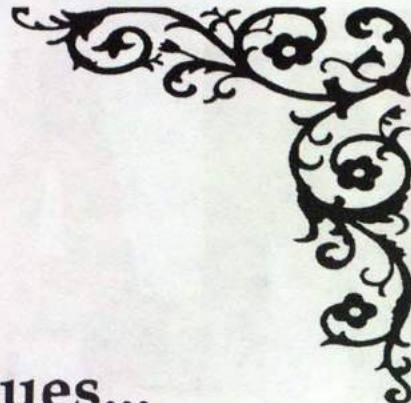



THE PLAGUE

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S ONLY
INTENTIONALLY FUNNY MAGAZINE

APRIL 1992



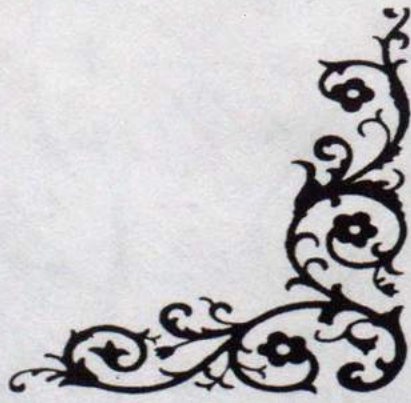



In the Hall of Plagues...

*Through the musters and clusters
of speech intertwined
Words wriggle and squiggle
through the mind's mire.
It is not just a magazine
but a disease that travels
Through the turned pages
that you unravel.*

*Read it for real
Understand it for expression
Injected and jabbed
into the brains artery
Its venom swarms
into the heart of me.*

- Carolina Gasiorowski



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 jabbering." (George Santayana) 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plague. -tr.v. **plagued, plaguing, plagues.** 1. To harass, pester or annoy: "What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors?" (Smollett) -Who the fuck is Smollett?

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

—Presents— The Mulatto Review

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Lawrence Lewitinn

•Mother Theresa• •Ronald Reagan•
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Kamau "Moo" High	Jean St. Cyr
Tony Jazze	Tony Strippoli

And Jimmy-Hats Off To

The WSN, L. Jay Oliva, Allah (a.k.a. Phil), the All-Star Russian Circus featuring Alex Belov, the ISO, Sherry Wolf, a few more lesbians, worldwide ignorance, Stephanie Pico, rednecks, fanatic Christians, botulism, and especially our very true friend Diane Lorenc. Fnord.

CONTENTS

(I.e. STORIES, POEMS, ITEMS OF INTEREST, RECIPES, OLD DYLAN ALBUMS, YOUR MOTHER, TUNA FISH, AND OTHER REALLY SECRET STUFF YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT ABOUT)

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THE **PLAGUE** THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

A funny thing happened to me the other day. I was burned by a woman. Not just burned by a woman. I was fried. Sizzled. Toasted to a crisp.

The thing that made the whole situation very ironic was that I treated this woman the way I treat all women—the way women are supposed to want to be treated—with kindness, respect, friendship, non-patronizingly and non-objectifyingly. I treated her like an equal partner without placing her in the traditional stereotyped gender roll. In other words, I was a "Sensitive '90s Kind of Guy."

Of course, she said that this was the way she wanted men to treat her, especially after her last boyfriend gave her none of the above.

So there I was last Saturday night at the Palladium, after much effort to make sure that she was on the guest list and treated like a semi-celebrity. Within two hours I found, attached to her mouth like a sea lamprey, a large, muscular, macho, brutish, gorilla-type gentleman named Gino from Brooklyn who didn't know her name and probably couldn't have spelled it if he did.

I must say I was a tad confused.

What is it that women want from men? And how the hell are we ever going to know?

In my despair, I spoke to a plethora of other guys and discovered that this experience is very common. Everyone can tell stories similar to mine.

What's going on here? Do

women know what they're talking about?

Guys like myself try earnestly to accommodate the ideals of fairness, equality, and understanding between the sexes that women say they want.

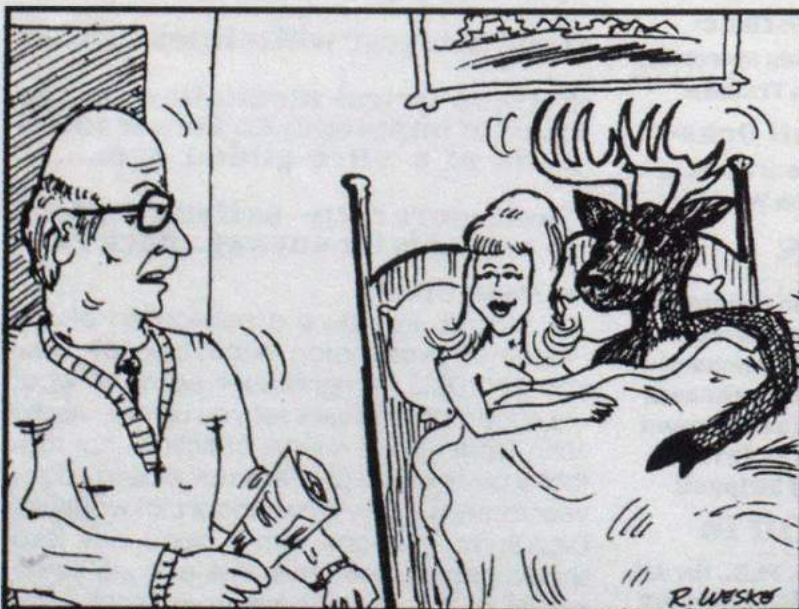
Statistical data and experience shows that what they really want are huge gorillas who'll POUND'EM THROUGH THE HEADBOARD!!!

I've learned my lesson well. It's time to change my tactics. I've started bodybuilding and taking steroids so that I can grow bigger and have more body hair. I've enrolled in the Mike Tyson School of Etiquette. I've watched "Sleeping With The Enemy" dozens of times. And, just for practice, I've begun smacking my 12-year-old sister around with a baseball bat. If spring comes early, I think I just might sell her into white slavery.

I may not have a long lasting relationship anymore but at least I'll never have to spend my nights crying over the wasted efforts put into making women happy.

Dammit, I'll be a Man!

Lawrence Lewitinn, Executive Editor and Soon-To-Be Former Resident Virgin, would like to thank James S. Cohen for showing him the light and helping him put his thoughts together for this editorial.



"Damn you, Shirley! I knew someday you would replace me with some young buck!"

Poetry- Schmoetry

The Ballad of Mike Tyson

by Peter Hack

I am Mike
I raped the ho
I'm guilty now
But she will know
I'm the best man
She will ever blow
When I get out
Her stretch marks will still show

My voice is high
From a victim's teeth
Not from Robin's lawyers
Or entrance beneath
It's gonna stay high
'Til they pull the sheet
On my deathbed
Or I am released

I'm goin' to jail
Now I'm really bad
Jackson's a white fool
And Bubba's lookin' mad
If he touches my end
He'll really be glad
If I leave two teeth
The only two he had

Then I'll go and rape that ho
Again and again
Happily fuck
Like it began
In the back of a limo

Inside her can
Her tail will be tasty
She'll have missed her man.

Feeding Epileptics

by The Fringe

Bang bang bang away
Twisting and shouting through the day
I love watching their frantic bouncing
It's like music listening to their
convoluting

I have the most fun helping them eat
I don't mind that the food winds up on
my feet

A forkfull of food approaches the pallet
Should I keep him still by use of a
mallet?

A sudden jolt and the fork rips through
an eye

Yep...I shouldda let the mallet fly
With a glass full of soda in hand he
starts shaking

All that's left is a bloody pulp after it's
done breaking

Oh, how they love to jump and play
Bouncing like a basketball through the
day

Women should use them as sexual toys
Once seizure produces untold joys
Just ram that big wooden stick into their
face

And watch as they hop all over the
place.

hate mail

(or, how to run a media circus)

Okay, so many of you have read about the alleged controversy surrounding *The Plague*. For our subscribers who were too smart to go to NYU, it all started last November when cry-baby extraordinaire, Paul Nagle, a low-level employee at the Office of Public Affairs, whined in an editorial to *The Washington Square News* (The WSN - NYU's daily newspaper/fishwrapper) about how "bigoted" *The Plague* is. When no one paid attention to that (except paranoid little us), he began a letter writing campaign to the City Commission on Human Rights and the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD - you know them: they're the ones with so much free time on their hands that they can protest the movie "Basic Instinct" instead of ending stereotypes by educating the general public. But enough about frivolous self-promoters). By mid-December, our hero (and, we might add, someone we actually like), President L. Jay Oliva, received the following letter from GLAAD:

Dear President L. Jay Oliva:

The Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD) has become aware of a piece called "Department of Caucasian Heterosexual Male Studies," published in the NYU student publication *The Plague* (Nov. 1991). The specific passage that we wish to point out reads, "... shows why men shouldn't fuck other men because only AIDS-carrying, felching, dick-sucking faggot liberals do that."

We are aware of *The Plague*'s defense of this piece as humor, and indeed, some have said they find it funny. We would like to point out that humor does not of necessity rely on degrading a particular group of people, and that it is entirely possible that those who find the above quote funny, find it so simply because it is an outrageously bigoted statement and it is in print. There certainly

are ways to make fun of homophobia—as *The Plague* has subsequently stated was its purpose—but lines about "faggot liberals" are not the same thing.

We believe that an incident such as this one affects not only the NYU campus but also the general community and surrounding neighborhoods. A sarcastic letter degrading *The Plague*'s critics appeared later in *The Washington Square News*, and demonstrates the negative impact the piece has already had:

"After reading the exact passage he mentioned in his letter, I was seized with the overwhelming urge to do violence to homosexuals. That night, I went down to the West Village and bashed at least four gay men with a baseball bat. Afterwards, I was full of terrible guilt and sorrow. I know that I wouldn't have done such a thing if I hadn't read *The Plague*."

The writer's sarcasm suggests that reading something does not directly cause violence, but at the same time this letter demonstrates how quickly people can become desensitized to an unfortunate reality—in this case gay bashing on the streets of New York.

GLAAD suggests that a statement from you would have a beneficial effect on this situation, both for NYU, and for the surrounding community. In light of the increasing violence against our city's lesbians and gays, it's the responsible thing to do.

Sincerely,

Ellen Carton

Executive Director

Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation/NY

You got all that? We sure as hell didn't. Neither did the people over at President Oliva's office. That's probably why they sent a copy of the letter over to the Student Activities Board (SAB), which is kind of like a regulatory commission for clubs at NYU. The SAB was lost, too. But for some unknown reason (pressure from "the higher ups" whose careers would be in jeopardy for allowing a politically incorrect magazine run on campus?), the SAB decided that they should listen to an outside organization which never cared about NYU instead of the NYU community, which reads us by the thousands. In February, we got this in the mail, a letter from the SAB:

Dear Editors:

It has been brought to our attention by the University Administration of an outside concern by various neighborhood organizations on the content of several of your issues. One issue in particular is addressed in the enclosed copy of a letter from the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation. As you can see, NYU's student publications are not only read by the community at large but also have a definite impact as well. While the SAB is not investigating your organization, we would like to invite you in to speak your minds and enlighten us on your procedures for choosing material and satirical themes.

The SAB not only has a responsibility to the clubs and publications it oversees but to the University and community as well. I hope your staff will take us up on our invitation and join us at our next meeting on February 19, 1992 at 6 p.m. on the first floor of 21 Annex.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,

Nicholas J. Minella

We showed up at that meeting, along with The WSN's very own Alex Kaufmann and Dave Rovella. Rather than being an information session, it degenerated into such remarks as

stated by Executive Editor Lawrence Lewitinn, "I would like to file a grievance against my own staff. I feel that The Plague is very insensitive to many people, including myself. They have printed too many insults about my small penis size."

On Monday, February 24, 1992, the headline of The Washington Square News read as follows: "Plague Staff Accused of Human Rights Abuse" and there was a full page double editorial written by Kaufmann and Rovella about how NYU was about to feel "the jackboot of censorship." The next three weeks saw nothing but Plague-related letters to the editor at The WSN. This, we feel, turned into the biggest publicity-stunt/media circus we have ever orchestrated. Thank you, Paul Nagle, GLAAD, the SAB, The WSN, and all of you who wrote in support and opposition to us (especially to you, Diane Lorenc. Now we know who our friends are) for all the free publicity.

Not everyone was happy with The Plague's biggest practical joke. Here's the only letter we ever received in our mailbox rather than having to read it in The WSN:

Dear Editors:

It seems, now, that *The Plague*, Paul Nagle and the rest of the "band wagon" are caught up in a time wasting argument-for-argument's-sake-argument about the fate of *The Plague* itself. We should value freedom of speech, not abuse it. The ongoing babble battle has become more than ridiculous. Many of us readers are no longer amused. The case is simple. Paul does not understand *The Plague's* "joke", and *The Plague* has no joke (writers who are overly amused with themselves are usually not funny). There is nothing humorous about bigotry. Nothing. You all began with the same intent. So let's not joke about it, let's not argue about it, let's not get off track. Simply, stop bigotry.

Michael S. McBride

Guess the joke's on everybody!

GETTING STIFF

Necrophilia can be easy, fast and fun for the whole family. You don't have to go through all of the hassle involved when you want to have sex with the living (i.e. rape, kidnapping, murder). After all, no matter how ugly you are, a dead person can't say "no." All you need is to know where to find your "resources" and what to do with them.

Finding corpses for the purposes of sex can be difficult for those not skilled in the finer art of corpse fucking. Going down to your local mortician and asking him if he got any "fresh ones" lately may cause something of a disturbance. Gravedigging is less problematic, yet there is the distinct

with

possibility of being discovered. Besides, you are not guaranteed of the condition of the body.

You could always get a degree in mortuary sciences, but this takes several years and a lot of money. By the time you are actually trusted to be in charge of the corpses, you may have found a willing living partner, and all your efforts would be in vain.

The only recourse I can offer you is to befriend a mortician. They are usually lonely individuals who crave companionship. I suggest hanging around funeral homes and inquiring about their "fascinating" professions. Since they are considered to be the lepers of today's society, they will be more than willing to confide in a friendly individual such as yourself. So get to know someone who is a mortician. They don't even have to know your intent to copulate with the corpses, they just have to trust you enough to give you the keys to their funeral home. There you will find pre-embalmed and post-embalmed bodies.

Necrophilia

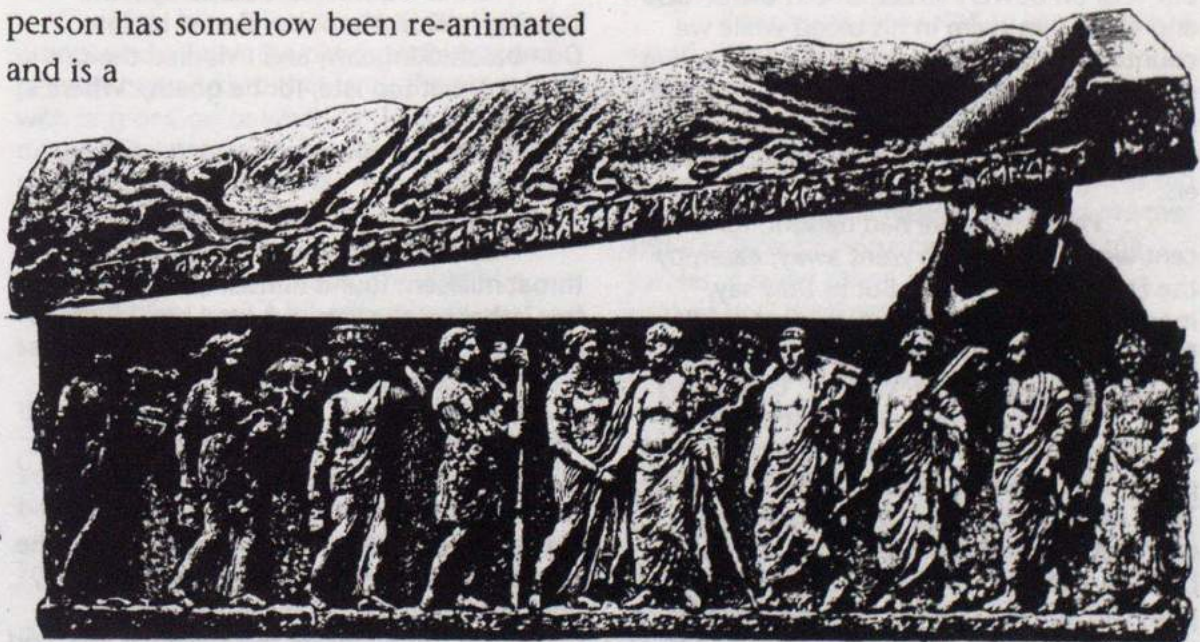
by Nickie Michaud

The "pre" are recommended for straight women and gay men (because of the potential rigor mortis), and the "post" for those desiring to "give" rather than "receive" in the spirit of Christianity.

This leads to the next topic of "disgustion": what to do with the ex-persons now that you've acquired them. For men, this is a rather easy outlet for sexual frustration. Intercourse is simple, and need not be explained in any great detail. The gender of the body, in question, does not even matter, with personal preference being the deciding factor. There are so many options open to men besides basic intercourse, such as oral sex and felching (which is much easier to do on post-rigor mortis corpses, due to muscle relaxation).

Women, however, have a much more difficult time of things. This is why bodies with rigor mortis are recommended to female necrophilliacs who are interested in the opposite sex. Females who enjoy giving oral sex, whether straight or gay, are encouraged to use post-embalmed bodies due to bacterial removal in the embalming process. Sorry, ladies, but receiving oral sex is rather complicated in necrophilia unless you're prepared to do all the bumping and grinding of bodily parts.

Of course, an entirely new twist is added when the dead person has somehow been re-animated and is a



zombie. Recent allegations of incest made against now deceased Elmer "John" Holmes Bobst have been found to conflict with his actual date of death. It is now believed that he was in reality dead when he allegedly "fondled" his great-granddaughter he was, in fact, a walking corpse.

Necrophilia is an entertaining diversion which, when performed correctly, can bring hours of pleasure to the participants. And, considering today's disease crisis, it is the safe alternative to other forms of fucking.

A CLOCKWORK Zucchini

BY CLYDE S.

'What's it going to be then, eh?'

There was me, that is Alphonso, and me three droogs, that is Sylvester, Maurice, and Dumbasafuckingcow, Dumb for short being a GSP student, I need say no more, and we sat in a smoky corner in Weinstein Horsemeatbar making up our rasoodocks what to do with the evening.

O my brothers, our pockets were empty of deng, us going to En-Why-You. As usual, there was need for us to tolchok some old veck on Bowery street, smash the ol' litso and viddy him swim in his blood while we counted the takings, or to do the ultraviolet on some shivering starry grey-haired ptisa in the Bursar's office and go smeking off with the till's guts, just to pay our tuition, O brothers.

Pretty polly we had naught, for every cent we made off with went away, eaten by the En-Why-You beasts. But as they say, money isn't everything, we, students of the En-Why-You, knew that better than most, as do our Pee and Ems back home, O brothers.

The four of us were dressed in the heighth of fashion, which in those days was a pair of black very tight jeans with no platties. Then we wore black turtlenecks and long overcoats, though a flip light boil summer bastard, and wet. We wore our hair long in ponytails and we had flip horrorshow large golden hoop earrings in our right sloosh.

'What's it going to be then, eh?'

There was a horrorshow nice sorority devotchka, blue paint covering her glazzies, wild hair flopping 'round her gulliver, but some of us, being Tischermen, preferred chelloveks most likely, especially Dumbasafuckingcow, who beyond a shadow of a doubting Thomas, was the gayest of us four, besides, I was in the mood, O brothers, for the old in-out with a devotchka with a pulse and perhaps a brain in the gulliver.

Life here being tough on a droogie, Maurice had purchased, smeked rather, a bit of seedless cancer from the ol' Jamaican chelloveck in Washington Square Park, and this we were smoking, my brothers, a horrorshow terrible piece of cancer it was, as usual, being most probably horse cal.

'Let's go to Coles Sports Center,' I said, 'and viddy what turns up, O my little brothers.'

So as we walked Coleward, some sirening millicent's rooker almost hit into Dumbasafuckingcow, and I viddied the millicent, but too late, for he goeth, 'Where's your ID?'

'Oh, my brother,' I said, 'I seem to have forgotten it.'

'Can't let you in without an ID.'

I took out my real horrorshow cut-throat millicent found himself all opened up, a few lashes on the litso, we vred him lovely, O brothers.

'So much for an ID,' I called to my cheeky droogs as we scatted into the Coles.

A malencky bit soiled, the millicent's blood over me, my droogs and I made our rasoodocks to spirtriz or shower. The spirtriz bin was a malencky bit dirty, and I rubbed the foamik over my rooker and litso and gulliver, until I was horrorshow clean. So then the foamik fell, slipped from the rooker, it did. And then the glazzies on Your Humble Narrator almost popped, my brothers. As I bent to get the foamik, hundreds of chelloveck's surrounded me, their platties gone, yarbles all showing. Made me want to do a bit of the old ultraviolence, it did.

They were all smeking and I yell 'help me, droogies!' I viddy Maurice and Dumbasafuckingcow very clear running and running like mysterious nogas, carving the whole litso of the creeching Bog-burned

yarble-hanging chellovecks with their cut-throat brivtas blowing. I smecked, but could tell Dumbasafuckingcow was a malencky bit sad that they were all drowning in their own blood, probably wanting a bit of the old in-out with them himself, my brothers. Perhaps a bit of the ol' felch-felch, which I being what I am have the good taste not to describe to you.

'Let us leave this vile place,' I called, 'oh, Droogies, and go back to our residence of Judson.'

We Lewdies not being in the mood for more cancers, did a shiverin' ultraviolet on some babooshka at Broadway Wines and Liquors, made off with assorted bottles of alcoholic yumyumyum livers, her old galoos boohooohooing after us. I put my rot open in bliss, slooshying the sluice of my droogies' lovely sounds, 'Singin' in the rain, I'm happy again.'

A few vecks and pttisas passed by and viddied all this but minded their own, us being perhaps a common Greenwich Village street sight, singing droogs carrying brivtas and smoking Jamaican cancers and clutching brown bagged bottles of livers.

Bliss, bliss, bliss, it was, O brothers. My droogs and I drank the old not-moloko, and perhaps I escaped to that land, the other land with Bog or God or what, for I popped opened my glazzies, and suddenly my droogies had gone and a chelloveck was next to me, the R.A., R.A. Deltoid viddied me in their place, leaving Your Humble no escape. 'You have alcohol, yes, little Alphonso. Shouldn't be having it here, yes? A bit of nastiness, yes?' said R.A. Deltoid.

'Tis not my fault,' I said. 'My droogs, they planted this on me. This is their fault.'

'Too late, yes. I'm writing you up, yes. You're kicked out of the dorm, for this latest bit of nastiness, dear Alphonso, yes, yes.'

'Please, sir, thou art merciful, I know. For Bog's sake, don't make me leave.'

'One option, yes,' said cold R.A. Deltoid. 'Stern's Technique, yes. A brilliant scientific discovery, made by Ludovico, whose company was taken over by Leonard Stern's accountant, yes. The Stern Technique will cure you, yes.'

'No, sir,' I said, 'anything but the Stern Technique!'

'You have no choice, yes?'

It was horrorshow terrible, O my brothers and only friends. They dragged me to a urinal in Main Building and made me drink livers nonstop, a tube down my rot, clamped

tight into my nik while I viddied films made by Tischermen, horrorshow bad enough on their own standing, but double horrorshow with the livers in me.

For days, livers livers livers until I sickened at the word, my brothers. And all the while, the heavenly bliss music of Morissey slooshying into my gulliver, until the very name Morissey sickened me as well, my brothers, if you can believe that. And each note Morissey slooshed was like a tolchok in my yarbles. But it was over after what was lifetimes, unending lengths, it was over.

And I learned, O brothers, that I was still kicked out of the En-Why-You dorm housing, Bog damn them, even after the Stern Technique. So I knocked past a millicent, but it was the millicent I had tolchoked at Coles, and he recognized me and I tried to kick his yarbles, but suddenly the music came in my head and I tasted livers and I sickened and cried, 'No more Morissey!' and he locked me in a room, and what emanated, O brothers, since he knew how much it horrorshow hurt, was the horrible sound of Morissey, eating me away it was.

Your Humble wanted to leave this fine world. Then I got onto the sill, the music blasting away to the left. I shut my glazzies and felt the cold wind on my litso, then I jumped. Unfortunately, my brothers, I was only on the first floor. But then a jogger as big as all my droogies combined knocked me over and a millicent's horse came tramping me yarbles, it layed cal on me gulliver, and I viddied only blackness.

'You can come back to the residence hall,' or some such slovo, said Oliva, the Min, 'no charge. No tuition either. In fact, Alphonso, we'll give you an automatic 4.0 GPA, how's that sound?'

'Fine, fine, indeed, oh, sir.'

'And if you don't sue the school, or let the newspapers onto what happened, two special gifts for you.' He rolled in a stereo, O brothers, larger than the statue of Garibaldi, and a copy of the new *Plague* gazetta.

Then I was left alone with the glorious Ask-Me-Ask-Me of Morissey, poor as ever, dreaming of drinking moloko livers, and smoking cancers, and tolchoking millicents, oh with the music was gorgeosity and yumyumyum. I threw away the gazetta, though. It was cal.

I was a typic En-Why-You student once again. O yes, my brothers, I was cured all right.

POLITICAL RELATIONS

Nine fifty-five a.m.

Politics class is about to begin. The balding professor with the liver spots and crooked moustache stands before his class, his black-rimmed glasses reflecting the sickening florescent lights.

As usual, she takes her seat in the row directly in front, but one seat off to the side, of you. And as usual, you start your exercise in mental masturbation.

Class begins.

"Diplomacy is the way in which two international bodies try to negotiate a settlement without the use of force."

You look to see if she's wearing a bra. She isn't. Five minutes are spent dreaming about you caressing her bare back in your dorm after class. Even the zits on her back will feel like pearls when you touch them.

"States usually act in their own best interests."

She leans over, her soft brunette hair is just out of the way of her blue buttoned-down blouse. Please, God, have her lean over just a little more...

Shit, she's turning in your direction! Act quickly! Yes, you have a watch, dammit! It's there just for times like these, use it! Down, boy, look down at your watch. Is she looking your way still? Will she notice your erection? You'll lose it anyway because all the blood is rushing towards you head. Pay attention to the lecture and she'll presume nothing. She's turned away. Whew! But now, your underwear is just a little wet, remnants of the party it was having a few seconds before. You try to act normal.

"Most states act in a manner to avoid conflict."

You look again. You see the way in which the little hairs on the back of her neck are beginning to grow again after her last hair cut. You want to suck them like rock candy.

But the professor's voice now seems to be aimed at you. Maybe he's also looking at her. You look at his pants to see if he has a

AND

boner, too. He sees you looking at his crotch. He thinks you're gay. He's acting a little more interested. You shift your eyes to the blackboard, but it's too late. He might want to see you after class, take you to a cafe, and fuck you in the politics department lounge when all the other professors have gone home.

Wait a minute. Don't change your sexuality just because you might not score with this chick.

You take notes. Your mind leaves the eighth floor of the Main Building for a few minutes. You're now in another dimension as the configuration of bi-polar and multi-polar systems of international relations take shape. But then the shape they take is an hour glass. Your subconscious caresses one particular feminine state at the hip, its institutions are soft on your negotiating hand. You think of making a move on the "Black Box" theory of actions but you back down as you back down into reality.

Ten thirty-six a.m.

Tensions escalate.

You gaze towards the right of the room, towards an open door, pretending to look at the non-existing people passing in the halls. You've decided that you want her to look in your direction. Then you feel her eyes thrown on you like hot sunny-side up eggs slipping out of a falling frying pan. You figure she's staring at the fag who wants to fuck his professor so badly, until you realize that you are the fag she's thinking about. She must have caught you staring at his dick. You blush and hope she turns away. Sure enough, she does, prompting you to think that she wasn't even looking at you in the first place. Get that ego of yours into check, boy. You're a loser.

"It is assumed that most states are rational actors."

It's eight years later in Neverneverland. You see her waiting on the porch of your white picket fence, a black negligee barely covering her firm body. She poises her body against the doorpost with one hand against her hip and another on the opposite side post. As you walk to greet her, you catch the scent of the French cuisine she spent all day at home making. You

trying to get someone else.

You look around the room. You feel stupid for becoming a politics major instead of a fine arts major because you'll never get laid talking about diplomatic maneuvering. There's this one girl, or something like that, off to the left. She seems like the type you could have a good conversation with, provided you were blindfolded and she didn't have that annoying Brooklyn-Jewish accent.

Yeah, maybe you're better off with this one. God knows she'll take care of you and won't run away with a jazz musician because she could never attract anyone in a million years. She looks back at you and has now picked out china patterns and a synagogue to hold the wedding. She'll come up to you after class one day. You won't be able to turn her down. In a week, you'll meet her parents. In a month, you'll tell her "I love you." In a year, you'll be working in her father's electronics store and living somewhere in Boro Park. In a decade, they'll find your body floating in the East River from an apparent suicide.

It's 11:05.

In five minutes, you'll be alone in the hallway on your way to lunch. You look back to the woman you've dedicated the

IRRATIONAL ACTORS

know tonight that you'll be eating a candlelight dinner by the fireplace. You'll make the food scene in "9 1/2 Weeks" look like McDonald's.

You realize you're a schmuck.

There's no point in dreaming on like this because she probably only dates huge blond guys who volunteer for Greenpeace or sexuality ambiguous MTV veejays. Jesus, she'd rather fuck a fat woman with a beard instead of you. Besides, you're better off

(or "Why Married Men Always Like Red Sports Cars")

by Herman Kryen

past hour and ten minutes to. She has the same look in her eye of the girl who made you cry the night you found out she didn't love you. You turn to your left, towards the other girl you would never have a wet dream about.

Get your tuxedo size. You'll need it.

The Collect

Poor Man Fred

I once had a friend named Poor Man
Fred

But after his plight you'd wish him
dead.

It all began when he needed a buck
He met a woman who said he was in
luck.

She brought him home to give him
the money

But when he entered, he found some
thing funny.

For in her home was a man named
Ned

Who grabbed and beat him then
threw him on the bed.

Out of a room came the lady he met
Hooting and hollering that she was
very, very wet.

He calmed himself down thinking
"This isn't so bad."

But when she undressed, he saw what
she had.

The entire scene was making him sick
For she took off her skirt and whipped
out a dick.

He walked to him and whispered, "I'm
Ted."

He cleared his throat and this is what
he said:

"I don't give head, but I like it up the
ass."

Then Fred interrupted and said,
"That's ok, I think I'll pass."

Ted looked at him with a sinister grin
"Oh, please" said Fred, "I don't know
where you've been!"

Fred finally broke loose but found no
where to go

So, he decided to run and jump out
the window.

As he went out the window, he yelled

Jean S

goodbye

But little did he know he was ten
floors high.

As he fell, Fred said "This really does
suck

Maybe I should have let him have his
quick little fuck."

Later came the police who found him
dead.

So ends the story of Poor Man Fred.

Billy Joe Bob

I once new a man named Billy Joe Bob
Who lived in the South and ate corn
on the cob.

Billy Joe's problem was he couldn't get
a girl

Cause he had a face that would make
you hurl.

He was pale, tall, and incredibly thin
Had pimples on his face, as ugly as sin.
If you told him he had a brain as small
as a pea

He would jump, spin and laugh with
glee.

He looked like shit, bald with no hair
Because he confused his shampoo with
his mothers Nair.

I remember one day he was sitting
near the street

Hiding in the bushes beating his meat.
I said, "Hey, you can't be doin' that
here!"

He said, "Leave me alone!" as he
chugged down a beer.

Later that night, he was baling the

ed Works of

t. Cyr

wheat
He saw the family dog that was howl
ing in heat.
Five minutes later, Father was looking
for him
Not Billy Joe Bob, but the dog named
Jim.
He walked to the barn and couldn't
believe his eyes
What he saw made his nose hairs rise.
For Billy Joe Bob was slamming the
dog
Father ran, grabbed him, beat him
with a log.
He yelled, "Don't you know that's
illegal in this state!
Why don't you be normal and do your
sister Kate."
He ran into the field, sat down and
started crying
He then saw a sheep that he'd been
eyeing.
He got up to get her but he fell in the
reaper
He tried to escape but he went in
deeper and deeper.
Early next morning Father found Billy
Joe Bob
Torn to pieces, but he did not sob.
He took the remains and buried them
in a hole
"Goddamn," he said, "he was as dumb
as a pole."
At the breakfast table he gave a loud
and mighty yawn
But nobody could give a fuck that Billy
Joe was gone.

Jack and Jill

There was once was a couple named
Jack and Jill.
They both went to fuck on top of a
hill.
Jack unzipped and pulled down his
pants,
Thinking to himself, "This is my
chance."
But in the back of his mind, he
thought of protection,
This thought interrupted his mighty
erection.
He said, "I hope you have a 'bag' in
case of a spill."
She said "Don't worry yourself cause
I'm on the pill."
Into Jill he inserted his cock
He said, "It's your world that I'm
gonna rock."
They were moaning and groaning all
day long
When Jack felt something extremely
wrong.
For Jack had a bad, uncontrollable itch
He said, "What did you do you stink-
ass bitch!"
She said, "Oh, I forgot you stupid little
sap,
I have gonorrhea, crabs, mono and the
clap."
At this news, his dong, which was as
hard as a rock
Fell down, deflated, went as limp as a
sock.
Jack ran and washed his dick in the
well
Jill yelled, "Your dick's gonna itch,
burn, and swell!"
He ran away, all she saw was his back
And that was the last Jill ever saw of
Jack.

The Early Works OF Dr. Seuss

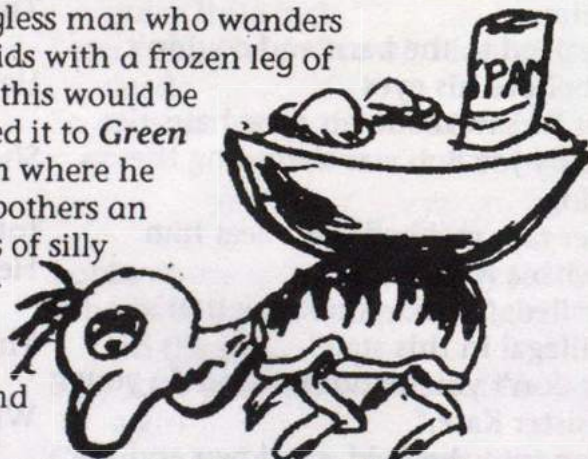
by jean st. cyr

Before becoming one of the world's most renowned writers of children stories, Dr. Suess wrote many stories that were not published because of their graphic nature and explicit content. Here is a brief synopsis of some of the stories before their changes:

• **Wooden Pegs and Ham**, a story of a legless man who wanders around the country side clubbing little kids with a frozen leg of ham. The publishing house didn't think this would be approved by many parents so he changed it to **Green Eggs and Spam**. This was his first version where he wrote about an annoying little kid who bothers an aggravated man by asking him all kinds of silly questions. But before submitting this story to the publishers, he rewrote it so that he wouldn't offend any little children. So, in order to make this a bit more appropriate for children, he changed the words around to produce the second version of **Green Eggs and Ham**. Why green eggs? I don't have the foggiest fucking idea.

• **The Bitch That Stole Christmas**, about a hooker who steals \$3000 worth of Christmas money at gun point from a Salvation Army Santa.

The Cat and the Bat, about a man who goes around whacking stray cats that cross his path with a Louisville Slugger.

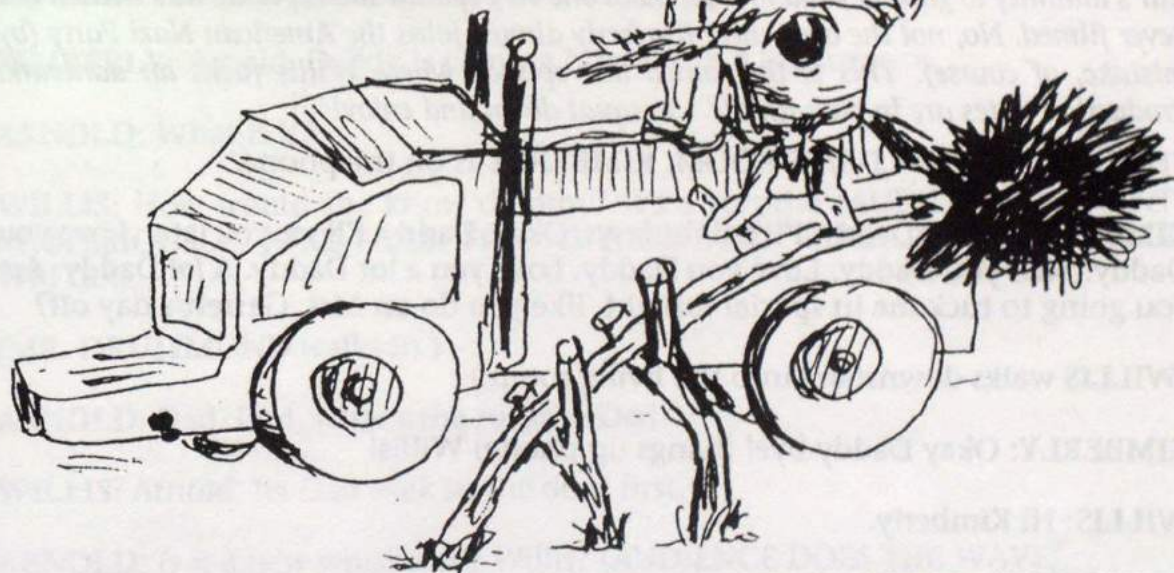


We at the Plague chose to highlight the story **Green Eggs and Ham** not for any type of entertainment value, not to berate the best children's story writer ever known to man, not to fulfill our own enormous egos, not because he became rich and famous because he invented and rhymed stupid, idiotic words that don't make sense, not because we have nothing better to do, but because we felt the urge to posthumously admire Dr. Suess for a wonderful story that we felt should have been published. The following is what he wrote:

Green Eggs and Ham

By Dr. Seuss

(with a little help from Jean St. Cyr)



I am Sam.
Sam I am.
That Sam I am, that Sam I am.
I do not like that Sam I am.

Do you like green eggs and ham?

I do not like them Sam I am.
I do not like green eggs and ham.

Would you like them here or there?

No, I would not like them here or there.

I would not like them anywhere.
I do not like green eggs and ham.
I do not like them Sam I am.

*Would you like them in the grass?
Would you like them with some ass?*

I do not want them in the grass.

I do not want them with some ass.
I do not like green eggs and ham.
I do not like them Sam I am.

*Would you like them in a truck?
Would like them while you fuck?*

No, I do not want them in a truck.
But I might want them while I fuck.
I do not like green eggs and ham.
I do not like them Sam I am.
Now let me ask you something.
Would you like them with a pup?
Would you like me to fuck you up?

*Yes, I would like them with a pup.
But I would not like you to fuck me up.*

Then leave me alone or I'll kick your ass until it's greener than your fuckin' ham.

Diff'rent Strokes

by Frank Sebastiano
& David Goldstein*

Diff'rent Strokes was one of the top socially conscious sit-coms of the eighties. While the show was always hilariously funny, it was also never afraid to tackle the issues. There's the one where Arnold is almost raped by Mr. Carlson from WKRP, the one where Kimberly is almost raped by a Tang-crazed astronaut, and the one where the cast of a highly rated sitcom agonizes over their star's inability to grow beyond four feet. But one very special such episode was written but never filmed. No, not the one where Kimberly almost joins the American Nazi Party (by mistake, of course). This is the famed lost episode where Willis fucks an aardvark. Production notes are in parenthesis. So squat down and enjoy!

THE DRUMMOND LIVING ROOM. KIMBERLY is on the phone.

KIMBERLY: Great Daddy! I'll tell the boys. Okay, Daddy, I'll see you later. Love you Daddy. Miss you Daddy. Love you Daddy. Love you a lot Daddy. A lot Daddy. Are you going to tuck me in special tonight, like you do on Mrs. Garrett's day off?

(WILLIS walks downstairs into the living room.)

KIMBERLY: Okay Daddy bye! (hangs up phone) Willis!

WILLIS: Hi Kimberly.

KIMBERLY: Where's Arnold, Willis?

WILLIS: Arnold's upstairs talking to Abraham, Kimberly.

(MRS. GARRETT walks in.)

MRS. GARRETT: If he doesn't stop talking to that fish he'll sprout gills. (LOUD AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE)

KIMBERLY: Yeah! And pretty soon he'll want to put his bed in the bathtub! (THUNDEROUS LAUGHTER AND DEAFENING APPLAUSE)

WILLIS: Yeah! And we'll have to put tartar sauce on him wherever he goes! (THE STUDIO AUDIENCE GIVES A TEN MINUTE STANDING OVATION)

(ARNOLD and WILLIS' ROOM. ARNOLD is talking to his goldfish ABRAHAM.)

ARNOLD: Man oh man, Abraham. Dad's gonna kill me when he finds out I've been suspended from school. You're lucky, Abraham, all you can be suspended for is

*Editor's Note: Frank Sebastiano and David Goldstein have denounced *The Plague* as pure shit and very unfunny. They're right. If anyone has any complaints about *The Plague*, don't bother Sebastiano or Goldstein because they haven't written for us in over two years (that's when they first submitted this article). Instead, direct all your hatred towards Glenn Kurtzrock, the official *Plague* scapegoat.

drinking and driving and swimming. (HEARTY LAUGHTER, SEVERAL AUDIENCE MEMBERS URINATE ON THEMSELVES)

(ARNOLD runs downstairs.)

KIMBERLY, MRS. GARRETT, WILLIS: Arnold!

WILLIS: Get your butt down here fast.

ARNOLD: My butt's movin' pretty fast, it's the rest of me that's takin' its time. (BIG LAUGHS, AN AUDIENCE MEMBER GOES INTO CONVULSIONS. PARAMEDICS ARE CALLED IN)

(ARNOLD is downstairs with the rest of the gang.)

KIMBERLY: Arnold, Daddy is coming home with a big surprise.

ARNOLD: What is it?

WILLIS: How would she know dummy? It's a surprise (AUDIENCE IS SILENT. MYSTERIOUSLY, JOKE FAILS. FRED IS FIRED AND REPLACED BY ANOTHER WRITER).

(MR. DRUMMOND walks in.)

ARNOLD: Dad, Dad, what's the surprise Dad?

WILLIS: Arnold, let Dad walk in the door first.

ARNOLD: Is it a new whisker for Willis? (AUDIENCE DOES THE WAVE)

WILLIS: No, it's a new brain for you, Arnold, 'cause your other one's in your butt. (CROWD SPONTANEOUSLY HOLDS UP LIT MATCHES AND LIGHTERS)

MR. DRUMMOND: Now boys. (AUDIENCE GOES NUTS. GREAT WRITING - GIVE LARRY A RAISE)

WILLIS: Okay Dad.

MR. DRUMMOND: I do have a big surprise.

ARNOLD: Oh boy!

MR. DRUMMOND: I've adopted another child. Meet your new Puerto Rican brother!

ARNOLD: What you talkin' 'bout Dad? (AUDIENCE ROARS. GARY'S CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATION IS FULFILLED. HIS FAN CLUB RELEASES THEIR HOSTAGES. THE SHOW CAN GO ON)

MR. DRUMMOND: I'm only kidding boys. The real surprise is, we're going camping!

KIMBERLY: Yea!

ARNOLD: Alright!

WILLIS: Fuck you, Dad. (NO SIGNIFICANT AUDIENCE RESPONSE. THE SEARCH FOR A CATCH-PHRASE FOR WILLIS CONTINUES).

MR. DRUMMOND: Willis, you're free to stay home if you like.

WILLIS: As long as its okay with you, Dad.

ARNOLD: Dad, I've got something to tell you. I got suspended from school today. (AUDIENCE OOOOOOOOOO'S)

CAST: What!?!

MR. DRUMMOND: Arnold, that's terrible. What happened?

ARNOLD: Nothing really. I just handed in an essay called "How To Fuck a Horse".

MR. DRUMMOND: Well, whatever you want to write about, I'm behind you son. (THEY HUG. AUDIENCE AAAAAHHHH'S AND APPLAUDS)

ARNOLD: So was the horse, Dad. (SPIN-OFF POSSIBILITY)

COMMERCIAL

DRUMMOND LIVING ROOM. ARNOLD walks downstairs. He is wearing a plethora of camping equipment, including: canteen, pup tent, camouflage clothing, electrical tape for woodchucks, pots, pans, four foot dildo, can-opener, microwave oven, bow and arrow, inflatable raft, inflatable "date", VCR and *Facts of Life* tapes, snow shoes, John Holmes Penis Enlarger (copyright, 1976), surfboard, homo-erotic torture devices, Webster dartboard, and compass. (AUDIENCE HAS COLLECTIVE HEART ATTACK. CART OUT THE BODIES AND KIDNAP THE AUDIENCE FROM WEBSTER. KIMBERLY walks in)

KIMBERLY: Arnold! You don't need all that stuff!

ARNOLD: I guess not, Kimberly. (ARNOLD PUTS DOWN COMPASS. WEBSTER AUDIENCE LOVES IT, THEY CAN'T EVEN TELL THE DIFFERENCE)

KIMBERLY: Arnold! What are you going to do with a dildo that's five inches taller than you?

ARNOLD: I'm gonna ram it up your ass, Kimberly. (GUY IN AUDIENCE STANDS UP AND HOLLERS, "HEY, THIS ISN'T WEBSTER." SECURITY QUICKLY DRAGS HIM OUTSIDE, WHERE HE DIES MYSTERIOUSLY AFTER BEING ACCIDENTLY RUN OVER BY THE NBC SECURITY VAN 45 TIMES)

(MR. DRUMMOND walks in.)

MR. DRUMMOND: Hey guys, are we ready? If we don't hurry up, the wilderness

is gonna start without us. (MILD GIGGLE, MUST PUMP MORE NITRUS OXIDE INTO STUDIO)

KIMBERLY AND ARNOLD: Yeah, Dad.

(WILLIS walks in.)

WILLIS: See you later guys.

MR. DRUMMOND: Bye Willis!

KIMBERLY: Later Willis!

ARNOLD: Bye Willis. I'll bring you back a souvenir from the wilderness.

WILLIS: What are you gonna bring back from the wilderness, Arnold?

ARNOLD: I don't know...dirt? (CROWD EATS IT UP. THE KID'S A GENIUS)

(They leave, WILLIS is left alone.)

WILLIS: (picks up the phone and dials) Hello, Harvey? It's Willis. My family's on a camping trip, so come over and bring the aardvark.

THE CAMPSITE. MR. DRUMMOND, MRS. GARRET, KIMBERLY, AND ARNOLD enter the site . ARNOLD is chewing on something.

ARNOLD: Gee Dad, those breadcrumbs you've been dropping for the past seven miles are sure tasty.

MR. DRUMMOND: (angry) Arnold! I've been dropping those breadcrumbs so we don't get lost.

ARNOLD: Well, it worked. I made it here alright. (AUDIENCE IS PERPLEXED. TOO CONCEPTUAL. ALMOST A GOOD JOKE. DIAGRAMS WILL BE HANDED OUT AFTER THE SHOW TO CLARIFY)

KIMBERLY: Oh, Arnold.

ARNOLD: Look dad! A herd of elephants off in the distance!

KIMBERLY: Oh, Arnold.

MR. DRUMMOND: Arnold, elephants don't live in the woods.

ARNOLD: Then what's that!? (he points into the distance)

MR. DRUMMOND: Oh Arnold, that was supposed to be a surprise. Mrs. Garrett invited the *Facts of Life* girls to camp with us.

ARNOLD: Dad, they won't like it here. It's a forest, not a supermarket. (AUDIENCE

COLLECTIVELY SNEEZES - ALLERGIC REACTION TO SYNTHETIC FOREST)

THE DRUMMOND LIVING ROOM. Horrific sounds of an aardvark squealing are heard coming from upstairs.

WILLIS: (off screen) Harvey, can you put the aardvark back on? It spun off.

HARVEY: Okay Willis....man, this is the stickiest aardvark I've ever seen.

(In walk **MR. DRUMMOND**, **KIMBERLY**, **MRS. GARRET** and one armed **ARNOLD**.)

ARNOLD: Man oh man, that's the second worst camping trip I've ever been on.

KIMBERLY: Oh Arnold, it's terrible what happened to your arm. I'm sure it was an accident.

ARNOLD: At least that's what Natalie said after she chewed it off. Man oh man, those *Facts of Life* girls sure can eat. (AUDIENCE RESPONDS ENTHUSIASTICALLY. EVEN A ONE-ARMED GARY COLEMAN IS BETTER THAN A FULLY FUNCTIONAL WEBSTER.)

ARNOLD: I'm gonna go upstairs and wash off this blood.

MRS. GARRET: If that boy keeps losing his arms...he's not going to have any left.

KIMBERLY: And we'll have to spread tartar sauce all over him wherever he goes.

MR. DRUMMOND: (looks at **KIMBERLY**, disgustedly) Shut the fuck up, Kimberly.

ARNOLD: (offscreen) Man oh man, Willis, that's the stickiest aardvark I've ever seen!

MR. DRUMMOND: Hey, what's going on upstairs? Aardvarks aren't supposed to be sticky, goats are.

(They all run upstairs.)

ARNOLD AND WILLIS' ROOM. **WILLIS** and **HARVEY** are naked, as is one very sticky aardvark. **ARNOLD** is gaping with his mouth open. **MR DRUMMOND**, **KIMBERLY**, AND **MRS. GARRETT** run in, stunned.

MRS. GARRETT: If that boy doesn't stop having sex with aardvarks...

COMMERCIAL

THE DRUMMOND LIVING ROOM The whole gang is gathered around the couch where **WILLIS** sits in a robe.

MR. DRUMMOND: Willis, I can't tell you how disappointed I am in you. It's not even a very attractive aardvark.

ARNOLD: Willis, that was really dumb. You don't know where that aardvark's been.

WILLIS: I know, I know.

KIMBERLY: Willis, I think that...

MR. DRUMMOND: (enraged) I thought I told you to shut up! (He punches her in the face. She staggers from the room.)

ARNOLD: Gee, I'm glad she didn't ask for a raise in her allowance. (AUDIENCE HESITATES, THEN BREAKS INTO HYSTERICS)

MR. DRUMMOND: Willis, promise me you'll never have sex with another aardvark again.

WILLIS: Okay, Dad, I promise.

ARNOLD: I promise too Dad. But what about armadillos? (ARNOLD, MR. DRUMMOND, AND WILLIS LAUGH AND EMBRACE. THEY AUDIENCE GIVES A TWO-HOUR STANDING OVATION AND HAS TO BE FORCIBLY REMOVED SO THE TODAY SHOW CREW CAN USE THE STUDIO.)

Appendix *

On Diff'rent Strokes, Gary Coleman often used the catch phrase, "What you talkin' bout, (Willis, Dad, Kimberly, Mrs. Reagan)". As you know, it was always met with a phenomenal laugh. What most people do not know, however, is that for the entire duration of the show's run the writers tried to come up with a catch phrase for Todd Bridges. In the lost script we presented to you, the aborted catch phrase attempt was, "Fuck you dad." A brilliant piece of writing, but not quite powerful enough to bring back as a recurring line for Willis. Here are some other attempts that fell short:

- "Sens, sens."
- "Fuck your momma."
- "Hey, Arnold! You look taller today...PSYCHE!"
- "Hi, Dad, you bald, rich, asshole!"
- "Hey, time to watch *The Facts of Life* and masturbate over Natalie."
- "Hey, Arnold, at least you could kick Webster's ass."
- "Hey, Mrs. Garret, ever heard of wrinkle cream?"
- "Kimberly can't help it, she's just a lousy lay, Dad."
- "No, Arnold, Abraham's not sick, I just urinated in his bowl."
- "Theo doesn't have a catch phrase either."
- "Yes, Claire (the 3rd maid), Mrs. Garrett always gave me blow jobs when I had a cold."
- "Hey, Arnold, maybe Punky Brewster won't grow either and you can get married."
- "Dad, why don't you buy Arnold a few inches or somethin'."
- "How come Mr. T never comes to visit me?"
- "Arnold, why do all your friends have beards?"
- "It's okay, Dad. Remember, Kimberly's not really my sister."

***Editor's Note:** We at *The Plague* hesitate to use the "A-word" in our magazine. You see, the staff has been plagued by appendicitis. First it was Lawrence Lewitinn who was hospitalized during production of the infamous *Plagueboy* issue. Then in November, 1991, *The Plague* had to cancel a show with Gilbert Gottfried because His Annoyingness had his appendix explode. Finally, the reason why production for this issue is so late is because our Layout Editor, Amy Marie Zucca, thought she had the infection. After spending a night in a homeless shelter (read: St. Vincent's Hospital), it was discovered that, as usual, she was faking it.

Sensible Lyrics to Senseless Songs

Marc Anthony Burgos

Losing My Erection

(to the tune of "Losing My Religion")

Ohhhh, no

It's gone

It's gone for good

But it'll be alright

I'll try and try again

To get it back.

That's me in the corner

I'm dodging the spotlight ('cause I'm)

Losing my erection

Trying to get it back

And I don't know if I can do it.

Oh no, I've fucked too much.

I haven't fucked enough.

I thought that I heard you crying

I thought that I felt your smack

Don't worry, babe, it will come back.

Consider this

Consider this

A minor setback

Consider this

The dick

Which shrunk 'cause it had too much

Heey, what if my big erection

Doesn't come back?

And now, I've rubbed too much

I didn't rub enough.

I thought that I heard you sobbing

I thought that I felt you pull

Please wait, I'll try again.

(mandolin solo)

That was just a dream

That was just a dream

And that's me in the corner

I'm dodging the spotlight ('cause I'm)

Losing my erection

Trying to get the bird to fly
And I don't know if I can do it.

Oh no, I've thrust too much.

I haven't thrust enough.

I thought that I heard you laughing

I thought that I felt your tears

Have patience, I'm willing it back

But that was just a dick

(Cry, try, fly, grow!!!)

That was just a dick

Just a dick

Just a dick

Dick.

Wind Between My Legs

(to the tune of "Wind Beneath My Wings")

It must've been hot

There in my stomach

To never have a chance at the jeans

You were hunting for a way out

That's your way

You always smelled a step behind.

So I was the one with all the odor

While you were the one with all the tingles

Beautiful fart without a name

For so long

Beautiful smile to hide the gas

(REFRAIN)

Didn't you know I just ate a hero?

It was everything I wished it would be

This one could kill an eagle

With this, the wind between my legs.

It might have a fear to go out lonely

But I've got it all here in my ass

I want you to know I know the truth

For so long

I would be nothing without beans.

Sing (REFRAIN) several times, fading out slowly

Notes

One to the Trust, Love

WASP from a from Long Island

My darling, I love you

and I love you

and I love you

and I love you

Your loving words are

dearest to me

My father - could you

show me your love

But today I am

happy and free

and I love you

and I love you

I am so happy and free

and I love you

and I love you

and I love you

and I love you

Notes

Notes

**ODE TO MY TRUE LOVE:
WASP BITCH FROM LONG ISLAND**

*Your stringy black hair
makes me want to spew
My most tender phrases
in your direction.*

*Your skinny white ass
danced as you blew
My father — could you
sense my erection?*

*His body jumped
shooting frothy white goo
On your face, and I
made the connection*

*From behind; in and out
my member flew —
'Till you clubbed
my balls in rejection.*

— "Billy"

How Do You GET AHEAD AT NYU?



JUST KISS ASS