMMONS

4 TAXIDERMY LOUNGE

5 COMMUTER COMMONS

Come watch ugly people sleep.

6 DEN OF THIEVES

7 THE ULTRA VIOLET

24-hour student entertainment. Yes, it's bad.

8 STUDENT LIFE CENTER

The place to to go when life's just not worth living anymore.

9 THOMPSON CENTER ?

BOBST LIBRARY Don't be intimidated by its size--this is an immense, fully functioning, well-endowed structure erected solely to satisfy your studying needs, eagerly anticipating the curious freshman who comes to explore and delve into the depths of its bowels.

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK If you don't already value this landmark's sticky urine coating and worthless inhabitants, you'll appreciate that, as a formal burial ground and execution location, there are literally thousands of corpses buried right beneath your feet--now that's cemetery-tastic!

MAIN BUILDING The location of most of your classes here at NYU, this was the site of the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire of 1911 which killed 146 people! With sweatshop-sized classrooms, you'll love the fact that, ironically, it takes over forty-five minutes for all students to exit during a fire drill. That leaves almost no chance of survival for those students on the top floors!

LOEB STUDENT CENTER This former student center is a great place to hang out at night if you love abandoned construction sites. Unfortunately, to satiate the vain desires of the wealthy Kimmel couple who want their name immortalized on the soon-to-be ugliest building below 14th, new students have missed out on Loeb's hey-day, which included door prizes, hourly cash giveaways, caviar-eating contests, archery, free puppies and donuts, and 24-hour live entertainment provided by the Fat Boys and Dave Coulier. Sorry.

NYU PROTECTION Going to school in New York City can be scary at first. However, NYU's security officers, experienced and well-trained in such skills as talking on the phone and sitting, will put you right at ease. Call them at the first sign of danger, and they will be on the scene within three hours. Also offered are free escorts between NYU buildings at

night. No, not prostitutes, but just as fun. Just call the protection extension and wait. And wait. By arriving in just hours, they virtually guarantee your return at an unsafe hour. **NEW RESIDENCE HALLS** You'll appreciate protection services even more with NYU's construction of residence halls in increasingly dangerous neighborhoods, including Lafayette St., Avenue D Hall, Central Harlem Residence (white only), and the proposed Obvious Mugging Target Hall.

NYU BOOKSTORE With its large selection of sold-out and non-existent textbooks, this is also the place to get that essential NYU sweatshirt which you can wear when acting out your "I go to a college with cool frats and football games" fantasies. And don't worry, even with the new "high-security" layout, shoplifting is still possible (see below).

COLES SPORTS COMPLEX If you like to play "athlete" but not really exert yourself, this is the place. Join other students who carry empty gym bags, and wear athletic clothing and shoes that have never and will never be used for their intended purposes.

OTHER HELPFUL HINTS:

STUDY TIPS:

- Find a quiet place away from the bothersome distractions of talking, laughing, and social interaction with other human beings.
- Surround yourself with necessary items, which may include but are not limited to: books, pens, skulls, paper, various medieval weaponry, and notebooks.
- Alcohol and drugs can be both a facilitator of learning and a reward for good study habits.

WHAT TO DO IN CLASS:

- Take good notes and draw obscene pictures and swastikas in your notebook, allowing the students next to you to see them. These will be invaluable in studying and writing papers.
- Make a good impression on your professor. Bring a strong flashlight and mirror to lecture. Reflect the beam of light in your professor's eye while he is talking.
- Be sure to sit in the front of the class, and next to a minority. Raise your hand at inappropriate times and tell an offensive, racist joke. Laugh loudly.
- Sit up straight, and urinate and/or defecate in your seat.

IMPORTANT CITY SAFETY TIPS:

- If you are getting mugged, raped, beaten, or killed, just remember to:
 - relax
 - don't move
 - remain calm
- Don't wear black, gray, blue, red, white, yellow, pink, or green. They are gang colors, and you will be killed.
- When purchasing drugs from an armed stranger in a deserted alley, don't engage in dangerous or risky behaviors.
- At night, don't walk alone. Walk with a group of people, even if you don't know them and they seem hostile to you.

Because we only recently shed our stupidity, and we remember what it's like to be you...

The Plague explains the

Things Not to Say to Your Parents

- Who's Oedipus?
- What did you do to the dog?
- Why does Mommy cry in the morning?
- No, not again. The basement's cold.
- Wanna switch dads with me?

New Terminal Diseases

- The Washington Square News
- Chronic Urinating-On-Bibles disorder
- Spontaneous hole cramming disease
- Falling in empty elevator shaft-itis
- Being fat. (Well it should be. I hate fatties.)

Recently Recalled Mattel Toys

- Don't Ask, Don't Tell G.I. Joe Action Battle Playset
- Street-walking Barbie-Doll actually walks AND solicits!
- Russian Roulette-Board game is similar to Mousetrap, but different. Pop-o-matic Bubble included.
- RISK 2000-regions conquered through political favors and sexual blackmail.
- Battleship-Board explodes.
- Recently paroled sex offender action toy
- Disfiguring Acid Make-up Set
- E-Z Bake Cremation Oven
- Small, chokeable parts.
- Lawn Dart Tag
- He-Man with thunder crotch

Things to Call Old People

- Old
- Antelope fodder
- Jerkface
- Gramps McCoffin
- Sexy momma hottie pants
- Alternative fuel
- Oldie but baddie
- Wrinkly love pie
- Fat
- Old guy in my jar
- Faded elegance

What Willis Was Talking About

- Getting with his hot white step-sister.
- His coke deal that went bad the night before.
- Who is the foo', and why should we pity him?
- Who the fuck that little red-haired kid was.
- The perpetual now.
- That adopted kid from "Growing Pains" will never amount to anything.

Cool Numbers

- 7
- 4
- 83
- 3 5/9
- i
- ∞
- π
- 666
- W
- fuck

Things that Would Ruin a Stern Student's Day

- A Mexican Standoff
- Vigorous Assrape
- Random Deportation
- Mistaking Tisch Hall with the Tisch School
- Realizing Y2K will render their lives meaningless in our new Socialist paradise
- Money doesn't buy happiness...oh wait...fuck (from Tisch student)
- Lieukemia
- Snipers
- Discovering the pleasures of masturbation
- A potato gun
- Discovering the pleasures of masturbation with a potato gun

New Pop-Psychology Self-Help Books

- Men Are From Mars, Women Are Dirty Whores
- Eeyore, I Hardly Knew Me.
- I'm OK. You're a Fucking Jerk.
- It's OK Not to Have Sex with Grownups
- Mo' money, Mo' Codependency
- Dyslexia in the New Millenium: Are you YK2 Complaint?
- Find your inner child-and sell him in the black market!!
- It's your life, so...TAKE IT!

Whole Wide World

- No One Loves You and Your Dad is Gay

Reasons Why our Publication is Better than Every Other NYU club or organization

- Angry, bitter white males
- 10% more phallic humor than necessary (as determined by the FDA)
- Uncontrollable masturbatory response mechanisms
- If we don't like you, we make fun of you 'till you leave.
- TWO WORDS: _en _olinsky
- We don't believe animals have rights.
- We don't believe most humans have rights.
- Nonstop 3-way gay pirate action
- You kill'em, we grill'em.
- When drunk, Brian resembles a shit-faced mongoose.
- When sober, Brian resembles a shit-faced weasel.
- We are staffed by mostly Mexican immigrants, which makes them both amusing and cost-effective.
- We just are.

Things Eeyore was Heard to Remark Before Committing Suicide

- You can get so lonely in these Hundred Acre Woods.
- Death is my only escape.
- Rabbit is such an anal-retentive asshole!

tive asshole!

- Where's my tail?
- I wonder why Tigger is so happy. I should probably kill him but why bother?
- I don't have a home; why should anyone else?
- I'd like to taste Piglet, but I don't deserve it.
- Kanga and Roo have each other. Maybe they shouldn't.
- I'm out of whiskey.
- Why didn't God give me fingers so I could pull a trigger?
- Oh! There is no God for made-up storybook characters.
- You don't talk about Fight Club.

Lesser-Known Muppets

- Woppet, the racist Italian stereotype Muppet
- Fleazy, Jim Henson's "Masseuse"
- Jagged Edge, the sharp and rusty Muppet
- Malignance, former guitarist for Dr. Teeth's Band (RIP)
- Corpulent, the Muppet who can't physically get out of bed
- Syphilis, the Muppet who slips into insanity and then throws his own poop
- Herbert the Pervert who makes kids eat his "sherbert"
- Hellmo, Satan's special helper
- Amenhotep, Pharoah of 3rd Dynesty, Muppet of Amun Ra
- Hemmingway, Terse Writer

New Boyscout Mottos

- Be prepared, asshole.
- We can completely skeletonize a cow in 43 seconds.
- Thinly veiled white slavery.
- Smoke cured and salted innocence.
- We love you long time!
- We've beaten the 4-H Club at the Annual Soapbox Derby with baseball bats.
- Who wears short shorts?
- Remember: God hates you if you don't make Eagle.
- If its got a hole, Fuck it!

Other Uses for Former Plague Staff Members

- Human scenery in puppet porn

Signs of Forthcoming Apocalypse

- Arnold Schwarzenegger plays St. Thomas Aquinas in upcoming blockbuster.
- Can't you smell it coming, you twisted fucks? Shit on you.
- Plague filler content increases by two thousand percent.
- Lord of the Dance accruing more and more feudal holdings as Vassal of Dance
- Robots and monkeys keep getting hotter (in temperature)
- Jorge L. Borges rises from the grave to kick your ass

Are you sick and tired of all those contest gimmicks? ("Sign up for a credit card and instantly win a trip to Bangkok, the brothel capital of the world!") Well, we here at The Plague are fed up with that bullshit, so we're making you an offer you can't refuse: the chance to win a date, so now you can tell your parents that you actually had one. Just answer these questions and drop off your answers to the Office of Student Activities, 21 Washington Place, Box 189, New York, NY 10003 by February 11th and you'll be in the drawing.

SOME GENERAL TRIVIA...

- What US president got stuck in his bathtub?
- What's the #2 school in the country for pot?
- Which 19th century composer may have had syphilis?
- What is the name of He-Man's planet?
 - A. Krypton
 - B. Eternia
 - C. Enema
- How many ridges are on the edge of a quarter?
- What is Mike Seaver's best friend's name on Growing Pains?
- What statue has its penis broken off in "The Goonies"?

PLAGUE TRIVIA...

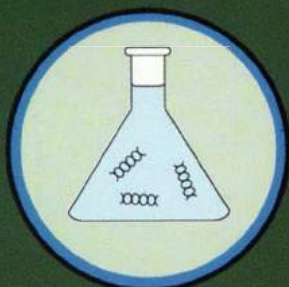
- Plague member who likes to beat women:
 - A. Brian Waddell
 - B. Erin Foley
 - C. Michael P. Casey
- Which Plague member transforms into Markey G while in an alcoholic stupor?
 - A. Mikey J
 - B. Alex Teich
 - C. Leila Amineddoleh
- Which former member nearly led The Plague to destruction after finally getting a woman?
 - A. Ben Wolinsky
 - B. Matt Callan
 - C. Tostito Bandit
- Which member of the editorial staff looks like Vinny Delpino from Doogie Howser, MD?
 - A. Jessica Minifie
 - B. Gregg Zehentner
 - C. Seth Freach

Personal Intimate Details...

- Are you...
 - A. male
 - B. female
- What's your sexual preference?
- Are you a...
 - A. rightie?
 - B. leftie?
 - C. footsie?
 - D. amputee?
- What "floats your boat" or "tickles your pickle"? (aka, your hobbies)
- Best make-out music:
 - A. Flashdance soundtrack
 - B. Lionel Richie (Greatest Hits)
 - C. Muslim Prayer Call (the dance mix)
 - D. other _____
- On the top?
- On the bottom?
- Standing up?

- Favorite kinky fantasy:
 - A. eating Ronald McDonald's luscious happy meal
 - B. ice-cream, fudge, whipped cream, L Jay, nuts, need we say more?
 - C. uncontrollable pelvic thrusting while watching the Golden Girls (OHHHHHHH, sweet Sofia)
 - D. bleeding
- Favorite "Role" to play (or watch someone else "play"):
- A. Kim, the beauty salon shampooer
- B. Mr. Belvedere
- C. Joe Mama
- D. sourdough
- Best pick-up line...
 - A. Who's yo daddy?
 - B. There are many fish in the sea, but I'm the only barracuda
 - C. You look becoming in that dress, but then again, if I were on you, I'd be cumming too.
 - D. Lezgetiton
- Name:
- email address:
- include picture (optional)

New Merit Badges



CURE FOR CANCER

There's gotta be something for the slow kids, and this is it. Ponder, research, and discover the cure for cancer--it's that easy!



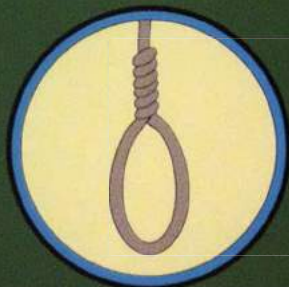
ROCKS IN YOUR PANTS

Everybody loves rocks. Everybody wears pants. Why not put rocks in your pants?



SIGN LANGUAGE

Sign language isn't just for stupid deaf people. Learn to communicate effectively and assertively in any situation.



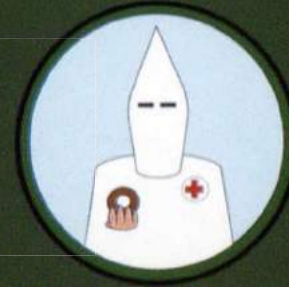
DANGEROUS KNOTS

Dangerous knots are the cornerstone of any good scout. Learn and demonstrate working knowledge of the Soul Tourniquet, the Hitch of Pain, and the ever-lethal Granny Knot.



DUMP IN THE WOODS

Take only memories and leave only footprints ...and a dump in the woods. Learn the subtle art of the bark wipe, the donkey squat, and fecal ennui.



KRISPY KREME KOOKING

We at the Boy Scouts of America like to stress the importance of purity, especially in our superior baked goods. And that means no chocolate, no bagels, and no Catholics.



SNIFFIN' GLUE

Sometimes campouts can be a real drag. Add some kick to your next jamboree with a nose full of adhesives and a brain full of noxious fumes. As Winston Churchill once said at the Yalta Conference, "You're stupid. Sniff glue!"



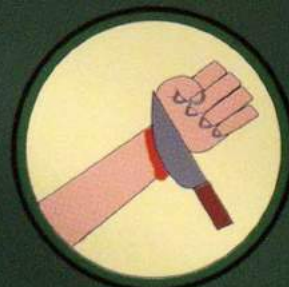
NABOKOV

Everyone needs a scout's help, especially naive young girls. More to the point, getting this badge is almost as easy as she is. You're a man, you have needs, and you have no idea what "statutory" means. Go for it!



DUNGEON MASTER

Often, being a scout means slaying orcs and fending off the evil wizard. The dungeonmaster merit badge will teach you the science of rolling d20s, lowering your armor class, and getting a goddamn life.



DEPRESSION

Life is full of ups and downs. Be prepared to deal with the utter shit life deals you. Learn effective coping techniques, including Solitary Alcohol Therapy, tearful masturbation, and attention getting ways of enacting your own demise.



I HATE INDIANS

American Indians were the scourge of the American Frontier. We beat 'em once, let's beat 'em again--the scouting way! Learn the intricacies of papoose baiting, small pox blankets, and the "Fuck the peace pipe, I'm taking your land" negotiation strategy.

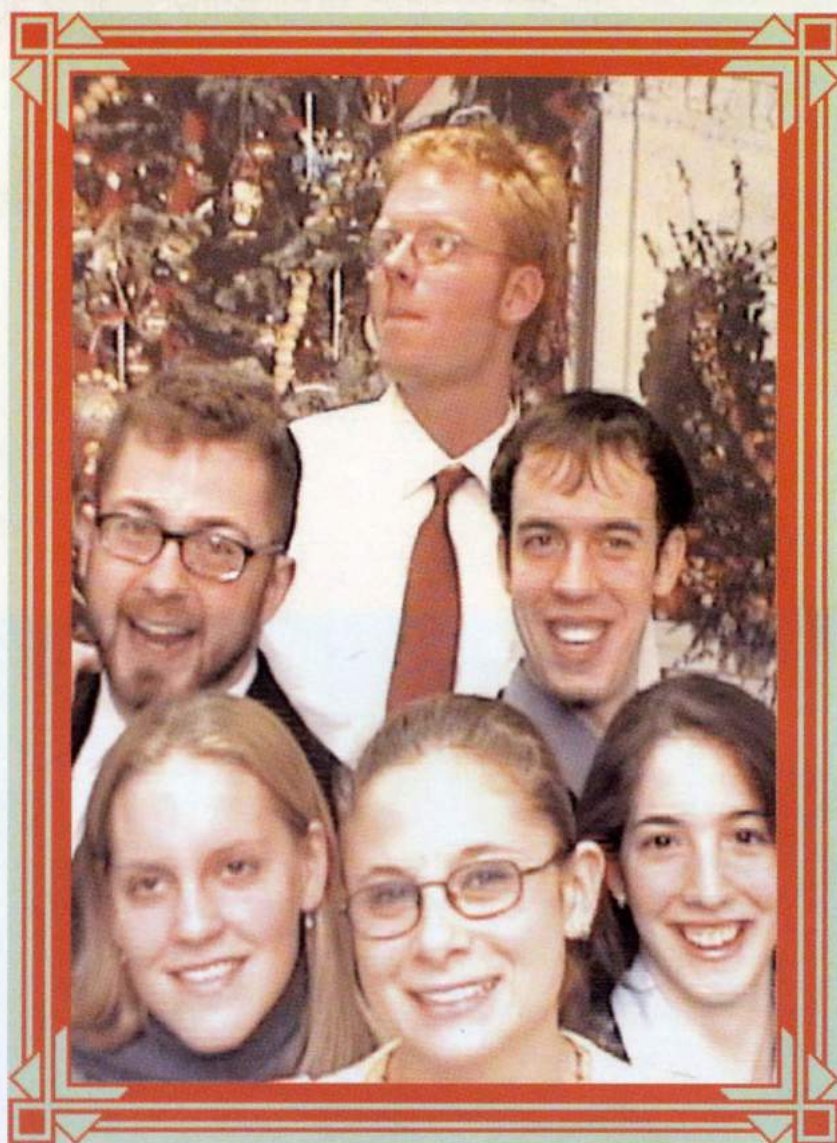


PITY THE FOO'

DUDE, do you remember that A-Team when they were on that island with that guy and they were in that van and they made that stuff with the guns and that shit blew up and that jeep flipped over and Mr. T was like, "I pity the foo' who gets blown up in a jeep!" That was a phat episode.

SUPPORT
FAMILY
VALUES,

JOIN
OUR
Clan



Pictured: Plague Members Mike Jastroch, Joe Rice, Amanda Landes, Matt Scott, Leila Amineddoleh, and "Dirty" Jessica Minifie

THE PLAGUE

, NYU's **ONLY** intentionally funny publication and last bastion of Christian morality, seeks devoted young men and women to shore up the walls of our country's failing institutions. If you know how to use **Quark**, **Photoshop**, or **Pagemaker**, and can write sophomoric **Satire**, then our fine publication may be for you. While the institution of marriage crumbles all around us, isn't it great to know that there is a group of people dedicated to the family values that made this nation strong?

Come to our first meeting:

Wed, Jan. 19th 7:00pm OSA, Location Will Be Posted

Or, Send Submissions to:

21 Washington Place, Box 189
NY, NY 10003

For more info, email:

Plague.club@nyu.edu • <http://pages.nyu.edu/clubs/plague>