

THE PLAGUE

NYU's Only Intentionally Funny Publication



25th Anniversary Issue

THE
PLAGUE

OF NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY

SPECIAL FEATURE:
John Sawhill
Bites The Dust!
PLUS

POETRY BY MIROSLAV SMITH
DORA JANE'S NOSTALGIA FUNNIES
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS STORY



Spring 2003

So You're Getting A Handicapped Student?

First, a few facts...

- More than half of all children today are born without the ability to walk. This is a sad fact, but it's the plain truth. Honest.
- 75% of all kids are born blind. Not being blind is the new blind and doctors and scientists are now working on a cure for not being blindness. Early trail surgeries to restore a child's natural state of being blind have been rousing successes.
- New studies show all children are born mentally retarded these days. This explains high levels of infant illiteracy and a child's slow development of facial hair.

So now you know—the handicapped child about to enter your classroom isn't an exception to the rule but instead the new rule, with all the rest of your students being horrifying exceptions. Please relay this information to your class.

Now that you're getting a handicapped child, there are changes that must be made to make your classroom a more handi-inviting place.

First of all, your room will be redecorated. Here is a snapshot of your classroom new Storytime rug that's already being shipped...



Special Needs = Special FUN!

Dear sir/madam,

Hello! Our records indicate that The Plague 2nd Grade classroom expecting the arrival of a handicapped student. The following materials should help prepare you receive the "special needs" child. Please enjoy!

Throw out all your text books and teaching materials, because coming Your school's HandiPack™ will contain:—

The HandiPack™

Handicap Math published by McGraw Hill

A challenging Math textbook that has the guts to have math word problems and simple arithmetic reflect life the way it really is — predominately handicapped.

Here are a few sample problems:

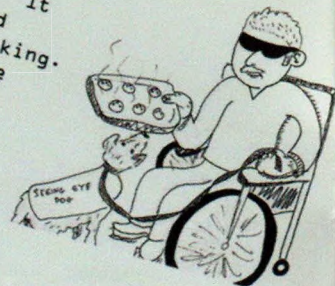
Billy's dad wants to make cookies. It takes an hour to make 6 cookies and Billy's dad has 2 hours to spend baking. How many cookies will Billy's dad be able to bake?

- A) 14 B) 6 C) 12 D) 18



$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ -8 \\ \hline ? \end{array}$$

- A) 4 B) 5 C) 6 D) 8



Also in your HandiPack™ will be handicapped versions of See Spot Run (now titled Imagine Spot Roll), and Stuart Little (now a rousing braille tale of bravery!) As you can see, having a handicapped child in class will be 100% fun, easy, and effortless. Oh, and if the child shits her or himself, please clean up after them. It's only fair! =) Enjoy!

W.S.A. SUCKS

THE PLAGUE

"So, you really thought *that* was our final issue?"

Your 25th Anniversary Staff Executive Editors

Pat Stango

Enjoys Meg White's drumming

Lukas Kaiser

Indulges in Red Dwarf

Vera Shneyerson

The Plague's Little Kitten

Victoria Isabel Pingarron

Bestial Warlust

Editorial Staff

Steve Bossous

Hearts MacGyver

Jesse Shaver

Back with a vengeance

Michael Duerr

Gay for Metal

John Savarese

Dean's List

Overseas Correspondents

Helen Tompkins

Saw a Bond girl naked

Mike Klein

Out ridin' Kangaroo Jack

All of the Work, None of the Credit...

Jesse Meyerson

Harry Terjanian

David Mellisy

Evan Dukofsky

Colette Stango

Scott Rosenbaum

Aaron James

Christine Jensen

Casey D. Fisher

Amgad Larry Fawzy

Michael Phillips

Sam Wu

Jenny Lovin

Sophie Castro-Davis

And Back For One Last Score...

Dan Fiorella

Pete Reiser

Chandler Kauffman

Matt Callan

Mike Jastroch

Joe Rice

Leila Amineddoleh

Erin Rose Foley

Blaine Perry

Seth Greenspan

Founding Editor

Howard Ostrowsky

Special Thanks to:

Audrey Underwood (We Love You!); Nanci Cooke; Bob Butler (Official Plague Advisor For Life); Jerry Perez; Josh Fein (you was robbed of a Violet); All the old editors who helped out with this issue; Michael P. Casey; Axie and Pipette; Scott Vrabie; Gabriel Movsesyan & WNYU Radio; LOVE; Harlem's Own Neighborhood Barbershop (55 Lenox Avenue on 113th Street); The Animatronic Children; Furio; Lukas' failed Animal Planet sketch; John Walsh (not the America's Most Wanted guy); Rich Brown; Natty Bates (our cover baby); Vera's Muse; Hillary Duff and Amanda Bynes; Nasty Disaster & the Sluts of Metal; Regis High School; St. John's Preparatory School; The story of Lukas' birth; Benner; the mouse in my house; Mr. Wizard (I'll cry when you die); The Calamitous Fourteenth Century; Bellevue Bar (40th St. & 9th Ave.); Drew Werner; Chris Niedl; James Kennedy; SARS; Eugene Mirman; President Sexton's Sense of Humour; The transient who kidnapped Elizabeth Smart; Val & Leanne; Strepsils; Elias Lonnrot; Minetta Review; all of our mommies; GM Printing: 212-334-3388

Plague-(n) 1. A widespread affliction or calamity, especially one seen as divine retribution. 2. A sudden destructive influx or injurious outbreak. 3. A cause of annoyance; a nuisance. 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease; a pestilence. 5. Us. 6. The happy feeling you get inside when that cute boy in your English class finally looks at you and then shits on your face. 7. That new dance that replaced the Macarena. 8. A lovable family of Mexicans who write comedy on the back of a truck while being snuck across the border. 9. The Jewish festival of flowers. 10. Something as old as Josh Hartnett.

This Page, Jackass...	3
Things We Damn Well	
Feel Like Saying	4
Famous People Memos	6
Book Excerpts	7
Washington Square News	8
Plague Six	11
Love That Macgyver	12
More Damn Wells	14
25th Anniversary Section	16
Funnies!!!	22
Wacky World Of Websites	24
The Sex Expert	25
Barbershop Sequel	26
The Real Spring Break	27
Senatorial Message	30
Legends Of Fishing	31
The Lists	32
From Our Archives	34
Gary Payton Raps It To Ya	35
New Magazines	36

The Plague ©2002 Volume XXV Issue 2

The Plague, 60 Washington Square South

New York, New York 10003

All rights reserved.

VISIT OUR WEBSITE: <http://pages.nyu.edu/clubs/plague>

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

Okay guys, admit it, you totally fell for that whole final issue prank. Don't try and play it cool. You were all like "Oh no, no more *Plague*. You can't be serious!" And we were like "Yeah, we're completely serious." Then you're like: "Wow, this sucks. A life with no *Plague*? This leaves me no choice but to kill myself." So we're like: "Here, use my knife. I got it for free with my Sports Illustrated subscription." Then you killed yourself. Dude, you know that's how it went down.

Now your suicide aside, the main reason we're here is because this is the official 25th Anniversary issue of *The Plague*! Yup, what began in 1977 as one man's journal about his dandruff collection is now 25 years old, and a comedy magazine no less. Inside this issue you'll find a very special section containing new submissions from some of *The Plague*'s most talented former editors. It's all super funny and I'm sure you'd really love it, if you hadn't already committed suicide. But trust us. Its good.

Date: Tue, 28 Jan 2003 02:08:33 -0500
From: Brandt R Gassman <xxxxxxxxxxxx>
Subject: The Plague and Washington Square News
To: xxxxxxxxxxxx

Mr. Butler:

My name is Brandt Gassman, and I am the editor-in-chief of the Washington Square News for the 2003-2004 calendar year. I am writing because we have an ongoing problem with some content in The Plague, and I thought you might be able to help us resolve it in your capacity as the student publications adviser.

The Plague published its fall 2002 issue at the start of the semester, and as in past issues, included a reprint of the Washington Square News nameplate and logo type for a mock newspaper spread.

Unfortunately, the Plague editors chose to copy the nameplate that we debuted in August 2002 as part of our new redesign. Why is this problematic? Unlike the old WSN nameplate (which was entirely designed by students), the new nameplate was created by a professional design firm. WSN and the Department of Journalism paid for and own this design.

In addition, the new nameplate uses three proprietary fonts for which we had to purchase individual licenses. In duplicating our new nameplate, the Plague editors duplicated and printed copyrighted fonts without licensing them.

Now that all technical explanation is out of the way, let me explain why this concerns me.

The redesign of WSN we undertook last year was a huge investment for the paper. It cost our organization a lot of money and required a great deal of effort to implement. Unlike our old designs, which were basically disposable and could be changed on a whim, this design is something we are all comfortable with and will stick with in the long term.

Given the commitment to the product, one of my roles as editor is to fiercely defend the paper's trademark and brand. I want people to associate the brand with our professionalism and our coverage. The Plague's use of the nameplate severely undermines that.

Angela Kluwin and I would like to meet with Plague editor Pasquale Stango and you at some point in the near future to discuss this. Would it be possible to set up a meeting within the next two weeks?

Also, feel free to call me anytime or write. I can be found in the newsroom most nights after 4 p.m. until well after midnight. I am also available some mornings. My desk extension is 84302.

Thanks for your help and best regards,
Brandt Gassman.

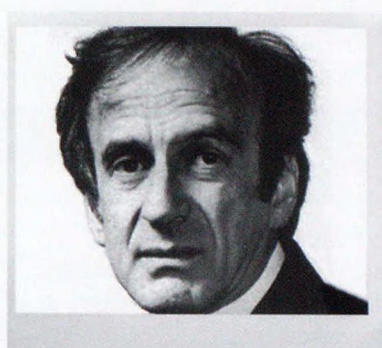
From: Yvonne K Fulbright <xxxxxxxxxxxx>
Sent: Monday, February 3, 2003 10:42 am
To: xxxxxxxxxxxx, xxxxxxxxxxxx
Subject: regarding the "Ask the Sexpert"

To the Editors of "The Plague":

It recently came to my attention that "The Plague" has an "Ask the Sexpert" spoof of my actual column in the "Washington Square News." The picture that you are using was illegally acquired; you did not seek my permission nor the permission of the owner of sexualhealth.com to use that picture. If the picture is not removed from your publication, I will be seeking legal action. Likewise, I am currently consulting legal counsel regarding issues of slander and defamation.

Sincerely,
Yvonne K. Fulbright

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...



To your left are two emails that the editors of *The Plague* received at the beginning of this past semester. The first one is from *Washington Square News* editor-in-chief Brandt Gassman and the other one is from WSN sex columnist Yvonne K. Fulbright. Now we ask you to take a minute, throw on your spectacles, and give those emails a thorough read through.

All done? Okay. First of all, I think we can all agree that NYU's school newspaper threatening to sue its comedy magazine is pretty low. Aren't publications supposed to be looking out for each other's First Amendment rights? Yeah? Okay...

Our critique of the WSN begins with Mr. Brandt Gassman, or Mr. Is-Balding as we call him. This guy is a huge fucking loser, right? "I can be found in the newsroom most nights after 4 PM until well after midnight." Oh, that's sweet. While you'll be doing that, we'll be out having sex with our girlfriends, you asexual piece of shit. You piece of shit.

Poor wittle Mr. Is-Balding seems to have a problem with *The Plague* using the WSN's fancy new "nameplate" because he wants "people to associate the brand with our professionalism and our coverage. *The Plague*'s use of the nameplate severely undermines that." Oh, sowie Mr. Is-Balding, we wouldn't want to besmirch the institution that has brought us such fine journalistic endeavors as "Haggard and Staggering" and "Snacks and the City."

In the past, we at *The Plague* have made it a habit to reprint the WSN's nameplate in, as the ever-intelligent Mr. Is-Balding called it, our "mock newspaper spread," without this ever being a problem. Mr. Is-Balding is angry this time because this WSN nameplate, "unlike the old WSN nameplate (which was entirely designed by students)...was created entirely by a professional design firm."

ARE THESE GUYS FUCKING RETARDED?!!!!!! They had to go out and pay somebody to make that simplistic tripe? My grandma designs better nameplates with her turds. And hers don't cost \$31,000!!

That's right, that's how much the WSN nameplate cost. How do we know this? Well you see, shortly after Mr. Is-Balding sent out this email, we at *The Plague* had a little meeting with him and the WSN's administrative advisor Angela Kluwin (who is, by the way, one of the ugliest women we have ever seen. None of us at *The Plague* have been able to get an erection since laying eyes on that fat, acne-scarred, small titted, also-balding mess of a human being). At this meeting Ms. Kluwin (who shall now be known as Ms. Never-Will-Be-Married) acciden-

tally blurted out the cost of the nameplate (between bites of her oversized burrito). It sounded a little something like this: "Where's my zit cream? [sounds of burrito eating]. I need to scratch my ass now [sounds of burrito eating]. Our nameplate cost \$31,000. [sounds of vigorous burrito eating]. Brandt, my zits are dripping [sounds of Brandt Gassman vigorously slurping pimple puss]."

Doesn't the fact that they spent \$31,000 on a nameplate make you sick to your stomach? That's money that could've been better spent on providing a full NYU scholarship to an intelligent but economically disenfranchised ghetto youth. Or, more rightly, it's money that could've paid for the surgery needed to remove those acne scars forming a patchwork over Ms. Never-Will-Be-Married's eyelids.

The WSN wasting \$31,000 on a nameplate they could've designed themselves for free just goes to show what a gross drain on the NYU community the *Washington Square News* truly is. You piece of shit.

And don't get us started on the Sexpert. Unlike the *Washington Square News*, we don't have the space in our publication to waste on a sex columnist. Frankly, we think it's a disgrace the WSN has stooped so low as to print this pop-journalism, this empty fluff. It's nothing more than an attempt to seem "cool" and "hip" to grab readers rather than actually trying to do some credible reporting.

We say to you, NYU community at large, wake up, quit being so apathetic about the state of your University newspaper. The *Washington Square News* has been an NYU punchline for too long, and it's time you, the students, to take it over and make it something to be proud of. Overthrow Brand Gassman and his reign of idiocy. Demand the immediate resignation of Angela Kluwin (and tell her to put her freakish looks to use in a circus sideshow). And make sure pointless columns like "Ask the Sexpert" never get printed again.

Sincerely,

Pat Stango, Lukas Kaiser, and
author/Holocaust survivor Elie Wiesel

And now for some comedy...

The Plague has the esteemed privilege of receiving a sneak peek at the Smithsonian Museum of Found Object's latest exhibit, that being...

Memos From The Desks Of Famous People



Joe Stilpin,
Producer of
Short Circuit 2
DieHard

Hey Me,

Is there any way that that movie Short Circuit could be any more fucking awesome? Oh yeah! I'ma set that azz in New York City—Capital of Awesome.

Awesome!

Dear Brother Autius,

How are you? My poem, the "Aeneid," is going well. There's this one scene in it with a horse you'd like. I still recall your love of horses, bro'.

Umm, anyways, the real reason I'm writing is cuz I heard you were telling people about the see-thru dress you invented. Uh, dude—back the fuck up—who invented the see-thru dress? Me motherfuckka!

I spent twelve years crafting that fucking dress—my thumbs went numb from sewing that thing—and now I find out you're taking credit for my shit.

Well, bro'—cease and desist on that shit.

You know you're worthless—your only skill is riding horses, and any hairy schmuck with a saddle and a hairy asshole can ride a horse. Loser.

And I know you're about to say: "Virgil, you got your poems, just give me this one." Fuck NAW! I'ma invent like ten more things and take the credit for them and the last

invention I'm going to build is a brother killing machine...fucker.

FUCK YOU
VIRGIL

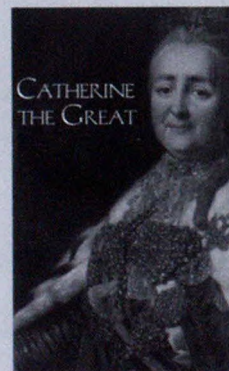
The Roman Poet



Vincent Van Gogh's To Do List

- 1) Sell two thirds of my potato farm (let's hope Madame Balvingdare will pay top dollar, or this deal is off!)
- 2) Finish production on my cheaply made, mass-produced Bible and peddle to the dirty, poor bastards who inhabit the streets of our fair city's Armenian ghetto (God, I pity them).

- 3) Paint, I suppose...(yawn!)
- 4) Continue fooling people into thinking I'm poor so they will pay a lot of money for my paintings after I fake my death—fucking retards! (hey! I just invented a new phrase... "fucking retards"...I like the sound of that...I should get that copyrighted!)



Dearest Alexey,

Do you know what makes me so great? The way I eat out frog assholes. Let's do tea.

Ta Ta,
Catherine!



Gangbuster Eliot Ness, After He Got Shot in the Knee With a Tommy Gun, to Al Capone

Uh, Mr. Capone,

Hey! How are you? I hope all's well. I *will* be able to walk again, if you were wondering (though I doubt you were =)). So...uh...let's not shoot Tommy Guns at me please?

I thought you enjoyed the arch nemesis dynamic we had going. I certainly did. I liked making the occasional bust on your bootlegging ring and then making snappy comments to the newspapers to heighten our rivalry. I mean, you *had* to have liked that one quote... "Capone better sleep with one eye open, lest he get shot by a bullet from my gun." I mean, I thought that was a pretty neat quip.

Wait...you didn't take that one literally, did you? I hope not! I thought you would've gotten a well enough footing on my fantastical statements to the newspapers to know that a death threat from Eliot Ness = not a death threat.

Also, I hope you're not mad that I'm actually putting a dent in your source of income. Did you want me to stop busting you?

Mos' definitely, brah!

In conclusion, please don't kill me sometime soon as I had hoped to die of natural causes, the rumored "best way" to die.

So, uhm, in peace, harmony, and not getting shot...

Yo' friend,
Eliot!

The Plague Book Reviews

Every month The Plague brings you selected excerpts from some of the hottest upcoming books because, as my uncle used to say, "When it comes to books and horses, why buy the whole thing when you can get the best parts for free?" Enjoy!

First up are some exciting excerpts from the long awaited sequel to H.G. Wells' *The Time Machine*, **The Time Machine II: More Time Machines**, written under exclusive license by H.G. Wells' grandson, William Wells.

(from Chapter 2)

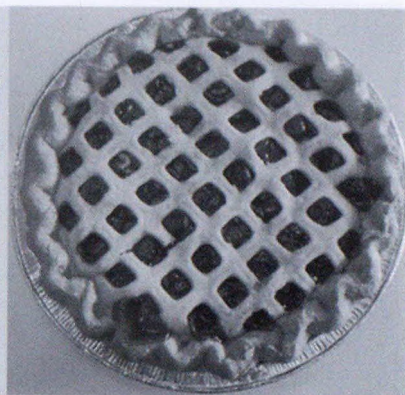
Wow, I can't believe I finally finished building that time machine. What a thrilling process it was, first cracking the code for the space-time continuum and then dealing with all those villains who tried to steal my machine. Luckily all that excitement is over and I can get back to creating something more mundane, such as pie. First I'll just take this pre-packaged pie filling and dump it into my pie crust. Now I'll put it in the oven for oh, 35 minutes or so. Ah, there we go. The pie is cooking. You know, while I wait for this pie I think I'll hop into my time machine and have some adventures. I can go back to the 1930's and battle with Adolf Hitler and try to stop the Holocaust myself! This should prove to be ever so wondrous!

(from Chapter 3)

[Editor's Note: Unfortunately all excerpts from Chapter 3 were lost in a brush fire during The Plague's elaborate Arbor Day celebration. We regret any inconvenience and now move on to excerpts from Chapter 4 of *The Time Machine II: More Time Machines*.]

(from Chapter 4)

My lord, what an incredible death-defying adventure that was! Why, if there has ever been a tale more fascinating and exciting than that I'd certainly like to hear it! (Though I can hardly believe such a tale could exist!) I mean, first there was the confrontation with Adolf Hitler, in which he revealed his true secret motivation for starting the Holocaust, later that shocking discovery of who actually killed President Kennedy (can you believe THAT guy did it? Wow!), and lastly that magical journey to the beginning of all humanity. But hey, no sense dwelling on that stuff. Instead, I think I'll focus on this pie. Mmm, now to take a bite of this pie. Ah, it's ok. Not delicious, yet not bad enough to evoke some kind of crazy anti-pie outburst. Nope, this is basic, mediocre pie. So I think I'll keep eating it, for maybe another hour or so. Then I'll take a nap. Or maybe I should take a nap now and eat the pie later. You know, I should probably take some time to decide whether I will take a nap or eat pie.



Next, we have an excerpt from volume 12 of James Joyce's lost work, **Journey to No Limit Island**.

(from Chapter 1)

Peter was enjoying the sea breeze and wondering how quite long he had been at sea when suddenly there sounded a horrible scraping sound of a ship scraping against land. He was there—No Limit Island.

"Hootie Hoo!" screamed Master P, his hands cupped against his mouth to amplify the scream. Paradise depicted itself amid Master P's tropical short sleeved button down shirt, sweat and heat mingling below the surface.

Peter nervously approached P.

"At ease, nigguh." Peter softened at those words, the very same ones P had been fabled to have said to Snoop Dogg at the beginning of Snoop's CD.

"Only now can I truly understand the esteem James felt for me during his life," said Master P, rap entrepreneur and lifetime mentor to the author. "I really appreciate what he has done in this homage. It just goes to prove that every once in awhile the student can, indeed, surpass the teacher."

"Hootie Hoo!" sounded Peter.

Peter and P exchanged pounds, earths shattering between their fists, their bodies fluctuating back and forth between slipt universes and matrices. Then Peter thought of the Moo Cow. The Moo Cow made moo sounds. Dad and Peter and Father Willigan would make moo sounds together.

But no more of that. Mystikal's raspy voice cut through Peter's thoughts like the swords of Peter's imaginings would cut their adversarial dragons.

"I told y'all!" huffed Mystikal, who broke into a rhythmical sing song. "Niggas get blown if they fight my power/ I'm a live wire smashing fools like a couple of towers/ showers of pain, for all those who oppose my leader/ oh yeah, and welcome to No Limit Island, my white nigguh Peter."

Peter smiled.



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

THE PLAGUE, Spring 2003

INSIDE

Thomas Edison's body exhumed; "For the spirit of inventions," says grave robber and dance team coach Sean Holohan

Page 2

Three greedy freshmen won't let their fourth roommate use one of their three refrigerators

Page 2

Rapper 50 Cent calls pictures of Black Jesus "Wanksta," though he admits pictures of Black Jesus used to be "the Man, Homie"

Page 3

A foolhardy Congress decrees: "Fucking three six-year-olds is the same as fucking one eighteen-year-old"

Page 3

My parents bought me a chandelier

Page 4

Washington Square News Editor Graduates, Gets Big Time Job in Journalism



PHOTO: Brandt Gassman confused about candle wax and being ugly.

WSN editor-in-chief Brandt Gassman, who over the years has been responsible for such brilliant articles as "I Don't Think I Really Agree with Racism," "NYU Cafeteria Food is Yucky," and "Duh...Ugh...Bagh" announced yesterday that he will be moving on to a fancy new job in the world of journalism.

"I have been weighing several attractive offers," said Gassman at a press conference held in his mother's basement and attended by Polaroids of various high school girls that Gassman has stalked over the years. "I mean, my options include everything from working as the mop boy at a gay strip club to being homeless, and dying penniless and unloved. As you can see, when you're an alumni of the WSN the possibilities are just endless." But in the end Gassman opted to forego those high paying options and instead follow his childhood dream of being a journalist by taking a job as contributor for the trade magazine *Candle Wax Monthly*. *Candle Wax Monthly* is a growing publication (it now reaches over 38 subscribers) that deals with all things candle wax, from the latest in candle wax technologies to coverage of various

candle wax fan festivals. Gassman will be the candle wax beat reporter in the small town of Elwood, Indiana. Unfortunately, this town does not have any candle wax. With no candle wax to report on, Brandt's duties will consist of sending out a daily fax to the main offices that reads "Nope, still no candle wax." Also he will serve as a male prostitute for old men with venereal diseases. Oh, it's an exciting new job and Brandt is happy to have it.

"Oh jeez, I feel so lucky to get such a great position," said an ebullient Gassman, busily styling his thinning hair just like a real 'big boy' would. Though to be honest, I did have some help in getting the job. You see, my daddy is actually editor-in-chief of *Candle Wax Monthly*. I mean, did you really think someone could just get a sweet gig like this right out of college? Pretty unlikely."

Brandt's father, the stately Roger Gassman, is certainly proud of his son. "I'm just glad the boy didn't accidentally set the university on fire while he was there, and that he managed to keep from crapping himself during dinner the last time I visited him," spoke and effusive Mr. Gassman. "I mean, let's face it, Brandt is dimwitted, slow, can't spell worth a lick, is afraid to talk to girls, and is about as ugly as the day is long. Why do you think I put him on the Elwood, Indiana beat? I'll be damned before I let that bumbling fool anywhere near my candle wax hotspots like Nevada or Tennessee." So what journalistic breakthrough does the elder Gassman see in Brandt's future? "I think he should be OK in Elwood. From what I'm told the old men there are very gentle and should know how to treat my boy Brandt."

Crime Files

12:00 PM -- Trust reported lost on failed ropes course mission

1:35 PM -- Park ranger reports picnic basket stolen; suspect described as 6'4" black male with jeans and basketball shoes

5:35 PM -- Security guard reports 4 hours of Campus Crime Files missing

6:00 PM -- Lonely latino man reports eating cunt for the first time

7:22 PM -- Ice cream cake enjoyed by all

Devout Catholic Teen Has No Idea How To Insert Tampon

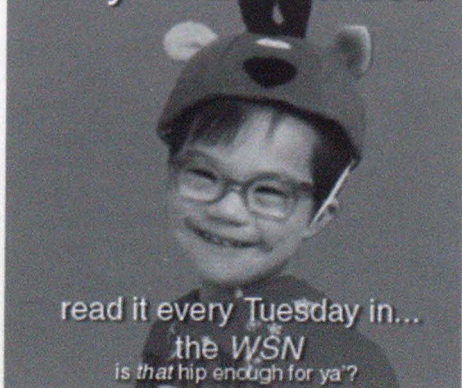


PHOTO: "Bloody mess? You mean after we gut the fishies?"

Gynecologist Paul Evers admitted to a colleague yesterday that 17-year-old patient Alice Klyver, a devout Catholic, had no idea how to insert a tampon.

"The girl didn't even know where the damn thing was supposed to go," said Evers. "I know her parents wanted to bring her up with the church, but let the girl know she has genitals, for God's sake." Evers recounted his fear at asking the routine question of whether Klyver was sexually active, thinking the girl's head might explode at the suggestion of intercourse. "This is the reason why I'm glad the Pope is never allowed to have kids, let alone daughters; man, would they be fucked up," he added.

Gay and Retarded



Man Blames Car Scratch on Random Minorities

23-year-old Brooklyn native Anthony Clemenza made a shocking discovery last week when he noticed a small scratch on the driver's side door of his cherry red 1990 IROC-Z Camaro.

Clemenza immediately flew into a rage angrily shouting "Who the fuck did this? I swear to God I'll kill them." His outburst disturbed the other people in the parking lot of the Best Buy, but the attention only served to fuel his fury further. Clemenza's friend, who asked not to be identified but who through research we later discovered was Joseph "Joey" Vitelli, attempted to calm down Clemenza to no avail.

"I know who fucking did this," shouted Clemenza. "I bet you it was some fucking black kid or some greasy Puerto Rican."

Vitelli, who is currently enrolled for courses at the DeVry Institute of Technology, pointed out that the scratch was more than likely a result of Clemenza's drunken attempts to open his car door the previous night after the two had been kicked out of a local dance club because of Clemenza's belligerent behavior.

He then went on to chastise Clemenza for being so quick to put the blame on a

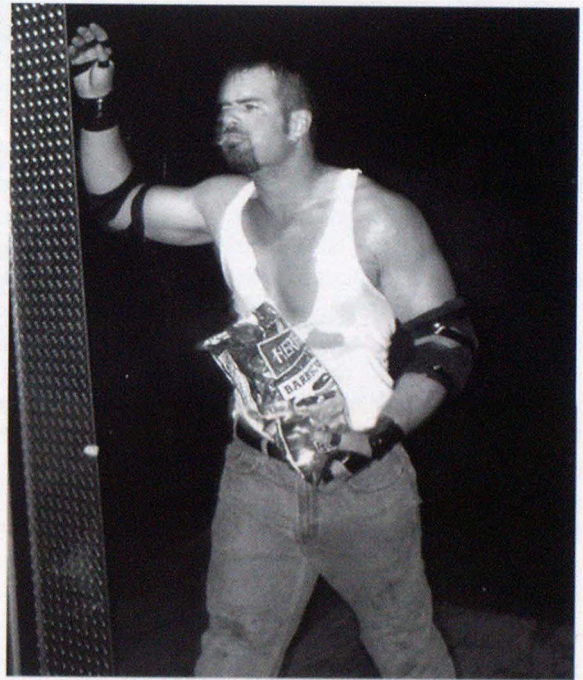


PHOTO: Anthony Clemenza pondering the evils of minorities between bites of his Barbecue potato chips.

minority, when it could have been anyone.

Angered, Clemenza called Vitelli "A bleeding heart liberal." When Vitelli accused him of not really knowing what it meant, Clemenza called Vitelli a fag and then slammed the car door shut. The two then drove off to meet with their girlfriends, both of whom were named Angela, for their usual Sunday tradition of eating a spaghetti dinner and then watching *Saturday Night Fever* one more time before the Yankees game.

Four-Way Stern Murder-Suicide After Game of Monopoly: Baltic Avenue Said to Lead to Bloodshed

NYU Safety and Police say four Stern finance students were found dead at Third North Residence Hall after a heated game of Monopoly turned fatal.

The bodies of Krishna Slivinda, 20, Ravi Avidanshar, 19, Amit Gupta, 20, and Krupesh Pinter, 20, were found at 8 p.m. Friday night after neighbors were complaining of shouts. "Those guys would play monopoly for hours, but with a twist like charging interest or some shit," says neighbor Jessica Stein. "I

knew it wouldn't go well when they started using real money and would do a line of coke every time someone passed 'Go.'" R.A. John Ang remembers the four as studious, always wearing suits to school because of their internship at Merrill Lynch, but taking Monopoly very seriously.

"They asked me to play that night, but I refused: I could tell something was up when they started bumping lines off the top hat and dog pieces."

Man Awakens from Coma: Finds Out Eddie Murphy No Longer Funny

Brooklyn construction worker Eric Dashed awoke from a 19-year coma at Elmhurst Hospital in Queens. Dashed was injured chasing after drum sticks thrown into the crowd at a Great White concert by drummer Audie Desbrow.

"I just hope the band learned a lesson about crowd safety," said Dashed, unaware of the irony.

"Although in reasonably good health, it was suggested that he remain in the hospital for observations. While in his room, which was fitted with a TV, Dashed was excited to see that the film Beverly Hills Cop starring Eddie Murphy was playing on the USA network.

"Wow, I bet in 19 years Eddie Murphy must have put out a ton of great movies." In a very tense moment, Dashed's family carefully attempted to acclimate him with the idea that Murphy had ceased to be funny in the late 80's and since that time has continued to produce one bad film after another.

Dashed who had been a fan of Murphy's since films like 48 Hours, Trading Places, and Delirious, was skeptical about the revelation. "You're joking, right, you've got to be joking. That's a very funny joke that you're trying to pull, I got to give it to you, you almost had me, with the joke, I mean."

However, after renting video copies of Vampire in Brooklyn, the Distinguished Gentleman, Holy Man, Bowfinger, and Pluto Nash, a reluctant Dashed lamented, "Wow, he really does suck ass!" Although frustrated, Dashed tried to remain positive.

"Oh well I guess no one's good forever," said Dashed. "At least I can rely on the consistent work of Joe Piscapo, Chevy Chase, and Sylvester Stallone." Nobody at the hospital had the heart to tell him.

Classified Ads

Personals

Former hooker with a heart of gold looking for patronizing douchebag to buy me stuff and tell me I'm more than just a sweet piece of ass. Must have unlimited supply of coke and drive a L a m b o r g h i n i Countach. If you have a mullet and wear cheap polyester suits you're in luck.

Petite, 5'11" blond with beautiful red curls seeks a yard sale to sell her shoes to a strapping old teenager who will give her a job in the world of financial reporting (broadcast, not print).

6'4" Pirate enthusiast seeks someone out there who will agree with him that Pirates are **NOT** gay! Tom Dinty, **AKA** Raw Beard, ransacked the SS Windfellow in search of what? **MERCURY!** Which is a cure for what? Syphilis! And I don't think Dinty got

syphilis from man-love. I mean, come **ON!**

For Sale

Large, post-constipational turd resembling Grover Cleveland. Slightly misshapen and may contain traces of blood and methamphetamine. Shit like this only comes along once in a lifetime. Or maybe twice. It's still in my toilet. Call now and come take a look.

12 Kilo bag of...uhm...my old doorstops. These doorstops will get you really fucking high...I mean, stop your door really fucking well. Don't mix with heroin.

Film reels from the movie I Spy that I, Eddie Murphy, starred in. Is perfect for: butt-hole wiping, attic insulation, or...whatever. Pushy asshole with handlebar moustache wanted to sell overpriced drug paraphernalia door to door to bored housewives,

black single mothers on welfare and pre-school children. Must have retarded smile on face at all times and like anal. Canadians need not apply.

From Vin Diesel's publicist:

Hollywood action star Vin Diesel needs patient, caring and dynamic tutor to help him learn to read and write. Vin is a bright boy who just needs a little time and effort to put up with his annoying, raspy voice.

Help Wanted

Heart surgeon seeks somebody with a working knowledge of hearts in order to help me with heart surgery I'm doing right now. Does anyone know what this 3rd ventricle connects to? Also, if you happen to have an extra aorta laying around the house, you should bring it with you. That would really help me out a lot.

Guy Tandey's Tech News

- Get rid of your snow shovels, folks because Black&Decker now presents the... SNOVEL (it's a snow shovel but it's painted a shade of red that can't be filmed by the TV cameras).

- File this under bound to happen! When you're chatting away on your cellphone, listening to music on your iPod, and watching movies on your portable DVD player, you can feel even more at home in our fast pace electronic world with Sony's new **Fireman Portable Fireplace Device**. It comes with lighter

fluid, charcoal bruleettes, and Sony soft-speak headphones.

- Tired of your grandpa not understanding technology? Well then call gramps into the room, have him sit down with this article, and then buy him exactly what he asks for.

Hey old timer, ever heard of wi-fi wireless ethernet cards? No? That's the new fangled type of pills that can keep you alive forever. They are on sale now. And don't forget to save money by buying in bulk.



Guy Tandey studied acting at Juilliard and though he never was able to land that big part Guy has applied his enthusiasm for life to his gadget column.

Tom Hanks Found Dead in Morgue

Plague Six

Oscar Buzz!

Our special team of "Oscar Snoops" picked up this special tidbit. **Jack Nicholson** and his grandson, **Nicholas Cage**, were seen sitting together at the Oscars. Rumor has it, Nicholson gave Cage a check for \$50 and a voracious hair-rustling.

Adrien Brody, winner of the Best Actor Oscar is seeking asylum in Poland with director **Roman Polanski**. A warrant is out for Brody's arrest since **Halle Berry** pressed sexual assault charges following Brody's unsolicited kiss during the awards ceremony. "It's nothing against Adrien, really," said Berry. "I just don't want other Zionists to think they have a chance."

Econo Girls Sizzle

The ubiquitous **Econo** sisters **Venice** and **Vicky**, heiresses to the Econo Lodge fortune, were spotted partying it up at a local **Sizzler** this past Saturday night. The motel princesses are known to have fun wherever they go, whether it be answering phones at the **Jerry Lewis** telethon or getting drunk at the opening of a brand new dumpster, and this weekend was no different. Our spies say that the vivacious twins made quite a scene at the exclusive family eatery when they were caught having a threesome with a member of their entourage, **David Faustino**, under the "All You Can Eat" sign. When asked to comment, Faustino replied that he had simply taken the sign literally.

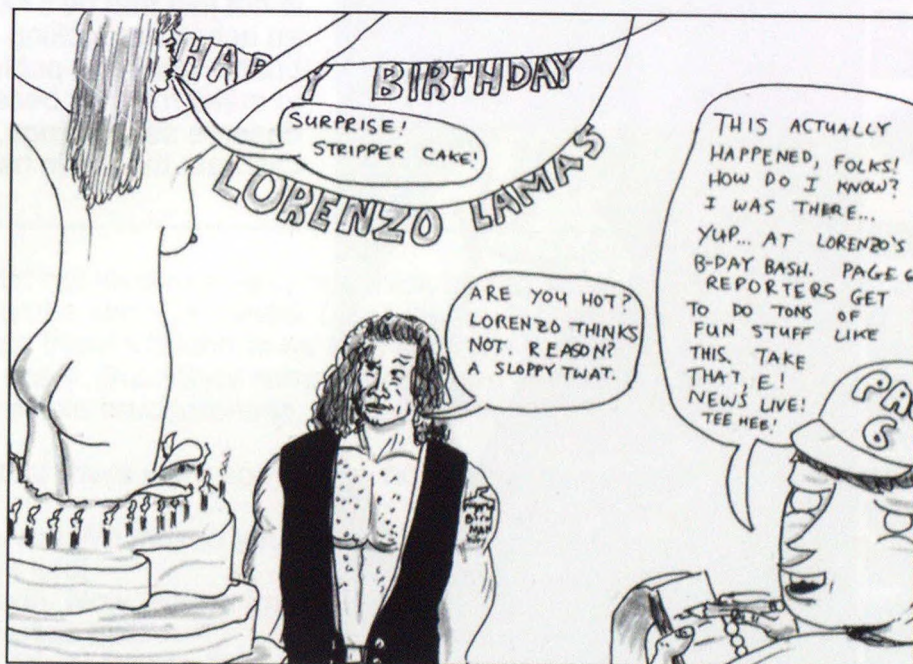
...Who is the Alcoholic...

He's been at it again; **Astor Wine and Spirits** say he visited there regularly in the past months and has spent \$1,000 alone on boxes of cooking wine. Whose drinking habits have been getting so out of control they could rink **Ben Affleck** AND **Joan Rivers** under the table? It's you, dude. You've got a problem. Let me take you to a place where you can get some help. C'mon. Attaboy.

Plague Six reporters have learned from key, unlikely sources that **Tom Hanks** has died from a deadly airborne disease ravaging movie sets across Hollywood. Others to have died include **Tom Cruise**, **Ron Howard**, and **Colin Farrell**.

When told about Hanks' death, one power publicist shrieked "No!" in utter disbelief. When Plague Six reporters shook their heads yes and promised to

take the power publicist to the morgue where Hanks' body is being kept, the power publicist broke down into tears and collapsed onto the floor. It should be noted no actual proof has surfaced which can verify Hanks' or anyone else's death, nor do Plague Six reporters know where any morgue is, let alone the one where Tom Hanks' body is most likely not being kept. That's showbiz for ya!



Dirty Pop

Christina Aguilera has had sex with everyone on *That 70's Show*. Plague Six has learned that the pop star stopped by the set of the Fox comedy to do a guest spot. Production of the show had to be delayed, however, when it was learned that Christina was in her trailer having sex with the entire cast, male and female.

Some of the cast was less enthusiastic than others. "I did think the strap-on was a bit much," said star **Topher Grace** who plays the neepish **Eric Forman**, "but hey, I haven't sold 20 million records, so what do I know?"

Son of Celeb Peacenik Is A Huge Loser

Roger Robbins, 13-year-old son of America bashing Hollywood couple **Tim Robbins** and **Susan Sarandon**, recently struck out in his attempts to ask eighth-grade cutie **Cindy Jones** to the spring sock hop. Rejected Roger spent the evening of the dance in a state of vigorous masturbation while his parents were undoubtedly burning flags in the downstairs den. This is just one of a string of failures for the liberally raised Roger Robbins. Past slip-ups include not making the pee wee hockey team, earning a C-minus on the big Spanish test, and staying in diapers until he was almost two and half. Just goes to show you what leftist parenting will produce.

Sightings...Sightings...Sightings...

George Hamilton caught enjoying a quiet afternoon in his bubble bath machine.

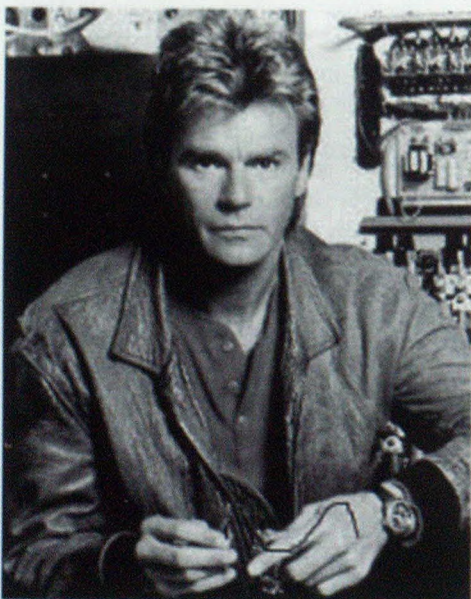
MacGyver's So Cool

MACGYVER



MacGyver's my hero, but not in the gay fireman and schoolteacher way. He's my hero in the cool Superman and Batman way. Meaning he'll kick your ass for fucking with him. What makes him extra cool is not just that he'll kick your ass, but that he'll make an actual ass kicking machine out of shoelaces, bubble gum and pubic hair. That is so cool. I've tried to make my own because there's a lot of people that deserve ass kickings, but I could never seem to calibrate the pubic hairs correctly... Oh well.

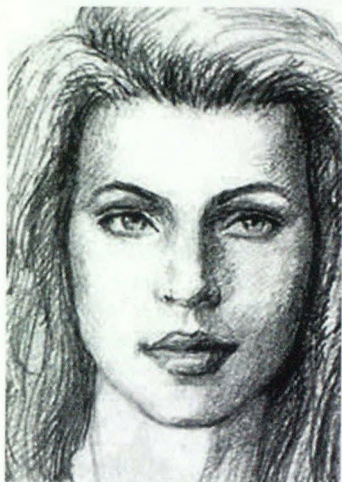
So, So Cool. The coolest dude EVER.



MacGyver holding the world renowned pubic hair



*Close-up of the Pube.
(You know you wanted to see it, sicko)*



The ladies love MacGyver. He can't turn around without bumping into a sexy hot girl who wants to sleep with him.

This is especially impressive considering he hangs out with a dopey sidekick who's always breaking his leg or getting hit on the head by falling books or something.

Artist rendering of typical MacGyver girl. HOTT!

MacGyver's coolest moment that did not involve a sexy hot chick had to be when he made the nuclear reactor out of a box of fried clams and a spool of thread. Don't let the Al Queda get their hands on this guy. With all the sand in Afghanistan there's bound to be tons of clams hiding underneath. And think of all the thread in those turbans. It's scary. But if they somehow capture MacGyver, something I highly doubt considering MacGyver's incredible hardcoreness, it would go something like this:

MacGyver: Hey, I got a message that there were some sexy hot chicks here. (Cause you KNOW MacGyver loves the ladies)

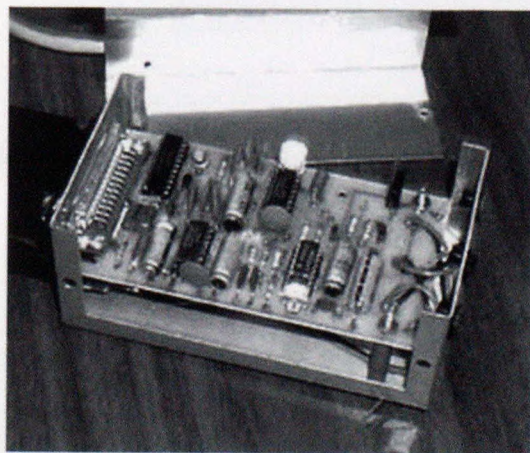
Al Queda dude: Ha-ha-HA MacGyver! We tricked you!! There's no sexy hot chicks here. Ha-ha-HA!

Mac: No sexy hot chicks? You guys lied!

Al: Of course we lied, we're Al Queda. Now, you're trapped here. We order you to make 27 nuclear missiles out of this silly string and tennis ball.

Mac: (With a slick grin on his face) Ok Al Queda I'll make your 27 nuclear missles.

Then MacGyver would proceed to make a jet pack out of the silly string, tennis ball, and the condoms he was gonna use on the sexy hot girls and when MacGyver took off, the fire coming out his Jet Pack would burn the entire Al Queda headquarters and rid the world of terrorism. Go MacGyver!



A mind control machine MacGyver made from cigarette butts, stale jolly ranchers and the minute hand from an old pocket watch.

By now, if you're a man you probably want to be MacGyver and if you're a woman you probably want to be WITH MacGyver. Don't feel bad, your life is probably joyless and boring, it's only natural to want to be or be with such a great man. People unsure as to whether they want to be or be with MacGyver should [click here](#)... Not that there's anything wrong with that.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...

*"He's a small wonder, pretty and bright with soft curls.
He's a small wonder, a boy unlike other girls.
He's a miracle, and I grant you
He'll enchant you with his sight
He's a small wonder, and he'll make your heart beat twice.
He's fantastic, made of plastic,
Microchips here and there.
He's a small wonder, brings love and laughter everywhere."*

That's the song mamma sang to me every night. She'd sing that song, kiss me on the ear and whisper, "I detest The Three Musketeers." Then she would turn off the lights in my room and whistle for eight hours.

Boy do I miss those days. The good old days. When summer meant sleepovers at the Moonie church and when mom and dad were still divorced (God, the thought of my parents having sex together makes my stomach twist).

I fondly remember my days as a sprightly seven-year-old. My nickname back then was "kitchen knife" (because I would play in water fights with my 12-inch kitchen knife) and I lived with mom on the corner of Linnwood and Fredrick, where everyone on mom's side of the family had lived, died, and been buried. Well, not buried...all my dead relatives on my mom's side were kept in sacks in the basement near the laundry room.

I remember when I was seven because that was the year when mom got her new boyfriend—Gene Wilder (or Daddy Gene as he had me call him). Daddy Gene was sometimes a nice man and sometimes he would yell at me for thinking about the color yellow (boy, did he hate the color yellow!)

I would often walk in on mom and Daddy Gene in the middle of intercourse because Daddy Gene liked my bed better than mom's. Whenever this would happen, Daddy Gene would pull out for a moment, break me off a piece of a chocolate bar and then resume having sex with mommy. Boy, Daddy Gene was the best!

Sometimes I was jealous of Daddy Gene, but in the end I could tell mommy loved me more than him because by the time I was nine, Daddy Gene was gone (though that could've been because his career was resurrected with his short-lived sitcom *Something Wilder*).

Now it was just me and mommy. During that time, mommy became a little protective of me. At nine years of age, my only means of travel around my native Milwaukee, WI was chained to my mother's back. Boy, we were a pair. Mom even forced me to dress like her sometimes (please see attached photographs).



Mom and Me

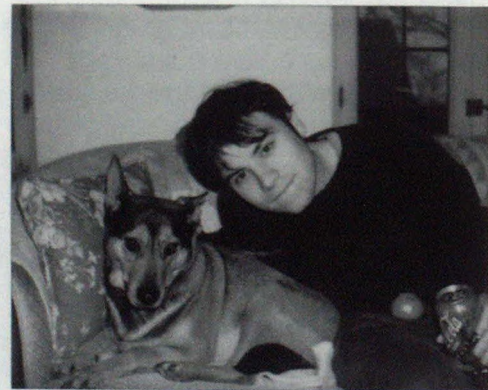
Here we are in our spring hats. Mom stapled that hat to my skull and then took me to the hospital and told the doctors I stapled a hat to my skull. Boy, me and mommy pranked them doctors.

Oh, but I'm forgetting something—daddy!

Daddy lived across town in an office of an abandoned brewery. Every other Friday was Daddy and Lukie Sleepover Friday at the brewery. Dad would rent the Madonna film *Body of Evidence*, make some popcorn, and then dad would watch movies and eat popcorn while I fixed the broken beer-brewing machines. That's what daddy told me to do and that's while he called me "daddy's little helper," or sometimes, when he would describe me to people on the phone, "my brewery technician."

For a long time, I thought my tinkering with the brewing machines was in vain, but one day, to dad's and my surprise, our brewery was brewing a wonderful thick beer-like concoction. And that's how Colt 45 Malt Liquor was invented.

Dad made a fortune off Colt 45 and he and I traveled around Asia to celebrate. While climbing mountains in Laos on that trip, dad and I fell into a cursed river that transformed us into...werewolves! From that point on, whenever dad and me came into contact with cold water, we would transform into ferocious werewolves with monstrous appetites for tangerines. (please see attached picture of dad and me right before one of our tangerine feasts...yummm!)



Dad and Me and tangerines

When we got back to the States, dad used the rest of his Colt 45 fortune to buy a hotel in South Beach. I moved with him and together we ran the "Twelve Kings Tavern," a hotspot for Greek culture in Miami.

By day me and dad would bathe and pamper 89-year-old Greek oil magnates and by night we would transform into beastly creatures and ravage Miami of its tangerines.

I guess me growing up the way I did is why I got into comedy. But boy do I miss those days!

Editor Lukas Kaiser often stares at pregnant women on the street and mutters "Lucky bitch!" to himself.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...

A tip for the kids: In theory it may seem like a good idea to have sex with the wife of a vicious Russian mobster, videotape it, and then leave the tape in the mobster's VCR labeled "Me, Pat Stango, fucking some Russian dumbass' wife. Toodles." But take it from me, it's actually a really bad idea. (I know, that totally surprised me too!)

My troubles all started a few weeks ago when I responded to the following post on NYU CareerNet: "Ever wanted to intern in the fabulous world of Russian mafia? Well here's your chance! World famous gangster Boris Volkoff (murderer of over 40 men, women and children, and a celebrated jumpsuit enthusiast) seeks an assistant. Duties would include hiding dead bodies, torturing police officers, and some light typing. Must count as credit toward a Major or Minor." The fact that I'm not actually of Russian descent initially hurt my chances, but in the end I managed to win the position by impressing Boris with my pitch-perfect Yakoff Smirnoff impersonation. ("A man was eating potato sandwich. He text-messed his wife and she was also eating potato sandwich. What a country!") The first day of the internship presented me with a great opportunity to learn the business as Boris gave me the responsibility of cleaning some blood off of his bathtub and unclogging the human toes from his shower. That's when I met Olga. She came into the bathroom to take a shit, but her eyes told me that she had something else on her mind. Something, as Christina Aguilera would say, dirtier. So one thing led to another, we ended up having sex on the toilet bowl (something I highly recommend trying) and before you know it I hear that Boris has put a contract out on my head. Do you believe that, the Russian mob wanting to kill little ol' me? Needless to say I was quite proud. But the pride dissipated and I came to the realization that my life would soon end with so many of my goals left unaccomplished. Right then and there I decided that if I only had a few days before I was to be brutally executed, then I was damn sure going to make the most of it.

The first thing I wanted to do was overcome my largest personal phobia, the thing that had haunted me since I was a baby and had basically ruined my chances of living a normal, productive life. I'm of course talking about my intense fear of stabbing myself in the eye with a screwdriver. I know, it's absurd that a grown man would still be afraid of something so inane and harmless, but I just couldn't help it. Maybe it had something to do with a childhood trauma involving a screwdriver to eye stabbing gone awry, or perhaps some kind of sexual abuse that I've blocked out of my mind. I could never figure it out, nor could my psychiatrist who would just look at me and scream "You're fucking retarded and you should paint my garage!" at every one of our intense psychotherapy sessions. But with my life coming to an end I knew it was time to overcome my ridiculous fear, to erase those memories of the fourth-grade boys chanting "Little Miss Faggy Eyes" as they then stabbed their own eyes in Fonzie-like fashion and had sex with all the ladies. So with impending death filling me with confidence I went down to "Hardware Harry's Hardware Hut" (Home Of The Hammer Since 1997), bought the rustiest, dirtiest, most Phillips-headed screwdriver I could find, and jammed it three inches deep into my right eye socket. And let me tell you all, I couldn't believe what I had been missing for all those years! I mean, that shit felt good, real good, like stabbing-yourself-in-the-eye-with-a-fork good.

Phobia cured, it was then time to set about accomplishing my lifelong dream of writing, directing and starring in an \$80-million-dollar motion picture about the life of Lionel Xavier, the guy who invented shoelaces. Getting the 80 million was easy. (Thanks a lot, Make-Wish-Foundation!) The hard part was finding someone who could pull off the role of Lionel, a swashbuckling, debonair giant who is as prone to psychotic outbursts as he is smart with shoelace invention. Lucky for me 80 million dollars can buy a lot in the way of genetic engineering,

and a mutation of Uncle Kracker, Yao Ming, and Lynda Lopez was able to play the part nicely. Shoelace Booty Party opened on screens nationwide on April 25, 2003, and its opening weekend gross of negative fifty dollars promptly caused the Make-A-Wish Foundation to file for bankruptcy and become a chain of burger joints.

Well, I had overcome my fears and lived out my dream. All that was left was a tearful, long overdue reuniting with my estranged father Buzz Aldrin. (And no, I don't mean *that* Buzz Aldrin. My dad is an astronaut.) I only had faint memories of Papa, as he had left my mother and me when I was at the tender young age of 18. He had even changed his last name because he felt it sounded too Italian, and as he used to say, "they don't let meatball lovers into outer space". As the days to my inevitable murder grew nearer I made my way up to my papa's so that I could apologize for being such a terrible son and forcing him to abandon his family and become an astronaut. Luckily he accepted my apology and took me back into his life. Oh, it was so great to have a daddy again! We went to baseball games and sock hops, and he taught me all about the birds and the bees (the man squirts his juice on the woman's face and that's how the stork knows its time to deliver another baby). Then one day while Papa and I were doing some fly fishing, he leaned over to me and said, "Hey there sonny boy. How would you like to fly in one of your here pappy's fancy space trucks?" Of course I wanted to fly in one of Papa's space trucks! Since Papa is the world's most beloved astronaut (on account of him giving up his life in a suicide mission to blow up that evil alien spacecraft that invaded us a few summers ago) he was able to pull some strings and allow me to fly my own spaceship without any space training at all. The take-off went smoothly, but then things took a turn for the worse when I mistakenly stepped outside the ship in search of that day's edition of The New York Post. So there I am, stranded in outer space, in my "I Heart Speed 2: Cruise Control" boxer shorts no less, without anyone to help. It was the biggest story in the world and Jay-Z even wrote a rap about it entitled



"Space-izzo". The president was all set to send another spaceship up to outer space to save me, but then some fat kid in Montana fell down a well and they decided it would be better to use the spaceship to save him instead. I can't say I blame them, what with those adorable chubby cheeks the kid had that were so cute you just wanted to pinch them all day and... so anyway, I died in outer space. Yup, my head totally exploded.

So here I am writing my final *Plague* editorial from beyond the grave and I have to say that the afterlife isn't so bad. Turns out that elephant guy with all the crazy arms is actually the real God. At first he's kind of a dick but then once you get to know him you realize that he's usually just kidding and you shouldn't take any of his insults seriously, so that's cool. Also, a little insider info from the great beyond: Kevin Spacey is gay. Well, I've probably already said way too much, so I guess I should get going and leave *The Plague* in the very capable hands of Lukas Kaiser and Vera Shneyerson, being as they're still alive and all. (Though from what Elephant-Boy says, not for much longer. You two might want to steer clear of laundromats, if you know what I mean.)

(Oh, by the way I just found out that Boris never actually intended to kill me. Rather, by putting a contract out on me he actually meant that he wanted to sign me up to play on his Russian mafia baseball team. You see, while half of the video was me fucking his wife, the other half was footage of me showing off my swing at the batting cages. So yeah, that's that.)

Executive Editor Pat Stango would like to thank his two main comedic inspirations, his mom and Chris Elliott, for letting him rip them off so frequently. He would also like to thank The Plague

The Plague's 25th Anniversary Celebration

I can remember my first *Plague* meeting like it was yesterday. I had just stepped off the Greyhound bus from my small town, with dreams of becoming the world's most effeminate electronic equipment pitchman. "Just point me to the nearest Radio Shack commercial and let me do my thing!" I screamed at the top of my lungs upon reaching New York for the first time. "It's time you all meet a Liberace for the 21st Century!" Unfortunately, my aspirations were too specific, and I was promptly beat to a bloody mess by an Asian gang. The next thing I remembered was waking up to find an oversized bologna sandwich heading towards my lips. "Here, eat this. You need your strength," said a shadowy figure. "Who are you?" I asked. "We're *The Plague*," answered the figure. "Don't worry, you're among friends now." Among friends indeed.

Though it wasn't the glitzy world of VCR's and gold tiaras that I had set out looking for, in the end I think I found some-

Dan Fiorella, 1977-1980

The Plague: 25 Years After the Fact and I'm Old

Twenty-five years. Who would have thunk it?

Back in 1977, Gerald Ford ruled the White House with an iron fist, Disco was greeted with open arms, Vietnam began its tiny first steps to becoming an exotic vacation resort and NYU had been college humorless for decades. But a rag-tag group of students united to bring sophomoric humor back to the sophomores. And to the juniors and seniors, too. But not the frosh. After all, they're just frosh. The founders had many long meetings that gave me plenty of time to go through their dorm rooms and get cash and stuff. And with a little pluck, some moxie, and a lot of other people's money, they made their dream come true. Granted, as dreams go, it wasn't in a Martin Luther King Jr. league, but we had a good time. They were fun times at *The Plague*. And who came out of that magazine? No, seriously, I'm asking, because frankly I didn't even know the magazine was

Pete Reiser 1980-1984

Well, after twenty years the NAMBLA jokes are still there. For those who don't know, (i.e., normal people) it's the North American Man-Boy Love Association, an obscure group of sickos who advocate lowering the age of consent to seven.

I was an editor of *The Plague* for 15 minutes back in the early 80's, and for the magazine's 25th anniversary, the current staff invited me to say a few words about how the magazine has changed, or, in the case of references to pedophilic perverts, how it hasn't.

Of course, you're not as funny as we were. Perhaps that's because the current staff doesn't work as hard. Why, we used to walk five miles through the snow in our bare feet for a punchline. Perhaps it's because I don't get your humor. To tell the truth, looking back at old issues of *The Plague*, I don't get our humor either. A sixteen-page satire of Ronald Reagan as the Wizard of Oz living on a magical Monopoly Board? What, dear Lord, were we thinking?

Actually, I do see some improvement. When I was at *The*

thing even better. In *The Plague* I discovered a wonderful place where abortions are played for laughs, where alcoholism is a solution and not a problem, and where the whole wide world can be explained in two pages. Most importantly though, it's a place that has been inhabited by some of the most unique and talented people ever to pass through New York University. In this section you'll get to know some of those individuals because, in honor of *The Plague's* 25th Anniversary, several of the magazine's former editors have taken time out of their busy schedules as freelance dentists in order to come back and pen brand new comedic pieces. So sit back and laugh along with a group of people who may sometime seem gross or obscene but who, if you ever get beat up by an Asian gang, will always be there for you with a large bologna sandwich.

-Pat Stango, *Plague* staff member 1999-2003

still around until a couple of weeks ago. Anybody get on SNL or MAD TV or something? If someone has, let me know, I have a resume here.

Even though time marches on and Dan the college lad is long gone, *The Plague* holds a warm spot in my heart, which a teaspoon of baking soda in a glass of water is good for. Little known trivia: When former editor and co-founder John Rawlins and I were writing an episode of the animated series, *The Adventures of the Galaxy Rangers*, we needed to name a moronic alien race. We named them "the Plaguos," our self-appointed nickname for the staff. Did that ever catch on? Are you still Plaguos? You should be.

I'm glad *The Plague* is still cranking issues out, mucking things up and ragging on the WSN. Enjoy this time, Plaguos and Plaguettes, because before long you will find yourselves dealing with such things as careers, responsibilities, wages, and editing.

Viva *The Plague* and long may it be intentionally funny.

Plague, it was written by guys with the mental age of twelve. Now, it's guys with a mental age of fourteen. For example, our idea of a crude sex joke: A drawing of Santa Claus on a rooftop, zipping up his fly. The caption says, "Christmas . . . that time of year when Santa comes down the chimney." Your idea of a crude sex joke: "*The Plague* Explains Bad Ways to Break up with Somebody . . . tell her 'We used to be thick as thieves, now I blow thick wads of cum into your best friend.' Yours is clearly the more sophisticated.

Another change: the enhanced role of women. We had a few female writers, but we chased them away as quickly as possible and they didn't have much impact. You have embraced them. (Quit snickering, I mean you've embraced their point of view). Look at all the references in the current *Plague* to "pussy," twat, "posy," gash, "cunt," "cooch" and "vagina." Not to mention all the rape, rape and sodomy, and rape sodomy and murder jokes. We didn't write stuff like that. Yes, that is progress.

So, in the end what does it mean that *The Plague*, twenty years later, still makes NAMBLA jokes? It means I will never let any child of mine attend NYU.

Dear Readers:

I was shocked when the current editors of *The Plague* located me in my underground desert lair that I've been sharing with Osama Ben Ladin, Elvis Presley and that guy who wrote the song "Feelings" (did you ever notice that it has the same melody as Imagine?).

In better times changing your name, undergoing radical plastic surgery and marring your fingertips with acid would have been sufficient to evade detection (unless you're Michael Jackson). But you found me and I daresay you may live to regret it. UN inspectors, take note that, the only weapons of mass destruction I have at my disposal are my brain and my big mouth. So, dear friends please don't send General Colin Powell to arm wrestle me into submission.

After surveying the wreckage, er I mean the articles in this 25th anniversary extravaganza I guess I must take some small responsibility, if not credit, for what has been wrought. When I founded this hallowed publication during the Paleozoic era of comedy (1977/1978)

there were still some targets to parody. We were certain that the magazine would carry on until at least Thursday. It is now 25 years later (G-D, where did my spring go?) and it still isn't Thursday. You'd have better luck waiting for that guy Godot.

The powers that be have given me 48 hours to write something marginally funny. If I finish this piece they have promised to release my family unharmed. Well this is it. I'm out of practice and current local and world events seem to make satire superfluous and redundant. How can I possibly compete with Mayor Mike "Smokenazi" Bloomberg? What could I come up with that would best the real news item that the French's Mustard Company has issued a press statement denying that they have any connection with France? How can I surpass hard news such as a report that singer Bobby Short collapsed after a day of shopping in Beverly Hills (oy, what bargains)?

Therefore I hope you will be kind to this wrecked monument to his own excesses. Yeah I know--don't give up my

day job at the Rodney King driving school. In turn, I would like to recognize the contributions of original *Plague* members John Rawlins, Joe Pinto, Dan Fiorella, Joe Depillis and Amy Burns, without whom *The Plague* would not have gotten off the ground.

I'm glad that the current *Plague* staff can still laugh at the mundane, normal aspects of life that are really so bizarre when you look just a little bit closer. It's also encouraging to know that after all these years the Washington Square(peg) News still hates us. Is it our fault that we are merely intentionally funny? It's less heartening to know that the cost of an NYU education is greater than the gross national product of Kazakhstan. Repayment of those educational loans will keep us all working and productive members of society until the next millennium.

See you all in another 25 years if you can find me. Dada for now.

Best,

Founder, Howard Ostrowsky

THINGS I DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

—Seth Greenspan, TSOA class of '92

I should have seen it coming; I should have been prepared for it—even expected it. But I have neither the vision nor the foresight—after all, I am a Tisch Alumnus (Film/TV, 1992). But like a seething, twitching vision, they showed up before me.

It was likely the tight black tee-shirts that two of the three young men wore, or the wild Halloween-like getup the third wore, or how I slyly noticed their attempts to discretely rub each other's crotch while trying to act manly, making lewd comments about the tight-bodied coeds scattered about my domain. Yes, they reminded me of me, only back when I had hair.

One of them stepped forward to my impressively long Formica desk. The tall, bespectacled golem peered closer to me, as if trying to read my soul. "Seth... as in Seth Greenspan, right?"

"You're so smart, you must be an NYU student... What can I do for you?" I puffed out my chest. Which really didn't look like much more than heavy breathing.

His eyes and demeanor were lowered. "My name is Pat, and I am one of the current editors of *The Plague*." He brightened up cheerfully for a second, before again assuming a humbled, timid stature. Which is not easy for a guy the size of a small Grizzly. "And there is something I am coming to ask of you, and it's not for sexual favors... It's for *The Plague*."

I drew back. I shuddered. *The Plague*... it was all coming back to me... two years of writing, one shining year as Editor-in-Chief where I turned around an ailing rag with no budget printed on low-grade newsprint to a slick, glossy, highly polished mag with four-color covers stuffed with twice as much of the same low-brow dog poo that wound up costing NYU three times more to produce.

It took me a moment to recover from his blinding spotlight and my own dazed memories. And then... Pat gave me his order.

"Can you turn that spotlight off? Thanks. Now...you were saying about *The Plague*." I asked, making notes and punching stuff into my console.

"Well... we have this big anniversary coming up, and

we are coming to ask you to write a 'Things I Damn Well Feel Like Saying' article for our Gala issue."

I decided to rant at them. "So I could go on about how I think the MTA should start charging passengers by the pound because fat welfare mothers take up three seats at a time? It's a matter of raw tonnage and fairness of portage! Can I talk about how glad I am that the seediness and sleaze that Giuliani cleaned up is finally making an effort to come back? Oh, I have a few things I can say..."

Now, if I could just figure out what I could sell these shmucks.

But my visions were toned down when the second approached, looking like an amiable hobbit with a winsome personality and that peculiar combination of constant smile and gleam in the eye that makes for an intrepid used-car salesman. He sashayed up to my shiny Formica desk and introduced himself.

"Mr. Greenspan, I am Lukas, just the humble head artist, but a helluvah guy! Try not to delve too much into the bigger picture. Remember, our audience is the student body, so try and be topical with the crap we deal with. Hell, dick jokes are always good I think." His two companions nodded like sheep in unison.

I felt myself fuming on this one... keep it topical and at their level... like I'm so out of touch with the youth of today! Hell—they think Adam Sandler's funny. No wonder *The Plague* sucks like a leftover baloney sandwich gone moldy in the back of the fridge.

But, he was right; I am out of touch. I am funny. "Um... I guess I could talk shit about hip-hop music, how Eminem is just another Vanilla Ice but hung like a black man..." I was getting blank stares. "How Rufies and Tequila helped my sex life?" Crickets.

"Look, I can always talk about how working on *The Plague* never get's anyone laid."

Lukas looked at me like I was a helpless old man trying to figure out where his oxygen was stashed before passing out. "Speak for yourself, dude." He walked over to Pat, and the two started rubbing each other's groins in a manner too frisky for my tastes. I punched a few notes into my keypad when the final village idiot, dressed for a costume ball like some kind of hooded monk, floated up to my long desk.

He muttered his name, which I couldn't quite make out before he gave me the final order. "And make sure its

funny. Stick to the past. Release the Angst... remember, humor is pain that is turned in upon itself. You can still do it. You can still be funny. We all have faith in you, Seth. I especially."

It was tough to take this guy seriously, since he seemed real thin and ill and tall and smelled like dirt and onions and bad breath. I figured him for just another glammed-up smack junkie ex-model turned writer. But the others seemed reverent to him. And he seemed strangely familiar to me, like a far-off dream. He offered a leather-gloved hand and, almost against my will, I shook it -- and I was suddenly filled with inspiration.

"Yes, yes, I see what I want to say now... how NYU is nothing but a factory churning out graduates like Chevy pickups—look like a million bucks outside but is worthless and keeps costing you money under the hood? How I grew hydro bud one floor below Jay Oliva's terrace senior year? And that, if given the opportunity, they would move the whole campus to Ground Zero? How NYU has become a corporation instead of a place of higher learning? And mostly, how lame you all are for not seeing this?!!!"

Not a pin dropped to break the silence until Lukas muttered, sotto voice, "bitter fuck."

I could feel something staring into me with grim approval from within the black hood.. 'Exactly Seth. Now, its all up to you. You pulled this rubbish from the swamp of the Annex in '90 and helped give it life for another twelve years. We're still bigger than *The Washington Square News* and feed them fake leads they pursue relentlessly. We make *The Minetta Review* look like a warm glass of piss for the truly dehydrated. We are still the only intentionally funny magazine at NYU... sometimes. Come back... join us..."

Like a chorus, Pat and Lukas chimed in—in harmony—"join us."

I felt hypnotized by dreams of fame I had in the past. Then I shook my head, looked down at my keyboard, gathered my thoughts, and scratched my head through my stiff paper cap.

"Okay, so let me get this straight. That's one 'Things I Damn Well Feel Like Saying' column, satirical and funny, topical and subversive with regard to NYU, filled with ironic observations and historical perspective. One Big Mac. One Quarter Pounder with Cheese. A chicken sandwich, and three cokes. Did you want fries with that?"

Chandler Kauffman, 1996-1998

The Plague's Humble Beginnings or: The Legend of Chicky

"Damn it to fucking Christ"

That was Chicky's stock response whenever the neglected elevator he operated in the Student Activities Annex got stuck between floors. Ill-tempered and by no means a small man, Chicky tipped the scales at roughly 350 lbs and stood six-and-a-half feet tall. He barely fit inside the ancient metal box by himself (regardless of passengers) and the situation was only worsened by his near constant companion at work, a giant sheep dog named Pappy.

Unable to sit or even wag its tail, Pappy slobbered and growled his way through long days of shuttling Asians with Initiative and Golden Key Society members up and down in the dilapidated

building. Chicky, the back of his giant head mashed up against the roof of the elevator and his huge gut interfering with the controls, passed the time spouting insults at whoever happened to be riding in his elevator. It was a given that if you needed to go above the third floor of the Annex, you'd have to endure a barrage of Chicky's verbal abuse. But so the story goes, *The Plague* owes its very existence to Chicky.

You see, back in those days (it was the 80's or something, don't push me for details) a then unknown, and still unknown to this day, group of NYU commuter students formed a literary journal called *The Constabulary* to promote intellectual discourse and the fervent exchange of ideas on campus. This being NYU, the magazine quickly fell into neglect and became a crude source book for couples looking to engage partner swapping and other forms of sexual deviancy.

Soon enough, one of the contributors (I don't feel like looking up his name) took to transcribing Chicky's various insults throughout the course of the year, and the result was the very first issue of *The Plague*, which also featured an interview with noted statesman Henry Kissinger.

There Pat, that's like 300 hundred words, now stop harassing me about this goddamn anniversary. The constant e-mails were one thing, but the late night hang up calls and whoever it is that you have going through my mail are too much. I don't know what it is you want from me, but I'm a man on the edge right now. I've got nothing to lose so back the fuck off.

Chandler Kauffman lives in Brooklyn NY, where he recently completed the first in a trilogy of self-help books for teens called *Put A Star In Your Pocket*.

Matt Callan, 1995-1999

Lee Atwater's Guitar

I was on hand for *The Plague's* 20th Anniversary, which, if my math is correct, took place roughly 700 years ago. Like most eras, it was complex and multifaceted. Therefore, I'll describe it in pithy generalities so nobody gets confused. It was a time of tumultuous change, as signified by the acoustic guitars that constantly played in the background. Bread was a nickel, the G train was 7 cars long, and a young Jacob Javitz was making his first trip to Albany. There were concerts at the gazebo, a mule in every garage, and the President had all his teeth. The latest crazes were drinking motor oil, self mutilation, and the word "synecdochy." Pants had just been invented, but would not catch on for another 17 years (but you know that story already).

For weeks, the debate raged in the highest towers of 1 Plague Plaza: how to celebrate the 20th anniversary of Ye Olde *Plague* with the proper amount of reverence, dignity, and drinking? Should there be revels, perhaps maypole dancing? Would there be a kissing booth involved, and would this yet again invoke human rights violations? Would there be corn served? The agile minds of the staff were wracked to their breaking points. Several committed suicide; others joined Il Circolo Italiano, for no apparent reason.

And then, like a bolt from the blue, it came. From a darkened corner of the conference room, right next to the radiator that always rattled, out boomed the assured, masculine voice of Olympus itself: On the cover of the anniversary issue, we should put a picture from a circus sideshow of dogs wearing clothes and standing on their hind legs. And then, somewhere on the cover, we should mention that it's the 20th anniversary. The issue should also probably make fun of the *Washington Square News* and the President of NYU. Probably. I'm just sayin'.

And I don't need to tell you that the young, beardless lad who came up with that idea grew up to be the man now known as That Guy From That Show on Channel 7.

...

When I think of those days, I am reminded of a scene I was once treated to by 60 Minutes, broadcast shortly after the death of Lee Atwater. For those of you in the back row, Lee Atwater was the Republican attack dog of the 1980s and early 1990s, a fire-breathing conservative who was roughly the political equivalent of a Special Ops Marine (you know, the guys who crawl 12 miles through sewers to snap some dictator's neck with their bare hands). The segment showed Mr. Atwater whooping it up at the 1992 Republican National Convention, play-

ing a guitar and showing off some impressive blues licks, pooching out his lips and sweating just like Keith Richards.

Now, here truly was the end of satire, thought I. Lee Atwater, the man who paved the way for Reaganomics and a Thousand Points of Light. The man whose ghostly legacy was heard whispering through Florida in the Days of the Hanging Chads. The man who made Roy Cohn look like Mother Theresa. The man who invented Willie Horton. The man more responsible for causing the blues than anyone else in the country was playing the blues at the whitest gathering this side of the Bohemian Grove.

And it was clear that we, the audience, were supposed to appreciate the fact that, though he was a terrible human being, he could play the guitar. So don't that make him kinda cool, huh, folks?

I thought to myself, What if someday I wanted to be a soulless, Machiavellian asshole? Damn, I don't have anything cool in my résumé that will justify it. And then I remembered, hey, didn't I used to run a college humor magazine? Perfect! That seems to work for P.J. O'Rourke. That guy doesn't have much else going for him, except suspenders.

So thank ye, *Plague*, thank ye, for being my ticket to future despotism. Excelsior!

Joe Rice, 1997-2000

When Pat Stango contacted me via his special *Plague* Trans-Spatial Text Device and asked me to write a piece for *The Plague's* anniversary issue, several things went through my head. Who the hell is Pat Stango? This wasn't someone I had sex with, was it? I hope he/she's hot.

I poured through my remaining issues of said illustrious illustrated and soon realized he was that one guy who was kind of funny. So then I started thinking of all the zany, fun things I could write for him. Perhaps a piece where I curse a lot! That was always a good stand-by. And it's not like I started liking the Fatties, Uglies, or Oldies. I could write about them for decades, they suck so much.

But I decided that those days were over. I'm a responsible adult now, who drinks with moderation when he drinks at all; who's had a steady girlfriend for months without a desire to break away; who educates young children in Bushwick. Yes, the time for being mean is over. It is time to make amends. So, sorry Pat. I'm not going to write anything funny. I'm going to use this public forum to make my apologies to those I've offended over the years.

To all the aforementioned Fats, Ugliers, Olds, and so on, I'm sorry that I dislike you so much and so loudly. You rarely do anything more to me than take up too much space, smell bad, or cause depression, but that never stopped me from abusing you. Sorry.

I specifically apologize to my freshman film colloquium class. I should not have removed my shirt during our last class for no real reason. I apologize to anyone else who has ever seen me at all naked. My deformities are my own and should not be foisted upon the general public.

To Garret Levin, I must apologize. I don't know why I didn't like you when we first met, but I doubt any reason I had was significant enough to warrant screaming "HEY GARRET! EAT SHIT!" from across the dining hall whilst pantomiming the action I commanded you.

I apologize to Ronnie. I shouldn't have repeatedly fucked your girlfriend, and I should at least probably remember your last name. It was something Jewish.

So I guess I'm sorry for the Anti-Semitism rampant in my German ancestors as well.

To *The Plague* itself, I apologize. After I graduated, I made a series of ill-fated visits to my former magazine, always while intoxicated. I'm sorry for urinating in front of you, for coming on to you, and for too-obviously getting my groove on with a one-night stand at your prom. My bad.

I apologize to anyone and everyone that knew me that I let that affair with Ronnie's girlfriend turn me into such a drunken mess. I'm sorry to the Reservoir's bathroom, whose soap dispenser I broke in anger far too many times; and to its tables and walls which suffered from many knife attacks from yours truly. If I ever threatened anyone with a knife, I'm also sorry about that. Unless you were fat.

I apologize to the NYU populace in general for leaving *The Plague* in the hands of people whose comedic ability is limited to that of making "cab drivers are foreigners" jokes. I apologize again to *The Plague* for just insulting you in that last apology.

To my former roommate Anna, I apologize. I apologize for being drunk and messy all the time. I apologize for getting in shouting matches because we were both so miserable. I apologize for burning that GI Joe figure outside our apartment. I still say that the bloody snot in the shower wasn't mine, though.

To my senior thesis screenplay, I apologize for letting real-life problems invade you and make you unbelievably crappy. For anyone that read it, I apologize, especially for the amount of crying the main characters did and also how it really sucked bad.

Who am I forgetting? Oh, yeah. I apologize to Alpha Phi Omega. I kept adding a "Y" to all your posters when your office was across from *The Plague's*. I'm sorry that your comeback of adding a "D" to our name was really lame. I also rubbed my bare ass on your doorknob. I realize you'd never done anything to me other than be boring, and my actions were uncalled for.

I apologize to my English teachers for ending that last sentence with a preposition.

To the Gotham Writer's Workshop I owe many apologies. At some point, I decided that you were my arch-foes. So

I began toppling your little yellow brochure stands whenever I saw them, especially when inebriated. I know that my true beef is with your evil Gotham Writer's Workshop Commander, not the mindless drones on the streets. The Commander shall pay, though, don't you worry. He'll pay DEARLY.

I'd like to tell the Womyn's Center I'm sorry for the counter-productivity some of our staff and some of your members got involved in. In the end, I think we mostly believed the same things, but we were assholes and you were political. I'd like to reiterate that WE didn't like Brian and Seth either.

I apologize to the enemy agent code-named "Dragon Assassin" for not kicking your ass in Saigon when I had the chance. I apologize to the families of the men and women that Dragon Assassin killed before I did finally put him out of commission.

I also apologize for blatantly making things up sometimes to make my life sound like an action movie.

In closing, I suppose I should apologize to the reader for writing such an unfunny bit for *The Plague*. But after reading the past few issues, it seems that it's no longer a humor magazine anyway.

I wish you all the best.



Leila Amineddoleh, 1999-2001

College graduation is a strange phenomenon. While everyone was celebrating, I was privately lamenting the end of an era. Why in God's name would anyone rejoice at the end of four years shaped by confused drunken tales of post-adolescent romantic notions, and of evenings filled with festivities where party-goers would sit in kitchen sinks, sombrero-clad, screaming "make-out" with the fervor of a religious zealot discovering the epiphany during a self-lashing? What could possibly follow that?

When I moved home, I needed a job. What could I do? I love movies, I could be a critic. Then I realized that writing reviews necessitates writing in a style filled with gratuitously broodingnagian words and with a salmagundi of ostentatious verbiage describing the underlying currents of the thespian's portrayal of the protagonist's inner-conflict with self-revelation functioning as a microcosm of a chaotic universe that ultimately culminates in the deprecation of the theatrical venture or the overly fervent praise of the cinematic faire. How could I possibly write reviews if I didn't understand half

the words in the previous sentence that I just wrote? Well I ended up writing for the Entertainment section of a newspaper, and wrote a few articles that I couldn't comprehend. With luck I matched up some correct words as my editor actually promoted me, saying my articles contained some of the most insightful and thought-provoking ideas he had ever seen. I was totally confused by my articles and I just couldn't live in the ignorance of my own shadow of brilliance, so I quit. I couldn't live the lie.

What about organizing parties? But after two nights without sleep, I got cranky and irritable, and I realized that I just wasn't cool enough, I abandoned that goal. Instead I considered becoming an ice cream woman. Think about it: a kick-ass truck equipped with festive music and tasty food. With hydraulics and Mexican rap blasting through the blow-horn, that job on wheels could become a party on the go. I was going to try it out, but after my parents' "we didn't spend \$100,000 on an education for you to drive a truck" scolding, I turned down the job.

During my job hunt, I looked within my soul for an answer. With introspection, I found my greatest skill, fake sin-

cerity. It sounds weird, but I'll explain. You know when people show you ugly-ass pictures of people they care about and it's expected that you supply positive feedback? Well, I think it takes brass balls to pressure someone into giving fake compliments, and I hate lying, so I supply feedback, but in a way as to protect my integrity. Instead of saying, "What a cute baby!", I say, "What a cute picture!" While the mother gleefully accepts the compliment, I have remained honest by acknowledging the photo, not the baby. Another example: someone recently showed me wedding pictures of a fat bride and a groom that looked like a weaselly Vinny DelPino, and instead of lying I simply stated, "They look so happy."

So that's it, after four years at LJ's old digs, I found that my greatest talent was lying. It's ironic that my desire to remain sincere is actually what forces my fakeness and deception, yet technically, I'm not lying. So what was I to do with this skill? After long consideration, I came to the solution that many undecided liberal arts majors make, law school. Remember, lawyers technically aren't liars.

Michael Jastroch, Sr.—Prince of Lies and Former Plague President for Life, 1997-2000

On My Whereabouts, of Late

As I look back on my college years with a jubilant sense of regret, I can't help but not think about the impact I had on the University as the FOUNDING editor of NYU's only intentional publication. Can't help but not think, because I don't care to remember those final days when life ousted me from my glory and cast me to the damp pavement of my future, cold, naked and alone.

For those of you who don't remember my tenure as such, it was marked by a return to what our readership like to call "funnyhaha" and what the administration called "pop-cockery." Some of my hangers-on likened my strange allure to that of a holographic question mark.

But that, dear readers, is the past. And, according to dispatches, it is a past covered in far more excruciating detail by my co-conspirator, Joe Rice (formerly of Kentucky). Instead, I'd like to use this platform to update you on my where-

abouts. In the three years since my exile, I have taken up residence in the great country of New Orleans, and, having focused on my writing, have achieved international notoriety as a scribe (of some notoriety, I've been told). Allow me to regale you with excerpts from some of my published work:

"Variably, I pander thusly. Time: 4:43 pm. Commodore Retriever, Light socket, though you may stylistically be third, my namesake drops hints at your waistline. Please finesse my jib tackwise, for my noodles are tangy-delectable and I hairbrush them softly.

This evening, my bum hair rushes north wise and I velvet your condolences. Please. Please menagerie my libido, because my bait and tackle melds quickly with your heartsake. I desire your eardrum thrustly – lilac your agreement down, and I will make note of your flatness for good. My heart bleeds missives when you are not here."

-Excerpt from my autobiography, *One Man's Life*, available from Penguin Books.

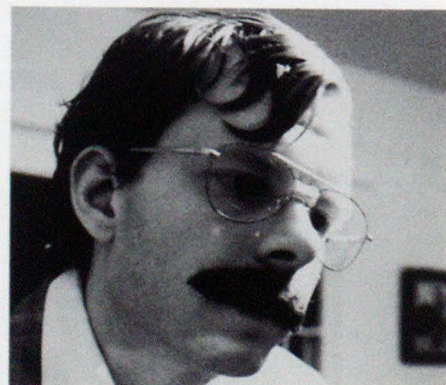
"...The problem with [the mud peo-

ples] is, by and large, a simple matter of their cranial capacities being diminished through years of compulsive fornication and idolatry.

So what you're advocating, I take it, is some kind of segregation of [the mud peoples] or some kind of progressive-minded eugenics.

Dan, I don't think you've been listening to a word I've been saying. Not only can these mud peoples a drain on our economy, they subsist on their own sweat and are notorious shape-shifters. No, what we need is a space ship and a progressive-minded social welfare program. Have you read my book?"

-From 60 II Minutes Interview.





Blaine Perry, 1999-2002

When I think of the current editors of *The Plague*, Pat Stango and Lukas Kaiser, one word comes to mind: man-teets. When I tell people that, they are usually shocked and they ask me, "Blaine, how can you say that? Man-teets is two words." And to that I say, "No, it's hyphenated." Besides, I am a victim of man-boobs, too. That was the one common thread that united us. Of course in those days, if you had man-teets and were an editor of *The Plague*, the sky was the limit. We ruled NYU.

Man, I remember during our hey-day, the three of us walking down Third Avenue on our triumphant return from Finnerty's with two women under each arm and our glorious man-teets swaggering with each step as the locals yelled "there goes the Man-Teet Trio," barely able to contain themselves while their voices swelled up with pride simply because we were near. That was our nickname, the "Man-Teet Trio." Or just MMT for short. Or sometimes just the utterance of the sound "mmt." You can't imagine the amount of pussy we could score back in 2001. That was the year male mammaries were in fashion.

Ah... who am I kidding? Man-teets were never in fashion. Neither was being an editor of *The Plague*. It hasn't gotten me anywhere. I've never even seen a woman's breast. Not even in a movie. I swear to God. I had sex with a hooker once, but she wouldn't take her top off. Can you believe it? She let me donkey punch her, but wouldn't take her fucking

top off. Right now it's 3 am on a Saturday and I'm fucked up on a handle of Blue Curacao, trying to pound out this goddamn article on my laptop for the 25th anniversary while I draw little smiley faces on each of my genital warts. They're looking at me now.

I apologize about the donkey punching thing from before, but *The Plague* by-laws require that there be at least one donkey punching reference in each issue. The truth is, the hooker and I only got as kinky as the old Pirate Eye. Ladies, if you don't know what a Pirate Eye is, give me a call. If you don't know what donkey punching is, give Pat a call. He'll show you some charts and a PowerPoint presentation about it. Then he'll donkey punch you.

It's 3:30 am now and I just smoked a joint consisting of some Vancouver weed. What is it about Vancouver that produces such good weed? Is it their Canadian ingenuity? Fucking Canadians. Fucking smug bastards. They say that if you buy drugs, you are supporting terrorism. That's bullshit. When someone tells me that I say, "Oh yeah, well *you're* supporting terrorism." Then I throw down a smoke bomb and disappear by either repelling down a wall if I'm on top of a building or by throwing a grappling hook up the wall of a nearby building and climbing to the top. One time I did that in a field and it was really awkward because when the smoke cleared I was still standing there. I think terrorists are fucking gay.

It's 4 o'clock now and I just dropped two tabs of acid. I think my genital warts are laughing at me now. It's hard to type when you're on acid. Have you ever tried it? I keep fucking up my punctuation? It's also hard to type because all these porn ads keep popping up. I went to one fucking porn website and by the time I finished jerking off, there's like seventy porn pages on my computer. As soon as I close one window another pops

up out of nowhere. They won't go away, and I can't jerk off to all of these pictures.

It's 5 o'clock now and it turns out that I can jerk off to all of those pictures. I got all worked up, so I smoked some crystal meth from British Columbia to relax. What is it about Canada that produces such good crystal meth? My warts are singing to me now. Something from *Music Man*, I believe. I'm petting my cat right at the moment, but I think I am petting her too hard because she's meowing and biting me and there is a bald spot on her head. Oh man, now she is looking at me. I don't like the way she's looking at me. It's creeping me out. Oh shit! I'm not sure - and this might just be the meth talking - but I think, for a split second, I saw a laser beam shoot out of her eyes. It was really quickly, like as a warning shot. She best be left alone now.

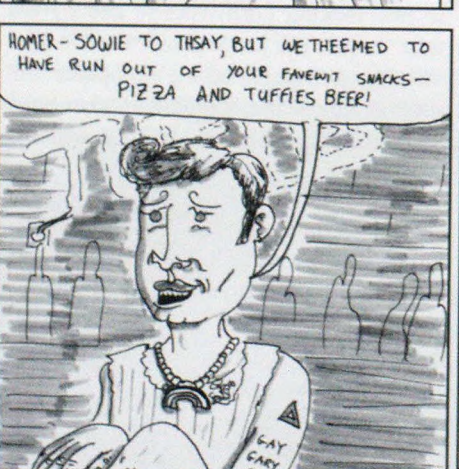
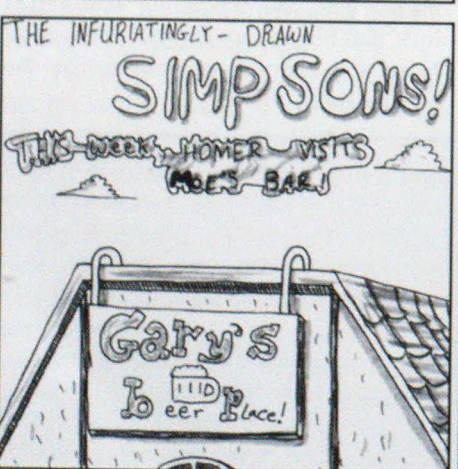
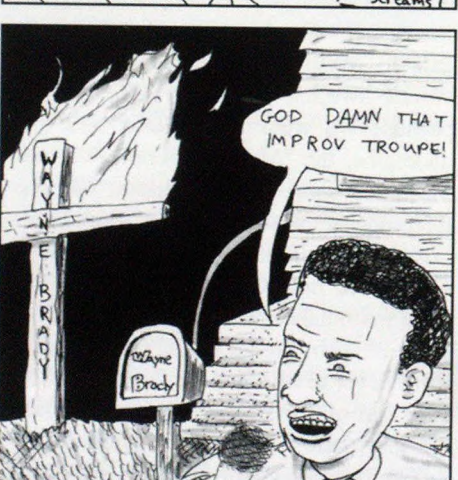
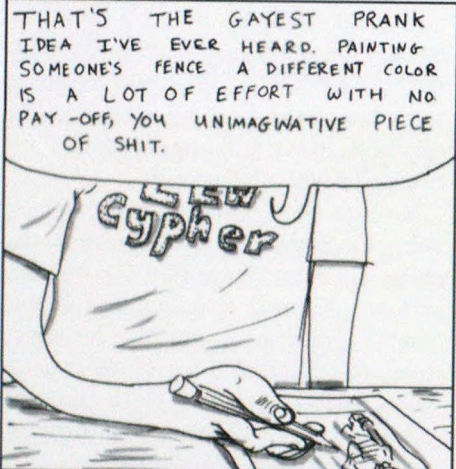
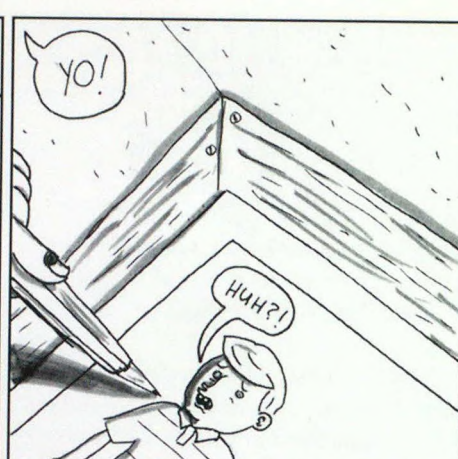
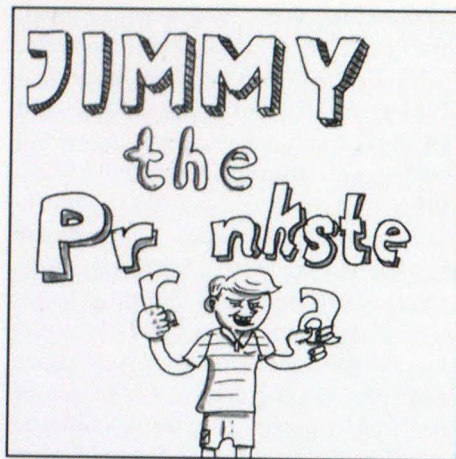
Now it's 6 am and I've just left a track mark for posterity, not to mention the entire bottle of Robitussin I put down earlier. I heard a rumor that Adam Sandler ended up in the hospital while trying to set a record for the most track marks from heroin. I am pretty sure that record goes to my cousin Teo, many of which he received while in utero.

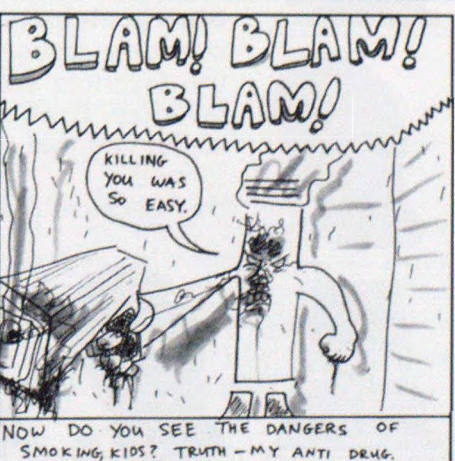
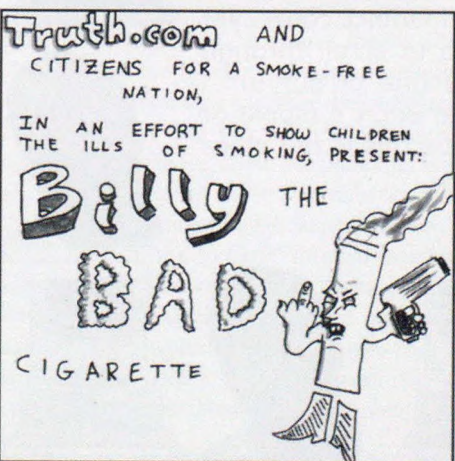
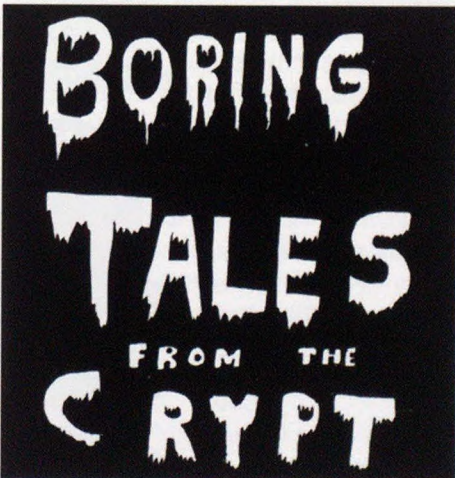
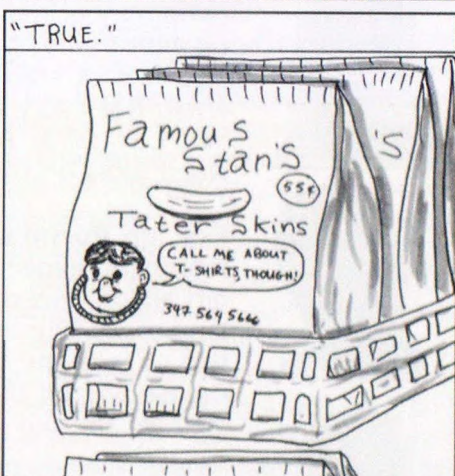
I feel like this is a good place to end this article. As an NYU alumnus, I would like to give a little bit of advice to all the white men at that institution. Try to nail as many minority chicks as you can while you are there, because it gets increasingly more difficult once you are out of school. We all know white girls are slutty, but most black and Hispanic women have at least an ounce of self-respect, except while they are in college. Get 'em while they're young, as my great-aunt used to tell me, God bless her. She is not actually dead, but she is in a coma, so she may as well be. And to our American troops who are rebuilding Iraq, good luck, and I hope they go on to successfully rebuild many more countries in the Middle East. USA!

Erin Rose Foley 1999-2001

A lot of people approach me and they all ask the same question: "What's it like to be a graduate of *The Plague*?" And I give them all the same answer: "Imagine a magical pizza and ice cream party, and all of your friends are there. Just when you think it can't get any better, there's a knock at the door, and who can it be? Why, it's the most beautiful and most sexually adventurous person on Earth, and he/she is in love with you! And he/she brought baskets full of kittens and lollipops and Mr.

Show DVDs. Then Jesus arrives, hand-in-hand with your birth mother, who tracked you down because she decided that she loves you after all! Then it rains candy! Then you look around and you realize that you're successful, wealthy, hilarious, and, finally, happy. Now forget all of that and imagine a shitty studio apartment in Queens that's completely empty except for the despair that lingers like a fucking ghost. That's what it's like. Are you gonna finish that sandwich?" Seriously, are you going to finish that sandwich?







STEVE M. BOSSOUS' WEBSITE REVIEWS



The internet is good for lots of things: Keeping up with current events (Will that George W. ever learn... to read?), meeting that special lady (who may or may not be an overweight trucker named Ed), or catching up with friends and family too ugly to encounter in person. But there's also lots of crap on that world wide web, cleverly referred to as the www. Not every website can be as great as bossous.com (best website ever), so we at *The Plague* have compiled a list of some of the best and worst sites on the web.



First up **Pornoaddict.com**: I, being a porno addict like most *Plague* members, expected much more from this site. Some really hot girl-on-girl action, incestual midget orgies, or even tips on how to clean sticky keyboards. But all I found here was advice on how to kick porno addiction. I took my hands off myself just long enough to grab my greasy mouse and hit the back button.

(D-: No site this gay should have our beloved word "porno" in the title.)

Shittalk.org: In case you couldn't tell, we here at *The Plague* enjoy talking up some good shit. We spoke to the webmaster and he noted that the content on his site was sometimes nutty, sometimes corny, but always, always shitty. Something right up our alley, we thought... that is until we signed on. Who knew that this site was literally about feces? We backed away slowly, making sure not to step in anything.

(C+: We did eventually find some pictures of vaginas)



Babyjesusdancesforyou.net: A spin-off of that hilarious and certainly not annoying dancing infant. Only this boogieing baby is none other than J to the C himself. Click his halo and watch the newborn Christ do the "Elaine." Click his belly and a newborn Mary Magdalene emerges and kneels in front of Jesus' diaper. Is she praying? Checking for doody? Or "other?"

(B+: That kid don't EVER get tired!!!)

Blurrycelebritynipples.com: Dismayed by pornoaddict.com, yet strangely aroused by dancing Baby Jesus, I decided to scroll through the favorites section in our browser and bring you one of our um... favorites. If what you want to see is a speck of Halle Berry's nipple or something that looks like Christina Aguilera's cameltoe this is the place for you.

(A-: Because that COULD be Salma Hayek... right?)





ON THE ROAD WITH THE SEX EXPERT



This past January, Plague writer Harold Fazulli was given a very special assignment: to travel with SUNY Albany sex columnist Yolonda L. Halfbright as she promoted her first book From Hand Jobs To Anal: The Sex Expert Explains Everything About Sex, and Also Some Stuff on Cooking, But Mostly It's a Sex Book. Unfortunately, after the month long tour ended, Mr. Fazulli was never seen nor heard from again. Fortunately, we found the diary that he kept during his travels. Unfortunately, he wrote the whole thing in some secret language that he made up with his retarded cousin when they were kids, and I had to fly in his cousin all the way from Milwaukee so she could translate it. Fortunately, Harold's cousin made these really good peanut-butter cookies. Unfortunately, I later found out that they were not cookies but actually old stereo equipment. But fortunately...oh, they want me to start the damn page. OK, here's this dead dude's diary.

January 25, 2003

Wow, I finally met Yolonda L. Halfbright today and I have to say, she's even more beautiful and young looking in pictures than she is in real life. I tried telling her that, thinking she would take it as a compliment to her wonderful abilities in the field of photograph alteration, but instead she got insulted. Oh well, I'm sure we'll still become best of friends when all's said and done. Also I'm really excited because the adoption agency said they may have figured out who my real parents are and promise to tell me within a few weeks. So that's cool too.

January 28, 2003

Today I tagged along as Yolonda (that's my little nickname for her) signed copies of her book at a local elementary school in Kalamazoo, Michigan. She said that it's not a good idea for people under the age of 13 to be having sex, but that if they absolutely had to then they should make sure to use *SpunkyCo* brand anal beads. I thought that was sound advice. I have to admit I've developed something of a crush on Yolonda in these last few days. Maybe it's my thing for older, hideously ugly women, or the fact that she has a suitcase filled with monogrammed dildos, or perhaps it's how the phrase "genital warts" just seems to roll off her tongue like poetry...no, I must maintain my journalistic integrity. I can't give in to temptation. On an adoption note, the agency just informed me that my mother apparently gave me up so that she could pursue her masters degree in microwave repair. This made me feel really super, knowing that my mom at least had a noble reason for giving me up and making me live in an abusive foster home for 18 years.

February 1, 2003

This morning Yolonda had to attend a fancy photoshoot for an upcoming issue of *Passing Fad* magazine, which is doing an article about the ever growing "sex expert" genre in college newspapers. Yolonda doesn't care much for the other sex experts, whom she feels put too much emphasis on actually having sexual experiences on which they can base their advice, rather than reprinting boring bullshit that you can glean from a pamphlet. I couldn't agree with her more, about the pamphlet bullshit being the way to go. She's so dreamy. Later that night we were treated to dinner by the head of *SpunkyCo*. He seemed sweet, and I thought it was really nice of him to hand Yolonda that big sack with the dollar sign on it. Free sacks are always a happy little surprise. Then after dinner the adoption agency called and told me that my dad was actually a deranged circus clown who raped my mother when she was 22. Wow, that's so cool. I mean, my dad was actually in the comedy business! Now I finally know where I get my sense of humor from.

February 3, 2003

This morning Yolonda and I had a lovely breakfast together. Then I saw an ad in the newspaper for the Ringling Brothers Circus and suggested we go see that one day. She ran away screaming and crying. I assumed she must have some deep psychological problem rooted in a bad experience with things suggested out of newspaper ads. Then I masturbated through a peephole while watching Yolonda shave her armpit hair. After both of us were finished, we traveled to a local Applebees where Yolonda signed copies of her book and gave a impassioned speech imploring all the customers to top off their spicy Jalapeno poppers with some *SpunkyCo* brand testicle clamps. My night ended with a call from the adoption agency informing me that while they still don't know exactly who my mother is, they do know that she would have profuse armpit hair that would necessitate her shaving it everyday. Jeez, I have no idea who my mother is, yet I feel so close to her right now. After that I masturbated to Yolonda some more and fell asleep.

February 6, 2003

Okay everyone, time for me to fill out the diary entry for the single GREATEST day of my life! The day began with yet another successful book signing, this time at a local flea market where Yolonda chalked up another two whole sales. (I smell a sequel for this bestseller!) After that we went up to the hotel room for an interview and I asked her when she first decided to become a sex expert. She started saying something about making the decision right after she got her masters in microwave repair, but I honestly wasn't paying attention. I could not contain my sexual urges any longer. I leapt up and kissed her and we made love right there on her promotional life-size cardboard cut-out. It was glorious. Oh, and right after that the adoption agency called and said they'd be able to tell me who my real mother was first thing the next morning. I can't wait!

February 7, 2003

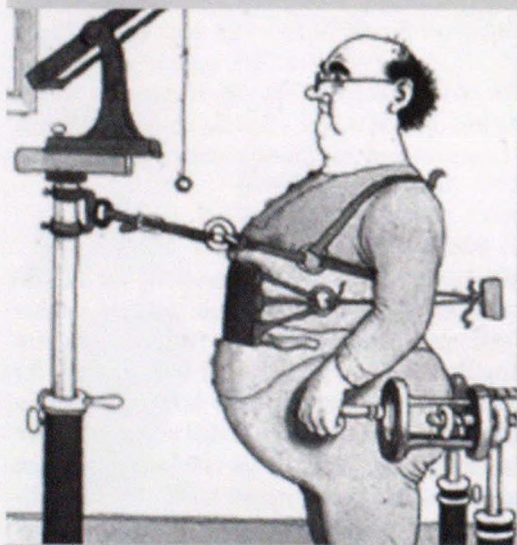
The adoption agency called this morning. Boy oh boy, I didn't see that one coming. In all honesty, that has to be the third most disgusting thing that has ever happened to me. Well, live and learn. I left a note on Yolonda's desk letting her know the news that I'm actually her long lost son. I sure hope she's keen on cooking for me and doing my laundry like a real mommy... Oh wait, there's my mommy now! Hey mama Yolonda, why are you holding that knife? Do you plan on cutting me a slice of a rhubarb pie that you just baked? Hey, you're coming at me pretty fast...you look kind of angry...Okay, I'm going to stop writing in my journal now.

FROM THE PRODUCERS OF BARBERSHOP...

Every neighborhood has that special place where the whole community can come together to laugh, to cry, and to, as Martin Luther King, Jr. would say, "keep it real". In my small town of Hartford, Connecticut, that magical location was always the local penile enlargement clinic. Yup, the penile enlargement clinic was the place where you'd go to hear the latest neighborhood gossip, play checkers with an old man, or to have surgical procedures performed on your penis. "Uncle Wally's House of Penile Enlargements" first took roots in our community in 1965, when Polish immigrant Wally Kalinski took his love of smashing men's genitals with oversized mallets and turned it into a lucrative business. While the process of penile enlargement may have changed greatly over the years (from the mallet smashing of Uncle Wally's days to the intricate procedure of injecting one's penis with spoiled turducken, which is generally practiced today), the warmth and camaraderie of the penile enlargement shop has always remained.



On the left we see a kindly old retiree. On the right, we see his kindly oversized balls.



An artist's rendition of an early penile enlargement machine. Though the machine did not actually enlarge any penises, the artist was able to draw a scathing caricature of his Uncle Salvatore.

Oh, what wonderful characters have passed through the doors of the penile enlargement shop over the years. There's Jerry "Smitty" Boggle, a small-time huckster who was forever trying to sweet-talk his way into getting free penile enlargements. "Come on man, I got a big job interview in an hour," an empty-pocketed Smitty would plead. "Just give me some more girth so I can get this refrigerator repairman gig." But alas for poor Smitty, the sign on the door clearly read: "No Money, No Penile Inches."

Then there was Melbourne, the scrappy old retiree. Old Mel would come in and just spend the whole day telling his stories and giving his wacky opinions on everything from socks being overpriced to Rosa Parks being lazy. Then he'd spend the rest of the day crying in agonizing pain as he struggled with the 40 pound, 3-headed mess of genitalia that had been the result of decades of daily penile enlargement surgeries. Boy, Mel sure did hate that Rosa Parks.

Our local penile enlargement shop has certainly seen it all over the years, from the Corey Feldman inspired rhinestone implant craze of the 80's to an ill-fated foray into selling vagina enlargements. But through it all the central tenet of the shop, as stated by longtime employee Cedric the Surgeon, has remained the same. "Your penile enlargement surgeon more than the guy who performs surgery on your penis," said Cedric in an impassioned monologue. "He's your broker, your priest, your fry-cook, your supplier of antique shoelaces, your landlord who installs small cameras in your fire alarms so he can videotape you having sex with your fat wife and sell it to the hot dog vendor, your football coach, your monster truck enthusiast, your...". OK Cedric, I think we get the idea. "But wait, he's also your accountant, limo driver's dirty cousin, Hector, your emergency butler..." Listen, that's enough. I'm serious. "Are you..." Yes, shut the fuck up, dude.



Cedric the Surgeon on Rosa Parks: "People say Rosa Parks had a big penis. Well I know the truth and the truth is Rosa Parks was hung like a damn cock roach ... And Fuck Jesse Jackson!"

Spring Break Diaries

SANDY WALTERS, TISCH FRESHMAN



March 17th...My plane touches down in tha' Hillz, baby! Beverly Hills! God, I missed this place. The warm weather, the guaranteed roles in *American Pie* films, the free muscle tees we get sent to us in the mail every month, and, of course drunk driving, muthafukkas!

Some kids back at school roll their eyes whenever I mention me and my bros drunk driving. One of my roomies even had the gall to tell me I needed help. F U Beyotch! Dudes just don't understand!

Listen, foo's, everyone in Beverly Hills drunk drives! I don't even think it's illegal here (like, for real...I think...).

And I must say, doods, that driving drunk...it's pretty pimp! Like, sometimes my crew and me, we'll hop into the benzo, like real pimps. Then we'll grab our brews, AKA tha PIMP JUICE, yo...and we grab our guns, like real pimps. And then we'll ride down to, like, Compton or some other black neighborhood and we'll crash our car into some black woman's house and shoot up her family, like the real "P" "I" "M" "P"s, yo!

I remember one time we were in Watts, WASTED dude, and it's noon on a Sunday and my boy Billy, kid's like, "Dude, let's roll by one of their churches!"

So we cruise up to tha hood, and I swear to God, like the cutest five-year-old girl steps out of the front door of this Baptist church. So my boy Billy, he grabs the steering wheel from the backseat (that drunk prankstah!) and Ba DOW! We run the fuck over that little bitch. Serves you right for messing with me and my bros, bitch! Damn yo, that was some pimped out SHIT, yo!

In conclusion, driving drunk hurts no one but the driver and his bros, and...stop hating on a brutha!

Yours Truly,
Sandy Walters!

MELVIN BRANCATO, CAS JUNIOR

Usually my spring breaks are kind of lame, consisting of either chess tournaments, LARPing (Live Action Role Playing for the uninitiated), or eating cheese on my backyard spring. But not this time! No, that's because this year my lab partner Scott signed me up to be part of the new MTV spring break show "kidnapped by Rock Stars." Yup, yours truly was "kidnapped" by the boys of "Butter Lump 87" (makers of the hit song "Squeeze My Skeeze, Please") and taken to Cancun for spring break, MTV style. From the moment I arrived it was nothing but drinking, hot girls, and "sexiest butthole" contests. At first I was afraid to make any moves on the ladies. That was until the lead singer Slurpy Bob, told me that MTV had already paid all the girls to fuck me. After that it was nothing but unprotected sex 24/7! It was kind of weird at the end of the show when I was informed that MTV had flown in my parents to secretly spy on me and watch me have sex all week, but hey, that wasn't gonna ruin the fun. In fact, the experience was so cool that I signed up to be on other MTV spring break shows such as *Bikini Balls*, *Celebri-Humping*, *Clitoris Dance Party*, *MTV 2: Hard-On*, *The Best of MTV Spring Break 1987 - 1996*, and last but not least *MTV Fuck Fest* which is described as



"nothing but hot drunken teenagers fucking, sucking, eating pussy and a performance by O-Town." All I can say is, thank you MTV for the best spring break ever.

TONY THE WOP, STEINHARDT SENIOR AND PRESIDENT OF IL CIRCOLO ITALIANO



Yo, what's up you faggots. Ok, this is Tony the Wop over here and I'm gonna tell ya what I done on spring break and what I done was eat spaghetti. Yeah, you heard me right fag, I just said I spent my whole spring break eating spaghetti. See, me and my buddy Vinny Dago (and I don't mean buddy in a gay way you fag bastard) found this big bowl in the garbage one day and were like "Yo, we should put fucking spaghetti in this big fucking bowl," so we fucking did what we said. Then we spent the week going to our favorite places around town and eating spaghetti in front of them. First, me and Vinny Dago went to the cemetery to visit the grave of Mrs. Rosalini, the woman who cooked us our first ever bowl of spaghetti. I tell ya, it was a real fucking shame that the old bitch died. She cooked a good spaghetti and now that she's dead she can't make me any more spaghetti. Next up we ate some spaghetti in front of a homeless shelter. It was some good eatin' until this homeless jerk-off came up to us. At first me and Vinny thought he was hitting on us and we were gonna have to do some of our patented fag - bashing, but turns out he just wanted some money. So Vinny says to him "We ain't got no money, just this huge bowl of spaghetti, which we're gonna eat right now, in front of you." As spring break kept going we ate spaghetti in lots of fucking places. We ate spaghetti on the subway, at the Metropolitan Museum, during a free screening of *Willard* (that rat movie with that fag from *Back to the Future* who's a really fine actor but still a fag) and even at a Chinese restaurant. But I'd have to say that the best part of spring break was when we ate spaghetti in front of Ground Zero. It was really crazy to know that we were eating spaghetti out of an oversized bowl in the very same spot where the Twin Towers used to be. Shit like that makes you really think. The only dumb part was all these people (probably faggots) who were saying we were showing disrespect by eating spaghetti at Ground Zero. Fuck that, man! We were actually paying tribute to all them dead people. That's right. Every strand of spaghetti in that bowl represented one of the people who died (for our country!) on 9/11, and every time me and Vinny Dago ate the spaghetti we were sending their souls to heaven. Oh, so what ya gonna say about that, fag?

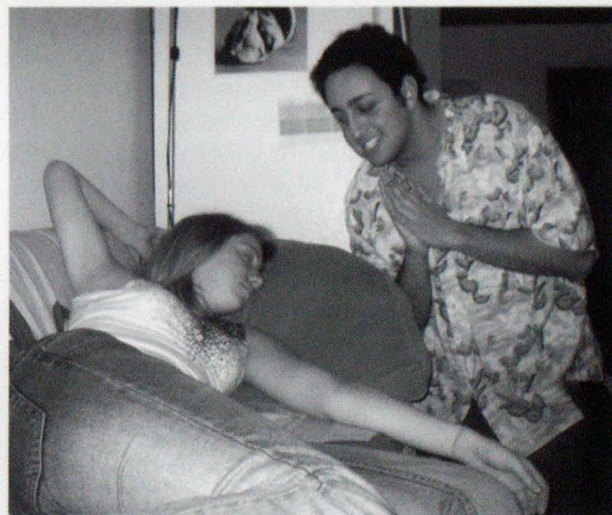
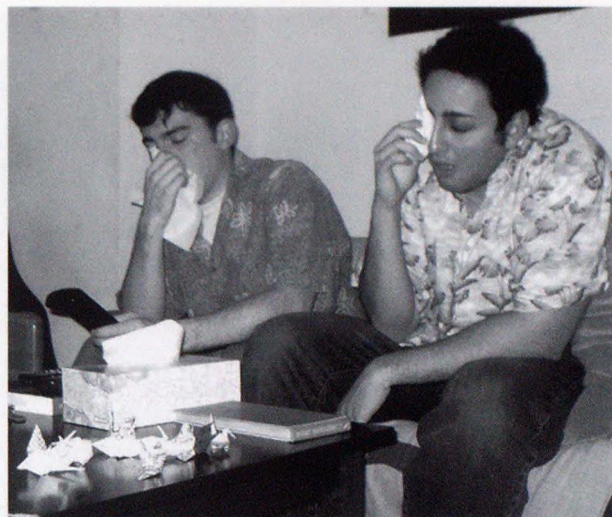
RODNEY DIMEON, STERN JUNIOR

This past week had a few ups and down, but, you guys, I think I fell in love. Ok, well let me start at the beginning. First of all I spent the week in Cancun with my friends Ricky and Daniel. We were a little pissed off when we first got there because everybody seemed to be speaking kind of funny and they gave me weird looks when I told them to speak English properly. But who cares, they were probably stupid immigrants anyway.

When we got to the hotel Ricky realized that he forgot to bring his Uno cards. Great, I thought, we came all the way to Cancun and we didn't have Uno cards. What were we supposed to do now? We tried to watch TV, but there didn't seem to be anything on except more funny speaking people. Luckily we stumbled on a *Beverly Hills 90210* marathon. Daniel and I got really excited because we're the ULTIMATE Ian Ziering fans.

We stayed up the whole night watching the marathon. We had just watched the episode where Steve and Andrea broke up. Daniel's eyes were red from crying, he was having a hard time. He couldn't believe that Andrea would leave a great guy like Steve for Brandon. I expressed my disgust and Daniel and I hugged for a few minutes. At that moment, I felt closer to him than anyone else in the world.

The marathon was interrupted by some really loud music and what sounded like a bunch of people shouting. Turns out there was a huge beer bash being held next door. We went over to tell them to keep it down, but somehow ended up right in the middle of the ruckus. That's when I saw her. She was asleep on one of the couches. She must've been really tired. Just then I prayed. I said "Please God, please help me score with her. Amen." And guess what, I DID! I got to smell her hair guys! SCORE! I even wrote a haiku about her in authentic Japanese script:



大
き
い
髪
の
香
め

*Girl with pretty hair
That lucky me got to smell
Wake up and be mine*

We spent the next couple of days following her around. We made sure to hide in the bushes, but every so often she would notice us looking at her. When she did, we just put our hands in our pockets, looked up at the sky and started whistling. Then she would think we were a bunch of guys hanging out whistling and not a bunch of guys following her. We were real slick about it. I was waiting for the right time to give her the haiku. I knew that as soon as she saw it she would fall in love with me. But all of the sudden Ricky got sick. We're not sure what caused it, but he seemed to love eating from those stands that served meat on a stick. That couldn't have been healthy, especially since all the carts seemed to have pictures of donkeys or horses on the sides.

Anyhow, we had to go home soon after, but I vowed to go back next year. Until then, my sleeping beauty, here's another haiku for you in a more traditional script:

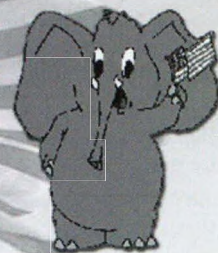
俳句
泳ぐ紫色の金魚
黄色のおたまじゃくし
インクつぼの中

*Love comes once a year
Cancun, the best U.S. State
I'll be there next year*



You've Flown Your Flags...Now What?

A Guide To Being a Good Patriot



My fellow Americans,

I speak to you today with a heavy heart, not just because my diet consists of three meals per day of deep fried sausage links, but because we are a country under attack. Right now you are probably wondering how you can aid your country in the war effort. You're saying, "How can I, John Q. American, a simple man with simple values, an SUV, a deep belief in Fundamentalist Christianity, and an average size penis (2 inches when flaccid, 4 inches when erect) help my country?" Well listen up Johnny boy, 'cause Senator Cratchett is gonna tell ya.

- First, the American public must rise up and give hell to those damned weasel countries that dare oppose our Holy War against Iraq. More specifically, I am talking about that cesspool of cowardice and body odor known as France. Since we're not allowed to just nuke those Napoleon loving bastards, (though Lord knows I am fighting to get that Bill passed), the best way to gain revenge on France is to weaken their economy. While boycotting their wine and cheese may have done some damage, it's time we hit them where it really hurts: the French poodle industry. I here and now propose that all Americans boycott the purchase of French poodles. This would be absolutely crippling to the French economy, as poodle exports account for over 85% of France's Gross National Product. Instead I urge Americans to satisfy their poodle needs by making their very own "Freedom Poodles." How does one make a "Freedom Poodle?" Just follow these three easy steps:

1) Purchase an American-born poodle from my brother-in-law's poodle company, Poodle Corp ("manufacturing quality poodles since World War II").

2) Next spray paint your poodle red, white, and blue. Paint that sucker nice and good, and don't be afraid to get it in the eyes (poodles love that shit).

3) Take an American flag, sharpen the edge of the staff to a fine point, and plant the flag no less than 3 inches into the poodle's medulla. Don't mind the poodle's rapid head movements. He's not in pain, he's just waving the flag that he loves so much. So there you have it, your very own "Freedom Poodle." Now you can walk down the street with your poodle in tow and tell the world "I'm an American and ready to kick some arse!"

- This next message is for all you unpatriotic Hollywood liberals. You damn cowardly peaceniks had better cease and desist with all your anti-war songs, anti-war acceptance speeches, and anti-war episodes of *The King of Queens*...or else face the consequences. You hippie celebrities think I'm kiddin' with ya? Well how's about you ask your buddy Mr. Rogers if I'm kiddin'? Oh that's right, you can't, he's dead! For years that bleed-

ing heart Pinko had been pushing his peace loving rhetoric on our nation's youth with his commie puppets and protest music. (Won't you be my neighbor? He might as well just spit in the faces of our troops!) So before that sweater-wearing freak went and burned an American flag live on PBS (and believe me, he was planning to do just that) I did what any God-fearing Senator would do - I had Mr. Rogers assassinated. I just called up one of my CIA buddies, had him sneak into Mr. Rogers' bedroom and smother him to death with one of his own sweaters. So before one of you actor types lead another one of your protest marches, maybe you should venture over to the cemetery, dig up Mr. Rogers' corpse, and see what happens when you challenge the war effort.



"Give 'em hell boys!" dictates the very erotic pre-op poodle, Roxxy.

- As the government has already undeniably proven, drugs directly fund terrorism. Well, I'm here to tell you that another one of your vices directly supplies funds to terrorists: pornography. Sure, when the public thinks pornography they imagine loveable figureheads such as Larry Flynt or Al Goldstein. But little do they know that Middle Eastern terrorist organizations own over 80% of all pornographic magazines, videos, and plush toys. So next time you're pleasuring yourself to some gang bang video filled with midgets and dildos and such, how about taking a moment to think of those planes hitting the Twin Towers. Then see if you still have your "hard-on."

- Lastly, and most importantly, remember to be very suspicious of anyone who doesn't look or act like you. Any non-Southern/Christian is possibly (no, most likely) a terrorist and should be dealt with thusly. This goes double for Italians, with their Tony Danza movies and their guinea meatballs.

Well, there you go, a complete guide to being a good patriot. This is your Senator saying good-bye and God Bless America.

Senator Henry Cratchett



HEROIC MOMENTS

IN NON-COMPETITIVE BASS FISHING HISTORY



Hello all! My name is Morgan L. Skidoodle and I'll be your loyal travel guide during this trip through historic moments in non-competitive bass fishing history. For those of you who don't know me, I'm a retired papier-mâché manufacturer and, despite what my mother would lead you to believe, most definitely NOT a person who masturbates to reruns of old



finishing shows on ESPN2.

Now with so many instances of bravery strewn throughout the history of non-competitive bass fishing, you might be asking yourself: "Mr. Skidoodle, how did you narrow it down to just two?" Well, contrary to what my mother may tell you, I did not pick these stories based on their ability to sexually arouse me and tear a piece of paper that I had wrapped around my flacid penis. That controversy averted, let's now begin our journey through fishing lore.



Next to the formidable she-bear, the treacherous bass fish is man's most natural adversary.

First up we row our boats to Minnesota in the year 1975 and meet up with door-to-door thumbtack salesman Seth Freach. Mr. Freach's bravery was not simply displayed in one single act, but rather throughout a long and arduous 20-year period. During this time Mr. Freach was confronted with one of the greatest, most terrifying obstacles that any non-competitive bass fisher can ever face: a family that needed him and wanted to spend time with him. And what did our hero

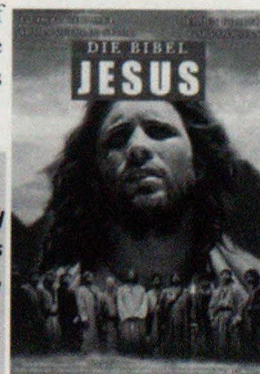
do in the face of such horror? Why, he completely ignored them in favor of his fishing. And we're not talking once or twice a week (that would hardly earn a spot in Skidoodle's wet dream... uhm, I mean Skidoodle's bravery list...yes, list).

Nope, this mountain of valor denied attention to his family for every single day of his natural life. No matter how much his children cried or his wife threatened to leave him (clever Seth knew that with her foot sores she'd never be able to find a new husband anyway) he never wavered, never surrendered. Nothing, not even birthdays, holidays, little league games, dance festivals, the last episode of M*A*S*H, the funeral of his 8-year-old daughter, or even more little league games could make him drop his fishing rod. And though this great American has since passed away, his legacy still lives on in the person of his son Erik, who is perhaps better known as the world famous serial killer "Daddy La Rue." That's right, Seth Freach's offspring is the very man who has spent the decade terrorizing the east coast and viciously slaughtering over 28 fathers. Why, Daddy La Rue even leaves behind a single bass at each murder site, undoubtedly as a tribute to his own papa's bravery.

Before I spin my final yarn of courageous fishery, I think it would be best if I changed my cum-soaked underwear. (And for your information mother, these underwear were cum-soaked when I bought them. I swear! They're cheaper that way.) Ah, all better. So, who's the bravest non-competitive bass fisher of all time? Why, it's a young man who lived a few thousand years ago and goes by the name of Jesus Christ. The cantankerous Mr. Christ was a carpenter by trade but a bass fisher by heart. In fact, Jesus' bass fishing exploits became so well known that one fateful day he was approached by a team of Roman officials who requested that Jesus join the Roman bass fishing Olympic Team. But Jesus would hear none of it. "Bass fishing is meant to be non-competitive," said a defiant Jesus. "That is the golden rule."

The Romans warned Jesus that if he did not join their bass fishing team that he would be killed. "I would rather die than see men tarnish my Father's greatest creation," spoke Jesus moments before he was crucified as part of the elaborate opening ceremonies to the second Olympiad (a spectacle only overshadowed that year by the antics of "The Juggling Chimp Brothers"). Though Mr. Christ was put to death for his beliefs, he continues to live on in the hearts of all Christians, who are a worldwide group of people devoted to the ideals of non-competitive bass fishing.

Jesus on the cover of the self-edited German edition of his world famous "New Testament," cleverly entitled, Die Bibel: JESUS.



Because we'll all be dead before this thing turns thirty...

The Plague explains the...

THINGS TO DO BEFORE I DIE

- Get inducted into the sex offender hall of fame
- Kill myself
- Invent cheese
- Get some crackers to go with the cheese
- Listen to my Weird Al records one last time
- One last shit

THE PLAGUE'S NEW MOTTO

- More fun than a fat girl on Quaaludes
- The humor of Saddam and the beauty of Bin Laden
- I'm reasonably comfortable with the size of my penis

THINGS TO YELL AT A FUNERAL

- I call dibs on the bereaved widow
- Support our troops
- Fire!
- I am so drunk right now! Who's got some ecstasy, I really want some right about now
- Play "Free Bird!"
- Oh my God, that's the dude I killed

REASONS TO GET A VASECTOMY

- Because chicks dig a guy who's less than a man
- So you don't have to wear a condom, ever
- You envy your dog... Actually you just feel bad about neutering him. No, you envy him
- No more baby mama drama
- To prove your girlfriend's sleeping around... Who gets the big laugh now?
- The free lollipop the doctor gives you afterwards
- You're married to Whoopi Goldberg
- I heard Eminem talk about it on his album

WHAT'S THE COOLEST THING ABOUT KIMMEL?

- Breathtaking views of drug dealing in the park
- Cameras in every toilet
- It's a postmodern sphinx!
- More fun to demolish than Loeb
- Excellent view of future terrorist attacks
- Not one, but two security guards in lobby
- The bio terror labs on the Iraqi floor
- More room for clubs + less room for the Irish = Fun

THINGS TO GIVE UP FOR LENT

- The whole Catholic thing
- The Jewish girl I was dating
- Drinking moonshine in class
- *Survivor II: The Outback* fan fiction
- My favorite dentist
- My race car bed with real car horn and mattress
- God, and heroin
- My unborn child
- Ron Pallillo

NEW DIET PRODUCTS

- Diet Laundry Detergent
- Diet-tron: The Diet Robot
- Diet Playstation
- Diet Louie Anderson, no, seriously, man, you're gonna have a heart attack tomorrow
- Diet Child Molester

SONG TITLES FROM GREAT WHITE'S NEXT ALBUM

- "Once Bitten (by pyrotechnics we used to accidentally set a night club ablaze), Twice Shy (of using unnecessary pyrotechnics)"
- "Barbeque"
- "Hey remember that one band? (Yeah, that's us)"
- "C'mon... you know you never cared about Rhode Island before now"
- "We need a new guitarist"
- Cover of "Burning Down the House"

WORST PICK-UP LINES

- Wanna see how my circumcision went?
- Hi, I couldn't help but overhear your anguished labor pains
- I had sex with a hippo once

NEW PHOBIAS

- Erotophobia - fear of erotic literature
- Bulletphobia - fear of men named Samuel
- Homophobia - it's coming back in style

NON-RECYCLABLE ITEMS

- Space shuttles
- Cigarettes
- Joan Rivers
- Paper - It's all a sham

TIMES WHEN ASSAULT SHOULD BE MADE LEGAL

- When your baby mama wasn't careful, and that damn bitch had another
- When she talks back to you
- When there's free Indian food to be had
- 6 o'clock

NEW NASA PROGRAMS

- Fireworks
- How to re-enter the atmosphere
- Pretending that your tears are for individuals rather than for expensive machinery
- Sending monkeys to Russia to learn about communism

PLAYSTATION 2 GAMES INSPIRED BY TRAGEDIES

- *Titanic Manic Drowning Panic: A simple game of puzzles*
- *Doom 2: Afghan Assault: Their Side of the Fence*
- *Swat The Flies Off of the Starving African Children*
- *Space Shuttle Crash Bandicoot*
- *The Two Towers: Flight Simulator*

WHOLE WIDE WORLD

NEW SHOWS ON ANIMAL PLANET

- *The "Whoohoo Wants Pancakes?" Owl Cooking Show with Earl*
- *Horsecapades*
- *Mr. Wizzard's Lizzards*
- *Mr. Ed's Adventure on the "Hey Dude" Ranch*
- *Rodney King's Adventure with Violent Animals*
- *When Animals Discover Masturbation*
- *The Animals Dressed Like Other Animals Jumping Over Other Animals Show*
- *No Shit: The Life of a Dung Beetle*
- *Hamsters Explore My Anus*

DUMB SHIT PEOPLE SAID WHEN THEY THOUGHT THE PLAGUE WAS ENDING

- "Great, now there will be a bigger budget for the Asian clubs"
- "Now I can use their office to show my collection of *Designing Women* reruns"
- "Good, I didn't like the *Plague* editors and their fancy haircuts"
- "First Nell Carter, now this"
- "I can't believe it's not butter"
- "Yay! Hooray! Oh Happy Day!"

REASONS WHY THE PLAGUE LASTED SO LONG

- Bulletproof beer helmets
- Festivals
- Paper is 100% recycled kidnapped children
- Editors travel only on tandem tricycles
- Invented SARS to keep annoying fucks away
- Same reason *National Geographic* did - it gets people off
- 25 years of free sausage handouts
- How could it not? My brother with cerebral palsy did
- Anti-aging wrinkle cream (like the kind George Hamilton uses on his butt)

WHAT THEY DIDN'T SHOW ON THE DAN RATHER INTERVIEW WITH SADDAM

- Dan Rather's pre-interview scrotum shaving
- Dan and Saddam's intimate elephant ride
- Saddam hanging his baby off a balcony
- Saddam climbing trees
- Rather trims Saddam's moustache at gunpoint
- Push-up contest
- Saddam's killer "I'd RATHER" jokes
- Saddam's homemade radio shows

NEW CHANNELS ON MY SATELLITE RADIO

- The Music of Fire
- A Fat Old Guy Listens to Top 40 Hits from His Youth and Cries
- Screams of Re-Entry Hour
- The Laughs and Tears of Helen Keller
- WDNW: Entertainment for People with Down's Syndrome
- WNYU

HOW TO BE A DELIGHTFUL JEW

- Blowjob
- Wear a condom
- Consume delights until you are full
- Don't go to NYU, we've got enough already
- Change your name if it ends in -itz

NEW REVELATIONS IN EMMANUEL LEWIS' BIOGRAPHY

- His thumbs and penis are the same size - gigantic!
- He takes it in the pants
- He tattooed the swastika on Gwyneth Paltrow's chest
- Actually Larry Bird wrote the whole goddamn thing

GREATEST MOMENTS IN PLAGUE HISTORY

- Colonizing Tanzania
- When we lost our virginity to that piano teacher who survived the Holocaust
- The time Habitat for Humanity sued us for knocking down all of their houses
- Deciphering the Human Genome
- Sex! Finally!
- Putting the magazine out on time (Spring, 1988)
- Beyond Vaudeville
- Kicking out Keith Haring and Chris Columbus (yes, THAT Keith Haring and Chris Columbus)
- Inventing condoms with pores
- Not getting hit with a plane on 9/11
- Stealing Scott Barkan's girlfriend
- Getting the word 'jizzmonkey' into the dictionary
- The Protestant Reformation
- Joe Rice's lost issue
- Writing and directing *Disney's The Kid*
- Making doodee in the toilet!
- Eating out our first cunt

UNTELEVISED AWARDS SHOWS

- *The Latin German Grammys*
- *The Ice Sculpture of the Moment Awards*
- *The Brighton Beach Old Russian Tits and Ass Showcase*
- *The Japanese Men Spitting of Fern Plants Awards*
- *AVN Child Porn Awards*
- *Spanish Intelligence Awards*
- *Police Brutality Awards*
- *Christopher Reeve's Horse Riding Olympics*

NUMBER OF PARANOID SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

- 1,000,000,000,000,003

To end this special anniversary issue, we thought we'd share a special piece of history found in The Plague archives. So here we present a memo that The Plague founder Howard Ostrowsky had sent out to his entire writing staff before the first meeting in September of 1977:

Dear Plague Staff:

I must start off by informing you all of a slight change in plans. Due to a problem with our NYU funding, this publication will no longer be a monthly missive devoted to creating a deadly poison that would only be harmful to the Asian race. Instead, it's a comedy magazine. Well, the good news is we can still keep the name *The Plague*! Now that we're a comedy magazine, there's a few ground rules I'd like to establish for all *Plague* staffers.

- Firstly, the humor of *The Plague* should always remain smart, topical and high brow (think Twain or Molière). Never should *The Plague* resort to vulgarity or cheap jokes about race, feces, abortion or Bob Saget.

- Disco satire should forever be *The Plague*'s highest priority, as epitomized in our monthly serial "Indiana Disco and the Disco-riffic search for the host Disco of Christ."

- We will use the money in our budget allotted for pizza to instead breed herds of retarded people, so that in their old age they can be used as our foot stools.

- All *Plague* editors must develop serious drinking problems which cause them to lose jobs, insult loved ones, and shit in places where they don't mean to shit (i.e. a factory that only makes pencil cases).

- Every *Plague* member, upon their death, is entitled to a free military funeral. (Note: By "military" I, of course, mean my cousin Elmer's Montana based militia, in which case your corpse will be dismembered, poked with old fly swatters, urinated on by a family of ridiculous hillbillies, and then cooked into a delicious meatloaf. And by "free," I mean this will cost 850,000 dollars. Oh, by "entitled" I mean I'm going to do this to your corpse whether you want it or not.)

Now that you've been properly inspired with historical texts, don't you think it's time that you...

Join *The Plague*!!!

If you're funny, creative, ugly, or have experience with Quark, Photoshop, or Public Access game shows (such as *Tiny Ronaldo's 22 Dollar Wheel of Intrigue*) then *The Plague* is the place for you! We're a 25 year-old institution and with your help I'm sure we can, as the rappers like to say, "keep this party goin'." So make sure to look for us at the club fair, or come to our meetings every Monday night at 6 PM at the Kimmel Center, or e-mail us at plague.club@nyu.edu, or drop by the WalMart while I'm working the nightshift. I'll let you touch the bath mats.



The Plague super sleuths were able to get their hands on the liner notes to NBA star Gary Payton's R&B album, *Livin' Legal and Large!* As you can see from these liner notes (printed below) Mr. Payton is one of the most awesome people to have lived ever.

But don't take *my* word for it...

Not an official NBA product.

1. Intro (Payton Speaks)
2. Give Back! (*The Community Center Song*)
3. Can You See It? Tha' Rim!
4. Basketball-The Only Drug!
5. *Community Center skit*
6. Look Up! GP's Gonna' Give It To Ya'
7. Can't Dunk Enough On You Baby!
8. Never Ever (Gonna Sleep Around-My song to Monique)
9. Some Call It Boring, I Call It Cool (ft. Kurt Warner)
10. What's With The Negativity, dude?
11. Don't Be Cruel Karaoke Outro

I would like to thank...

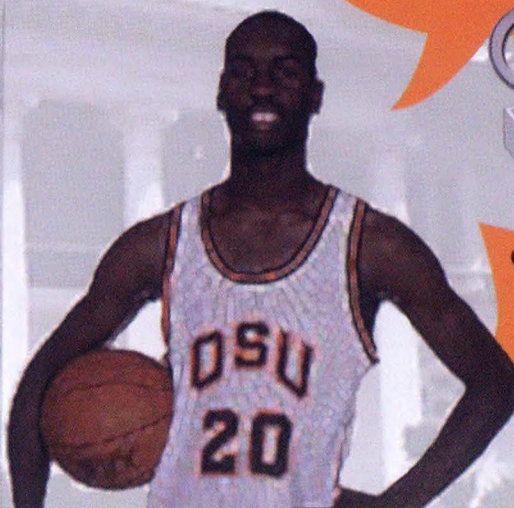
Villagio and The Spot in Milwaukee, WI for the fine Gator suits, Jesus (of course!), Janine at the GP Community Center (you goo gurl!), Elvis and Michael Bolton (yall dudes my musical influences, believeee dat!), Alpine Systems for souping up my Range Rover, mom, Monique (baby, don't believe the rumors, I aint gay), and all the fans who know you can make clean boring music and live a boring life and still be a soooopa star!

Gary Payton **Livin' Legal and Large!**



contains possible hits:

- Basketball-The Only Drug!
- What's With The Negativity, dude?



Here's more of the same for y'all...

so next time you think you're gonna do some drugs
just know GP is here to give you kids some hugs...

Basketball!

chorus x 2

5. *Community Center skit*

[sounds of Gary Payton chatting on the phone with his wife Monique about the design of their winter garden display while GP is driving in his souped up Range Rover, the La Boheme stage cast album playing at a respectable volume in the background. GP parks his car and gets out]
GP: Ah, here I am, at the Gary Payton Community Center. Sometimes I forget how important it is to give back to the community, but then I just come here to my community center and I remember that it is **very** important to give back.

[GP enters the community center and the cheers of thousands of impoverished children are heard. GP runs into the basketball court of the community center and dunks 34 times in a row. The dunks are the quietest, most perfect dunks a human being has ever heard. Again, children break into triumphant cheers.]

GP: As I was saying, it's important to give back to your community...as I just did. Oh, and by the way, look up!

Skit written and performed by Gary Payton. Children cheers performed by Payton and his family

6. Look Up! GP's Gonna' Give It To Ya'
Soaring in the air, it's GP, the Man
Can you believe it almost didn't happen, man?

a fan...can you blame him?



Me as a budding
17-year-old

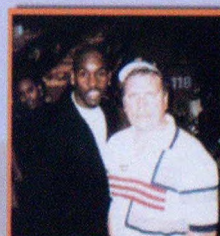
Mom and dad at first didn't like basketball
They're from Canada and they liked lawn bowling, y'all
So GP studied and was hoping
To go to college for podiatry, to be a foot surgeon
I studied diagrams of feet for hours on end
But then mom and dad came into my room, my friend
And they had a big smile and I got a big hug
"Gary, son, you may play basketball, my lovebug!"
Momma and Pops took me to Chuck E. Cheese's
A mouse sang to me about our Earth's 4 seasons
So now when I'm about to dunk on all you fly guys
You know it's thanks to mom and dad, thanks guys!
Lyrics by Gary Payton. Track by Elvis Q. Johnson. Contains interpolations of the Chuck E. Cheese jingle ("Rat Rap") originally performed by Dee Snyder and Kool Moe Dee

7. *Can't Dunk Enough On You Baby!*

I can't dunk enough on you baby!
I can't dunk enough on you baby!
Yes it's true
Baby, yes it's true
Whenever we dribblin', I get a feeling like this
I get to wishin that there was two of you
That I could dunk on, baby!

YAAAAA

I can't dunk enough on you baby!
I love you so much
Ima dunk on you so much
I can't dunk enough on you baby!
Lyrics by Gary Payton. Based on "Can't Get Enough Of You Baby" by Smashmouth. Track by Elvis Q. Johnson.



Me and Elvis Q. Johnson
my producer



SUBSCRIBE TO ANY 4 MAGAZINES

FREE!!!

Everything Important in Iowa
April 2003

Time Out Des Moines

PotatoFest 2003!
Or is that Idaho?
Hell, we can't even
keep track...

DEAR JOHN
Cheers' John
Ratzenberger
is pretty damn
famous, right?

DRIVING AROUND AIMLESSLY
Who says there's nothing
for us to do in this city?

TIME OUT DES MOINES
2658366

AFFICIANADO

afficianado

We know everything about knowing everything!

Connoisseurs, Buffs...
Why do they even bother?

Bill Mitchell
The world's only empty
cardboard box afficianado!

Vol 43, Issue 2 May 2003

AFFICIANADO AFFICIANADO
7777777

ROLLING KIDNEY STONE	9739212
COSMO BOY	1800294
PREPUBESCENT GIRLS ILLUSTRATED	1200069
I HAD A MULLET IN THE 7TH GRADE MONTHLY	7293041
TUBE SOCKS & ROCK AND ROLL MAGAZINE	7692628
TEEN WEBJOURNAL DIGEST	8539020

AND MANY MORE...

YOU OBVIOUSLY LIKE CRAP...
WHY NOT HAVE MORE OF IT?

C'mon, you picked up this piece of shit, why not have some more to go with it? We at the PLAGUE HOUSE Magazine Distributors have every worthless, mind-numbing waste of paper out there... and that's obviously right up your alley!

WHY WAIT?

Join the dozens of satisfied PLAGUE HOUSE customers, and get your subscriptions today!

PLAGUE HOUSE MAGAZINE CLUB

Yes, please enroll me under the terms outlined in this advertisement, or some other advertisement or whatever. I'll obviously sign any contract that's put in front of my face. I will receive my 4 free magazines now, and realize that I will be required to purchase 38 additional subscriptions at normal club prices (usually \$9.95 - \$353.27)

Send me these 4 Magazines for free!

<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Name

Address

Credit Card #

Bra/Penis Size

IQ