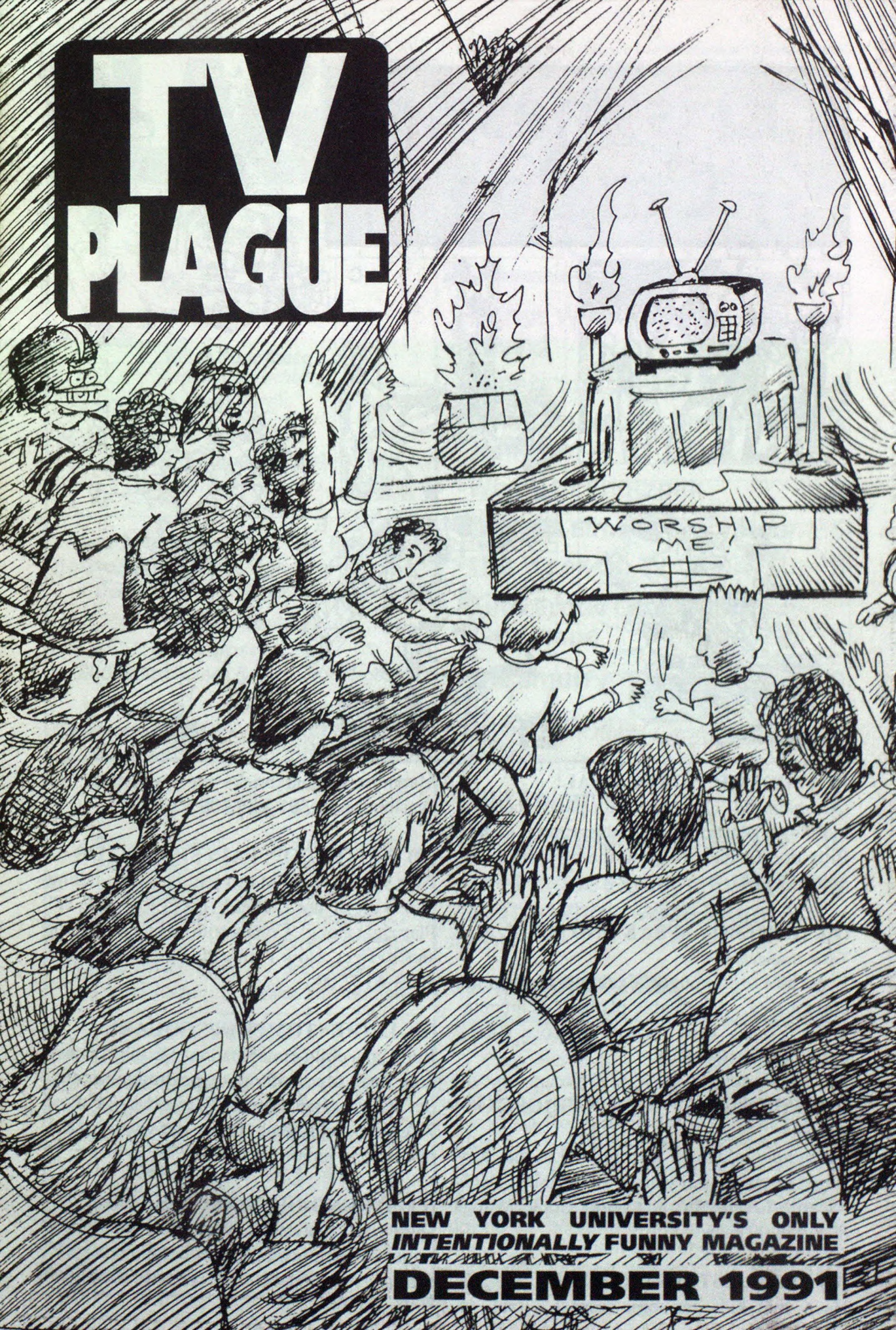


# TV PLAGUE

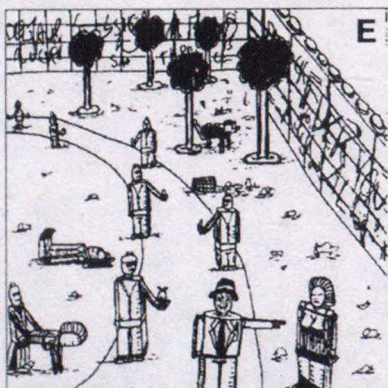
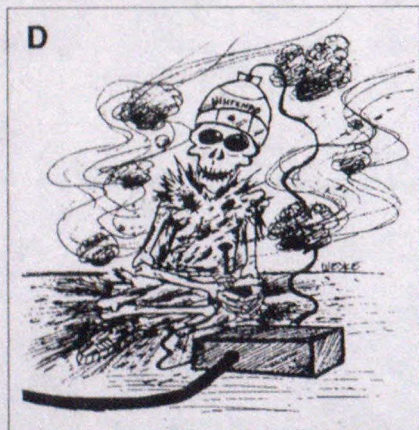
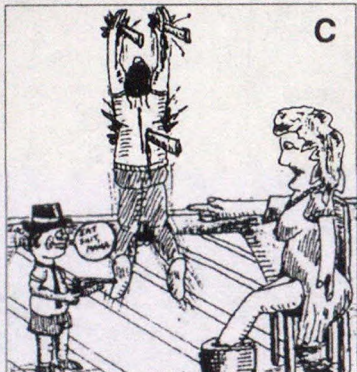
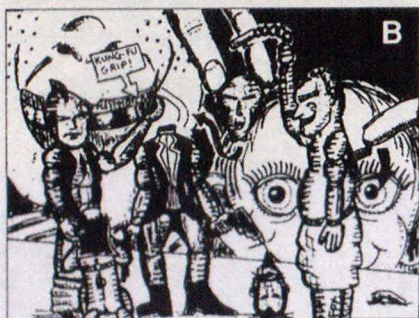


NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S ONLY  
INTENTIONALLY FUNNY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1991



# Christmas Toy Catalog



## PLAYDOUGH™ DRUG DEAL!

(Not pictured) Complete with pharmaceutical moldings, plastic guns, real syringes. Little Billy doesn't have to go to the park anymore! 8009-\$23.00

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Learn how to pronounce "Fuck your mother" the correct way. A veritable plethora of articulation. Comes with "Word To Your Bitch" cartridge. 8010-\$67.00

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## (F) STRUNG-OUT BARBIE by Mattel™

Dirty hair, bloodshot eyes, and real looking bruises! Comes complete with slut clothes and heroin shoot-up kit. A collector's edition! 8008-\$16.00



# THE PLAGUE

(plag) n. 1. A pestilence, affliction, or calamity, originally one of divine retribution: "till the seven plagues of the seven angels were fulfilled" (Revelation 15:8). 2. A sudden influx, as of destructive or injurious insects: a plague of locusts. 3. Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance: "The blessed silence of the Sabbath saved on from the plague of social juabbering." (George Santayana) 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plague. -tr.v. **plagued**, **plagu**ing, **plagues**. 1. To harass, pester or annoy: "What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors?" (Smollet)  
-Who the fuck is Smollet?

Disclaimer: v. 1. to disarm an opponent with a Scottish broadsword

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Kip Raney

James Cohen

Tony Strippoli

Gabe Daniels

Joy Whiteside

Katarina Deletis

Mike Zammit

## AND HATS OFF TO

The WSN, Lara J. Kisiel, Seth Greenspan, Chris Haraden (take off that fucking baseball cap, already), Christian M. Lucas, Spero T. Leakas, Mom and Dad

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# THE PLAGUE THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Guys will do anything to get laid.

No shit. So what's new?

Well, men have changed their tactics for '90s. It used to be in, say, the '70s, guys would go to bars, look for "chicks", ask them a series of questions ("Hey, baby, what's your sign?" or "Do you have any Italian in you? Would you like some?"), and, if she stayed around to answer the third question, sex was assured. Then, out of nowhere, women demanded sensitivity and, like Lysistrata, refused sex until men caved in to their ultimatum.

But men have caught on. An article appearing in the November 21, 1991 issue of *The Washington Square News* shows how men are fooling their female classmates on college campuses

nationwide. Men are starting groups to educate other men on sexism and sensitivity and women are applauding them as if they were serious or something! At Tufts, an organization founded by a "peace studies" student (Peace studies! Jesus, now they have a peace studies department!), Men Must Understand Sexism (MMUST) distributed a petition on behalf of all men throughout the entire universe (!) apologizing for what all men throughout the entire universe do best, that is, act like idiots to get women to sleep with them. Harvard Anti-Sexist Men even protested Andrew "Dice" Clay and Sam Kinnison concerts just because their acts might contain some very not nice references to women.

Naturally, male sensitivity groups are quite visible. And they have to be. The only reward for telling everyone you're sensitive is that every girl on campus will find out and they'll hang out with you and you'll have a better shot at fucking them because they think you'll respect them afterwards. Ha!

If there are any guys out there who are trying to get laid, start a sensitivity group. That's what men throughout the entire universe do best—act like idiots to get women to sleep with them.

*Lawrence Lewittinn is The Plague's Executive Editor and Resident Virgin. In fact, he's really sensitive—he has the entire Spandau Ballet collection on CD.*

## INSIDER CHEERS 'N' JEERS

### CHEERS

To that cute girl who sits in front of me in Psychology and always leans forward just enough for me to look down her blouse.

### JEERS

To CBS owners who refuse to dress up in lingerie given to them by Andy Rooney and Dan Rather.

### CHEERS

To MTV for sucking establishment's dick since 1985.

### JEERS

To the expression "Let's just be friends."

### CHEERS

To kindergardeners who will.

### CHEERS

To the *Smiths* for conveniently disbanding and allowing Morrissey to cultivate his artistic integrity.

### JEERS

To the insensitive, jaded masses who destroyed Mr.T's career.

### CHEERS

Est. 1831.

### CHEERS

To Saddam Hussein for staying alive to witness the '92 elections (Yes, we know it's an outdated subject, but it still just makes our day.)

### CHEERS

To the massive androgynous throngs of students who

support our NYU sports teams with their faithful attendance at the games—thanks a lot.

### JEERS

To girls with big tits and nice asses who turn out to be lesbians...or men.

### CHEERS

To the WSN for their profound opinions; where would we be without our daily, life-affirming doses of Yan Kashepava and Alex Kaufmann?

### JEERS

To NYU's crack Protection Services team for their planned Christmas Eve rumble with the NYPD.



# WHAT WAS MAGIC DOING WITH HIS JOHNSON?

Magic Johnson was more than merely a basketball player. He was a cultural icon, a household name. His revelation last month that he had to retire due to the HIV virus was about as shocking as licking your finger and then inserting it into an electric socket.

The one positive thing that can result from this tragedy is an increased AIDS awareness in this country. The way to start is by improving our pathetic public school system.

People graduate high school, even college, without knowing how to read. How can this be?! Anyone who has attended a fine institution such as NYU, has taken two semesters of Writing Workshop, knows that it *must* be impossible to graduate without knowing how to read or wri... er, maybe not.

Illiteracy and ignorance begin in pre-school. Today's

children are being taught neither the skills nor the knowledge they need to survive in the cruel world out there.

The sorry truth is this—96% of all kindergarten graduates have never used or been shown how to use a condom. Youngsters are not taught how to protect themselves. When they reach the age when they become sexually active, say, third or fourth grade, they're just not prepared to prevent the transmission of the deadly AIDS virus.

Magic would play an integral part in the new kiddie-condom campaign. Video-taped messages for schools,

six-foot-nine anatomically correct Magic and Laker Girls dolls...the possibilities are endless. And, for his first new post-HIV-revelation product endorsement, Midget Magic condoms for the little ones to practice.

The sorry condition of AIDS education in America must be corrected, and hopefully Magic's tragedy is the kick in the ass this country needs.

*Seth Minsk is Managing Editor of The Plague. He's not going to get a long write-up here, because last time it got cut off by one of those mysterious computer glitches and it looked really lousy. Don't say we never*

## HATE MAIL

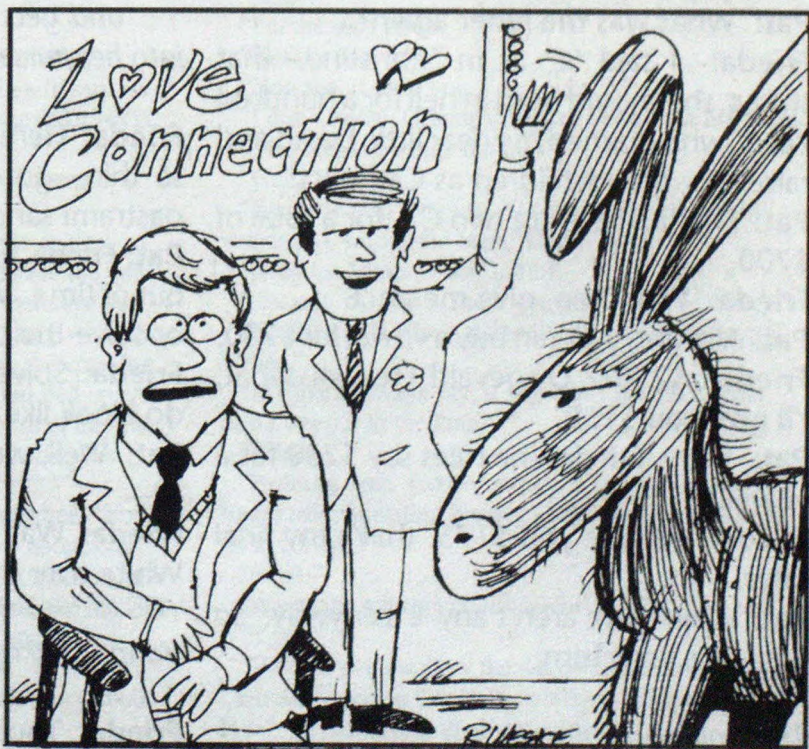
(Otherwise known as  
Letters to the Editors)

Plague,

So—you assholes like to stomp on us fraternities, huh? Keep writing shit about us and we'll lick [sic] your ass. How do you like that?! You little pricks. We're no. 1! We're no. 1! NYU Greek all the way!!

"John"

Not man enough to give us his real name or fraternity



"Well, Chuck—here's your choice for your love connection! Meet Patty—the burro!"



**Did you ever notice that you don't see any Jewish mothers on TV game shows? How often does a woman named Frieda Goldberg get to be a contestant on Wheel of Fortune? Never. Why not? Imagine this...**

**By Jon Sredni**

**Pat Sajak:** Okay, contestant #1, Frieda Goldberg from Miami Beach, Florida, it's your turn to spin.

*Frieda spins and gets \$350.*

**Frieda:** I'd like a 'C', Matt.

**Pat:** That's Pat.

**Frieda:** Whatever, they're both goyishe names.

**Pat:** What was the letter again?

**Frieda:** I said 'C' as in 'Christine,' that shiksa, she should burn in hell for a hundred years, who married my dear little David and raises my grandchildren as Catholics!

**Pat:** Frieda, there are two C's, for a total of \$700.

**Frieda:** Well then, give me an 'E'.

**Pat:** All right, you can buy a vowel for \$250.

**Frieda:** \$250?? Oy gevalt! I tell you what, I'll give you \$150.

**Pat:** Sorry, Frieda, the rules say \$250 for a vowel.

**Frieda:** I'll give you \$175, that's my final offer.

**Pat:** Well, there aren't any E's anyway. So Tom, it's your turn.

*Tom spins and gets 'Lose a Turn'.*

**Frieda:** Poor boychik. You remind me of

my schlmazel nephew, Ira.  
Here, take my turn, I don't need it.

*Frieda hands Tom her free spin chip.*

**Pat:** You can't do that, Mrs. Goldberg.

**Frieda:** What's the matter?

**Pat:** Never mind. Cheryl, it's your turn.

*Cheryl spins and gets \$1000.*

*She gets one letter, spins again, and gets a 'bankrupt'. Frieda reaches into her purse and pulls out a \$5 bill.*

**Frieda:** Here, honey, take this. Oy, you're so thin—go out and get yourself a good pastrami sandwich!

**Pat:** Frieda, it's your turn and we're running out of time. What do you want to do? Spin or solve the puzzle?

**Frieda:** Solve it? Are you meshugah? Who do I look like? Einstein?

**Pat:** Well, we're out of time. We'll see you all—

**Frieda:** Wait! I have one question for Miss White over there. Vanna, are you Jewish?

*Vanna shakes her head.*

**Frieda:** Too bad. I have a son about your age.



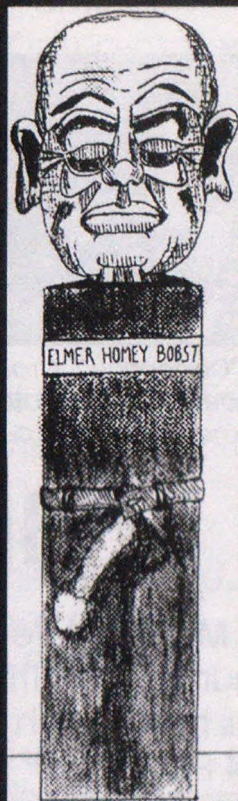


All right, boys and girls (especially all you nubile, flat-chested ones dying to attend a private university such as, say...NYU), gather 'round because it's time for...

# Grampa Elmer's Story Hour

by David Fox & Kamau "Moo" High

Now you too can experience what Elmer's great-great-great-granddaughter experienced (besides the anal sex in the pantry). So sit back, relax, and unzip your flies 'cause the story's about to begin.



"How about if my chauffeur, Watson, takes Precious out to buy a little candy?" Grandpa Elmer asked his granddaughter.

"I don't know, Grandpa," she said. "You got that look about you."

"Hey, trust me. We're family. You have a very tight set of genes, you know. And with me behind you, you have a remarkable asset."

"I know, Grandpa Elmer."

"Besides, I'm a classy guy," Elmer explained, wagging his liverspotted hands. "I built a library for God's sake! A big-ass library! At a place like NYU, no less!"

"Isn't that like getting a gigolo for a convent?"

"Come now, Precious."

"You're right. I'm sorry. Please tell me a story, Gramps," asked Precious. "Can you tell me the one about the little girl with the red leather bondage suit who goes to her grandmother's so she can give her an enema but on the way gets picked up by the cops for prostitution so she spends the night in jail tied up and being gang-raped by the cops and because of all this, her grandmother's colon explodes, showering her bedroom in a hail of prune and Geritol shit?"

"Now, now, Precious," said Grandpa Elmer. "You've heard that one far too many times. How about I tell you a brand spanking new one. One that's based on distorted realities and false truths—kind of like the Hill-Thomas debacle. Come here, baby. Come sit on Grandpa Elmer's lap. There, very good. Now I'm going to tell you the facts of life. A little story about the birds and the bees."

With great difficulty, Elmer unzipped his pants and slid them around his ankles, allowing his "bald avenger" to flap in the wind.

"Now then, this is a bird."

"It doesn't look like a bird. It looks more like a worm."

"Ahh," Elmer said. "The early bird catches the worm, and you are what you eat."

"Ohhhh. I see."

"Touch the bird."

"Huh?"

"Pet the nice birdie."

"But it's growing."

"You see, it likes you."

"I don't know, Grandpa Elmer. I don't see any bees."

"The bees are *inside* the bird."

"Huh?"

"Kiss the bird's mouth. Inside is honey made by wonderful, wonderful bees. Honey bees."

"Grandpa Elmer, I don't think—"

"Taste it. Ahhhh! There you go!"

"Mnffft. It doesn't taste like honey, Gramppa Elmer."

"It's like I always say, if you can't keep it in your pants, keep it in the family."

"Whash?"

"Nothing dear. Go on, soon you'll taste the honey," Elmer said, adjusting his tie. "Say, would you like to go to college?"

"Yesh."

"A private, overpriced urban college?"

"Yesh."

"Well, if you swallow the *whole* birdie, not only will I introduce you to Uncle Dick Nixon, I'll send you to NYU. What do you think about that?"

"I shink I'm going to shrow up."

"There, there," said Grandpa Elmer. "NYU's not *that* bad."



# THIS WEEK ON TV



*"Deception": Crack dealer and his lover; **Benji** (not pictured) co-stars*



*"Dead and Alive": Tony Danza with lesbian hair and still no brain*



*Miscarried...With Children: Ed O'Neill, Katey Sagal, and just enough tongue*

## VIEWER GUIDELINES

☐ **Mr. Ed:** After an intimate encounter with Trigger, Wilbur realizes how much he needs Ed.

—4 PM **11** **41**

☐ **Star Trek: Operation: Immunity:** Kirk contracts alien genital warts—not even Tribbles will touch him now; Spock and Sulu circle Uranus in search of Klingons.

—7:00 PM **11** **41**

☐ **Gilligan's Island:** After years of being teased into a sexual frenzy, Skipper rapes, beats, and murders Ginger, Marie, and Gilligan.—4:30 PM **5** **61**

☐ **Three's Company:** Jack reveals that he is impotent—Roper is forced to find a new "boy".

—5:00 PM **5** **61**

☐ **Lassie:** Lassie gets hit by a car and is left to die a cold, painful, and lonely death.

—4:00PM **9** **49**

☐ **Star Trek: The Next Generation:** Captain Picard and Data scour the galaxy for an original show format.—8:00 PM **11** **41**

☐ **Fantasy Island:** Ricardo Montalban returns as "Kahn" and races around the island yelling "Kaaaaaahrk! Joo must geev me de Jaynaysees deevice!" while driving a 1977 Chrysler Cordoba with rich Corinthian leather.

—5:00 PM **9** **49**

☐ **Movie: "Deception: A Mother's Secret."** A 1991 TV-drama with a deceiving title that was probably devised by NBC programmers to bug the hell out of us. Actually a compassionate story about a menage-a-trois between a crack dealer, a young boy, and his dog. **Benji** guest stars.—9:00 PM **4** **30**

☐ **Miscarried...With Children:** Al goes berzerk when Peg decides



to go into retailing...the fetus burger business will never be the same again. Also, Bud reveals his long pent-up lust for Buck.—9:00 PM **5** **61**

☐ **Movie: "Dead and Alive."** But mostly dead. Tony Danza with *both* a dipshit haircut *and* a serious dramatic role. Need we say more?—9:00 PM **7** **8**

☐ **L.A. Law:** Too long, boring, and complex to explain—same shit every week anyway.—10:00 PM **4** **30**

☐ **Flipper:** Flipper is mistakenly caught by a tuna boat, filleted, and served as an entree on the **Love Boat**.—7:00 PM **9** **49**

☐ **Love Boat:** Captain Stubing shtups Julie in the captain's quarters; the Doc gives Gopher a battery-acid enema. **Flipper** guest stars.—8:00 PM **11** **41**

☐ **He-Man:** He-Man comes to grip with his homosexuality; Trap-Jaw has an affair with Tela, despite the disapproval of her father, Man-of-Arms (what does he do with his arms, anyway?)—3:00 PM **5** **61**

☐ **The All-New Three Stooges:** Those wacky hair-brains are at it again with a new series, and a whole new cast. The old stooges were killed while moshing at a Morissey concert, but their three brothers, Larry, Elmer, and Lenny

carry out their crazy antics on the campus of their alma-mater, NYU.—1:00 PM **2** **3**

☐ **G.I. Joe:** Roadblock grows hair; Snake Eyes takes off his mask and reveals that he is John Travolta.—3:30 PM **11** **41**

☐ **Ripley's Believe It or Not:** Man swallows 300 cocaine-filled condoms and lives; woman smokes cigarette through ass; whites become a minority; and, David Duke becomes a civil-rights activist.—7:00 PM **7** **8**

☐ **Geraldo:** Opens up the heads of Al Sharpton and David Duke and finds—nothing; reveals red-hot footage of his investigative excavation of Morissey's ego (*more shocking than Al Capone's vaults*); and, promises to commit Hara Kiri on live television...again.—11:00 AM **2** **3**

☐ **Doogie Howser, MD:** Vinnie, tired of chipping ice off of his girlfriend, decides to get it on with some really chilly babes...in the morgue; Doogie makes the grade in his amateur photography class with his documentary on cadavers and best friends.—9:00 PM **7** **8**

☐ **Golden Girls:** It's a free-for-all in Dorothy's bedroom when Blanche brings home the New York *Islanders* for the weekend.—9:00 PM **4** **30**



# *Auto-Erotic Cannibalistic Landscape*

*by The Fringe*

She came in like a storm. He was riveted by her presence; her rock-hard nipples and pert conical breasts made his member turgid like the swollen bagpipes of a red-bearded Scotsman. Their eyes met. She licked her lips and looked him up and down as if she were reading his Longfellow. He did his Watusi dance until his muscles rippled through his pants. Sweat trickled down his chin, and he flashed her a smile. She looked at him. She spoke.

"Andy's kindergarten teacher is very upset about his poor performance on his last reading exam."

He knew what this meant; she was trying to change the subject from what was really on his mind. He charged forward like a bull in heat.

"So what you're saying is...is that I have a small penis."

She backed off. She knew that she was losing ground and had to act fast. She wriggled out of her jeans and let out a moan that would have reduced a normal man to a quivering pile of gelatinous matter. Drool formed at the corner of his mouth, like a dog expecting a Jerky Treat. She whispered seductively, "I have a tongue like an electric eel and I like the taste of a man's tonsils." She slithered her tongue down his ear and played ping-pong with his head.

He looked her deep in the eyes. "Stop it."

"I'm sorry. I hate it when it does that."

She moved her hands down his rocky mountain way until they were playing Tchaikovsky's War of 1812 Overture upon the foreskin of his valencia orange-tipped penis. She dropped down and unzipped his Captain Kangaroo costume as skillfully as a mortician unzipping the body bag of a man who had been in a three-car pile-up.

She looked up at him with Bambi eyes. "You know, you don't even notice the scars." She had slipped. It was his big chance. He grabbed it like a stupid reference.

"You scuzzy, sack of shit, inconsiderate, ugly bitch. Smelly, skanky, lard-assed vaginas like you don't even deserve...crabs."

She gritted her teeth and shot a glare through him. "How kinky...."

Creatures large and small around the world moved as high-pitched screams and yelps were released. Windows broke, television sets imploded and eardrums shattered from the noises he made in response to her kung-fu action grip. As he lightly throttled her head he put on a romantic Morissey song.

Their eyes groped each other's thighs for an eternal moment. The words slid off his tongue, "Enough foreplay."

The lights went out....



# THE SMURFY '90s



1. **George Bush Smurf**—Doesn't pay enough attention to his own mushroom.
2. **Clarence Thomas Smurf**—Wanted to be Papa Smurf, but got caught sexually harassing Smurfette.
3. **Rabbi Smurf**—Eats gefilte fish. Quotes the Smurf Torah.
4. **Guido Smurf**—Wears gold chains and loans money to the other Smurfs. With interest...lots of interest. Keeps Orthopedist Smurf in business.
5. **Sadaam Smurf**—Tries to blow up Rabbi Smurf's mushroom.
6. **Pope Smurf**—Bans pre-marital smurf.
7. **Reverend Smurf Sharpton**—Got stabbed by Rabbi Smurf's pals.
8. **Smurfro**—Raps.

9. **David Duke Smurf**—Wants to get rid of all of the above.
10. **Skinhead Smurf**—Wears Doc Martens, listens to Smurf-core. Hangs out with David Duke Smurf.
11. **Pee-Wee Smurf**—Plays with his little Smurf in public.
12. **Slutty Smurf**—Has slept with all of the above. Interesting relationship with Jimmy Swaggart Smurf.
13. **Plague Smurf**—Makes fun of the rest of the Smurfs.
14. **Fellatio Smurf**—Cures blue balls.
15. **NYU Smurf**—Broke.
16. **Rasta Smurf**—Smokes all the other Smurfs' mushrooms.
17. **Satanic Smurf**—Worships Gargamel.



# THE SIMPSONS

In this evening's episode, everyone's stupidity finally takes its toll on Homer.

By Jean St. Cyr

*Homer had a really bad day today. Mr. Burns has just demoted him to toxic waste dumper, he crashed his car into a police car, and he found out that he has testicular cancer from all those years working at the nuclear power plant. He spends the rest of the evening at Moe's Tavern getting drunk and then goes home for dinner.*

**Homer:** Hi Marge, I'm home. Dinner ready?

**Marge:** Hi Homer. No, dinner isn't ready. But it was Bart's fault. He was looking to see what I was cooking and spilled it all over the floor.

**Homer:** WHAT!?! Where's that boy? I'll kill the little bastard!

**Marge:** He's in our bedroom closet. I told him to wait there for you.

**Homer:** I'll fix him.

*Homer walks upstairs mumbling obscenities to himself while picking his underwear out of the crack of his ass. He opens the door to the bedroom and sees an extension cord leading to the closet. He opens the door to the closet and finds Bart watching his hidden collection of pornographic videocassettes.*

**Homer:** What the hell are you doing, boy!?!

**Bart:** Don't have a cow, Homer! I was just watching those coool National Geographic videos. Did you know that men and sheep are compatible?

**Homer:** Come here, you stupid shit!!

*Homer grabs Bart by the throat and pulls him down the stairs and into the kitchen.*

**Homer:** What are you cooking now?

**Marge:** Beanie Weenies.

**Homer:** Beanie Weenies? What were you making before?

**Marge:** Pork chops.

**Homer:** Doooooh! Pork chops! That's my favorite! See what you did, boy?

*Homer forces Bart's face onto a frying pan of Beanie Weenies.*

**Bart:** Oww! Hey, man, that hurt!

**Homer:** That hurt? I'll tell you what hurts. What hurts is being demoted, being told your balls are going to fall off, smashing into a cop car, and then coming home to no dinner!

**Bart:** Mom, I'm hungry.

**Homer:** You're hungry? Come here, boy, let's give you some dinner.



*Homer drags a screaming Bart to the garbage can, where he shoves his face into the remains of the pork chops. Bart struggles desperately to pull away, but is overcome by Homer's strength.*

**Homer:** This could have fed ten of those families that they show on those Sally Struthers TV advertisements.

**Marge:** Homer, calm down! Stop it, or I'll call the police.

**Homer:** Call the police? You ain't calling nobody, bitch!

*Homer lets go of Bart and slowly walks towards Marge as he rolls up the sleeves of his shirt.*

**Marge:** You'd better stay away from me, or, or...I'll scream!

**Homer:** Who's going to hear you, the Flanders next door? Flanders beats his wife, too.

*Homer grabs a rolling pin and smacks Marge upside the head. He then drags her by her big blue beehive to the bathroom, where someone had earlier forgotten to flush. He takes her head, stuffs it into the bowl and flushes. In the background, a saxophone begins to play.*

**Homer:** That fuckin' stupid little bitch!

*Homer lets go of Marge and stomps angrily upstairs to Lisa's room. Homer slams the door open to find Lisa on her bed, practicing on her saxophone.*

**Lisa:** Hi there, dad. Would you like me to play a song for you?

**Homer:** Don't "Hi, Dad" me, little shit! You're fucking bothering the hell outta me with that damned racket. Every day I have to come home from work

and listen to that noise. This is it! I've had it with you!

**Lisa:** I really think you should relax, Dad. Stress and alcohol can be detrimental to your blood pressure and ultimately, your life.

**Homer:** I'll show you what's detrimental to your health, you little smartass!

*Homer goes over to Lisa, grabs the sax and hits her across her face.*

**Lisa:** Aaagh! Please Dad, this is illogical!

*Homer hits her again. At this moment, the doorbell rings. Homer runs downstairs and tells everybody to shut the fuck up and stay out of sight. He opens the door. Two police officers are standing there.*

**Homer:** Er, good evening officers. How can I help?

**Officer #1:** We got a call saying there's some kind of disturbance here. Is everything okay?

**Homer:** Everything's peachy here, officer. You must be looking for Ned Flanders. He beats his wife every night, just around this time.

*A woman's screams come from next door.*

**Officer #2:** That must be him. Let's go. Sorry to bother you, Mr. Simpson.

**Homer:** Heh, heh, that's perfectly alright, officer.

*The two cops run to the Flanders' house. Homer slams the door and runs to the bathroom. Marge is sprawled on the floor, crying, her face smeared with shit.*

**Homer:** What are you crying for? That's sure an improvement from when



I married you. How do you think I felt at the altar?

**Bart (from the hallway):** Hey man, leave her alone!

Homer turns around and is caught by surprise as Bart launches a flying head butt at his groin. Homer falls down and Bart bites him in the balls, a trick he learned from watching episodes of "Itchy and Scratchy". Homer stands up and scampers around in pain with Bart still holding on strong between his legs. He finally shakes Bart off and topples to the floor, moaning.

**Bart:** Now you don't have to worry about having that cancer removed, man!

Homer curls up on the floor and begins crying uncontrollably. Bart stands over Homer, watching, and Marge and Lisa join him. Maggie shows her face for the first time, crawling out of the dishwasher where she took refuge. Homer stops crying and looks at his family. There stands Bart with pork chops on his face, Marge with

clumps of crap in her hair, and Lisa with blood dripping down from her scalp.

**Homer:** I... I'm sorry. It's just...I have such a shitty life. I'm a pathetic loser. I guess you all think I'm a heel.

**Marge:** Welllll, you didn't treat us nice. (A chunk of fecal matter falls off her face

and hits the floor with a loud plop.)

**Homer:** I'm sorry. Can you all forgive me?

Marge thinks for a minute, then looks at the children.

**Marge:** Well, OK. I guess we can forgive you this time.

Homer slowly limps to his family and hugs them all.

**Homer:** OK guys. Let's have dinner. Marge, are those Beanie Weenies ready yet?

**Marge:** They should be.

**Bart:** Let's eat!

Outside, a man screams. Homer looks out the window and sees Ned Flanders being dragged out of his house in handcuffs, kicking and screaming. Homer giggles to himself and joins the rest of the family at the table.





# Christmas Specials

*New releases for this holiday season*



## *The David Duke Christmas Special*

The Louisiana legislator hosts a variety special for the entire family. Rock group Lynyrd Skynyrd opens the show with a rousing medley of Southern hospitality. The skit "Dukes of Greensboro," taken from the Southern favorite "Dukes of Hazzard", is wickedly clever. Duke's spoken-word version of "White Christmas" is positively chilling. The show turns sentimental from there with "Chestnuts Roasting over an Open Cross" and "It's Beginning to Look a Lot like Kristallnacht".



## *Christmas Sucks In the Projects, Charlie Brown!*

Charlie Brown, Snoopy, Linus, and the whole gang are on their way to Rockefeller Center when their bus breaks down in the South Bronx. There they discover that in some places, Christmas is what you make of it. Befriended by Juan, Hector, Rakim and a Doberman named Diablo, they knock off a jewelry store. The true spirit of Christmas shines through with the drive-by shooting of Peppermint Patty and Marcy; friend and foe tend to the wounded and head for KFC's for a bucket of wings. The scene in which Snoopy is knifed and eaten by Chinese youths in Times Square is classic television. This is also the first "Peanuts" special to end in a cliffhanger—did the Christmas Eve fire that claims Sally's life really start because of faulty tree wiring or was it started by Juan in a jealous rage after he caught Franklin licking her? Knife fights, drugs, prostitutes and wildings—Christmas in New York as it always is!



## *The Doug Hennings Magical Christmas Show*

Doug is at it again. In this big-budget extravaganza, we get much more than rabbits pulled out of hats. Doug lets George Wendt run him over with a three-wheeler. He swallows a pack of Christmas lights, dives into Heather Locklear's hot tub, and chains himself to the belly of a starved, crazed polar bear at the Central Park Zoo. The rip-roarin' manger scene in which Doug makes the baby Jesus vanish starts a riot in the Deep South. This special is a welcome comeback attempt after his disastrous last special a few months back, when he attempted to make the Berlin Wall disappear.

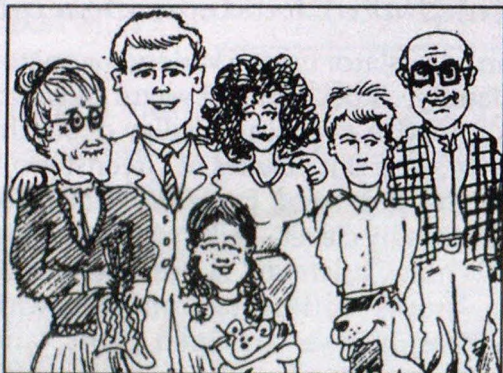
15 YEARS OF MENTAL MASTURBATION!



*The Plague shows you how many changes take place in a hit TV series as the seasons roll on. Just like other hit shows, this one evolves as the modern family changes year after year. (Keeping in mind, of course, the most important determining factor—ratings!) So here is the newest hit drama—America's favorite family...*

# THE PHLEMMMS!

by Rob Weske



**First season:** America loves the Phlemms! Husband and wife Bill and Paula, teenage son Jordan, daughter Bridget, and Grandma and Grandpa make it onto magazine covers everywhere. In this first year, the grandparents move back to Middletown to get closer to their grandchildren. Jordan feels the pains of young adolescence and little Bridget, letting the family dog out of the house, is crushed with guilt as he gets struck by a car. The show's writers, also feeling guilty, revive Rusty in the hospital.

**Second season:** Jordan goes through a rebellious stage that ultimately takes its toll on Mom and Dad—in one episode Jordan gets thrown out of the house for drinking. Little Bridget brings home a pet mongoose which mauls poor Rusty in a bloody clash. Grandma is heartbroken when she finds a KKK hood in Grandpa's old trunk. When she confronts him, he rushes off to Louisiana to join David Duke's Hate Coalition. Bill catches Paula sniffing glue and they attend drug counseling together. The second season ends with a cliffhanger; while at the clinic, they run into son Jordan.



**Third season:** Jordan is heartthrob of teenage America. To cash in on his sex appeal, the writers have Jordan drop out of school and join a rock band. There's a price, of course; he fights off heroin and Nyquil addictions. Speaking of addictions, Paula has now moved on to PCPs. On a drug-induced rampage, she kills twelve police officers. A new character is introduced—Uncle Charlie, an ex-Marine who insists that Bridget accompany him on camping trips, alone. Grandma, now in deep depression, buys "Final Exit" and, wandering on stage at one of Jordan's concerts, blows herself away. Jordan is immediately branded an Ozzy Osbourne/Alice Cooper imitator and is blackballed.



**Fourth season:** Paula undergoes intensive therapy with a new character—psychiatrist Dr. Fritz Langer, a frightening sort with bizarre techniques. Jordan keeps company with Chi-Chi, an older, eccentric dragon lady. Bill begins a daring new business venture importing boxing kangaroos. Uncle "Bedcheck" Charlie takes Bridget to the Grand Canyon for a month. When they return, she climbs into the backyard treehouse and refuses to come down. As the season winds down, Dr. Langer puts Paula into a hypnotic trance and she joins the ranks of his secret army of "super women".



**Fifth season:** Husband Bill, losing his business to Jordan and Chi-Chi, goes all out to ruin them financially. Failing at insider trading and high-level power broking, he hires a Zulu priest. Jordan gets thrown out of Chi-Chi's organization when he's caught in her sister's hot tub. Now on the streets, Jordan becomes a male prostitute. He gets picked up by Merv Griffin and is taken to Atlantic City, where he becomes a lounge singer. The season climaxes when Bill's Zulu priest reincarnates Grandma as a talking African Caribou.



**Sixth season:** The infamous "shower" episode reveals that the fifth season was only a dream that Jordan had after falling in the shower. It does have serious repercussions, however. Jordan's dreams about Merv Griffin make him doubt his sexuality, so he moves to Greenwich Village. Grandpa returns from New Orleans as a flesh merchant and campaign manager for David Duke. Wife Paula gets killed in the season's finale when Dr. Langer sends her into a nuclear reactor to sabotage it. Little Bridget finally comes down from the treehouse and is promptly kidnapped by the CIA.

**Seventh season:** The pivotal seventh season begins with Grandpa's political career making him one of the most powerful men in America. Chi Chi attempts to use his influence to build oil wells on federally reserved land in exchange for sexual favors. Geraldo Rivera guest stars as a journalist trying to link Grandpa and Duke to Bette Midler with bun-print xeroxes the three supposedly made one night on a drunken binge. Jordan joins a cult and becomes a Hare Krishna. Husband Bill, after going to Alaska to try to block Chi-Chi's drilling installations, is captured by aliens and whisked to points unknown.



**Eighth season:** As elections draw near and Grandpa and Duke seem to be a lock for the presidency, they go for a drive in Grandpa's Porsche convertible. Suddenly, a high-powered rifle, aimed from an abandoned book depository, blows them away! The assassin is grand-daughter Bridget, who has been secretly trained by the CIA to knock them off. The series ends with Jordan moving to West Virginia with the rest of the cult and ending up on Geraldo's talk show. A scuffle breaks out and Jordan throws a chair at Geraldo. Chi-Chi gets caught in an oil slick and drowns. Bill is crowned prince of the planet Mongo. Dog Rusty moves into the Phlemm's homestead, assuming leadership of the family. The series sadly ends, but does spin off: a Saturday morning cartoon "La Femme Bridget".

15 YEARS OF CHEAP, MEANINGLESS SEX!



*It's a little known fact that the popular television series Gilligan's Island was based on a true story about seven people (castaways, if you will) who were shipwrecked on a desert island for a dozen years. They returned and told their story to some Hollywood producer who turned around and sold the idea for a chunk of dough. Most people know the story line—big, burly skipper with his "little buddy" Gilligan; a professor who could make a radio out of a coconut but couldn't build a raft to escape; some dumb hick; a glamorous actress; and a couple of millionaires who seemed to bring their entire wardrobes and all their belongings along for a three hour tour.*

*We've managed to track down the original "Professor" who was shipwrecked, and he's agreed to tell us what it was really like on that island. And boy, are you in for a shock! So here it is...*

# Gilligan's Island EXPOSED!

By Glenn Kurtzrock

**Plague:** I'd like to start by thanking you for this interview, Professor.

**Professor:** Don't call me that! I have a real name, you know. In all those episodes, never once did they mention my name. It was always just "Professor". No one knew who the hell I was.

**Plague:** So what's your name?

**Professor:** Leroy X.

**Plague:** Maybe they changed it because they thought people would have trouble pronouncing your last name. Maybe it also had to do with the fact that you're black.

**Professor:** Damn straight! Those whiteys in Hollywood wouldn't stand for a black professor on TV, so they cut out my name and got some

skinny white dude to play me. And that ain't the only inaccuracy in the series, not by a longshot.

**Plague:** You mean the show wasn't entirely factual?

**Professor:** Hell, no! In the show, you always see Gilligan doing all the work, carrying logs and water and shit like that. That's a load of crap. Him and Quincy (that's the Skipper's real name) set themselves up like kings as soon as we hit land. They was slave drivers, forcing the rest of us to wait on them hand and foot. They used to chain me to a tree at night so I wouldn't escape.

**Plague:** Wow, that's horrible! What happened to the others?

**Professor:** Well, Ginger and Mary Ann got slightly better treatment because they were nice enough to do the cooking, cleaning and all that shit.



**Plague:** Banged the shit out of 'em, huh?

**Professor:** Damn, did they ever! I only got to bone Mrs. Howell when her husband took too many quaaludes and passed out.

**Plague:** What was a typical day like for you on the island?

**Professor:** The tide came in around 5 am, so I had to get up before the water rose above my head. At around 8, Gilligan would inject me with tranquilizers and then whip me. Quincy sometimes watched and masturbated. Then they would unchain me, and I had to chop down trees for firewood.

**Plague:** If you had an axe, why didn't you attack your captors?

**Professor:** This is difficult for me to say, but they rammed an oscillating multi-phase rotary organic bioconductor natseiling fan—which they forced me to invent from bananas and coconuts—up my ass. Every time I tried to run they pushed the button and my colon exploded out of my left nostril. *[Editors' Note: Don't you hate it when you drink milk and your colon flies out of your nose?]* Besides, they had a gun shoved down my other orifice.

**Plague:** Oh.

**Professor:** Yeah. Anyway, while I chopped wood, Gilligan and Quincy would go give the girls a special wake-up call, and they'd leave me alone for a few hours. I peeked in the window once. They'd warm up by forcing Ginger and Mary Ann to yodel in the canyon...in stereo. Then Quincy nearly crushed them. After a few hours, I had to make lunch and wait on everyone and clean off the table. Then I had a few minutes to eat the leftover scraps of food before going back to chop more wood. Dinner was exactly the

same, except Gilligan would get real drunk and piss all over the table after the meal so I couldn't eat. Then I was chained up again. If I was lucky, Mrs. Howell came out and sucked my dick. Then she'd gallop on my horse till the cock crowed.

**Plague:** But I thought you were chained up?

**Professor:** Hey man, I said chained up, not dead!

**Plague:** Oh, right. Was *anything* about the show true?

**Professor:** Yeah. Quincy used to call Gilligan his "little buddy". That was because Gilligan used to suck on his little buddy.

**Plague:** What made you finally decide to come out with this story?

**Professor:** I thought the public should finally know the truth, after all these years. You have no idea how I've suffered and suffered. And then there are the nightmares, and—

**Plague:** Yeah, well, that's real interesting, but we're out of time, so thanks a lot, Professor.

**Professor:** Hey, I said not to call me th—

**Plague:** Yeah, right, well, shut up. Good bye.

**Professor:** No more abuse of the black man in America! Down with Whitey! Down with Hollywood! Up black power! Up Leonard Jeffries! Up yours, white man! Die! Die! Die!

*(At this point, security officers rushed in and clubbed Mr. X on the head with billy clubs, then proceeded to drag his unconscious body into the hall and beat him some more.)*



# THE PLAGUE

## WHY TEENAGERS START SMOKING

- To increase the size of their penises
- Don't need a condom
- Think what it would be like if they chewed gum in *Easy Rider*
- Diverts attention from acne and lack of personality
- Can't suck dick *every* minute of the day
- Elvis did
- To "break on through to the other side" (we didn't say *only* cigarettes)
- Deep-kid wannabes
- Gasoline, matches, skin—the rest is history

## NEW PRODUCTS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

- Jehovah's Witness cereal
- Carbonated douche
- Lee Press-On sideburns
- Kosher edible condoms
- GI Joseph and Mary (with super Kung-Fu action grip)
- Penthouse coloring book
- Ray Charles dartboard
- Donna Dyke dolls (complete with PMS and treasured chest)
- Rosanne Barr's Family Twister
- Robin Givens punching bag
- My Little Pony-Boy
- Don King's Gardening Ho's
- Mr. Phallic Head (with changable foreskin hats

- and pubic wigs)
- Long Dong Silverware
- Tisch Washer (for those really deep and pain-filled film guys)
- K-Y jam
- Apar-Tide Bleach—keeps your whites white, and your coloreds...poor
- Flesh cartoons

## THINGS WE WISH WOULD MAKE A COMEBACK

- Shawn Cassidy
- Dance Fever
- The Challenger
- Ben-Wa balls
- The sexual revolution
- "Where's the beef?"
- The ozone layer
- Erik Estrada (he needs the work)
- Sex without props
- Whaling
- McDLT
- Underoos
- The Berlin Wall
- Atari 2600
- Apartheid
- Just kidding, heh heh
- Ricky Schroder
- Greek politicians from Massachusetts
- Auto-erotic asphyxiation
- Garanimals
- Listenable music
- Scratch 'n sniff stickers
- Moon boots
- Joseph McCarthy
- The Village People
- Roller Rinks
- Groovie Ghoulies
- Benny Hill
- David Hasselhoff

- Fraggle Rock, or Cop Rock for that matter
- Remember when Michael Jackson was black?
- Jimmy Hoffa
- The Age of Aquarius
- E.T.
- Terms like "boner"
- Nixon in '92!
- Communism

## THINGS WE WISH WOULD COME BACK

- Jesus and Shane

## WHY PEOPLE JOIN THE ARMY

- Get to shower with 70 naked guys
- Always wanted to hear another guy say, "Drop and give me 20"
- Great haircuts
- McD's not hiring
- Thought it was a summer job
- Cow-tipping lost its charm
- Always desired hand-to-hand combat with other "privates"
- Marines are pussies
- Can get away with murder
- Camo is making a comeback...again
- You don't get to *really* kill people in the Air Force
- Indiana National Guard not recruiting this year
- Beer-goggles
- Jocks beat you up and the N.R.A. laughed at you
- What do you do when Bessie dumps you for a



# EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO YOU

(VOLUME 3 IN A SERIES OF YOUR MOTHER)

vibrator?

- Really missed prison
- Wanted to find out the true meaning of the "buddy system"
- Happiness is a warm gun
- Last stop on Graceland pilgrimage
- We'll stop now—(we at *The Plague* don't want to get our asses kicked by a bunch of homicidal fruits trained to use automatic weapons)

## WHY PEOPLE JOIN CULTS

- Failed Army physical
- Jocks beat you up and the N.R.A. laughed at you
- It was so dark—they were so tall...
- Great haircuts
- Always wanted the name *Βαφμçåzzzi*
- Subliminal messages in Obsession commercials
- Excellent venue for swapping Metallica tapes
- Jesus really is the Saviour
- Always wanted to be baptised under diving board in Coles
- Thought the pamphlet said "cunts"
- Wham! broke up
- Great way to *meat* babes
- Last stop on Desert Storm Pilgrimage

## THE NUMBER OF PARANOID SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

- 1003

## GAP STORES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

- GAPSluts (fashions for today's "students of the tongue")
- Generation GAP (platform shoes, wide collars, and bell-bottoms)
- Cumberland GAP
- GAP JAP (many locations convenient to Long Island; even the clothes are bitchy)
- GAP Leprosy (shirts come without sleeves)
- GAP-Smears
- GAP NYU (everything's on sale: \$25,000)
- GAP.M.S. (every 28 days, red dot sale)
- J.GAPCrew (so goddamn trendy the mannequins snub you)

## ADVANTAGES OF WATCHING KIDS TV

- Romper Room is the Home Shopping Network for child molesters
- Yosemite Sam reminds us of the characters in *Deliverance*
- Cartoons are the only things that TSOA grads can understand
- The length of Fred Flintstone's house during chase scenes is *amazing*
- Less stressful than watching *Twin Peaks*
- Smearing smegma on the schlong while jerking off to Judy Jetson, Jews, and her Neo-Nazi pet gerbil

## THINGS TO DO WHEN YOU ARE REALLY, REALLY BORED

- Walk into a bank, write on back of a deposit slip, "This is a stick-up." Wait for fun to begin
- Shit sculpture
- Shave pentagrams on your cat
- Chop off both your legs, realize your mistake and sew them on backwards
- Order 50 pizzas for your neighbor...from 50 different pizzerias
- Make balloon animals out of condoms (rubbergami)
- Remove all bodily hair... with a pitchfork
- Go to Harlem, ask for the nearest NAAWP office
- Pledge a million dollars to UNICEF...then cancel it
- Replace frozen vegetables with colostomy bags
- Read the WSN
- Go to Brooklyn and count IROCs (this could take up a lot of free time)
- Listen to Hawaiian war chants
- Home PAP-smear test
- Phallic aerobics
- Photo documentary on dog-owners' facial expressions while Fifi defecates on the street
- Contemplate Morrissey's pain

## REASONS WHY GIRLS SIT ON SANTA'S LAP

- To get a toy



# JOKES & GAMES

## ANAGRAMS

- President John Brademas: Mr. Priest needs a handjob
- George Bush: O he buggers
- Spiro Agnew: Grow a penis

—A koala bear broke into a prostitute's apartment and proceeded to vigorously perform oral sex on her. After he finished and headed towards the door, she stopped him and demanded payment. The koala was miffed. "See," she said, it's right here in the dictionary! A prostitute is a woman who sells sex for money." The koala told her to look him up in the dictionary. "See," he said, "read this. Koala bear: an Australian mammal that eats bushes and leaves."

## ACROSS

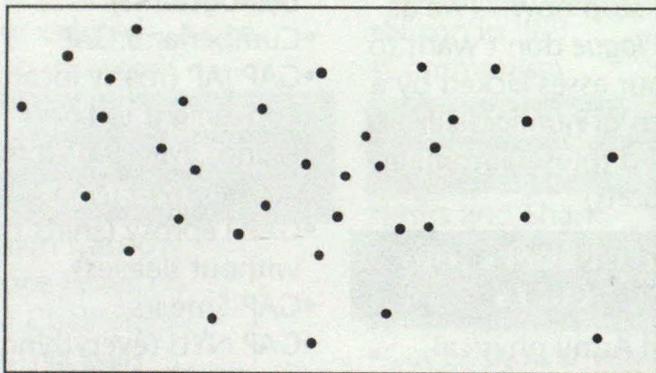
- Stuff that accumulates under your toenails when you don't wash your feet
- First name of the man who doesn't age
- Dick cheese
- \_\_\_\_\_ jelly
- Illegitimate child, or what your mother might call you when you annoy her
- Lassie's favorite position
- "knockin' \_\_\_\_\_"
- Kitty
- What men might call a girl that 'gets around'
- Orgasm
- Type of sex Rikers Island inmates get
- To be well endowed
- To yank your chain

## DOWN

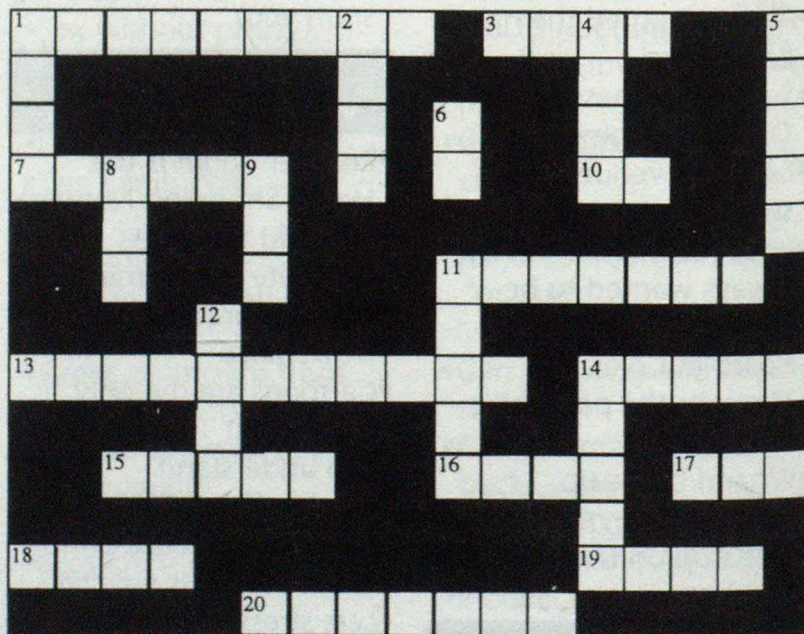
- Breasts
- To defecate

—A family man with four children walked towards his house after buying a newspaper when he saw the young man from next door washing his car. "Hey fella," the older man said, "my daughter was talking in her sleep last night and she said you've been screwing her. Is that the truth?" "Well, yes," replied the young man. "You motherfucker!" the enraged father exploded. "Wait a minute," replied the young man. "Do *all* the people in your family talk in their sleep?"

Connect these dots with 3 (three) straight, separate lines containing no more than two dots per line.



Answer: Put this magazine in a particle/mass accelerator and bring it up to a speed of 93.25% of the speed of light while projecting the image through a prism with a density of 3.72 onto a sphere with a radius of 32.51 cm. that is 14.3 inches away. The answer can then be easily found by utilizing Morgano's third rule of geometric physics.



- \_\_\_\_\_ roach
- Pubic hair insects, not a seafood
- Soixante-neuf
- \_\_\_\_\_ me!

- Donkey
- Held up by the scrotum
- To release bodily fluids
- What an angry man might call a woman



# HOROSCOPE

By Nickie  
Michaud

**ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19):** In the beginning of the week, you will be assaulted by a rampaging group of travelling street mimes. While spending the rest of the week in the hospital with a punctured lung, a bumbling intern will trip over your respirator cord, thereby causing you to suffocate to death.

**TAURUS (Apr. 20-May 20):** On Monday, you will be indicted for exploring your boss's rectal area with a Weed Wacker. Just in time for your trial a new Federal law will be passed to speed up the justice process in homicide cases. Tuesday evening's dance card will be filled by a man named Bubba, who will perform the state's twisted idea of restitution on your posterior. Wednesday you will perish in the electric chair after three unsuccessful attempts cause your eyeballs to fall out *before* you die.

**GEMINI (May 21-Jun. 21):** Early in the week you will be abducted by Libyan terrorists who torture you with endless parables involving Allah, then practice their ancient art of acupuncture on you...with logs. Spending the week the subject of ridicule as you slowly bleed to death, you finally die on Thursday.

**CANCER (Jun. 22-Jul. 22):** Cancer turns out to be the perfect sign for you, because on Tuesday a giant brain tumor causes you to explode all over your Writing Workshop class.

**LEO (Jul. 23-Aug. 22):** On Monday you will fall into an open elevator shaft in Main Building and be transported back in time to ancient Rome. The next day you will commit an act of heresy and on Wednesday you will be crucified. Expect to be declared a deity by Friday.

**VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sep. 22):** You will drop dead on Sunday morning from unknown causes. So fuck the rest of the week.

**LIBRA (Sep. 23-Oct. 23):** An unidentifiable

rotting substance will drop out of the sky and onto you on Sunday. Take our word for the rest of the week—just stay in bed. The electric fire that kills you as you sleep on Thursday is a whole lot painless than what the guy in the park with the chainsaw has in mind.

**SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):** Towards the beginning of the week, you get a job with a nuclear waste disposal company. On Thursday, you have something on your mind, but it's not a thought. On Friday you disintegrate without warning while trying to shine your now-bald head.

**SAGGITARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 22):** You get attacked by a swarm of killer bees Tuesday in a deserted field. Don't feel bad about your deserted cadaver; the wild dogs get you before the sun rises Wednesday.

**CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 19):** In one of those wacky mix-ups that makes life worth living, the Mafia will kill you Friday by attaching each of your limbs to four pick-up trucks going in different directions when they mistake you for the guy who knocked up the Don's daughter.

**AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 20):** Extreme constipation drives you insane on Tuesday, right before you get hit by a bus which causes disfigurement but not death. On Saturday, you take a chainsaw and lay in waiting for an unsuspecting Libra. You explode from the constipation on Sunday. Next time, try Ex-Lax *before* the insanity sets in.

**PISCES (Feb. 21-Mar. 20):** Sunday night, you decide to dive off a cliff and dash yourself to bits on the rocks below, because by now, the other last eleven people on Earth are pushing up daisies.

**HAVE A NICE WEEK!**



# ARE YOU GOING TO HELL?

Then what have you got to  
lose? Join *The Plague*!

Members of *The Plague* staff are guaranteed:

- a nice warm spot in hell
- persecution and abuse by people who used to be their friends
- to be as popular as David Duke and Leonard Jefferies
- to be the subject of letters to the WSN
- to be allowed to openly weep about your sexual hang-ups
- to laugh at other peoples' sexual hang-ups
- sexual favors from certain members who shall remain nameless (ok, not really, but we can dream, can't we?)

Meetings are:

**Mondays at 5:30 in the 5th floor lobby of 21 Annex, that place where all the clubs meet. You know. The place with that purple flag sort of across from the place that sells books.**

**Any association with Sun Myung Moon is purely unintentional.**

**THE  
PLAGUE**  
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S ONLY  
INTENTIONALLY FUNNY MAGAZINE

**There's no place  
like home. Hare  
Hare Lama Lama.**

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