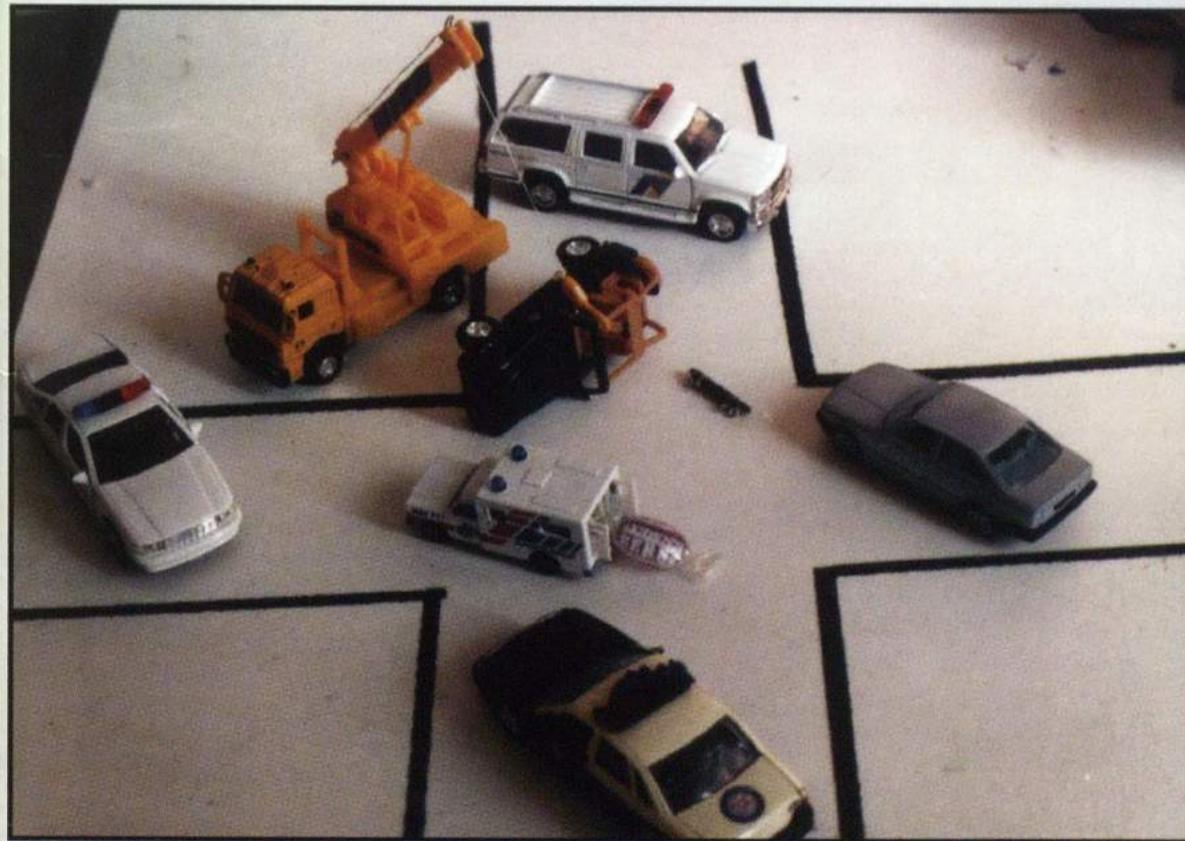


THE PLAGUE

The Power of the
HOLY SPIRIT

LOCAL NEWS ISSUE - SPRING 1998

A C C I D E N T !



The accident at Third and Pine that injured Lawrence Duey as recreated by local artist Rick Tolchock. Mr. Duey is represented by the cough drop. He was treated and released from St. Ignatius with minor injuries.



Jello to City:
"Drop Dead!"
Our Exclusive Interview!

See "Barnyard Jamboree"
Page 4



Local Hero Found in
Sewer

See "Sexual Masterpiece"
Page 52



Local Office Dress Down
Day Results in Mass
Layoffs

See "Irradiated Children"
Page 72



Unveiling the Brand New
Four-Pronged Plug!

See "Eternal Torment" Page 81



Hi! My name is Greg Carlson and you are visitor number 00000018 to my web site. If you think I'm the Greg Carlson selling back issues of Starlog, you're sadly mistaken. But feel free to stick around.

This is me. If any of you girls think I'm pretty hot you can sign my GUEST BOOK.

This is an F-14 Tomcat, the most agile fighter plane in the US Air Force arsenal. CLICK HERE for a bigger picture and some more facts about the F-14, the most agile fighter plane in the US Air Force arsenal.



I don't have my license yet because I wrecked my car at driving school. Luckily Grandma got out of the backseat alive. The other kids on the bus make fun of me. If you can give me a ride to school, CLICK HERE.

This is my Mom. She works at the city Planning Commission. You know that new handicapped ramp outside the City Planning Office? I got to choose the gray paint for the handrail.

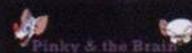


My friend Colin and I built this tree-house. Colin works down at the Frank You Very Much stand at the mall. He gets me free foot-longs. I used to work there but it messed up my asthma real bad.



Click below to see my home pages for lots of cool stuff.

LINKS

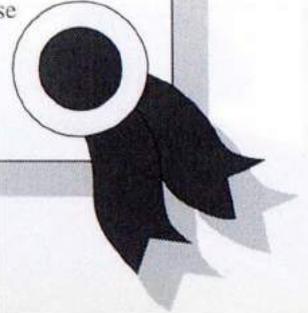


THE PLAGUE

*Home of the 1998 Little League champs,
the Humboldt Brillers!*

Recipients of 1998 President's Service Award for Programming:

"For their continued success in publishing the most humorous, satirical, distasteful, and sometimes insulting publication at NYU, and for their incredible use of publishing technology."



HUMAN BODIES

Executive Editors

MATTHEW CALLAN, Stranger in the shower
CHANDLER KAUFFMAN, Public nuisance

Production Editor

ALEKS STANCEVIC,
Football team make-out queen

General Manager

LAURA RUSSO,
Topic of "water cooler" conversations

HARD WORKING LOW-PAID APPENDAGES

Jon Michals, concerned parent
Phil Henken, nazi punk
Mark Dell'Angello, twisted geek
Alex Siddis, the priest they called him
George Xanthopoulos, kind of slow
Mike Jastroch, liar
Joe Rice, squad car bitch
Mike Hellein, sloppy seconds
June Nakasma, glory hole patron
Aram Gumusyan, comic-kid
Richard B. Callendar, miserable slut
Margo Wentzien, smells like ass
Kelly Dougherty, fruit
Seth Freach, god's treasure
Brendan McGinn, he smells

Thanks to: Jello for his insightful interview, Jennifer Fisher at Alternative Tenticles publicity, ASSBAC for being very sweet to us, Steve and Dopey in the computer lab for letting us make a mess and be loud everyday, Beau Kennedy, Mike Regan for photographic advice, *The Next Big Thing*, the NYU President's Committee for our glorious award, a certain affiliate for sabotaging our prom, and L. Jay Oliva for the best hand-job ever.

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The contents of this magazine were the result of confidential FBI experiments involving Fred Rogers, Miss Piggy, and Revlon Cosmetics. May cause injury. Use caution if pregnant, old, or toxin-dependant. We are not responsible for anything that happens to you today, tomorrow, or after graduation. Discontinue use immediately if contents irritate skin, cause internal bleeding, or make you sing. Please send us your old wedding pictures. This magazine is dedicated to Lee Majors: WE LOVE YOU "FALL GUY"!

THE BITE OF BIAFRA:

An Interview with the Honorable Jello Biafra



March 11, 1998. Loeb Student Center.

JB=Jello Biafra

MC=Matt Callan, Executive Editor

CK=Chandler Kauffman, Executive Editor

PH=Phil Henken, Layout Editor

SG=Some Guy

Interview opens as Jello is discussing a lawsuit against the Crucifucks, a band on his Alternative Tentacles label. The band used a picture of a dead Philadelphia policeman on the cover of one of their albums. They are being sued by a Philly Shields Organization, despite the fact that the organization used the picture first, in a hard-sell campaign to get cops' salaries raised.

JB: ...Going into appeal now, that's the basic fact of it. It's the most ridiculous

and mean spirited of all the legal attacks I've been connected with. If you want to know how the Philly cops really are just ask Mumia Abu-Jamal.

CK: Did you hear about the prank that someone played on the Philadelphia police? Someone opened up the drainage pipe for the sewage system at the Fraternal Order of Police and poured concrete in, so that when everyone went to flush the toilets they all overflowed.

JB: I hope they got the hell out of town before they got killed. I mean, with the Philly police, its like going into a Banana Republic and they are the death squad. You don't want to fuck with them.

MC: What do you think of the U.S. News and World Report dropping Tom Tomorrow from their line up?

JB: The fact that he was ever in there to begin with is a complete shock to me. That should answer your question. Tom Tomorrow is my favorite cartoonist. I also like Ted Rawl, Daniel Klause, and Jack T. Chick. I mean the only comics I ever really, really got into during comic book age was Chick because it was just so bizarre. It also helped prep me for what the religious right was, like when they helped seize power when Reagan got in. I was saying, "Oh my god, people who believe what they see in Jack D. Chick tracks are running the country. We're in a lot of fucking trouble now." And that was when a lot of other people like Tesco Vee and others were saying that punk should not be political and you shouldn't say any stuff about Reagan or whatever. In the long run, I'm thinking, "Maybe I should stop writing songs about the worst case scenario because they keep coming true." In the Reagan case, it was probably worse than anything I could've come up with.

SG: Is there any chance of you touring with Al Jourgenson with Ministry or Lard?

JB: Probably not. They're doing a new album right now. For understandable reasons, they kind of want to concentrate on Ministry, their main thing.

MC: I remember seeing in the Real Frank Zappa Book, your name on a fake receipt for a Jimmy Swagart donation. I know you've thanked Zappa on a number of albums. Did you know him or ever work with him?

JB: A little bit, yeah. That was one of the few silver linings to come out of the Frankenchrist trial, was getting to meet Frank Zappa and being taken seriously with my paranoid lunatic political views. It was two weeks before the cops tore my house apart that Cash Box Magazine claimed that I was unreasonably paranoid about the PMRC: "No, they would never bust musicians!" Little did I know that they would go after me first.

MC: Did you know that Tipper Gore was in an all girl band?

JB: She claims that, but no proof has ever come forth. I mean, she came from such a rich family I would have at least expected that band to have made a now collectable record or something. File alongside the Shags, because, after all, Tipper was the drummer. I don't know if it's just another bit of newspeak they made up to make her seem more like a swinging baby boomer and less like the Trojan horse for the religious right that she is.

CK: If Al Gore takes power after the year 2000, will you fear for your life?

JB: Oooh, I would fear for my *quality* of life. Imagine what would happen if Colin Powell were president. He helped cover up the Mei-Lai massacre as a young officer. A military guy, used to obedience, trying to deal with Congress let alone 200 million people? That just might not be pretty. He's real big on forcing people to pray in school, too.

CK: What do you make of Giuliani's "quality of life issues" that involve barricades to prevent jaywalking, which is now an arrestable offense.

JB: Yeah, I keep remembering that when I'm half way through the street.

CK: They've had a lot of rallies revolving around the cameras in the park to crack down on the drug dealers. Apparently now they are permanently monitoring the park.

JB: I think what disturbs me more is the heavy handed way they are gentrifying neighborhoods, especially the Lower East Side and around Tompkin's Square Park. So many people I know personally have had to move to Brooklyn or don't know what they're going to do because their rent went up by a factor of ten. It's happening in San Francisco too. People lowered their guards because a supposedly liberal guy was in like Clinton instead of Bush and everything that crowd represented. The same thing is going on in San Francisco. People thought that Willie Brown was a breath of fresh air compared to our own local Dan Quale, ex-police chief Frank Jordan. Rents have sky rocketed worse

than ever and the vacancy rate is one percent in San Francisco. Willie Brown is slowly turning into Richard Daley now that he can't bedazzle every single group who wants to protest what he's doing.

CK: Are you familiar with ABC No Rio, on the Lower East Side?

JB: A little bit. I haven't been there.

CK: Actually, The Plague is doing the second annual Plague Prom, a lampooning of the high school prom. Right now, as it stands, we will be giving the money from that event to ABC No Rio.

JB: I know that they are trying to buy a building. How far have they actually gotten?

PH: They have to do about a hundred thousand dollars worth of renovations. They have forty thousand dollars right now...

JB: It sounds like they have a ways to go. Calling all successful major label punk bands! If you are that bummed out about having money and being a prisoner of your fame, you've got plenty to do with it.

MC: We've been reading the Re-Search book, *Pranks*, a lot lately. You're interviewed in it and give many delightful prank accounts. Have you committed any delightful pranks lately?

JB: It's harder to do when you are publicly known. People know what you look like and they are more likely to bust you instead of letting you go, so I've gotten a little more chicken shit than I was at one time. Maybe it's because pranks are no longer my only outlet for striking back against the system I don't like. In a way, my entire art legacy is a prank in its own.

CK: Do you still think creative crime is a good idea?

JB: Oh, of course. I'm trying to think of one. I'm sure a good example of a recent creative crime will come to me.

SG: In your opinion, do you think evolution precedes revolution or is it that revolution leads to evolution?

JB: Sometimes one, sometimes the other. We may not have evolved high enough as a human species to abolish money and real-estate. I guess evolving deliberately on our own is the only way to try and separate ourselves from that and not be part of the problem, to the degree that we can. The only really pure way to completely separate ourselves from corporate dominance was shown through Ted Kaczynski, but everyone has gotta figure out where to draw their own line.

SG: Where do you go for your news? Is there anything you consider reliable anymore?

JB: It also boils down to how much I have time to read, too. I mean some things I just don't get because I don't have time to read it anymore, like *Z* and *Utne Reader*, *The Nation*, *the Progressive*, *Multi National Monitor*, *San Francisco Bay Guardian*;, which is our equivalent of the *Village Voice*—although I think it's much more rabidly anti corruption and anti corporate than the *Village Voice* is—personal anecdotes people send me in the mail, things I hear, things I get, and sometimes the straight media if you just read in between the lines. It's good to pay attention to those things too.

MC: How would you compare the gentrification of San Francisco and the gentrification of New York?

JB: It seems like the New York gentrification is much more public and heavy handed and swift, but maybe I'm wrong. I mean, there hasn't been an attempt to snatch a whole area as brazenly as what happened around Tompkin's Square. I hate to say it, but one



way is you go to a minority or immigrant neighborhood and first the artsy stores spring up, then comes all the piercing and what not. Sooner or later come the yuppies. It's happening in the Mission District in San Francisco right now, which is one of the last ungentrified places left in town because it's so heavily Latino and not just Mexican. There are very little Puerto Ricans in San Francisco, but lots of Salvadorans, Guatemalan, Nicaraguan, Peruvian, and Mexicans. Unfortunately a lot of their teenagers fight with each other on ethnic grounds. The 19th Street gang shoots the 24th Street gang and things like that. Though, I wonder if the reason that so little is being done about that, when all this shit's going on in broad daylight, is that they are hoping it'll drive enough people out so that real-estate speculators can buy up the buildings cheap, then gentrify them and quadruple the rent.



SG: What do you feel about Ice-T and Henry Rollins who started off promoting their music against the system, yet are now in movies and television playing the system. Do you feel it's hypocritical?

JB: It's not the way I've chosen to do things myself.

SG: Do you think that they are becoming the media though?

JB: Well, I think Ice, in particular, has done that. I mean "Cop Killer" flipped out more people who deserved a kick in the teeth than every punk rock record of mine ten-fold. I don't agree with everything he says, but by and large he's one of the smartest people I've ever known.



CK: I know Richard Linklater mentioned you in his book on his film *Slacker* as an inspiration. I don't know if you'd seen that...

JB: I'd never heard that before.

CK: In the forward he says that he didn't know anyone of his generation that was doing anything like that until he stumbled into a Dead Kennedy's show in Austin. You were on your way to Dallas to play across the street from the Republican National Convention.

JB: Oh yeah, Horton Heat was at that show too, I now find out. Yeah, I got the whole crowd to yell, "Fuck off and die!" in unison as the Republicans filed out of the convention. It was gorgeous. It was also the same place, speaking of creative crime, people were staging die-ins in the middle of Neimann-Marcus department stores. The **Joey Johnson** flag burning arrest that went all the way to the supreme court happened there too.

CK: How do you stage a die-in?



JB: The anti-nuke people in Europe generally have skull masks and make up and dress as the grim reaper or something. You just point out third world sweat shop exploitation by walking into Neimann-Marcus and collapsing dead on the floor in front of all the shoppers and scare the shit out of them as a result. Another one I've heard was somebody who would go in with a couple of friends and fake an epileptic seizure so people would crowd around while his two friends looted the store. This is especially effective at chain drug stores.



SG: Do you find it harder to see or read some piece of news without jumping to some kind of possible conspiracy theory?

JB: I think I try to police myself more and more not to do that. I don't think there's any kind of grand conspiracy. I mean, those people's power trips and egos are too huge for them all to come together and operate with each other.

CK: What are you listening to these days? What catches your fancy?

JB: It depends on the day. I mean, I go through phas-

es. Sometimes it will be all rockabilly and later on it will be all weird movie soundtracks and the next day it will be Japanese hard core. I caught up on Finland the other day, their hardcore is pretty much unconditionally guaranteed to be extreme and free of the pop-punk plague.

CK: What kind of rockabilly are you interested in?

JB: I think that's a bad term because it was other 50's music: Rock and Roll, rhythm and blues, and random records found in thrift stores (not all of which were good). The best of those kind of records I got a while ago was a theme to a movie called "The Black Klansman." Which is a one sided, decent, 60's garage folk thing that would be a decent track even without the first line being, "The Ku Klux Klan killed my little girl." When I heard that I was rolling on the floor laughing.

MC: I also saw you in *Incredibly Strange Music II*. In there, you talked a lot about the exotica stuff of the 60's, the Martin Denny and stuff like that. What do you think now that a lot of that stuff is being reissued on CD?

JB: At least it is available to more people who don't want to pay huge collector's prices to over-priced New York Boutiques, but, you know, the bad side was that it shot the prices of a lot of those records up to higher than they were. Worse yet, the entertainment state got a hold of it and decided to recycle it as a suit and tie snob trip and call it "cocktail nation." Yes, where people smoke cigars in bars and play golf as punk rock. Its an even more obnoxious version of yuppies than the Reagan era yuppies. That shouldn't diminish the good side of the music, and if you look you should still find it cheap. If you don't find that, take something else that you're curious about that looks warped, it just might be. You never know. I mean, if Martin Denny is too expensive go buy something else nobody has ever heard of and discover something on your own. The other really good thing about it is that it has raised the profile of some of those people to the point where their music is getting reissued legitimately and they are seeing money for their work for the first time in their lives. I mean, people thought Nicodemus was dead. It turned out he saw the book, wrote me a letter, and now he's making albums and putting out music again.

MC: On that snob trip, what do you think of the current state of culture in general, where everything is sort of ironic and 'isn't-that-cute' kitsch?

JB: That's what's coming from above. What's coming from below is hardcore punk and gangster rap.

CK: Do you think that's the mainstream media's message, to stop taking things seriously?

JB: Don't worry, be stupid. Laugh at the Brady Bunch's bell-bottoms and call it a life. Sorry, some of us are smarter than that. The whole myth of Generation X and slackers and this apathetic generation that didn't care, didn't start hitting the corporate press until after those very people banded together and helped throw George Bush out of office. It's like, "No! No! Don't do any more of that! Remember, you're generation X. You're apathetic. You're not supposed to like anything. Listen to stupid major label pop bands," and stuff like that. Some people bought into that, but enough haven't that they're still pretty alarmed or they wouldn't keep shoving this retro chic or Fiona Apple down our throats.

MC: Did you ever meet H.R. Giger or anything like that as a result of the Frankenchrist trial?

JB: Yeah, his agent's right over there. He arranged for expert witnesses for the trial and helped us out. I did get to meet Giger when he came here for an exhibit at a REAL stuffy gallery up on the Upper East Side. The Gallery owner was obviously some miserable money bag guy who just wanted to make some quick money selling originals for fifty grand or something. He even put the original of the Giger landscape, the one in Frankenchrist, in a separate room where he could shut the door in case important people were there. Giger was so upset that he almost walked out, but settled for wearing an elaborately carved metal mask and hiding behind the gallery door and growling at people when they came in. But still, it was a really really tense "a little too highbrow for its own good" kind of event. Then who should crash the party in costume but Gwar. At that point the owner of the Gallery fled in terror and the party really began. They just made new costumes; Pete the guitarist, who was shot in DC and barely survived, still had a Colostomy bag incorporated into his. So the art glitterati were quickly taught a lesson.

CK: What do you think of Ani DeFranco and her Righteous Babe thing staying independent and still making quite a bit of dough?

JB: As long as it goes to the right place, it's fine.

CK: Are you a fan of hers at all?

JB: I've never heard her. There's so much music in the world I can't keep up at all.

CK: Some *Rolling Stone's* profiles in music book listed her as having played with artists as diverse as you and Morrissey.

JB: Maybe we were on some multi day festival on different days, but I don't recall ever seeing or meeting her. It seems like with someone like that I would definitely remember. I mean, I think we were both at this music shmooze thing in Vancouver called "Music West." That was a four or five day long thing with zillions of bands playing...

[*Conversation drifts to talk of commercial offers of all bizarre kinds*]

JB: ...Ok, you know I'm very predatory. I nuked being in a Levi's commercial. They wanted to use "Holiday in Cambodia" in a Docker's commercial. And I said, "You know, as majority song writer, FUCK NO."

CK: You don't get much worse than Docker's. I mean Docker's, Christ...



SG: There was a rumor on the internet about you, of course, with Disney: that you were supposed to be covering a B-52's song because they didn't want to pay Fred Schneider the money. They said you sounded like him.

JB: They couldn't possibly have gotten that far because I did record that. It was "Love Shack." Neve Campbell, the TV star, doing the female vocals and they needed a Fred Schneider. It was the soundtrack for the Sinbad movie that went nowhere called *First Kid*. The Producer, by then, hated Disney so much that he didn't care what I did to the song. So, I took away the B-52's lyrics and substituted the Unabomber Manifesto. No body told Disney, but unfortunately it was never in the movie, so that's as far as the prank on Disney got. As far as selling out to Disney, I don't think that really qualifies.

CK: Do you watch the Simpsons at all?

JB: Once in a while, yeah. The one about them visiting New York, recently, is by far the funniest Simpsons I've ever seen.

CK: I think they're very much in that same spirit, they get a lot of surprises on the air.

JB: Although Matt Groening taking legal action against a little magazine for parodying a character of his on their cover was just ridiculous. I thought that was very uncool. My dream would be to get the movie rights to the Chick comics and make them my way.

SG: Is this gonna be part of a new spoken word album?

JB: Depends on how the tapes come out. I mean, I'm hoping to get something out by fall.

CK: Any other musical ventures?

JB: Well I kind of waited too long to unleash my later songs, and now all I find is people who want to play retro stuff or get the major label contract or buy into the myth that I'm made out of money and figure they'll get rich if they grab onto me, or something. But nobody wants to play demented music, take punk to new things instead of regurgitating old things. Hopefully something will turn up. I'd rather not play music at all than play shitty retro punk.

A BRIEF BIAFRA BIOGRAPHY

1958: Born Eric Boucher in Boulder Colorado

July, 1978: Biafra and company form the Dead Kennedys in San Francisco. The play their first show a week later. Biafra picks his name randomly out of a notebook after first calling himself Occupant

June 1979: Dead Kennedys release first single "California Uber Alles" on their label Alternative Tentacles.

Fall 1979: Jello Biafra runs for mayor of San Francisco. After finishing fourth out of ten candidates with 6,591 votes. As a result, candidates are forbidden from running under psuedo names. Biafra's campaign included legalizing squatting, banning cars from the downtown area, making cops run for re-election in the neighborhoods they patrol and forcing business men to wear clown suits during week days.

Fall 1985: The Dead Kennedys release the controversial "Frankenchrist" album which features H.R. Giger's "Landscape XX."

April, 1986: Tippers Gore's brainchild the Parents Music Resource Center targets the Dead Kennedys as a corrupting influence on America's children.

June 1986: Biafra and four others are charged with "Distributing Harmful Matter to Minors" in connection to the H.R. Giger Penis Landscape cover art. Biafra's home and the Alternative Tentacles office are raided by police who go so far as to search his

cat's litter box. Biafra and company are the first Americans in history to face criminal charges over a record, they each face up to one year in jail. The prosecuting attorney admits Biafra was chosen as "a cost effective way of sending a message."

Fall 1986: The Dead Kennedys announce their breakup.

August, 1987: Charges against Biafra and company dismissed after a three week criminal trial. Despite not being found obscene, Alternative Tentacles records are banned from several chain stores. Biafra's documentation of Tipper Gore and the PMRC's ties to the religious right are no longer dismissed as paranoid.

Summer 1988: Biafra and Ministry's Al Jourgenson launch side project. They call the band Lard.

1993-94: Fed up with punk rock's increasing commercialization and lack of anything interesting to say, Biafra records "Prairie Home Invasion" with country weirdo Mojo Nixon. Subsequently, "Punk Bible" *Maximum Rock n' Roll* bans all Alternative Tentacles reviews or advertising.

May 1997: Prosecutor Michael Guarino expresses regret over his role in the "Frankenchrist" trial. "About midway through the trial we realized that the lyrics of the album were in many ways socially responsible, very anti-drug and pro-individual. We were a couple of prima-donna prosecutors."

A COMPLETE JELLO BIAFRA DISCOGRAPHY

- 1980 Dead Kennedys "Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables" LP
The Witch Titles (Self Titled) EP
- 1981 Dead Kennedys "In God We Trust, Inc." EP
Dead Kennedys "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" 7"
- 1982 Dead Kennedys "Plastic Surgery Disasters" LP
- 1985 Dead Kennedys "Frankenchrist" LP
- 1986 Dead Kennedys "Bedtime For Democracy"
- 1987 Dead Kennedys "Give Me Convenience Or Give Me Death"
LP
Jello Biafra "No More Cocoons" spoken word LP
- 1989 Jello Biafra "High Priest Of Harmful Matter" spoken word LP
Lard "The Power of Lard" EP
Jello Biafra w/D.O.A. "Last Scream Of The Missing Neighbors" LP
- 1990 Lard "The Last Temptation Of Reid" LP
- 1991 Jello Biafra w/NOMEANSNO "The Sky Is Falling And I Want My Mommy" LP
Tumor Circus (Self Titled) LP
Tumor Circus "Take Me Back Or I'll Drown Our Dog" 7"
Jello Biafra "Die For Oil, Sucker" spoken word 7"
Jello Biafra "I Blow Minds For A Living" spoken word LP
Tumor Circus "Meathook Up My Rectum" 7"
- 1993 Jello Biafra & Mojo Nixon "Will The Fetus Be Aborted?" 7"
- 1994 Jello Biafra & Mojo Nixon "Prairie Home Invasion" LP
Jello Biafra "Beyond The Valley Of The Gift Police" spoken word LP
- 1997 Lard "Pure Chewing Satisfaction" LP



THE PLAGUE TAKES A LOOK AT SOME OF THIS YEAR'S UP AND COMING...

BOARD GAMES

* Note: All games' availability pending certain Supreme Court decisions.



OH MY GOD!

The original fake-dead-guy-lying-in-the-street game. Place the OH MY GOD gamepiece at a busy intersection and watch the fun pile up!

From Kablammo!

COMING THIS MONTH!

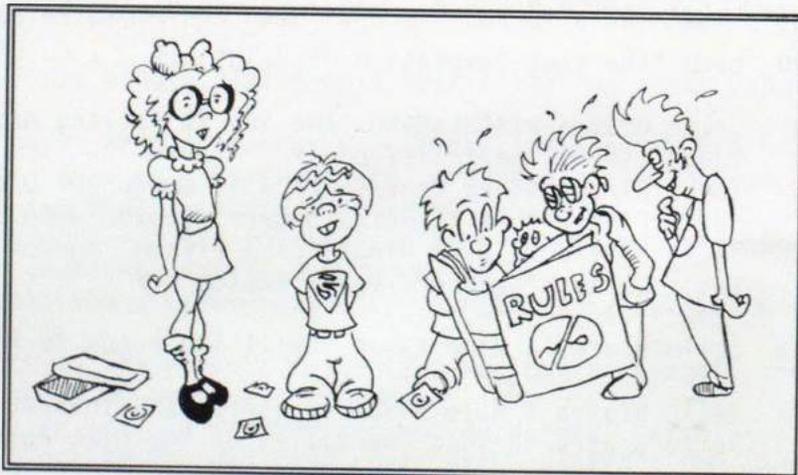
HATE CRIME: A game of strategy. From Oswald Mosely Games

JOE SCHMOE: A mortgage, a mausoleum of a house, spiteful frigid wife, meaningless job with a soulless multinational, smart-assed brainwashed children — teach your kids what it's like to be you! From Arthur Miller Games

CONTRACEPTION

Try to keep the sperm from fertilizing the egg! Comes with egg timer, batteries, and a working Inter-Uterine Device. RU-486 not included.

From Masters & Johnson



COUNTER-CULTURE

You are a bohmeian minded individualist dissatisfied with the stagnant state of modern culture. Use the game pieces to author disturbing poetry which challenges social norms. The first player to score a NEA grant wins!

From Dharma Bums Games



AND DON'T MISS THESE GREAT NEW HIT BOARD GAMES!

CRUSHER

A variation on the classic game Twister, this new version has a lot more kicking in it.

From Class Action



ON CALL: You're a highly paid vascular surgeon assigned to reattach the arm of a construction worker. Can you do it before a critical loss of tissue occurs? Includes tourniquet and cauterizing agent. From Christian Barnard Inc.

OPERATION UNDERWEAR: A game for the whole family. Boxers or silk panties: whose underwear fits you best, Mom or Dad? From Hello Sailor Ltd.

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It doesn't take Freud to figure out that images invoke ideas in the subconscious.* Of course, Freud paid a terrible price for his views — he was burned alive by angry villagers. But you can avoid this horrible fate by hiding behind the veneer of a larger, more cowardly organization. That organization has a name:

The

PLAGUE

Assert yourself subliminally by joining our legions of mind control experts trained by the CIA for the infamous MK Ultra project. We are looking for soldiers specializing in the writing of comedy, suicidal production experts and trainees, and anti-establishment loyalists. Subversive cartoonists and artists as well as conspiracy theorists are welcome aboard our battalion of psychological warfare experts.

@NYU

Reconnaissance Information:

First Meeting

**Thursday, September 10th, 1998, 6PM
6th floor of OSA, 21 Washington Place**

NYU — Wrong in the past, wrong in the future.

*Idea not scientifically proven, nor endorsed by The Plague or its parent corporation, NordLaunch Defense Industries.

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February 17, 1998

Dear Sir:

It is with deep graveness that I must inform you that *Your Name Here* has passed on. Richbald & Day have been retained to represent the estate of the late *Your Name Here*. He died quietly at the old Astor Estate on Long Island after a life filled with love, fighting for justice and mastery of literature.

As per my client's prehumous request, your correspondence—as are all letters sent to him—have been destroyed by fire and the uncanceled stamp used to mail my phone bill.

Sincerely,

PLAGUE

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING!

We, as a nation and a people, have forgotten how to rock.

Nothing pains me more than to make that statement, but I can no longer sit idly by and watch this once proud land stray from its heritage of rock. Once, people of all races, colors and creeds respected the rock. When a man drove his car through the center of town, he would display the rock proudly by turning up his radio. He would nod his head in a yes-like motion to the infectious rhythms that poured forth from the stereo like God's own bounty. Passers-by would stare in silent agreement, sometimes even awe, as they softly repeated the words of rock in synchronicity with the automobile's plentiful harvest. Dutiful parents would crouch to their young ones to instruct them appropriately regarding the joyful noise of rock they were experiencing. "You hear that, son? That's Lynyrd Skynyrd," they might say.

A scene such as this is sadly rare in today's world,

however. Gone are the leather jacketed-youth waving devil-horns along with AC-DC. Gone are the lithe, platinum blonde females attired in spandex singing along to Ted Nugent. No longer do wordsmiths such as Steve Miller provide solace to the awkwardly tall, bespectacled teenager. We have closed our ears to the rock that made this nation what it once was. And if this trend continues unfettered, we, like every nation that neglects the rock, shall perish.

The youth of today have not been taught to respect the rock. The parents and teachers of this generation, in their efforts to promote "tolerance" and "multicultural diversity," have made the gross oversight of forgetting to teach the future of this country about the basic tenets of rock. A recent poll uncovered the alarming fact that 85% of all 8th graders have never heard *Frampton Comes Alive!* in its entirety. I myself, when engaged in a sober session of rocking out in my apartment to *Houses of the Holy*, was rudely

interrupted by my impudent neighbors, a youngish couple, they had no understanding of the rock and what it stands for. Instead, they barked at me to "turn that dinosaur music down." We live in a topsy-turvy world, where rock is scant, and those who dare to rock are jeered for their backwards ways.

Our nation was built on a solid foundation of rocking, and it must respect this rocking tradition if it wishes to regain the power and grandeur it once enjoyed. Respecting the rock must begin with our youth. For you parents out there, instruct your children from infancy up about the importance of rock. Teach them that rocking is its own reward. Teach them to drive past the 7-11 blasting *Mob Rules* with pride. This way, and only this way, will ensure a free world that we can all rock in.

Executive editor Matthew Callan agrees with Homer Simpson's theorem that rock and roll attained scientific perfection in the year 1975.

LOCAL NEWS

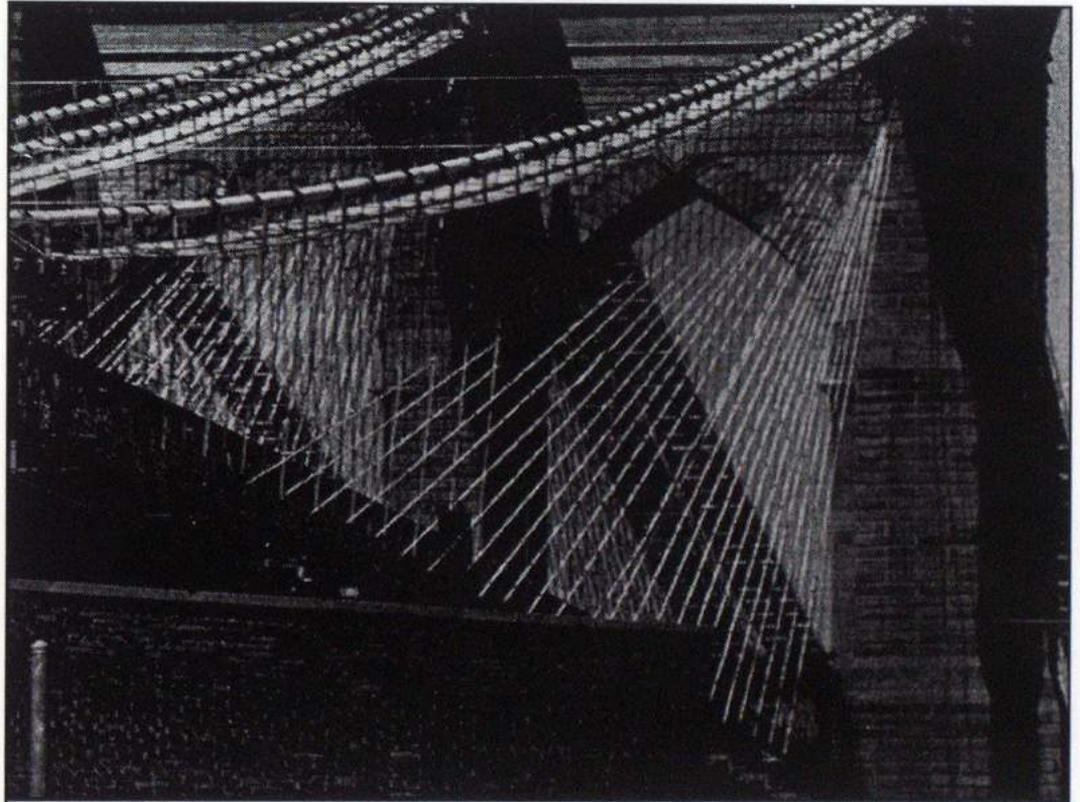
POPULAR GROUP JUMPS OFF BRIDGE

Parents, teachers fear copy-cat leaps may follow

In what local authority officials are calling a parent's worst nightmare, a clique of popular teens from the local high school leapt off the Tappan Zee Bridge early Monday evening. The youngsters have been identified as Jennifer McDowell, junior class president; Mark Jackson, captain of the football team; Christine Messina, editor of the school newspaper; and Dennis Vega, a good-looking rebel. According to police, many youths have already followed in their footsteps, confirming adult fears that the act is inspiring others to do the same.

Equally challenging to the community as containing this sudden epidemic of trend following is the struggle to find a new parental threat. "For years, jumping off a bridge was the hallmark of unreasonable peer pressure," said Jim Gerwitz, PTA president, "and now they've gone and done it!" At an emergency school board meeting called on Tuesday, several replacement cliches were suggested. The top contenders on the short list included, "If everyone ate glass would you?" "If everyone picked their scabs would you?" and "If everyone remodeled while renting would you?"

The local teen population seems unperturbed by any pleas for sanity. "It's not like our parents didn't do anything silly when they were our age," said



One of the many controversial bridges that dare impressionable youths to leap

Zeke Armak, a local sophomore, "My dad said he once threw a soda can out a car window. I mean, c'mon! You're supposed to be crazy when you're young!" He said he planned on jumping off the Newburgh-Beacon Bridge this weekend. "There's a lot less traffic and it's not so crowded as the Tappan Zee. Man, that scene's played out already."

The current crisis shows no signs of abating, according to officials. As of press time yesterday, 47 teenagers were confirmed cool.

Local teen dies in marching band accident

For those in our proud local area, it was the football game of the decade. For high school student, Terry Eastman, 23, it was the last day he would blow his horn. On Friday, October 21, as fans and onlookers cheered the 4th quarter madness, Terry was returning to his seat on the bleachers when his foot caught in a snare drum strap and he fell to his death from the second tier. "He would have made it," said Detective Ms. Halverson, "except he wouldn't let go of

his tuba. Instead of breaking his fall, the tuba accelerated Terry's velocity and the horn decapitated him when he hit the ground."

There will be a memorial service for Eastman at the Spirit of Life Presbyterian Church, 14401 Duckwood Parkway, at 9:30 Saturday—even though he will be quickly forgotten.

Here Come the Shriners!
Every Tuesday in Local News!

LOCAL NOTES

John Wayne Found Dead

Los Angeles police found the movie legend Friday in Cedar Hill Memorial Cemetery. An autopsy of Wayne's badly decomposed remains confirmed the time of death circa 1979, a date apparently confirmed by his tombstone. The "Duke" as he was known to movie fans everywhere starred in such films as *The Green Berets* (1968) and *True Grit* (1969). Police announced they have found no signs of foul play in Wayne's death and have closed the case. "I loved him in *The Shootist*," said LAPD detective John Holt, "We are all saddened by his death."

The Gerald Ford Library for the Slow-Witted and Inconsequential Opens

Appleton, Oregon - Appleton Mayor James "Gabe" Hill and City Council President Laurie Detweiler welcomed former president Gerald Ford and former first lady Betty to town for the opening of the library in the guest's honor. Mayor Hill and Mr. Ford cut the gold ribbon adorning the 300,000 square foot library together. Mr. Ford then addressed the crowd, although many were unable to hear as Ford spoke into the oversized scissors. "We are proud to have any President in Appleton," proclaimed Mayor Hill. "Even Mr. Ford." When asked why Gerald Ford chose Appleton for the library, a town he admits to never having visited before, library director Patrice Connell admitted that she wasn't sure, and in fact had

received a letter appointing her Director only days earlier. "I've never run a library before," she explained, "I mostly sell my homemade baskets. I don't even think there are any books in there."

Area Woman Warns Friend 'Don't Even Go There'

Greater Gainsville retail clerk Megan Longstreth allegedly told her neighbor, "Don't even go there!," in an incident that occurred at approximately 4:30 am Thursday morning. The neighbor — who wishes to remain nameless — had asked about the behavior of a mutual friend when Longstreth made the offending remark. In a press conference Friday with legal counsel present, Ms. Longstreth retracted her remark claiming she was "mad tired" on the night in question and made a formal apology explaining, "She's my girl, it ain't like that."

Jaywalking: The Gateway To Crime

Two out of five prisoners at Riker's island admit to jaywalking with "some frequency" when they were younger. This depravity must be stopped. Many believe this disorder has a biological basis and ought to be treated as a disease, while others see it as a result of moral disintegration.

"It's the music these days," said Pastor Donothing. "If they're not telling kids to worship the devil or to cheat on the PSAT's, it's 'go out and jaywalk'." It is true, bands have been popping up everywhere with names like "Port

Authority My Ass" and "I Walk How I Want To Walk." Some parents even hold some of these bands responsible for last years tragic death of New Jersey native Joey Butterman.

"Joey was a tortured soul," grieved Pastor Donothing, "caught between walking decently and the silly notion of personal freedom and convenient traffic management. He was listening to the song, 'Don't Walk Signs Just Get Me Pissed' at the time of his death.

Others find fault in today's parents, "I was beating my child black and blue last week and he said he doesn't like me. What's the world coming to?" moans Mr. McPrick. "It's time for us concerned parents to take a stand.

"Be aware" psychologist, Bill Right, warns, "It's sometimes hard to spot, but there are warning signs. It's sometimes hard for us as parents to fathom that it could be our son not following proper traffic restrictions." He lists as the tell tale signs: "Does your child appear to be enjoying life? Has his appearance become more unkempt? Has he started hanging around other groups of friends? Are any of them long hairs? Known jaywalkers?"

The best thing we as parents can do is form a coalition to watch our children at all times. Video cameras in their bedrooms and microphones in their bathrooms. Remember, just because you love your kid, doesn't mean you shouldn't persecute them.

Local Teen Denies Allegations That Her and Mark Matrolli Hooked Up

"Apparently, Mr. Matrolli has been claiming he fingered me. These allegations are false," said Lisa Swanson in a press conference yesterday. "It's true, I'm a tease, but I wouldn't touch his skanky ass with my mother's tongue." As for the blow job claims made by Mr. Matrolli, Swanson replies, "It was more of a lick. Like, I would ever swallow his spew!" We will follow this story as it unfolds.

Local Fathers Call for Increased Abuse Against Weaker Students

At a recent P.T.A. meeting fathers formed a grass roots organization that stresses more violence to those "Fucking Pussy Kids." Father's claimed this was a problem of "epidemic" proportions, likening it to smallpox.

The statistics are startling; there hasn't been a fight outside of 7-11 in nearly two weeks and nobody has driven by in their car yelling, "You got a fucking problem?!" in almost a month. Sergeant Stankowitz recently caught some kids reading Keats at The Pit.

Many parents are worried at the aesthetic interest their kids have been taking. "They should just hit people, it's that simple. That's how we did it when I was growing up that's the way things work." Foremost on parents mind is that the town may lose it's reputation as a tough middle

LOCAL NOTES

class haven.

"There's something funny going on," Stankowitz mused. "These kids should be vomiting in their cars and demeaning insecure girls. You know. . . gettin' titty. I don't like it. I don't like it one bit."

Local Booters Are at it Again

Our Sharks are at it again. Jimmy Magnelli scored the game winning goal in a dramatic last second victory. Fred Patters sat on the bench and watched all his childhood dreams of heroism and glory be systematically destroyed. We will call him "Bench Warmer."

Local Actor Makes a Big Splash in Hollywood

Michael Tazman of West Willow Grove always dreamed of the silver screen. He played Fievel in Central's version of American Tale. Now he's making a big splash in the bright lights of Hollywood. He fell into a puddle drunk and cried, "Curse this world, damn these humans!" Now that's what we call a big splash.

Our Kids Are All Stoned

Statistics show an increase in drug use among local teens. One wonders how this can be when our town possesses such a vast array of fast food and shopping center enjoyment.

A Gay Man has Moved into Town

He tried to act nice, but don't let him fool you, he's coming for your children. Yes, we admit it is funny when they put them in dresses and have them

dance around in those movies. Why I've even caught myself saying, "You go, girl!" and "Miss Thang" a couple times, but this is no movie nor sitcom entertainment.

Cindy Wasserman saw him eating chipmunks in the woods. Our children are next. The average homosexual consumes three to four children a day. They need it to feed their lust. "I love the lezzies," said Paul Saul sporting a Howard Stern Tee Shirt, "but them guys they got problems." He then finished his Schlitz, smashed it on his head and went to watch professional wrestling at his buddy's house.

We are left with no choice but to beat the shit out of this guy in the name of God. Just put all the gobbledigook Christ said about love out of your mind while we find this guy and give him purple nipples til he cries on the floor and skips town. Amen.

Youth Detective To Police: "Take Him Away, Boys."

Doug Brown, amateur sleuth and 10-year-old, recently cracked a case that had local police baffled. "That's one smart kid," said Police Chief Darryl Brown, "and I'm not just saying that because he's my son." The young detective was able to solve the case using his sharply honed deductive skills and the makeshift crime lab he has set up under his bed. Through these amazing techniques, he discovered that it was Mr. Hurley, the owner of the abandoned amusement park, who was responsible for the recent appearances of

strange apparitions there. "I knew it was him all along," said Brown, "But I couldn't have caught him if it wasn't for my trusty dog, Scooter."

Mr. Hurley was later reported to insist that he would have gotten away with his evil plan if it weren't for a certain meddling kid.

Local Barfly: One More Drink Wouldn't Hurt

Early yesterday morning, a patron of O'Houlihan's Hole, Rusty McDermott, insisted that one more drink would not only do no harm, but was all he needed for the rest of the evening.

"No one's gonna tell me when I had enough to drink, dammit!" McDermott loudly insisted to the other drinkers at the pub. "I can stop anytime I want. I was in the Navy, you know." McDermott's fellow imbibers seemed to disagree, and tried to sway him from having another scotch and soda, minus the soda, per usual. McDermott then proceeded to regale the crowd with a joke he overheard sometime last week. The punchline was confused in his narrative and never fully revealed.

After ingesting his 17th drink of the evening, McDermott suddenly became wistful and forlorn. "You guys are such great friends. You really made something of yourselves and got out of this stinking town!" cried McDermott in between heavy sobs. This seems to run counter to McDermott's statement from earlier this week, wherein he said his only true friend was Jack Daniels.

Renaissance Festival Attendee: Historical Inaccuracies Abound

Dr. Terry Bozzio, a local college professor specializing in European history, is boycotting this year's Renaissance Festival due to what he calls "blatant anachronistic buffoonery."

"When I attended last year," said Bozzio at a press conference yesterday, "I clearly heard a ratcatcher telling jokes about George III, whose reign occurs far after the period we call the Renaissance." He also noted that the meat pies and turkey legs prepared at the fair's various food stands were produced under far more sanitary conditions than those of 400 years ago.

"If you want to get technical," said Bozzio, "during the period of the Renaissance, what is now this nation was mostly forest, inhabited by indigenous tribes. I have suggested to the Renaissance Fair Committee that they perhaps try this approach next year. They have yet to contact me about my concerns."

Bozzio recently led a highly publicized campaign against Medieval Times Dinner and Tournament for its "tacit condoning of the historical fallacy that all meals of medieval times were served with Pepsi."

Armageddon Approacheth!

ART THOU PREPARED TO SPEAKETH IN MIDDLE ENGLISH, YEOMAN?



Mrs. Sawyer says her kids are going to send her to an early grave, mark her words.

Local boy pokes eye out

Mother says "I hope you're happy now"

Karen Sawyer, local housewife, remains unsympathetic to an injury her son received on Wednesday. Speaking to reporters from her porch yesterday, she said, "If I told him once, I told him a thousand times. Does he listen? No."

Despite repeated warnings from his mother to "put that damn pencil down," Danny Sawyer, age 10, kept on playing with a mechanical pencil his grandmother gave him. A sudden violent bounce off the pencil's eraser caused it to lodge itself in Sawyer's eye. The resulting impact popped his eye out of its socket. According to doctors, the only thing that held it to the body was an exceptionally long optic

nerve. Danny had to hitchhike to the hospital because his mother's insistence on not driving him there. "I said, 'If you get hurt, don't come crying to me,' and I meant it," she said.

Dr. Vijay Singh, local optometrist, is an expert in eye-pokings. "Most eye-pokings are caused by pencil bouncings. Close seconds are large sticks and pointy action figures. In most cases like this, the best thing to do is immediately pop the eye back into your skull." Dr. Singh also went on to report that, as in most cases of eye pokings, if Danny had just listened to his mother for once, none of this would have happened.



Wrenchman strikes an enigmatic pose.

RALLYE JEEP AND
EAGLE!

**LOW FINANCING
CHARGES!**

**FREE PEN WITH
EVERY TEST
DRIVE!**

**COME IN TODAY.
MAKE NO
PAYMENTS UNTIL
AUGUST!**

RALLYE JEEP AND EAGLE WILL
CRUSH THE COMPETITION WITH
THE SWIFT FIST OF RIGHTEOUS
TRUTH.

Danny's father, Frank Sawyer, was more subdued but in agreement with his wife. "That kid just don't listen sometimes," he said, "I told him one day it was gonna get him in trouble and it did. I hope he learned his lesson."

This is just one of the accidents to befall a local child who did not listen to their parents. Last month, a local girl named Jane Connelly broke her neck after refusing to stop jumping on her bed.

Local tough guy promises to open "BIG OL' CAN"

Whoop-ass said to be contained inside

According to Biff Wrenchman, a "big ol' can" is soon to be opened in the presence of one Greg Muller. It was not said what the can would hold but local authorities believe the contents to be whoop-ass.

Mr. Wrenchman made his comments early yesterday morning. A bouncer for the Temptations Gentlemen's Club, he was in the process of removing Mr. Muller from the premises when he made his prediction. "I was kinda drunk at the time," Mr. Muller said, "and I guess I was being kinda rowdy, so they threw me out. Then he [Wrenchman] said that he was gonna open up a big ol' can on me." Wrenchman then apparently threw Muller into the parking lot without explicitly stating what that can would harbor.

"In most cases, these cans contain whoop-ass," said Officer Darryl Henson, a specialist in the Police Department's Idle Threats Department. "Sometimes we get a big ol' can of ugly, but whoop-ass is by far more common." The most common injuries associated with big ol' cans of whoop-ass are bitch-slaps and serious beat downs.

Unconfirmed at press time were also reports that Wrenchman promised to "go medieval" on Muller's ass. Wrenchman denied this, and could offer no explanation as to the connection between the historical period linking the Dark Ages and the Renaissance and Mr. Muller's buttocks.

Local man makes coin disappear

Coin soon reappears in boy's ear

In an incident that has baffled both scientists and numismatic experts, a local man has made a coin disappear from his hand and then reemerge in his nephew's ear. Greg Galewski, a pipe fitter for Weissman Heating and Plumbing, denies the role of black magic in his feat.

According to Sara Cohen, Mr. Galewski's sister, he was at her house late yesterday evening when her son, Jeremy, was having trouble going to sleep. In order to placate the youngster, Mr. Galewski promised to do a trick for him if Jeremy would promise to go to bed. Mr. Galewski then produced a coin from his pocket and apparently made it vanish from his right hand. Jeremy was stunned and surprised when the coin was found behind his own ear a short while later.

"This sort of thing is completely unprecedented," said Dr. Frederick Dorman, a professor of theoretical physics at MIT. "Chaos theory and fuzzy logic have been developed to explain the existence of black holes, random phenomena, and even the existence of an all-powerful deity. But nothing we have worked with yet could even begin to explain what Mr. Galewski has done."

Steven Crane, president of the American Numismatic Society, the nation's largest coin collecting organization, was also confused. "I have never heard of such a thing happening before," he said. "Even with a 1994 US penny, a fairly common issue coin. I thought I

made a nickel disappear once, but it turned out it just fell behind a couch cushion."

Mr. Galewski had little to say at press time. He emphatically denied the use of black magic in his accomplishment. Wendy Bauer, spokesperson for the local Wiccan coven, seemed to agree. "Wicca merely teaches the individual how to tap into their own personal energies through the magic that surrounds all living things. This kind of thing is far out of our league."

Mr. Galewski's feat has attracted worldwide attention. President Clinton has set up a federal commission to study Mr. Galewski in highly controlled environments. He has also been approached by several military contracting firms who have sought to hire him as a "special consultant."

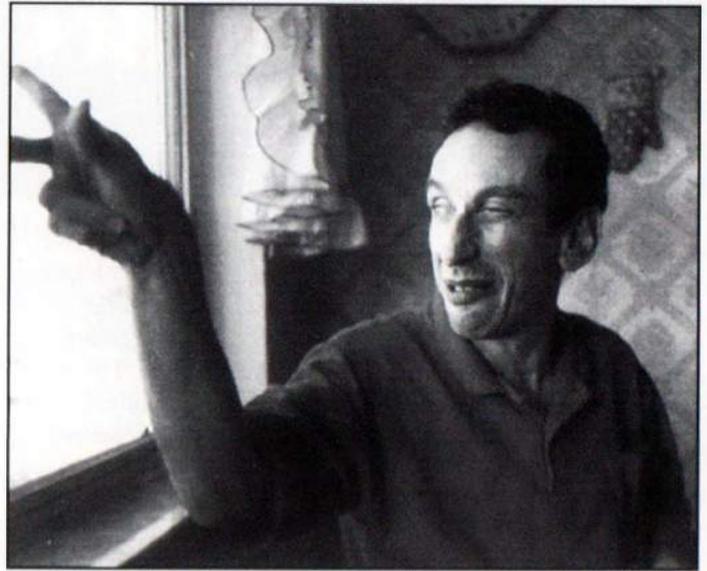
According to Ms. Cohen, her son Jeremy went to bed following another bowl of vanilla ice cream with chocolate syrup.

Local Parents Unimpressed

Despite 17-year-old Erin Tierney's efforts to impress her

MARY DERMATA

Mary Dermata, known throughout the local area as a "friend to those who should know better," warns community to stay off her lawn for undisclosed reasons. "Stay off my lawn or you'll be sorry," she cautioned, "very, very sorry."



Mr. Galewski demonstrates his power to reporters.

parents with academic, athletic as well as social achievements, Bill and Jeanne Tierney remain unimpressed. "What more could I do," lamented Erin. "I'm on the honor roll, play varsity field hockey and am president of my class as well as girlfriend to Brant Lockton, the most popular guy in school."

"What does she want, a parade?" asked an outraged Bill Tierney. "It's not that we aren't proud," said Jeanne Tierney, "but her brother Patrick has very bad asthma and requires a great deal of attention. I don't have time to constantly praise her."

Area Tightwad Robbed of Life Savings, Community Ponders Irony

Most area residents know Bill Horner as the man who will argue the price of anything. Well, now he can be known as the man who lost his entire life savings to an overnight burglary. "I don't like banks," he would often complain, "They steal from ya while ya got your back turned." Police arrested high school drop out

Jon Founder, but not before he threw Horner's trashbag full of money into the raging Stillwater river where the money caught fire in the run off from the old Arco plant, which Horner owned and mismanaged to an astounding environmental detriment in the mid-70's. Founder, who was unable to complete his education as a result of Horner's relentless lobbying to cut school funding said he hadn't been able to get a job since high school.

Area Man Finds Local News Unsatisfying

"I just think there's more going on in the world than this random crap," commented Kyle Vanderridge as he read a copy of The New York Times. Authorities are investigating his tool shed.

Demands to increase P.T.A. meetings

Student in grades 8-12 don't feel that adults in the community value them, according to results of a recent survey of 2,098 students.

Cereal-eating kids to public: "We eat what we like!"

Community leaders outraged and appalled

In a move that has stunned parents and experts alike, several area youths devoted to the cereal Apple Jacks declared that they are unconcerned whether their parents understand their tastes or not. The sentiments were expressed yesterday at a press conference called by the organization Youths For Tasty Cereal.

"Basically what we're saying is that we like Apple Jacks and we don't really care who doesn't get it," announced the group's leader, Scott Garman, age 11. The proclamation caused much stirring and loud protestations from the audience. Mr. Garman continued, "This is a call to arms for all those young people who have been persecuted merely for liking sugary-sweet breakfast foods." The other members of the group then united in a strange salute reminiscent of the Black Panthers.

The press conference caused an eruption of outrage from local community leaders. "Children can not merely go around saying they like certain cereals, especially against the will of their parents," stated Reg LeCrisp, a fireman and local PTA member, "I am particularly outraged that they insist on an allegiance with a cereal named after a fruit that it doesn't even remotely taste like!" The Reverend Ben Muller has called a town meeting for this evening to discuss the problem. "Children make many false idols in the impetuosity of youth," he

said, "sometimes it's sports stars, sometimes it's rock musicians or even award-winning journalists. But now we all see that factory-processed grains can be just as deadly."

Many parents interviewed yesterday said they had seen this eruption coming for quite some time. A local father, interviewed on the condition of anonymity, said, "I would see it when my daughter would have slumber parties. I'd bring up extra blankets and see the tell tale pink powder of Apple Jack crumbs on their guilty mouths. God knows I told her time and time again I didn't want her eating those things. One time I confronted her. I asked her flat out, 'Why do you eat those things when they don't even taste like apples?' She got quiet and looked at her friends and they laughed a secret, maniacal chuckle together. To see your own flesh and blood turn against you like that is chilling."

Kelloggs, the manufacturer of the controversial cereal, could not be reached for comment yesterday. However, in a prepared statement, spokesmen for the company said, "When we developed Apple Jacks, our only intention was to make a tasty breakfast treat for the whole family. We certainly did not wish to foment rebellion amongst pre-teens against their parents and cause anarchy of biblical proportions."

The current controversy comes fresh on the heels of the debate raging in Congress, where a bipartisan faction is trying to force General Mills to reveal exactly how they cram all that graham into Golden Grahams.



Local youths protest parental and governmental interference with their breakfast food preferences..

CONSUMER RECALLS

The following products were recalled by their respective manufacturers for the following reasons within the last fiscal month

Happy Puppy Doggy Doors	Door may burst into flames when comes into contact with dog.
Franco-Prussian Beef Ravioli	Ravioli contains potentially dangerous hallucinogenic, mescaline.
Pontiac Le Sabre	Axles may dislocate from frame if car is driven.
Professor Nobcanlobbies Math Review Workbook	Contains Fascist propaganda, and numerous references to the "mud peoples."
Speak & Spell '98	Educational toy may toil in the black arts.
Chevrolet Tahoe	Sport Utility Vehicle may implode with barometric changes, defroster may entangle children's hair.
Dove's Tail hair styling gel	May promote bioluminescence in human skin and hair.
Gilco Toddler Swing	Swing may exceed 90 mph, generating up to 5g's of pressure.
Norelco Bushman Beard and Mustache Trimmer	Exposed electronics may scorch face and cause ingrown hairs.
Alco Aluminum Painter's Ladder	Use of ladder may rob consumer of fear of God.



Phil Edison enjoying his youth with some of the many friends he made at camp this summer.

Lonely Adolescent Finds Himself at Camp

After a summer of fun and discovery at Camp Kikakee in sunny Maine, 14-year-old Phil Edison feels he has gained much more needed self-confidence and determination. Edison credits many factors, but mostly an unorthodox camp counselor named Tripper.

"He was really crazy," said Edison at a press conference held at Port Authority Bus Terminal yesterday. "He used to pull down the head counselor's shorts during the morning exercises. And once he went into the girls' bunks and did this prank called a panty raid where he took all the girls panties so they didn't have any panties and they had to get some new panties from somewhere."

But according to Edison, there was also a soft side to Tripper. "He came to get me at the bus stop diner when I ran away from camp after some kids made fun of me cuz I didn't want to swim. He made me laugh cuz he said I couldn't leave until he could help me get some chicks this summer.

That's when I knew he was really cool." Tripper helped Edison out by teaching him how to swim every morning before reveille. The training paid off when the camp's star swimmer broke his leg during the Camp Olympics against arch-rivals Camp Pinewood. "They were the big rich camp across the lake and they always beat us before so I couldn't let it happen again." Edison beat out a swimmer twice his size to win the sudden respect and adulation of all his fellow campers.

While at camp, Edison also befriended a girl named Amy. "She was kinda shy, just like me. We talked a lot and it turned out we liked the same kinda stuff. She even let me hold her hand." Edison said he looked forward to the approaching school year, as he and Amy will be attending the same high school.

Edison said his fondest memory of camp was "helping Tripper push the head Counselor's bed out onto the lake on a big raft. He was in the middle of the lake before he woke up and then he fell out into the water. It was crazy!"

OBITUARIES

Obituaries are provided as a service to the elderly community so that they can check to see if they are dead yet.

Herman Crenshaw

Herman Crenshaw, drill operator at the local knitting factory, died early Monday from a long-time respiratory illness, according to family members. He was 77 years old.

Crenshaw worked at the knitting factory from age 7. He joined the crew after his father was injured in a serious smelting accident at the now closed Garman Foundry. He had been eligible for retirement with pension and other benefits for 12 years, but opted instead to stay on the job. "I don't know what life is unless I'm feeling pain," friends often heard him say. "He sure loved that drill," said co-worker Larry, "Though I never could figure out what that drill was for. If anyone asked him he would sorta snarl and change the subject."

Crenshaw is survived by two younger brothers and a mail box he was quite fond of. Services will be held at the St. Vitus Episcopal Church. All are encouraged to not attend.

Terry Butchman

Botanist Terry Butchman died last week at the age of 30. For years, Butchman had complained to friends and family about his alleged allergy to the popular antibiotic penicillin. As it turns out he was right. "I could go into anaphylactic shock and die," he would often remark at parties. Butchman's years of concern proved correct when fellow botanists at

Ganglo Laboratories injected approximately 10 grams of penicillin into Butchman's coffee as an office prank. "I dunno, he just sorta swelled up and died. We all feel really bad about it. We never really thought he was serious." Charges have not been filed.

Buck

A three hundred pound male deer passed on after a violent collision with a Ford F Series pick up truck on Route 289. "He just came out of nowhere," commented a hysterical Gary Busfield. "I couldn't stop! Why didn't you take me God?! Why?!" The buck is survived by several doe and an unknown number of fawn. "He appears to have been a prodigious inseminator," commented Animal Control Officer Randy Glick. "He'll be tough to replace." Services will be held at the Beuford Rendering Plant where his remains will be ground into hog feed.

Nostradamus Jastroch

Nostradamus "Nosy" Jastroch mysteriously died yesterday when I shot him three times in the back. Nosy is survived by his one true love, whose name escapes me, and some guy named Tito I met once. Tito's apartment smells like cinnamon, but in a bad way. Funeral services were held yesterday at three o'clock. Where the hell were you guys? For Christ's sake, gimme a call, will ya?

OP-ED PAGE

*The opinions stated on these pages are not necessarily those of the editorial staff, unless you agree with them, in which case, yeah, sure. All rights revert to the Local News Company (a subsidiary of NordLaunch Defense Industries) upon publication

LIFE IN THE SUBURBS

By A. LeRouge

Yesterday morning, I walked outside wearing my silk "Sesame Street" boxers and my fuzzy dog slippers to get that morning's New York Times, which was conveniently placed at the very end of my driveway. But, as usual, it was OK.

Getting the paper is the one non-hygienical routine I enjoy as it is the first and only exposure to fresh air I get without having to taste the bitter exhaust of traffic of having to hear the stabbing screams of my ex-wife. That morning was particularly sunny and pleasant, so my normally slow lumber across my lawn was especially brisk. I broke my stride long enough to bend over and collect the paper. I rose to see the crazy retired woman, whose withered old visage I find both repulsive and strangely alluring, staring me down in her flannel night gown. As I watched her slowly decaying body rock back and forth on her front stoop, the truth that I had been struggling for all these years became surprisingly clear to me.

I sat down to breakfast and mused over my revelation. And, as I devoured my ham and bacon omelet, I managed to recall some fragmented images from a memory bludgeoned by the abuse of Neosporin and alcohol that illustrated my epiphany.

I remember teaching my daughter, Rose, how to drive on her sixteenth birthday. It was one of life's little adventures

that are impossible to forget. And, after we crashed through the farmer's market, all I could smell for three weeks was blood and corn. I remember the look on Rose's face that day in the emergency room because it was on that very day she met her husband to be. She's happily married now and expecting her third child any day now.

I remember my son, Ross, getting arrested for "tagging" the local abandoned factory and his later imprisonment for protesting the construction of some weapons testing facility near the elementary school. I remember how I broke his artistic and intellectual spirit by feeding him a strange mush I found in the basement and by arbitrarily exposing him to complete sensory deprivation or blinding strobe lights and deafening noise. He's an accountant with the post office now. He's never been happier.

A lot of 20th century "artists" and "intellectuals" are sickened by what they see as the sterilizing effects of mass culture and the inevitable oligopolization, if that is indeed a word, of a free market economy. But, yesterday morning, I realized that no where else but suburbia can one grow old, die, and watch the whole world go to hell without actually being effected by it.

A. LeRouge is a member of the City Council and a vocal opponent of first amendment rights.

MY JOEY DIDN'T HIT NOBODY

By Shirley Minartiny



I love my Joey. I know he wouldn't do anything wrong. So when he told me that he didn't hit Greg Muller at Friday's party, I believed him. Sure I'm his mother. But I know my Joey. And my Joey isn't a liar.

Let me just say that anything anyone says my Joey did isn't true. There's a bunch of kids who've had it in for him since we moved here from Glassin County five years ago. There's Ken Fletcher, that little punk. He's never up to any good. I saw him peel out of the Shop-Rite plaza parking lot like there was no tomorrow. He coulda hurt somebody. I'm still mad at myself for not calling up his mother and telling her what her son is doing out there with her old Chevy Vega.

Sure, there was some beer at that party on Friday. Kids drink — kids will be kids, right? My Joey said he had

one beer and that was it. I trust him. And he said he bumped into Greg but he didn't throw the first punch. If you ask me, I think Greg might have had too much to drink that night. I'm not making any accusations, I'm just saying is all. My Joey said he put up his arms when Greg started swinging and that Greg fell down when his fists bounced off his forearms. I've heard of things like that happening. It's not the strangest thing in the world.

My Joey said that his friend Vinnie had to sneak him out of the party so no one tried to beat him up. Can you believe that? I understand Greg is very popular but that's crazy!

So I think it's crazy Christine McDonnell said my Joey couldn't go to her party next week. I mean, she wasn't even there last Friday so how does she know. My Joey says he's really bummed out that he can't go and that he tried to talk to Christine but she won't call him back. I said that it's okay. He can hang out with me this Saturday — I was going to rent *Beaches*.

My Joey didn't hit nobody. I'd swear on my mother's grave. And so would Joey.

Shirley Minartiny works in the front office of a local high school.

CORRECTION:

Local News mistakenly reported that a child molester was living at 132 Hulvin Boulevard. We apologize to Mr. Kalmus, his wife and children, the school where he teaches and Scout Troop 316.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Monkey Business

When is this town going to do something about all the rhesus monkeys galivanting in the downtown area? I myself have been threatened verbally on two occasions, and I fear my children may get lice of some sort. I love primates as much as the next guy, but the Town Charter says nothing about unfettered freedom for simians. It's this kind of thoughtless liberal laissez-faire that sent this country into the toilet in the first place. What do we pay our taxes for? Certainly not for the high school football team. They went 3-21 last year. I didn't see one god damned PAT all year, for cryin' out loud.

—Mark Melanovsky

Cheers

This letter is a special thanks to all those who helped make this year's Annual Beach Bash such a huge success. My gratitude especially goes out to the advertising committee, who assured that this year's promotion was both effective and tasteful. The fiascos of last year (I don't think I need to remind you!) were narrowly averted by the extra special help of Ladder Company #302 and the local National Guard Chapter. This year, baseball bats were used for their proper purposes for a change. Thanks again to everyone!

—Samantha Newman

My World



Mike Hormel, Police Officer

Each week, Local News invites a member of the community to contribute to our pages. This week we offered our space to Officer Mike Hormel, one of our proud Deputy Sheriffs.

Sure, everybody's got stories. Hank Workaday has at least two or three. Joe Cuthair's got a dozen or so. Even Crazy Jerry's got a couple of zingers, when he's not on the mesacaline. I'm sure Doc Jasper's got a lot to say on that topic. But me, I got a million of 'em. A million stories so sordid and ribald, if I told them, every Joe Elbowgrease out there would wish my mouth would crust over with its own filth. But I can't help it. I walk the beat. I see things. I don't tell the family about it, though. Nope, when I go home I grab me a brew from the fridge and keep the line of conversation dead. If I must talk, I only talk about the sand belt racing. It's the only thing in this world of shit that means anything to me.

One time I was patrolling

down by the industrial park. Present at the scene were some teenage punks committing a 309 — hanging out, skateboarding and worshipping the devil. I couldn't prove the devil worshipping but I did find some really weird sticks and a show in the woods nearby after they left. Them kids is up to no good. That kind of stuff doesn't faze me though. I'm a beat cop. It's my job. Down behind the lumberyard there was this real sleazy joint. It was a nest of scum. Right next to the Dairy Queen. They were throwing their garbage out in the Dairy Queen's dumpster. Pretty low class, if you ask me. Shit finally went down there. I think you know what I'm talking about. I never used my club so much in my life. I was picking hair off of it for a week. But what do I know. I'm a beat cop. I see things.

There's these other punks that live on the end of a cul de sac. Parents are never around, always drinking or painting or something. I remember the day they beat the mailman *real bad*. Apparently he looked at them kinda funny. Then they whipped out baseball bats and rakes. Damn. Hardly recognized him when they was done. "Hank?" I says, "Is that you?" But it was all he could to keep from spitting up his teeth and lips. His thumb was still on the button of his pepper spray, spewing the stuff into the street even though it weren't gonna do him any good. That's what you gotta see when you're a cop and

you're on the beat. You see things.

The worst thing I ever saw on the job? Let me tell you. On time I was called down on an 812 at the Shop-Rite Plaza. I nearly lost my cabbage-and-sour-yogurt lunch when I saw what those savages had done to that poor coin-operated riding horse. To think that that beautiful stallion had once dispensed the grandest of equestrian joys to any of this town's loving brood with a quarter, and now it would never slowly undulate for a minute and a half at a time again. . . well, it made me wanna rip off my badge for once and deal the cold, hard fist of justice. Just put me in a room with one of them for *five* minutes! He'll come out eating his own bladder from the inside.

Something in me died that day.

Then again there was that day that someone shot the principal of the elementary school seven times through the door of a highway rest-stop stall. That was pretty sad. Shit and viscera everywhere. But then I think about that poor, poor riding horse's head shattered by numerous blows from a half-full keg of Old Milwaukee. And I have to wonder what sort of brainless animal did God see fit to unleash upon his creation? But like I said. I'm a beat cop. I see lots of things.

Next week, local high school art teacher Terri Strauss will write about what painting means to her.

CULTURE NOTES

OK, I should start off this week's column with an apology. It would appear that last week's feature story was, in actuality, not fun for the entire family. Apparently, my experiences with the "running of the bulls" was vastly different than the experiences of some of my readers. In the future, I will pay closer attention to safety issues before labeling anything "fun for the entire family." That having been said, the other events that were featured in last week's column were a "blast" in all senses of the word. Those who headed my advice and attended the Headstrong-Fullerman wedding not only experienced the best reception ever but were also treated to my zany drunken exploits (again, my apologies to the bride's maids and their extended families...I had no idea it would explode if I shook it). With that out of the way, here are my picks of "what's going down" around town this week.

Minstrel Show to Open This Weekend

The local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be hosting their 15th annual charity gala this Saturday evening at the Silver Mine Acres Country Club. This year's show, entitled "100 Years of Jim Crow," will be a salute to the traditional minstrel shows that were extremely popular during the early part of the twentieth century. "The shows were considered to be the height of avant garde theater before *your* ancestors immigrated here," points out Amy Greenback, chairwoman of the DAR's programming committee. The performance will include singing, dancing, and "carrying on" by a professional modern dance company from New York City. The show will be performed entirely in black face.

Past charity events that have been hosted by the DAR, such as last year's lawn jockey exhibition and the great Irish exodus of 1978, have been both highly praised and very successful in raising money for the less fortunate. Proceeds from this and other DAR charity events will be used to fund celebrity golf tournaments and the bridge club's trip to Zurich. Leftover profits will be used to purchase low-yield U.S. Savings Bonds for needy children. "We believe that it is of primary importance, when

handling the needy, to teach them how to invest their money wisely," says Greenback.

Some groups have expressed concern over the DAR's exploration of precivil rights era entertainment, however. NAACP chairman, Myrlie Evers-Williams, expressed her concerns most vocally in what some are calling a "protest." "This is a moral outrage!" exclaimed Evers-Williams on the steps of the Country Club over the cries of fellow "protesters." "I just don't see what the big deal is," inquired Greenback at an interview last Wednesday, "I mean, why is an environmentalist group getting on our case about our charity show? We haven't killed a single dolphin."

In any case, the performance will surely be educational, lively, and, above all, fun for the entire family. Tickets are 50 dollars and are on sale now. The show will be at the Silver Mine Acres Country Club this Saturday seven o'clock (providing the appeal goes through the State Supreme Court).

Art Exhibit to Open this Sunday

Award winning New York City artist, Rolando Alphonso, will be showcasing his award winning diorama exhibit. The award winning exhibit has won

several awards including the New York City Art Critic's Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Medium of Shoe Boxes and Lego Men and has received high praise among award winning New York City art critics. The award-winning exhibit has been heralded as New York City's finest example of award-winning diorama work.

The exhibit will be shown for one week only, at the civic center. Admission is five dollars at the door. No advance tickets will be sold.

Third Annual Crafts Fair this Thursday

The Huns will be staging their third annual area-wide pillage and crafts fair on Thursday. In previous years, the event has proven to be an enjoyable experience for all members of the family, featuring authentic ethnic cuisine, handmade kitchen wares, and mass impalings. "This will surely be an orgy of blood-letting and craft-work," assures Attila, event organizer.

Admission will be free. The barbarian hordes are expected to demand tribute, however.

Friday Family Fun Night, 6 pm, featuring Teddy Bear Band, Burnsville Center, County Road 42 and Interstate 35. Information: 435-8182

43rd Annual Knightswick Hill Neighborhood Covenant Meeting 8:30pm

The Knightswick Hill Community Assoc. will be meeting for the annual resigning of the agreement that forbids selling of property to people of color.

Moms in Touch, pray for children and their school (Woodland Elementary), 9:30 am, 927 Savannah Road, Eagan. Information: 452-7447 or 686-9129.

Humor Skills Workshop Slated at Easter Church.

"Treasure Your Laughter, Keep Your Perspective: Humor Skills for the Effective Leader," 9 - 11:30 am, March 28, Easter Lutheran Church, 4200 Pilot Knob Road, Eagan.

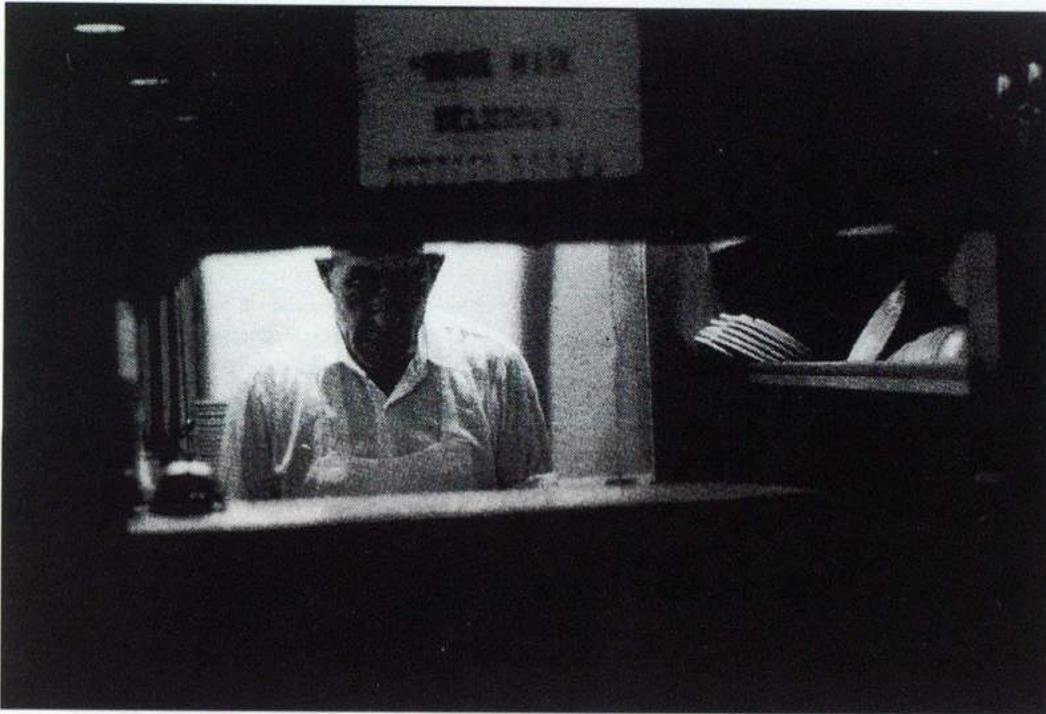
Consultant Patrick Lair will demonstrate how humor can make leaders and team members more effective in working together. The seminar is offered at no cost. Information/registration: 452-3680.

This Week's Community Survey Questions:

•Lawn mower and leaf blower mufflers, a needful necessity or pushy pest?

•Local "Tough Guy Competition:" Gloves or bloody knuckles?

•The All Male Review on Route 83, burn it or bomb it?



Mr. Petrucci peers out from his usual post, perplexed by the store's mistaken identity.

Local baby is the cutest thing

The newborn baby boy Frederick, son to Dave and Mary Metzger of 21 Iseline Lane, is the cutest thing, according to local officials.

"It is the stated opinion of this board that you have to see this little guy!" proclaimed City Council member Frank Randone at their weekly meeting yesterday, "He's just adorable." Other City Council members nodded in clear agreement. Fellow member Jennifer McGrath stated, "I believe that the degree of cuteness is accentuated by the comparatively small size of Frederick's features - i.e. hands, nose, etc. - compared to the relative largeness of the average adult's features. The dichotomy between these two extremes is what most often makes me say, 'Awww...'"

The City Council debated into the night as to when the baby was most cute; when he was sleeping or when he was gurgling? Several zoning measures, including how to deal with a recent water main break in the downtown area, were shelved until next week.

"I plan to put a motion on the table next week to proclaim Frederick Metzger to be the official cute baby of our fair city," said Randone. He does not believe that it will have trouble passing. "There are plenty of cute babies but this one just takes the cake. I just can't get over it!"

Local merchant is not running a library

In an effort to clear up some misconceptions about his establishment, Frank Petrucci, owner and proprietor of the Fill N' Fly Convenience Store and Gas Station, has emphatically declared his store not to be a library. Mr. Petrucci's statement came late yesterday evening as a group of youths gathered in his store to peruse the contents of his magazine stand. He later stated that he is in the business of selling items, not lending them. His place of business vends gasoline, as well as an assortment of beverages and small snack items, but he does not allow customers to take advantage of any of these services on a borrowing basis. This restriction includes reading materials.

"I'm not running a library here! That's down the street ya know!" stated Mr. Petrucci to the apparently confused teens. "We were a bit unsure," said one of the youths, Billy McDowell, "The magazines were just sitting there, not under lock and key or anything, so we figured we could just take a look for free. Now that I know that's not the case I won't ever read for free there again. I mean, it's just common courtesy." Several of McDowell's buddies nodded their heads in agreement.

This is not the first such incident at the Fill N' Fly. In the past Mr. Petrucci has declared his parking lot to be neither a skating ramp nor a garbage dump.

BILLY RAMM'S RECORD EXPLOSION!

Dozens of CD's, LP's and tapes for sale every day at low, low discount prices!

Billy sez: "If it ain't on sale, I'll eat my hat!"

THIS WEEK ONLY:
JOURNEY
ESCAPE

ONLY \$12.99!

Located in the Shop-Rite Plaza, next door to Mai-Po Ting Chinese Restaurant

JACK'S BARBER SHOP!

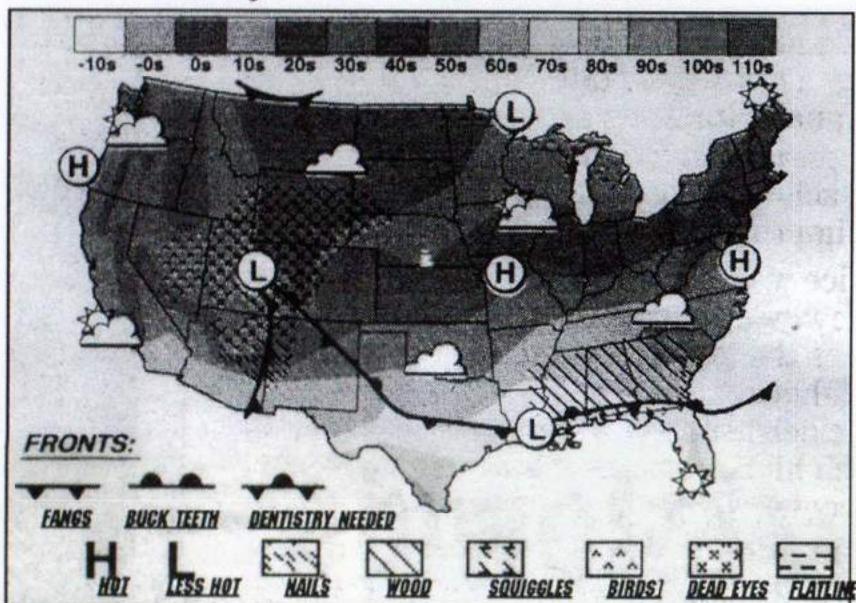
"SERVING THE LOCAL AREA SINCE 1985"
1/2 OFF ANY SHAMPOO AND RINSE WITH
THIS COUPON
172 KERWOOD DRIVE

YES! WE DO
FLAT-TOPS!

Wouldn't this be a
great time for a
sandwich?

Brought to you by the Local Sandwich Council

Today's Non-Local Weather



Dark greys continued to plague the East Coast, while the Midwest was enjoying yet another day of mildly grey weather. The West Coast, on the other hand, is still reeling from one more day of light grey weather. Texas and the Southwest, meanwhile, stay mired in extremely light grey weather. Expect low contrast trends for the rest of the season.

LEGAL NOTICES

Social Contract

The senior class of Whitmarsh County High School hereby petitions one Shawn Magee to enter into contractual arrangement:

Article 1:

Section 1: Heretofore, one Shawn Magee shall be referred to as "Oot" by socially advanced members of the class of '98, as a good natured reference to his girth.

Section 2: Despite the size or obesity of any of the Senior class members, Shawn Magee shall not make any comment, humorous or otherwise in reference to such. Violation will result in a "dead-arm"

Section 3: All other nomenclature for party Shawn Magee used by Seniors of good social standing shall be deemed acceptable including "Tank" or "Banus." References to Magee as a potential homosexual are to be kept to normal social minimums, with no real or implied inference that Magee prefers men.

Article 2: Members of the Senior class will defend "Oot" against unprovoked assaults verbal and otherwise from any Senior not of good social standing or underclassmen. This is done out of respect for Shawn Magee's father who is an assistant Varsity Football coach.

Article 3: Shawn Magee shall enjoy the same immunities upon reaching his senior year as does the current class, provided he fulfills all requirements, such as the appropriate number of hook-ups and alcohol-related memorable stories.

Section 1: As a larger member of the community, Magee is expected to obtain some level of proficiency with his fists.

Section 2: Use of any nicknames in reference to Magee, shall be restricted to fellow members of his senior class, class of '02, and done only in jest.

Section 3: Magee and classmates shall locate a suitable freshman to receive similar social treatment, thus carrying on the time honored tradition.

Could somebody slip me a Mickey?

Change is taking place in Smalltown, America. Efforts to develop upstanding close-knit communities have found the solution in Disney housing. Over the past year rural cities across America have held town meetings with Disney representatives and the results have been an astonishing. Similar to a domino effect, each and every neighborhood has said yes to the new Disney-fied plan of action.

The neighborhoods will be designed to be inter- and intra-linked through a complex network of Disney magic. The entire system will resemble Disney's own magic kingdom: streets will be changed to such names as Wonderland Way, Zip-a-dee-do-da Alley, and Sleeping Beauty Boulevard; neighborhood entrances will feature mechanical character robots who will greet entering vehicles; occasional parties and parades will be provided throughout the year

courtesy of Mickey Mouse. Although local townfolk voted unanimously to have houses fashioned after the characters themselves, construction contractors debated them down because each house would take an estimated five years to build. Instead, the neighborhoods will be themed according to movies and other Disney products. Houses will feature appropriate color schemes and will display cardboard characters standups on front lawns. For those who simply will not live without a Goofey house, however, Disney will donate several of these each year to those who invest heavily in their stock. In this way, construction can be completed quickly and effectively, allowing homeowners the maximum fun lifetime in their newly designed neighborhoods of bliss.

In addition, Disney has promised to install 46-inch

television sets in each house that will show back-to-back Disney movies. Currently, local channels are in the courthouse with townfolk, opposing sanctions to eliminate them as well as all other commercial competitors. "It's not as if we don't enjoy watching their programming," says homecoming queen and mother-to-be Nikkie Simes, "it's just that I love Disney and want my children to love Disney. I want to show Disney how appreciative I am for their work. I just love them!" There is little doubt that Disney will win these court battles and those to come — after all, everybody loves Disney.

With all of these exciting new changes, one hardly dares to ask, "What next, Disney?" Representatives hint that there will soon be negotiations with Christian leaders, concerning a potential merger between God and Mickey.

CLASSIFIEDS

HELP WANTED

Join the McDonald's Team! No pesky UNIONS or BENEFITS to distract you from mind-numbing servility. "The Most Demeaning Job in America Three Years in a Row!" according to US News & World Report. SUBMIT TODAY!

FREELANCE FIRE HYDRANT needed.

Flexible hours, good pay. Send Resume to Box 42.
No firemen.

BABY SITTER needed for my stereo. Dust lightly, make sure no one messes with the perfect settings. **APPLICANTS** may also be called on to watch my tool box. Reply to box 31.

P/T work at \$7 working 72 hours a week for a large shipping company. Corporate loopholes make sure everything is nice and legal, so don't even think about complaining.

I NEED HELP getting this real bad itch on my back.
DAMNIT, I just can't reach it! Reply to Box 17.

FACTORY WORKERS NEEDED

Gummi Bears Inc. needs 43 F/T workers. Perfect oppoty for young thin girls and boys. Salary and 4 bears/wk. No sick days. Come Monday at 6:15am Gummi Bear Ave., btwn Gummi-R-US and "I-Can't-Believe-It's-A-Gummi-Bear!" Novelties, in the Gummi Bear District.

Elderly Needed for combustibility studies of new aircraft fuels. No experience necessary.

ARE YOU A PEOPLE PERSON?

Then join our legion of **Bone Crushing Thugs** and help control labor costs for a major local factory. Great for those who like to work with their hands. Previous experience with baseball bat or vice a plus. Apply in person at the General Motors personnel department.

PAINTERS needed to paint house next door to me for a huge, mean spirited prank. Reply to Box 73.

LARGE CORP. SEEKS WHITE MEN IN SUITS TO TO HELP RUIN AMERICA. MUST BE WILLING TO SELL SOUL

SECOND-HAND CHILDREN needed for LSD experiments. Top dollar. Very discreet. Box 101.

JANITOR Clean industrial waste at the McCabe Cemetery. Free Porsche. No questions. Box 44.

MUSICAL EXCHANGE

BASS PLAYER with good chops and great attitude hopes to be older third wheel of already established ensemble. Does not mind being the quiet butt of other band members' jokes.

THE PEOPLE'S WHORE will play your favorite tunes.

Weddings, Bar Mitzvahs, Confirmations, Interventions, etc. Influences - Hoagy Carmichael, Sun Ra, Smashing Pumpkins, the Monks, Mother Theresa, Zubin Mehta.

Hardcore sXe band looking for committed drummer to help us keep it real. All applicants must submit urine sample and sign our 32 page declaration of belief. Oh yeah, and you have to play music, too.

REAL ESTATE

Small puddle on Main Street in the space between the double yellow line and the curb. 7" long, 3 cm deep. Convenient to buses. Asking \$1700 a month.

Co-Op Caverns opening near you! Luxury grottoes carved out of the unyielding earth by forced of nature and God Himself. Open house this Sunday. Cookies and cider will be served. Call ConHugeCo, 555-7843. No Catholics.

3 br's, 2 bath, 2 car garage, 20 acre lawn. Need to unload.
Asking \$25,000.
Sorry, I mean \$250,000.

LARGE MAILBOX for rent on the crnr of Elm and Pine. Must not mind cramped conditions, drkns, and constant barrage of sharp envelopes. \$400/month.

PERSONALS

Female dominatrix needed for sales staff at Barnes and Noble. Whip our customers into shape!

Me: BGF. You: GF, red hair, 5'8", 145 lbs., good at tennis. You must be on jury duty during the relationship. Once jury duty's over, so's the relationship.

Troubled Loner seeks Brooke Shields type to obsess over. Will eventually show up at your office with automatic rifles and kill your co-workers. Must be drug/disease free.

No Spring Chicken.

I'm not very attrctve, prsnble, or stable. I'm financially insecure and I like barbiturates. **LOOKING FOR THE IDEALIZED FORM OF BEAUTY.**

My People Want to See Your People. Let's fax our resumes to each other.

LOOKING FOR ANSWERS. SWM into B/D wanted for 3w with BL to tell me what the hell all those abbreviations mean.

Won't You Be My Baby All The Time?

out of town with vague mastery of English seeks female for garbled phone sex. Won't you like to feel my love pulse throb beautiful? Talk with nasty to my sex.

My parents are out of town.

I'm a naive and impressive 16-year-old girl looking for a married man, age 45-55. Let's just be friends.

Our Savior Seeks a Soul Mate Hi, I'm the Messiah. I like long walks on the beach and then on the water. I'm not really into the bar scene. Would like to find someone to save humanity with.

CHANCE MEETINGS

I Was Flying Into Philadelphia You were a small dot on the ground. I think we made eye contact.

DO YOU LIKE WALKS TOO? 2/4 You were kneeling in the bathroom with your tongue extended. I was tied to the furnace. I was too shy (and gagged) to say anything. I think we really had something special going. Call me.

3/5 The Park
Me, dark coat, red hair, 6 feet tall. You, 5'6", blond hair, wearing my shoes. Give em back, damnit!

I beat you with an ice skate. You called cops. Lets get together for lunch?

Terry, you stupid bitch, I love you! Marry me or gimme back my staple gun.

LOCAL SPORTS

The Great Black Hope of Yachting

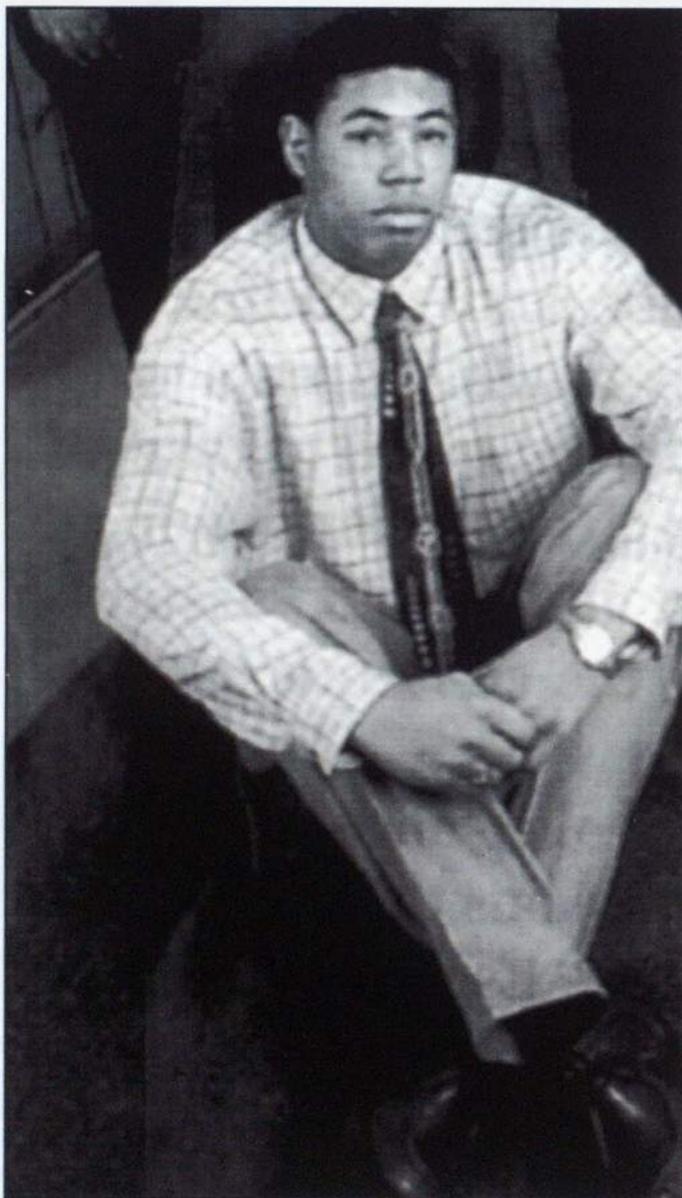
In his Tommy Hilfiger duds and Birkenstocks, Wolff Forrest looks like any average young African-American. However, not every African-American has won the America's Cup two years in a row at the age of 19. And not every African-American has brought the sport of yachting to a new generation of hopefuls. Many have said that Forrest may break the unspoken barrier that exists in the world of yachting, and still does to this day.

"I know that many inner-city kids may watch the excitement of world-class yachting on TV and wonder why they see no dark faces on the screen," said Forrest in a recent interview. "I'm here to say that yachting has a place for us."

At a lanky 6'4", Wolff Forrest towers over his peers in more ways than one. And yet he is humble about his talent and about his roots, growing up modestly in Greenwich, Connecticut.

"I know what it's like to do without," he said, "My father was passed over for higher executive positions a number of times, and he had to feed the family on a mere \$80K systems analyst job at a downtown computing firm. And times got hard when my mother lost her job as an assistant DA. We had to let the maid go for a while."

Forrest's resilience against such



"It's all about personal responsibility. Kids have to know how to take responsibility for their actions. I, for instance, was personally responsible for being born into an upper-middle class family."

- Wolff Forrest, in a February 1998 Interview

incredible odds shows in his performances. "He brings a real street-smart sensibility to the world of yachting," said Mark McDonough, former America's Cup winner, "He's very in-your-face. That's something this sport hasn't seen in a while. That goes for his clothes, too. The first time I saw him, I thought, 'White after Labor Day? We got a real free spirit on our hands here!'"

Unlike certain other sports figures, Forrest relishes the idea of being a role model. "If I want to teach the kids out there anything, it's that they can do this too," he said, "The only limit is how much you can dream. This sport is very democratic — it's open to anyone with a yacht, a sailing license, a membership in several high profile sailing clubs, marina space, and a 24-member crew and talent."

If his charity work is any indication, Forrest is as good as his work. He volunteers time at youth centers every third Sunday of every other month. Last week, he made a special appearance at a Boy's Club in the Soundview section of the Bronx to run a yachting seminar. Scheduled yachting lessons could not be accommodated due to the high level of pollution in the Bronx River and a free asthma clinic running at the same time. But Forrest, of course, was not discouraged.

"If I found a way, these kids can find a way," he said before delighting the crowd by driving off into the distance in his brand new Jaguar.

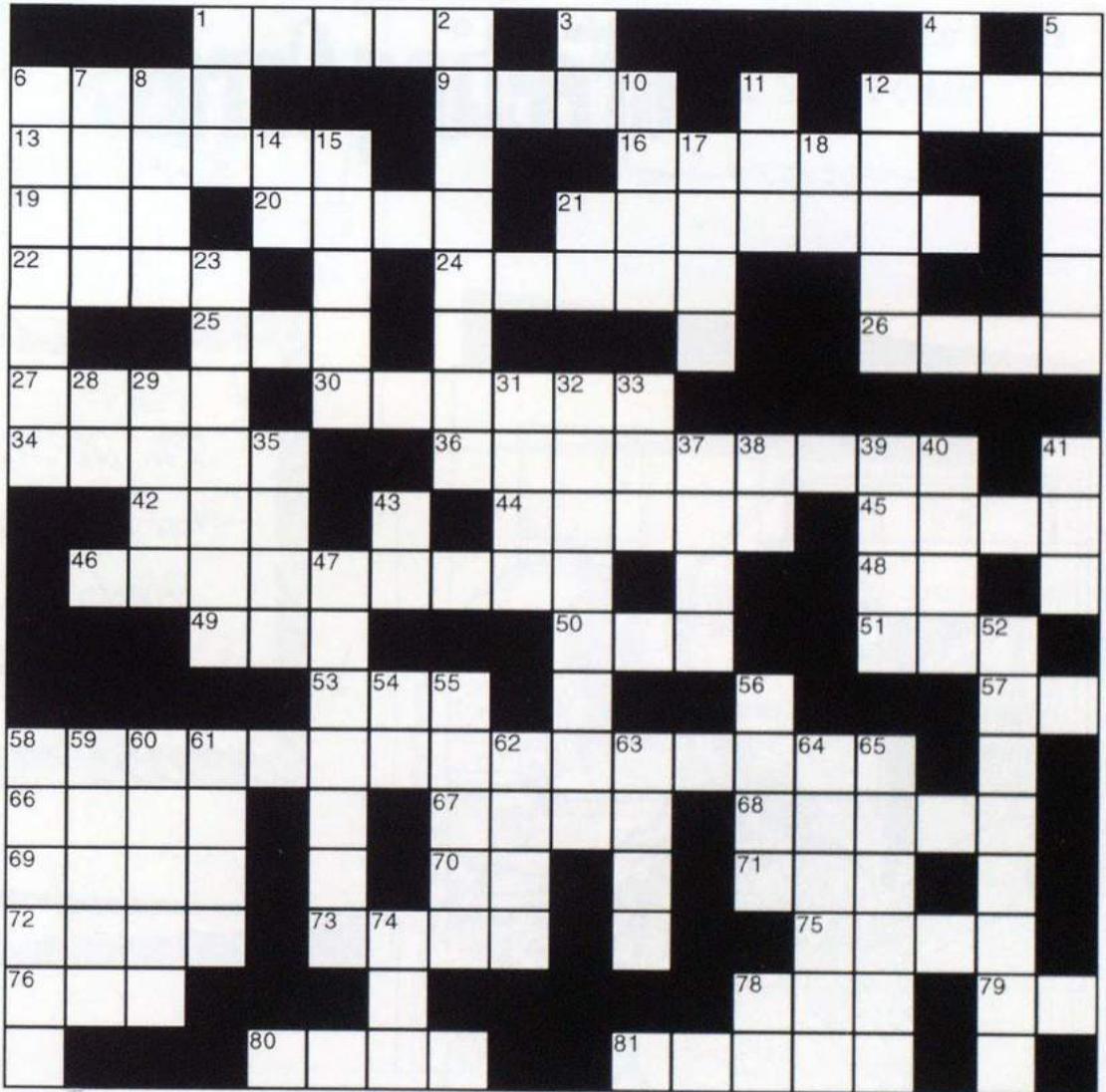
CROSSWORD

“ALL THINGS UNSPEAKABLE”

Created by Aleks Stancevic/
Edited by Brendan McGinn

ACROSS

- 1 Train tracks
- 6 Stupid person
- 8 The Magic Dragon
- 12 Greenish fluid secreted by liver
- 13 Seventh planet
- 16 Typical
- 19 British raincoat
- 20 “Fun”, spelled wrong
- 21 Tenticled creature
- 22 Generate air
- 24 Not straight or smooth
- 25 Come ____ of the closet
- 26 Playthings
- 27 Vend
- 30 TV pirate
- 34 Smell
- 36 Result of 10 down
- 42 Simpson’s *Kwikie-Mart* owner
- 44 Opposite of “walk out”
- 45 Teenage problem
- 46 Buildings
- 48 Answer to 41 down, in Spanish
- 49 Technical knock out
- 50 It comes in apple and cherry
- 51 Fabric msmt.
- 53 No party is complete without it
- 57 Teen girl magazine, begins with “Y”
- 58 Theme of this puzzle
- 66 Uptight
- 67 Mother’s sister
- 68 Kind of fruit
- 69 Ugly dog, for short
- 70 WWII initials
- 71 Consume
- 72 Sign
- 73 Cereal brand name
- 75 Ganster’s girlfriend
- 76 Awesome
- 78 Little, in French
- 79 Beginning of side or bred
- 80 Pesky garden plant
- 81 Hinge



DOWN

- 1 Stimpy’s friend
- 2 “Brand _____ new!”

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|---------------------------------|
| 3 Son ____ a bitch | 31 Came into being | “She’s got the ____” |
| 4 Long Island (abbr.) | 32 Rectal ache | 59 Constipation relief |
| 5 Result of 35 down | 33 _____ Juan | 60 “Invisible to the ____ eye.” |
| 6 Stupid donkey | 35 Expletive | 61 Elen |
| 7 Type of exam | 37 Move in a vehicle | 62 Lint |
| 8 Starts with p and ends with aco | 38 Registered nurse (abbr.) | 63 Part of a goblet |
| 10 A very bad word | 39 Simple | 64 Sailors |
| 11 A pair | 40 Amino or boric | 65 Go to a restaurant |
| 12 Short and to-the-point | 41 “Sex is not the answer. Sex is the question. ____ is the answer.” | 74 Jewish “oops!” |
| 14 Not down | 43 Word of welcome | 78 Circle measure |
| 15 Diarrhea | 47 Smoked | |
| 17 70’s rock band | 52 Result of 10 down | |
| 18 Associated Press (abbr.) | 54 Per piece, shortened | |
| 21 Not off | 55 Transparent material | |
| 23 Domesticated timber dog | 56 Record | |
| 28 Printer’s measure | 58 Biz Markie term (HINT: | |
| 29 Pinocchio | | |

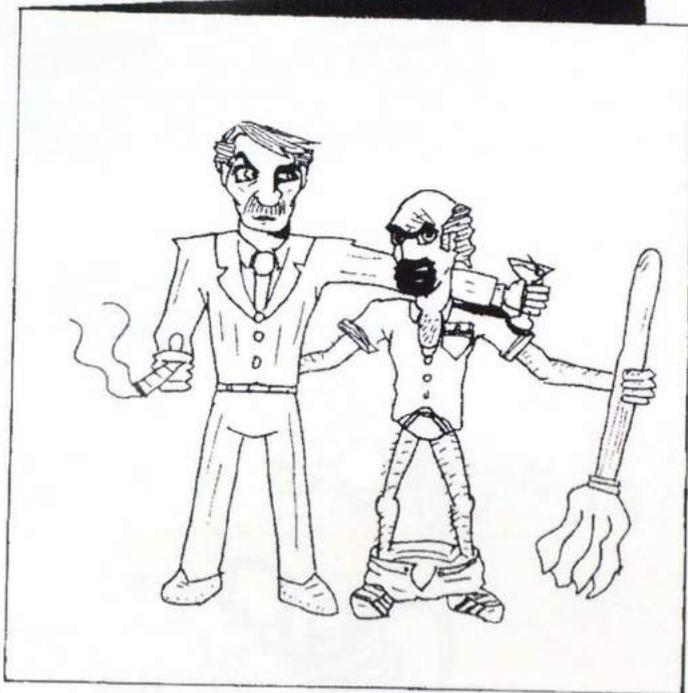
In these topsy-turvy days known as the 1990's wind down, new greeting cards are needed to reflect modern sensibilities. So, when you care just enough to remember at the last minute, know that there are cards out there for every occasion with which to express your half-assed sentiments.

The Plague's Greeting Cards



That's Okay We Can Just Cuddle.





Happy Ethnic Holiday - Your People
Keep Our Sewers Clean!

*I'm Sorry I Missed
Your Funeral*

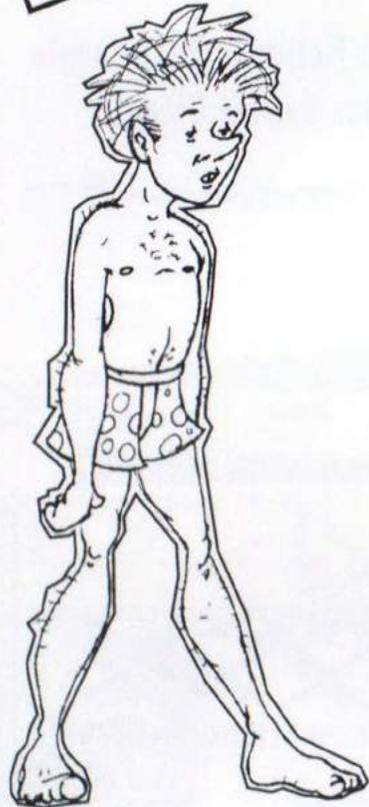


I'm Watching You Right
Now...

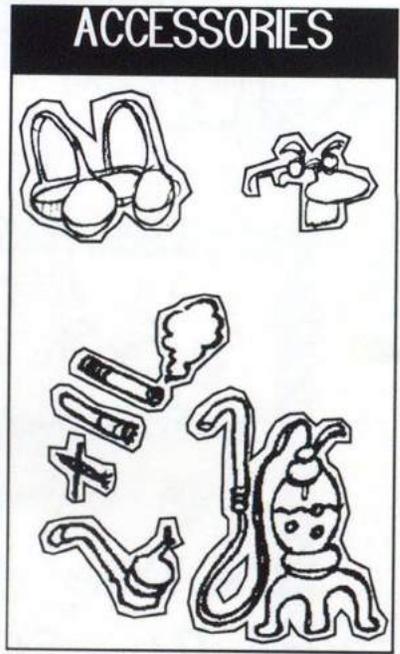
HAVE OODLES OF FUN WITH THE...

CUT-OUT NYU STUDENT!

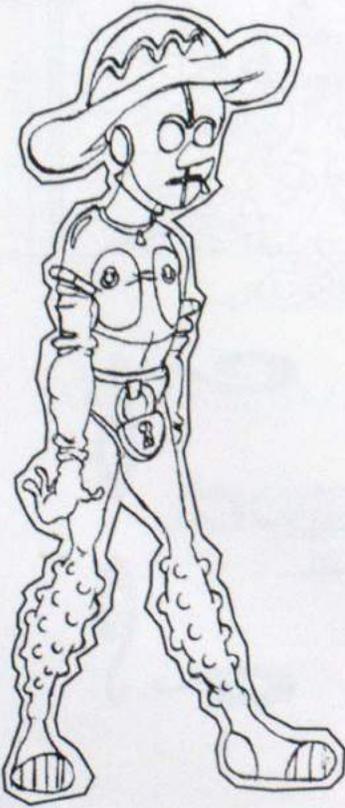
Comes with these lovely outfits!



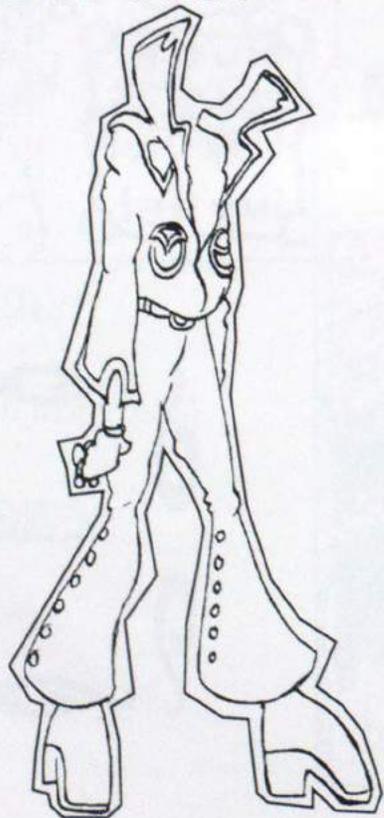
JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRL



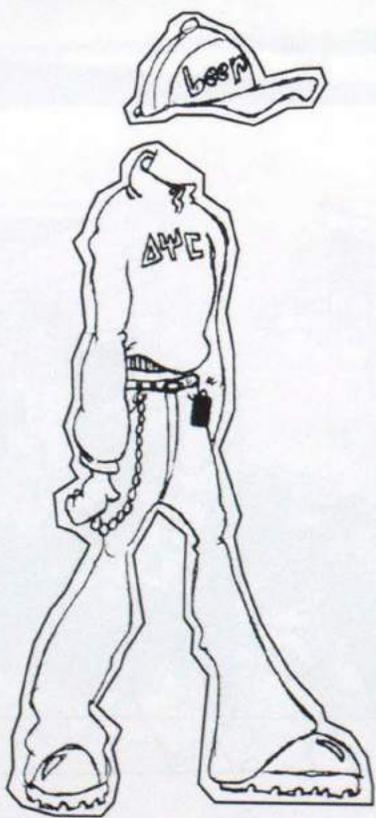
CLUB KID



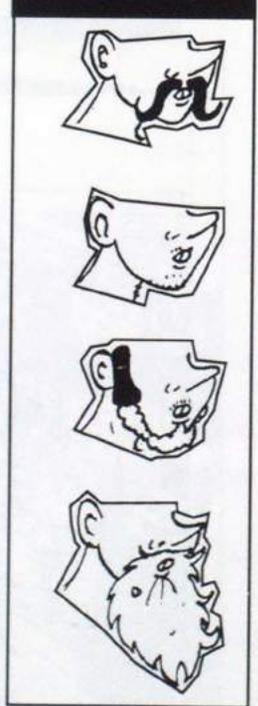
RETRO TRASH



FRAT BOY



FACIAL HAIR





BILLY-RAY JACKSON, 27
 employed as part-time auto mechanic;
 full-time N.A.S.C.A.R. fan!
 looks up to Dale Earnhardt; Jim Beam
 likes purty ladies
 favorite pet is wild turkey, although he pats
 butts at softball games, he is NOT a homo-sexual!

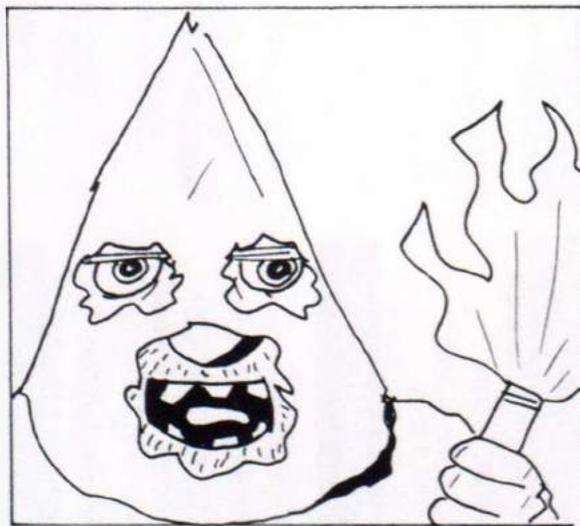


SHERIFF JOHN "ROCK" BROWN, 44
Likes: copenhagen, Hank Williams, SR, and the Law
dislikes: skoal cherry, Hank Williams, JR.
 long hairs, and city boys.

OZARK COUNTY SINGLES



JO-BETH OLSON, 14
 looking for older, mature sugar daddy, next fix,
 and someone to buy her cigarettes.
 no longer engaged to cousin billy, who
 died in a tragic home-brewing accident



GRAND WIZARD THEODORE CLIFF, 54
 proud of his achievements, including
 a high school diploma, two (2) appearances
 on the "Jerry Springer show," winner of
 "Burning cross" award for klanism of the year
 favorite saying, "Don't blame me! I
 voted for George wallace!"



CLINT "THUNDER" RHODES, 22
 enjoyed brief fame in '94 with hit singles
 "sneal like a pig" and "Rednecks like whiskey"
 seeks a bitchin' babe to rock'n'roll with.

Because we know what it's like to be stupid. . .

THE PLAGUE

explains the

DISTURBING TITLES FOR ANYTHING

Clowns in Prison
 Raw Knees
 Belt Sander Mishaps
 Illegal Alien Autopsy
 Christ's Message: Asian
 Massage Parlors
 The Dead Crossing Guard's
 Severed Hand
 Inside a Boy

NEW NYU MASCOTS

- "Queenie": an old guy from Chelsea wearing all leather
- "Scooter": the chimpanzee with a basketball duct taped to his head
- Rusty the Drunk Janitor: he runs around hitting the other team with his filthy mop
- La Cara, "Master of Disguise"
- Lowell the Militant Pro-Lifer
- Gabe: a dead ringer for Walter Mathau
- "The Fighting Phoenix" a mannequin with construction paper wings stapled to her back
- Former Secretary of State Alexander Haig
- Reggie: the kid who grabs his ankles and pisses on himself
- Dar, the Beastmaster

NEW OSCAR CATEGORIES

Best Groping By a Male
 Best Scene of Violence Against
 Animals
 Best Tire Level Shot In a Car
 Chase Scene
 Best Haitian Home Video
 Best Shameless Computer
 Regeneration of a Dead Person
 Best Annoying Catch Phrase
 Best Scene of Profanity
 Directed at a Child
 Best Use of the Word 'Twat'
 The Jim Backus Memorial
 Award for the Role Most Similar
 to Thurston Howell III
 Best Fake Word
 Best Hatred
 Best Shot of an Open Sky in
 Pitch Darkness
 Best Fat Extra

UNSANCTIONED WRESTLING MOVES

The "Bent Gifford"
 "Double Arm Standing Water
 Fever"
 "Nuero Syphilitic Pin"
 "Triple Crotch Crush"
 "Knuckle-To-Eye Displacement"

"Atrio-Ventricular Gouge"

"Right Forearm Face Split"

"Congestive Disorder"

"Double Sieg Heil"

"Golden Arch Threat"

"Wake & Bake"

The "Fat Larry"

The "Towering Power of Golden
 Showers"

The "Ludlum Consortium"

The "L. Jay Full Nelson"

THINGS FORMER PRESIDENT WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON WOULD SAY IF CONTACTED BEYOND THE GRAVE

- That Clinton's a scumbag. . . . lucky bastard.
- Christ, the whole dying in 31 days thing is really embarrassing.
- I'm not even mentioned in high school history books am I?
- First President to die in the White House: I am an asshole.
- Yahoo is a shitty search engine.
- I only regret that I was not alive to witness the full 8 seasons of the "A-Team."
- What's with the whole Richard Gere gerbil rumor?
- Can Indians vote yet? How

Whole Wide World

- about the Irish?
- Puff Daddy remade what song?

PRACTICAL SCHOOL OF EDUCATION LECTURE SERIES

- Breaking It Gently: Telling Your Students They Have No Future
- Just Smile and Nod: Those Difficult Three Years Before Tenure
- The Xerox Machine: Progenitor of Hallowed Busy Work
- Headlice: The Silent Killer
- Student Individuality: How to Prevent and Eradicate This Scourge
- Divorce and the Teenager: How to Make One Student's Despair a Classroom Joke

GOD'S TURN-OFFS

- Rainy days
- Fallen Arc angels that seek to wreak fire and spite upon his beloved creation
- Rude bank tellers
- Chest Hair
- Being confused with the Son and Holy Ghost
- "Family Ties" reruns
- House guests who don't put away their own hand towels

The homeless

Ikea furniture

Judas' earthly incarnation as L.Jay Oliva

Kevin Bacon movies

Terri Garr

THINGS I'VE LEARNED BY WATCHING MTV

- Flash frames immediately give any video a gritty student film look
- Most people my age are living in a beautifully furnished SoHo loft or a luxurious RV
- How insignificant I am
- Politics? Kurt Loder will tell ya the real score
- Even the most talentless of flash-in-the-pan musicians have something interesting to say
- Uh... titties
- Over-produced, multi-thousand dollar rap videos can tell me about the street

SOON-TO-BE FOX SCHLOCK-UMENTARIES

- When the Hearing Impaired Swarm
- The Secrets of VCR Repair Revealed! Part II
- World's Scariest Skin Grafts
- World's Deadliest Locker Room Accidents

When the Mentally Gifted Attack

World's Least Interesting Clips

Best Bloopers: Dialogue Only

Porn Stars: Plot Movers vs. Cock Groovers

World's Funniest Surgeries

PROPOSED NAMES FOR THIS MAGAZINE

- Smutto
- The House of Pork
- John Wayne Was a Nazi
- Lucky Laugh Best Fun
- Professa Griff
- Motor Trend
- Fat Guys in Highchairs!
- Disjointed Narrative Journal

NEW ACTION FLICKS

- Maximum Overdraft Protection
- Double Redundancy
- Browbeater Alley
- Penalty of Punishment
- Meaningful Conflict Resolution
- Red White and Pissed
- Big Bad Elmer Bobst
- Task Force Rapunzel
- X-Treme Codependency
- White on White Crime

Strippers are going to begin replacing corporate executives.



Folks from Long Island and New Jersey can finally walk through Times Square without fear of seeing a minority.



Cameras in Washington Square Park to be combined into an "Indy" flick.



Rudolph Giuliani's tough anti-crime stance a refreshing break from the pro-crime administrations of previous mayors.

WHY NEW YORK IS CURRENTLY EXPERIENCING A RENAISSANCE



Tourists thrilled with the idea of paying \$9 for a movie ticket.

Jaywalking hit-and-run victims will no longer pose a threat to the community at large.



Proliferation of Starbucks chain has liberated a metropolis starved for over-priced coffee and the desire to say "venti" (pronounced BEN-tee)

Elementary school students will wear uniforms with "Don't Worry, Be Happy" stitched on their sleeves, thus bringing about world peace.



PRICES SO LOW, THEY'RE INSANE!*

* Insanity certified by Bellevue Pschiatric Center.

X-TREEM POWER DRINK!!!

From the makers of Joe Mega's Protein Blast:
"A Whole Stick of Butter in Every Can!"

To consumer: Coupon unavailable in Tennessee. Offer may be invalid due to FDA Testing involving products possibly causing birth defects and gigantism. In recent studies, the most common side effects were temporary vision losses and misdirected, uncontrollable rage. Less common side effects were amnesia regarding 19th Century Russian authors and soap scum around the edges of one's tub.

PAD THAI FOR DOGS

A PRODUCT OF KEN-L RATION ASIA LTD.

To consumer: Offer unavailable in Tennessee.
Warning: Pad Thai has not yet been proven to be a balanced canine meal. Shrimp may cause undue vomiting and diarrhea in dogs and small children. Please consult a veterinarian before using.

milk in a bag

To the consumer: Offer unavailable in Tennessee. Not responsible for punctured bags. Not responsible for oddly-shaped bags. Do not consume if bag looks discolored. Do not consume if bag has gel-like chunks on the inside. If you experience any swelling after drinking Milk In A Bag, please call our hotline at 1-800-724-MILK before consulting a physician or a lawyer.

ECONO-SAVE FROSTED CEREAL PRODUCT

To the consumer: Offer unavailable in Tennessee. Also good on Fortunate Marshmallows and Long Grain Crunchies. Any similarity between Econo-Save Cereal Products and those of leading name brands is purely intentional. Econo-Save is not responsible for spinal injuries incurred while craning one's neck to find the savings on the bottom shelf of your local supermarket.

CHEF DYSENTERY'S UNINSPECTED MICROWAVE MEALS!

To the consumer: Offer unavailable in Tennessee. By reading this fine print you hereby forfeit all legal rights to sue the Chef Dysentery Frozen Meals Coporation in perpetuity within all territorial confines of the United States. 1/2 off coupon void if consumer attempts to redeem coupon.

W H A T E V E R

A snack product for our generation from Pepsi-Co

To the consumer: Offer unavailable in Tennessee.
Warning: product well exceeds daily recommended allowance of angst. Do not attempt to read Kafka or listen to Nirvana while ingesting Whatever. Warning: reading fine print is bad for your eyes. Please use a magnifying glass or shrink yourself so that text does not appear so small.

SAVINGS TO MAKE YOUR LIFE WORTHWHILE!

PLAGUE

C O U P O N S

**PAD THAI
FOR DOGS**

\$1
ONE DOLLAR
OFF ANY
PURCHASE
OF PAD THAI
FOR DOGS
\$1



**X-TREEM
POWER
DRINK!!!**

**"LIKE A GROIN
PULL IN A CAN!"**

50 CENTS off any six pack
of regular X-TREEM or
low-tar X-TREEM!



**ECONO-SAVE
FROSTED CEREAL
PRODUCT**

**BUY TWO GET
FIVE FREE!**



milk in a bag

\$1

"all of nature's
goodness in a bag"

\$1

\$1 off milk in a bag, plain,
chocolate and beef flavors.

W H A T E V E R

The potato chip that fights with its
parents

Buy one get one free, unless your Mom makes
you get a job or something.

CHEF DYSENTERY'S

**UNINSPECTED
MICROWAVE
MEALS!**



**1/2 OFF THE
CHEF'S GREEN
BEEF SUPRISE!**

COUPONS GOOD AT THE FOLLOWING LOCATIONS:

Grand Communion
- Massapequa
Conglomco Mart
- Paramus

The Mad Monk Market!
- Union
Pickled Beets and More
- Vails Gate

Jumpy Security Staff Mart
- Bridgeport
Price N' Gouge
- Garden City

Bread and Circus Peanuts
- Newburgh
Second-Hand Meat
- Islip