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SPRING 2001

THE NEW PLAGUE

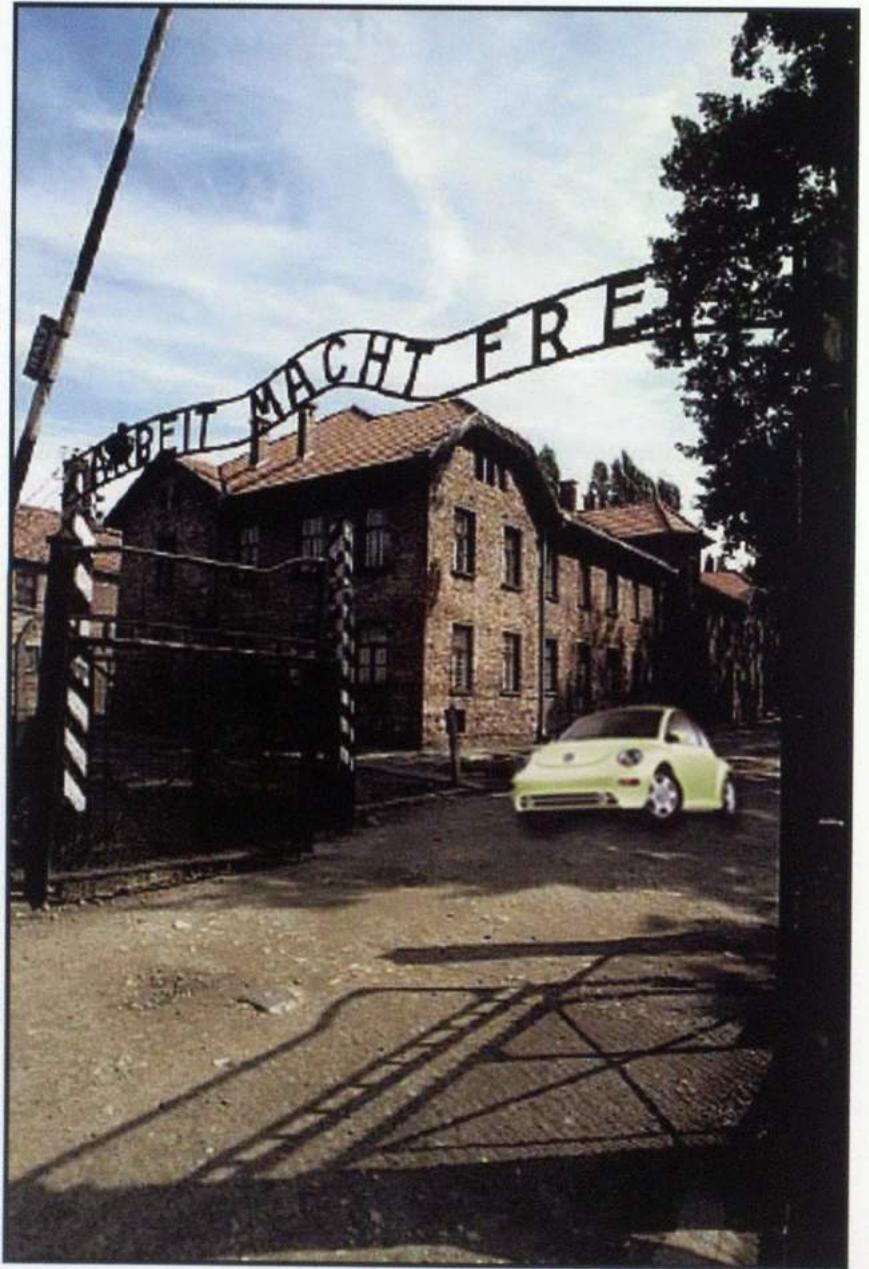


UNITED STATES
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Look, a *green* one.

Drivers wanted. 

MSRP of New Beetle does not include such features as operable doors, round tires, workable steering wheel and non-combustible ashtray. New Beetle is not to be used as a flotation device. Plow attachment sold separately. Volkswagen Inc. does not endorse Auschwitz or the goals of the German Nazi Government. At least, not anymore.

THE PLAGUE

"More Now Than Ever Before!"

Your Spring 2001 Staff

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Archibald Gibroni

Keeps His Enemies Closer

Special Thanks to:

Audrey Underwood and Bobby Butler; ASSBAC; Crunchy things!; Children of a lesser god; Scott Barkan; Scott Brancato; Introverted Sarcasm; Sex-lexsia; Total Package; Irony; Manson Roast; The Upright Citizens Brigade Theater; A stunning lack of foresight; The OSA janitorial staff; Kozmo's Komedie Klub; Savannah 2000; "To Congressman Bi-Centennial Man"; Grandma; Del Close; Frank Capra; Losing the popular vote but somehow winning the presidency; Dr. Lampy; Casual Blue; The Clash; Tamari the Ostrich; e.e. cummings; Life-long dreams gone unfulfilled; Moms everywhere.

Plague-(n) 1. A pestilence, affliction, or calamity, especially one seen as divine retribution. 2. A sudden destructive influx or injurious outbreak. 3. Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance. 4. A ragtag group of misfits battling against themselves and each other in a quest for unattainable inner peace. 5. The mocking of others in an attempt to quiet the tortured phantoms of unrequited love. 6. A stepping stone to a career as personal assistant to some guy who wrote for the Harvard Lampoon.

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

Note: This magazine regrets nothing. We have made poor choices but our mistakes fuel our self-deprecating humor. So don't pity us. Just read on and thank God, or whatever you believe in, that it was us and not you.

Harold Fazulli's Creepy, Incoherent, Rambling, Psychotic, *Declaration of Love*

Hello loyal Plague readers. You may know me from my work in such Plague classics as *The Table of Contents* or my beloved recurring character *Wayne LaRue, Male Wet Nurse* (with the happening catchphrase "Why this baby be suckin' my man breast?"). But I come here today not to make with the funny, but instead to declare my love to a very special girl. (Don't worry Mom, I'm not talking about cousin Holly. I've finally realized that no matter how quickly she may be developing, I shouldn't have sex with your 11 year old niece...yet, anyway.) No, this particular lady is not a 6th grader, but instead the sexy seductress of daytime television, the gold standard by which all other Hollywood beauties are judged. I am of course talking about Meredith Viera of ABC's *The View*. Saggy breasts, increasingly hard to hide wrinkles, a vagina the size of the Holland Tunnel... my God, she's got everything a virile 19-year-old male could possibly want.

Martin Luther King, Jr. had a dream once. Well I too had a dream. A wet dream. A wet dream in which you, sweet Meredith, walk into my kitchen, completely bottomless, cooking me some scrambled eggs. You remove your shirt and the folds of your backfat beg for my fuckmeat like a crazy person begs for electroshock treatment. Then there on the floor, the very one that you have just vacuumed, we will make the beast with

two backs, the mokey with eight arms, the doggy with two asses. Oh it will be beautiful, it will be wonderful, it will be like something out of a French art film starring Gerard Depardieu.

Now, I know what you're thinking my vivacious Viera. You're married, a family woman. But to prove to you that I could be a good father, I did the most honorable thing any man could do: I purchased a little spanish boy from his family in exchange for some blankets and a box of baseball cards. If only you could just see me with little Burrito (he insists that his name is Albert, but I think I know better). I make sure that he learns all about his heritage by reading to him about such Hispanic historical figures as Cheech Marin or Freddie Prinze, Jr. Then I end each night with a sweet bedtime story about The Spanish Inquisition. Why, just last night I was watching Burrito tremble as he slept in his birdcage, and I realized that being a father truly was my calling.

So there it is Meredith. Mathematical, undeniable proof that the two of us are destined to be together forever, living on a cloud of happiness, sipping from the fountain of love, and having lots and lots of anal. Do not run from our love, for it is everywhere. It is in our hearts, it is in our souls, it is sitting in a tree with a long lens camera across the street from your house. Like I said, our love is everywhere.



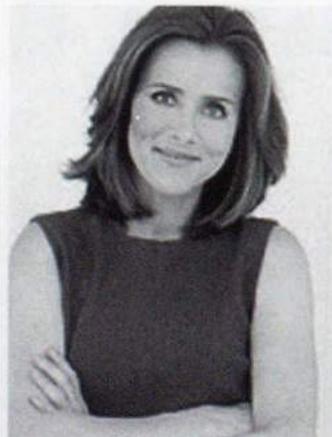
Oh sweet Meredith, I'd even do you while you were on the rag.

The World According to Fazulli



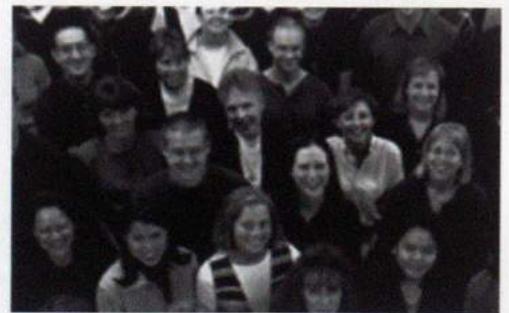
I Fat, Sweaty Piece of Fazulli

+



I Steamy Slice of Viera

=



Peace and joy throughout the universe

The Plague Entertainment Picks*

* Because You're Still too Dumb To Choose Your Own Sources of Amusement

TV Pick- *Temptation Nursery*, Wednesdays on Fox. We take three sets of parents and their three newborns and ship them to a gorgeous beachside nursery on the exotic island of Watiki. There the parents will be tempted by a bevy of luscious, gurling, sexy infant temptors while their children are similarly seduced by parents with even better toys and tastier breast milk. Will any of the babies choose new guardians? How long before the Duffy parents finally leave their child for one who makes less poopy? Will the soulless Fox executives forever burn in the fires of eternal damnation? Tune in and find out.



Baby Ralphie says: "I was not prepared for this level of temptation."

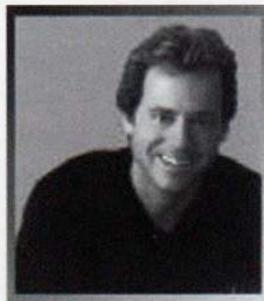


Video Pick- *Girls Gone Wilde: Volume VIII*. You've seen girls gone wild at Mardi Gras. You've seen girls gone wild in the Caribbean. Now, witness our most shocking installment as we bring you girls gone Wilde. . . Oscar Wilde. Thrill to the sultry tones of hot coeds as they unapologetically read An Ideal Husband and The Importance of Being Ernest. Thongs, T-shirts, and the acidic wit of the 19th century's greatest gay, Irish playwright. "I started reading, and I just felt my inhibitions disappear," said one barely legal coed. "I get ridiculously wet when I read Lady Widemar's Fan. And Picture of Dorian Gray. . .excuse me, I have to go finger myself." Gentleman, start your whacking.

Movie Pick- *Seth Freach Presents: The Color Purple Returns!* - Seth Freach, the former Plague editor and author of the New York Post best seller *Mother Theresa: Loving Saint or Twisted Fuck?*, is back and this time he's tackling the world of film. For his first production, the terminally alcoholic Freach has mounted what he calls "a post apocalyptic" sequel to the Alice Walker classic. So how does Freach's version differ from the original? "More robots," Seth informs us in between shots of his home-made whiskey. "Plus there's a really cool chase scene on snowmobiles, and the Whoopi Goldberg part is being taken over by Mark-Paul Gosselar of *Saved By The Bell*. And the set design rocks." But some have been slow to embrace his light saber-filled take on the classic slave story. The NAACP calls *The Color Purple Returns!* "The most vile and revolting product in the history of the cinema, and it is sure to ignite a race war the likes of which the earth has never seen. Nevertheless, kudos on a breathtaking set design."



Seth says "Maybe if I squeeze this can really hard, my mommy will love me."



Movie Pick- *How Do You Fly This Thing?* A wisecracking con man (Greg Kinnear) has broken the law one time too many, so Judge Asner (Ed Asner) punishes him the only way he sees fit: He sentences him to be the sole pilot on a 747 Boeing commercial jet! Hilarity ensues as the con man must fly a plane carrying the First Lady, the dog from *Frasier*, and the starting lineup of the 1987 World Series Champion Minnesota Twins. Along the way he learns important lessons about morality, selflessness, and how to program a XZ-12 flight control panel.

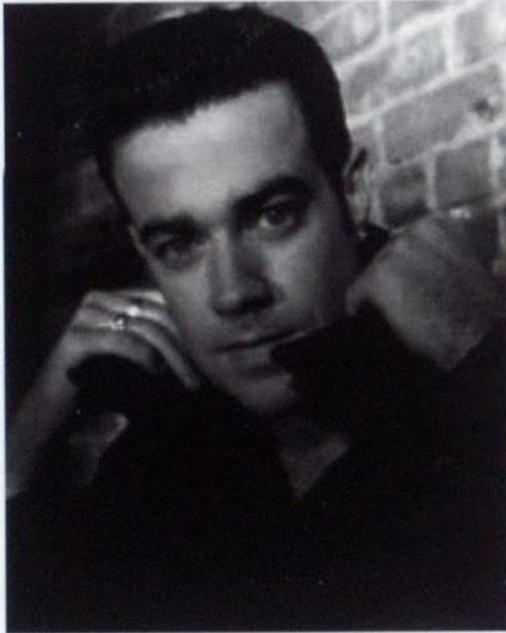
The New MTV Schedule

8:00 AM - The Tom Green Show

He's only got one ball left, but he's still funny as all fucking Christ. If you happen to be up at this hour, watch our ephemeral golden child be slowly replaced by our new moneymaking juggernaut, Jackass.

9:00 AM - The Tom Green Show

More Tom Green, because, what the fuck, you're probably still asleep anyway.



Carson Daly, best known for walking ass-backwards into notoriety.

10:00 AM - Diary: OutKast

Now white people can watch the black people they admire so much from the safety of their own living room. We bring the hip-hop culture to the suburbs so you don't actually have to interact with any minority figures.

11:00 AM - Top 10 Wildest Moments from MTV's Spring Break

Have you ever wondered what the most outrageous moments from MTV's Spring Break were? Probably not, but we know you'll watch this show if we put it on television. Christ man, we could air people eating their own shit, and you'd probably watch it.

12:00 PM - Making the Video: Limp Bizkit

Experience first-handedly the tedious and boring process of creating a video. Watch as production assistants scurry to get coffee and directors splice film. Then, order MTV2 so you can actually see the video.

1:00 PM - Behind the Scenes of Making the Video

We turn the cameras around and get the raw footage of our MTV production team making a Making the Video. Watch as our cameras record our other cameras record production assistants scurry to get coffee and directors splice film.

2:00 PM - Top 10 Wildest Moments from Behind of Scenes of Making the Video

These "best of" shows are a cheap and easy way for us to sell commercial airtime.

3:00 PM - Total Request Live

Remember when MTV used to play videos and Pauly Shore was funny? Well, here's your chance to view up to 30 seconds of an actual music video again. Hosted by that faggot Carson Daly, TRL is your opportunity to find out today's most popular groups. Will it be Britney Spears? N'Sync? Who knows which one of those two will be the winner this week?

4:00 PM - The Real World

Put seven bitchy twenty-somethings in the same living quarters and you have the perfect justification for the Second Amendment. Voyeurs, put away your binoculars and come catch a glimpse of the life you'll never have.

5:00 PM - Eat Shit & Die

Our newest reality-based program chronicles the lives of eight individuals forced to live in the same apartment with nothing to eat but their own shit. There will be plenty of jump cuts and vomiting, which is apparently all you need to make a legitimate music television network.

6:00 PM - Extreme Commercials

Since eighty percent of our programming airtime already consists of commercial breaks, we thought we would bring you an entire show dedicated to advertising. Catch hot new commercials like that one where Cleo the psychic remembers to "keep it real" and that tampon commercial where the girl talks about her period.

7:00 PM - Cribs

See famous people's cribs, lifestyles, and the commodities they possess like cars, TVs, and chairs. We'll give you an inside peek of the most intimate parts of your favorite celebrities' cribs including their bedrooms, bathrooms, and even their baby's crib, or "house."

8:00 PM - Jackass

Have you ever been kicked in the crotch, punched in the face, or thrown up? Do you remember how funny it was? If you answered yes to at least two of these questions, then Jackass is the show for you. If Jackass isn't the show for you, then you should be teased by other people.

9:00 PM - Fear

Alone, desperate, hopeless. These are the qualities we look for when casting for "Fear." Other qualities include neurotic, anxious, paranoid, lives-with-their-parents, delusional, and hungry. Each week, "Fear" promises to bring you the largest collection of pussies running around and bumping into the things in the dark.

10:00 PM - Undressed

In accordance with our proud tradition of encouraging teenagers to have sex before they are emotionally ready, we bring you "Undressed." Technically it's not kiddie porn if they don't take their clothes off.

11:00 PM - Suck On These Rocks, Bitch

In the same vein as Undressed, we will be airing a new series that will educate while still satiating your visceral desire for T & A. "Suck On These Rocks, Bitch" will carefully explore the delicate art of teabagging in a serious and professional manner. For those of you who don't know, teabagging is the process by which you dunk your nuts in a chick's mouth.



*Johnny Knoxville, here's a dare for you: **STOP BEING ON TELEVISION!***

Moon Over Brentwood

Editor's Note- It was the summer of '96. Seinfeld was on the air, Harry Anderson was alive and well, and Ellen DeGeneres was still a hot, busty, luscious heterosexual. Also that year, NBC took a major risk by creating a show starring OJ Simpson and Fred Goldman as mismatched partners in a detective agency. Though it never made it to air, those who saw the pilot described it as "thrilling," "hilarious," "brimming with sexual tension," and "action straight out of 'Hawaii Five-O'." And here, along with some still photos, is the teleplay of Moon Over Brentwood.

Scene 1- In the Office

OJ is snorting white powder off of his desk, when Fred Goldman walks in.

Fred

OJ, what are you doing?! *(Runs over to the desk and picks up an urn)* You're snorting up the ashes of my dead son Ron!

OJ

Oh, oh, sorry. I thought it was a big vase of coke. It's an honest mistake. Anyway, why are you so mad at me Fred Goldman? It's not like it's my fault that... oh, wait. Hey, you wanna hear about the time I smoked crack with Leslie Nielsen?

Fred

(Shaking his head and rolling his eyes) No OJ, I don't.

Suddenly Lance Ito rushes into the room, wearing a kimono and resembling in every way a typical Japanese stereotype.

Ito

Mr. OJ, Mr. Fred Goldman *(bowing to each on, speaking in a very fast voice, in poor English)* Very important. I speak on telephone with Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey. They want two of you to, how you say, *(begins flapping his arms like a bird)* go airplane to Colorado. Is important.

OJ

Well partner, looks like we've got a case. *(OJ turns, tilts his head and gets a glimpse of Fred Goldman's posterior.)* Better pack up, and get your cute behind into the Bronco.

Fred

(disgusted, he slaps OJ right in the face and walks out) Why, I never...

Ito

(smiles as he looks at OJ) Why, he is quite the little firecracker, yes Mr. OJ?

(smiling, OJ playfully rubs Ito's head before snorting up some more ashes and leaving)

Scene 2- At the Ramsey's House

Mr. Ramsey

Thank you very much for coming on such a short notice. We've got a terrible problem, and we know that you're the best detective agency there is. See, it's our daughter, Jon Benet.

OJ

I understand. You want us to find her and slit her throat from ear to ear.

Mrs. Ramsey

Oh no, no. *(laughing and patting OJ on the knee.)* She's already dead. We want you to find the real killers.

Mr. Ramsey

Yes, the police have this bizarre idea that we killed her, simply because each and every piece of evidence points to that as the only possible conclusion. I mean, can you believe it?



OJ

Yeah, police and their evidence. Looks like another case of racist cops framing the black man.

Fred

What the fuck are you talking about? The Ramsey's are white.

OJ

Very deductive Fred Goldman. Why, you're as smart as you are sexy.

Fred

(shaking his head) Keep your mind on the case, OJ.

OJ

Let me ask you something Ramseys. Did Jon Benet ever shoot heroin with Faye Resnick?

Fred

(gets up, waves his hand in the air, and leaves) Faye Resnick, always with the Faye Resnick.

Mrs. Ramsey

Why, he's quite a little firecracker.

(OJ laughs, playfully rubs Mr. Ramsey's head and the three of them proceed to snort up several kilos of cocaine.)

Scene 3 - The Ramsey House, 5 O'Clock in the morning

(Awakened from his drug-induced slumber by a strange noise, OJ reaches unto his holster on the nightstand and pulls out his trusty bloody knife. Following the noise he walks out into the hallway and then to the bathroom. He opens the door and there in front of him is Fred Goldman inside the clear-door shower. Unable to turn away, OJ just stands there and watches as Goldman shampoos the gray hairs across the small of his back, the soap slowly cascading down to the crack...)



Fred

Oh! What are you doing?! *(as he quickly covered up his heaving bosom, but oddly enough, not his genitals)*

OJ

Hey Fred Goldman. I thought you was Jewish, but you sure don't look circumcised to OJ.

Scene 4- The Boulder, Colorado Civic Center

(OJ and Fred are dressed in little flowered dresses with their hair in pigtails.)

Fred

You know OJ, I'm not sure if going undercover and entering ourselves in this 3rd Grade Beauty Pageant is such a great idea. It's not very "by the book".

OJ

You can't always play by the rules Fred Goldman. I mean, gutting your ex-wife and the guy returning her glasses and then fleeing from the cops may not be considered "by the book," but sometimes you gotta take chances.

Fred

True, but I'm a little nervous about tap-dancing in the talent competition.

OJ

You playin' me nigga?! *(as he pulls up his frilly pantyhose)* Wait till these little bitches get a load of OJ singin' "Over the Rainbow."

Fred

Hey good buddy. That guy's been staring at us for the last 20 minutes.

OJ

Somewhere, over the...What? *(the guy starts running out of the building)* To the OJ-mobile! *(This begins a twenty-two minute car chase filled with explosions, cars smashing through conveniently placed stacks of boxes, OJ and Fred running away from a giant Fireball, and the hottest Latin soundtrack this side of La Bamba. Finally, OJ and Fred grab hold of the man.)*

OJ

I think he's wearing a mask. *(Using his trusty bloody knife he cuts the mask off at the neck)* Jon Benet Ramsey!

Jon Benet

Yes, you pig fuckers, it's me. I faked my own fucking death. Goddamn it, I knew I could never fool you namby-pamby mother fucks.

OJ

But why would you fake your own death? Your mother seemed so nice, and your dad has such taut, firm buttocks. Not as beautiful as Fred Goldman's ass, but nice nevertheless.

Jon Benet

Well if you gotta know, *(She lights up a fat joint and takes out her whiskey flask)* It's my cocksucking parents. They always made me enter those bull dyke pageants, but wouldn't let me live my dream...playing the banjo in an experimental bluegrass band.

OJ

Jon Benet Ramsey playing experimental bluegrass? That can be arranged.

Scene 5 - CBGB

Jon Benet is onstage rocking on the banjo with Judge Ito, as OJ and Fred dance passionately. They gaze soulfully into each other's eyes, disregarding the minor differences of the past and instead consumed with the thought of their all encompassing man love. They lean in to kiss...

JFK, JR

Hey there, OJ and Fred Goldman. On behalf of these here United States, I would like to congratulate you on another job well done.

Princess Di

And I would like to thank you on behalf of England *(raising a sword)* and hereby knight you Sir OJ and Lord Goldman.

JFK, JR

Hey you, Princess Di, how would you like to join me for some extra marital affairs and then we can discuss the long, fruitful lives that await us both.

Princess Di

Should we travel in my limo, or will you be flying us?

OJ

Maybe you niggas should take a bus.

(as OJ and Fred laugh the laugh of kings, their minds are filled with fantasies of the hardcore anal action that surely awaits them in the future episodes)



Classic Comics! This week...

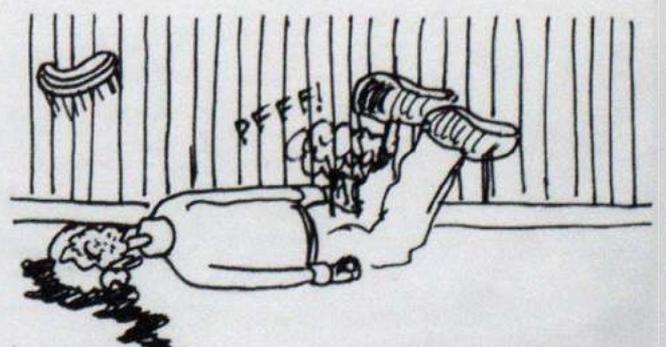
PICKLE

by

FART



ACROSS TOWN!

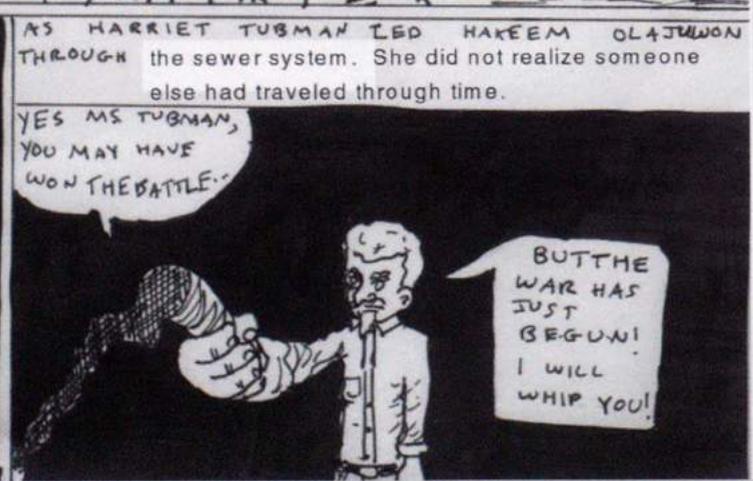
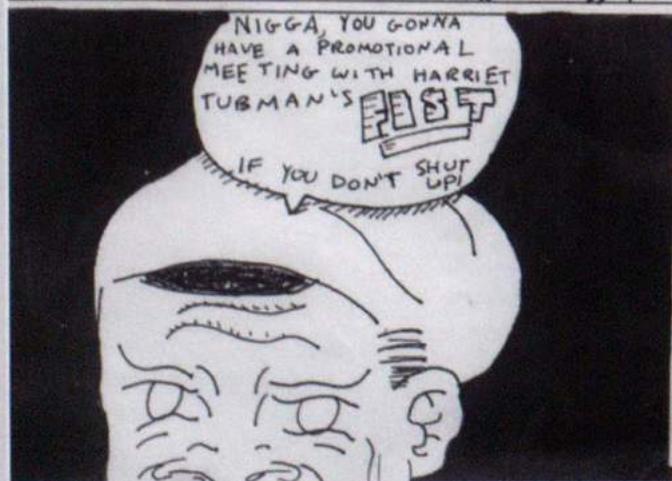
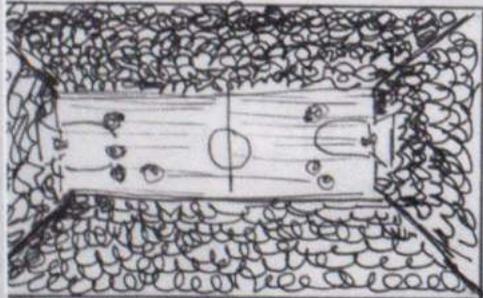


This cartoon was created June 2, 1942. It was a piece made by Mexican revolutionary José Fernando. This was his protest to American involvement in his country's government via Mexico's fire fighters. There were rumors at the time that America was infiltrating Mexico by sending firetrucks and spare fire-fighters to the Latin American country.

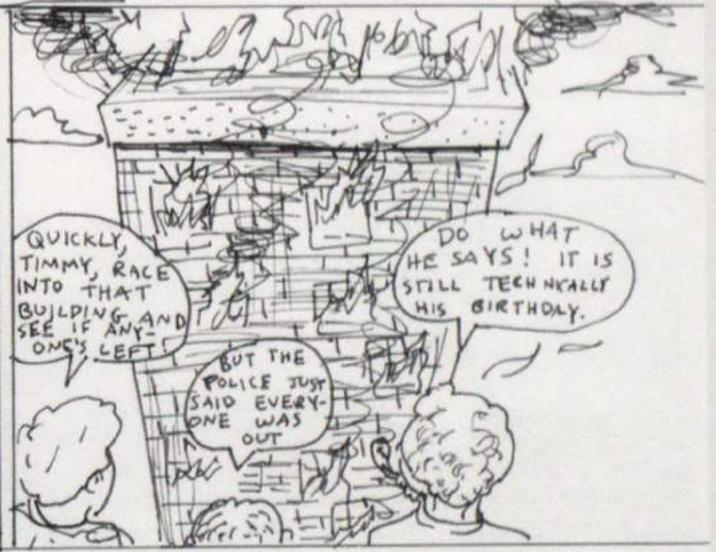
HIT BY A MAGIC LIGHTNING BOLT AS SHE WAS TAKING AN ABOLITIONARY SHIT ON THE PLANTATION OF HER ARCH-NEMESIS, THE COLONEL, HARRIET TUBMAN WAS TRANSPORTED...



TO THE YEAR 2001 WHERE SHE CONTINUED LEADING BLACKS TO THE FREEDOM OF THE NORTHERN STATES



MY FAMILY WILL DO ANYTHING I WANT ON MY BIRTHDAY... AND MY BIRTHDAY DOESN'T END UNTIL I FALL ASLEEP...



Scope your scores, Divas!

1.	a) 1 point	b) 2 points	c) 3 points
2.	a) 1 point	b) 2 points	c) 3 points
3.	a) 1 point	b) 2 points	c) 3 points
4.	a) 1 point	b) 2 points	c) 3 points
5.	a) 1 point	b) 2 points	c) 3 points
6.	a) 1 point	b) 2 points	c) 3 points
7.	a) 1 point	b) 2 points	c) 3 points
8.	a) 1 point	b) 2 points	c) 3 points

24 Superfreakynasty!

Damn! Way to go, grrrrfriend! None of that "liberated woman" crap for you! You take your males alpha, and you don't got no love for those pussy betas! "A scrub best not cross your pizzity path, or he'll end up with nuthin' but a palm job and a broken heart!" says Linda Carlyle, PhD.

17-23 Reality Check at Table Three, Skeeze!

Next time you make one of those petty, shrewish, typically "feminine" demands of him, stop to ask yourself: Have you been doing enough for him lately? If not, bite back your words, and get him a cold beer and a blow job.

8-16 Unappealing and Despised

No man is gonna touch you with a ten-foot pole! If you scored this low, you must be a prude, a feminist, or a lesbian. Why are you even reading our magazine? You have no place here. You are doomed to be the designated driver while your hot friends get laid.

0-7 Dr. Retarded

This score is logically impossible to get. If you tallied these points yourself, try again. If your boyfriend kept score, pat yourself on the back and check on dinner. Congratulations! You are truly a woman of the new millennium!

Calling all Couples!

If you've been in a loving, serious, monogamous relationship for 18 months or more, call the number below, and see if you qualify for our Millennium Makeover! Because you're not pretty enough, and you can't be trusted to judge your own appearance, we have a staff of over thirty "Beauty Experts" whose aesthetic sensibilities would make your mother cry! If you successfully make the transition from Class 4 Land Monster to bona fide God's Creation, you could win a sense of self worth!

1-800-ME-PRETTY

Want to be sexy? Never underestimate the appeal of licking your own nipples. It's as fun to do as it is to watch. -Your Plague staff

True Confessions

If you don't have time to go to church for confession, write to Cosmo, we're almost as holy. We don't offer redemption, but we guarantee that thousands of impressionable teens will read your story and pass judgement on you while learning nothing from your hardships.

Johnny was my high school sweetheart, and we shared a deep passion. We met freshman year when he picked up my books after I fell in a massive pile of dog shit. When he went out with that cheerleader slut, he was playing hard-to-get. Why would anyone like that pathetic bitch? Johnny saw my true beauty. He prefers big-nosed, flat-chested, acne-ridden, four-eyed girls.

Some would say I wasn't his girlfriend. To them, I would say "shut up fuckers." He may have never asked me out, we may have never been on a date, and we may have never have spoken for more than 2 minutes and 34 seconds, but why worry about subtleties? We had a platonic love that transcended the physical. According to those Greek dudes, our love was true. We were so connected we didn't need to touch. Hell, we didn't even need to talk. When I had the court order to "stay at least 50 feet away from him at all times" he was thinking of me.

I'd climb the tree by his window and watch him take off his clothes. He's not the best-endowed man, but he sure knows how to use it...or so I would suppose.

Eventually, Cosmo, I took your advice—I had to make him mine. Your idea about becoming involved in his hobbies and completely losing my individuality and sense of self wasn't successful. And your other bit of advice about getting a perfect body by looking like your unrealistic, airbrushed and anorexic models didn't work (I ended up in the ICU for an eating disorder). I took my own advice: I got rid of the other woman.

One night as she was enjoying his manliness, I jumped from the oak, through Johnny's window and attacked Katie with the staple gun that I conveniently stole from my internship at NYU NightTalk. But she put up a fight and she refused to die!

So I'm fleeing from home in my '77 Camero listening to Earth, Wind and Fire, and thinking of my sweetie. The smell of manure brings back sweet memories, as thoughts of Johnny picking up my shit covered books are constantly flooding my mind. I feel the urge to turn back and indulge in the sweaty grasp of passion. But I feel that I must escape for the law will only persecute me for the act I committed out of true love.

-Lia from New Brunswick

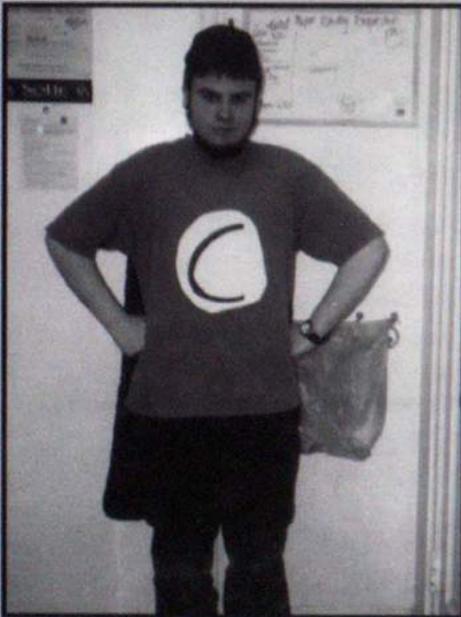
Do you have something to confess to the faceless void of the Cosmopolitan editorial staff? Send us all of the humiliating details, and we'll make sure your mom reads it.

Block Party



After being bombarded with gamma rays as a child, Ben Vereen realized that he was gifted with the greatest superpower of them all: The ability to obstruct anyone's chances of getting laid. But with great power, comes great responsibility. Thus, he vowed from that day forward, he would no longer be known as Ben Vereen. From that day forward he would be...

CockBlocker!



Sensing the possibility of amorous activity, CockBlocker peruses the Plague Christmas party in an effort to extinguish all burgeoning sexual urges.



Looks like Oz and his new friend are about to christen his new bathroom . . .the Plague way!

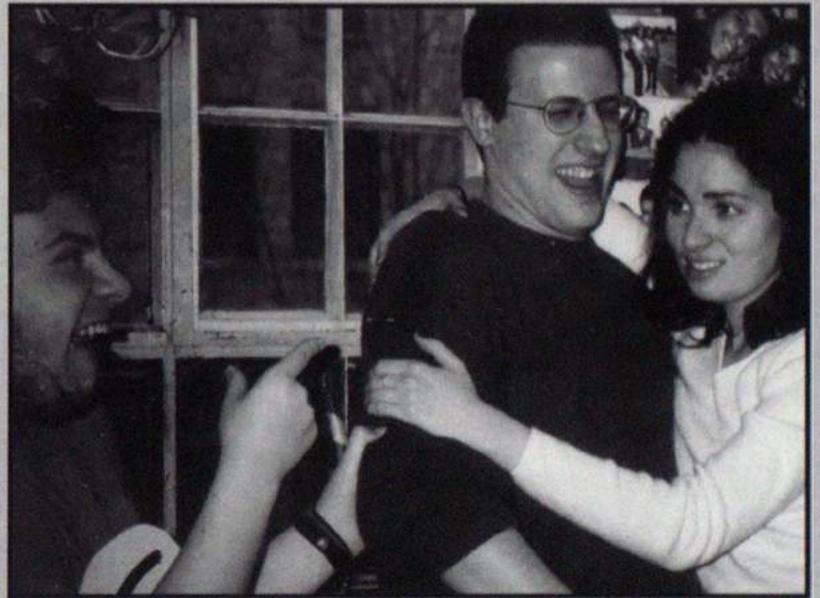


"Hey buddy! I thought I'd find you in here! Check these duffle bags I bought from Modell's, they rock!"



Double-team supreme? Plague writer Michelle looks like she's up for anything.

Curses! It was CockBlocker all along, using his long dormant shape-shifting ability!

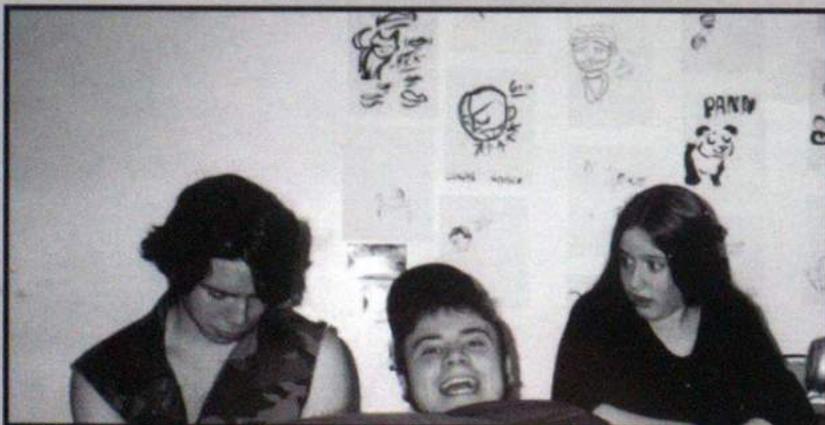


Looks like Blaine is introducing Plague staffer Lia to his pet blood rock.

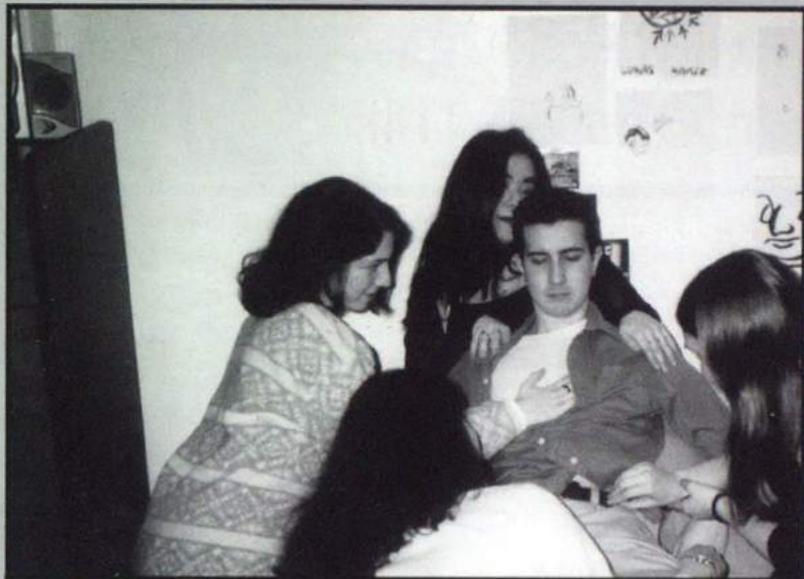


“Hey Blaine, remember that time you farted and it smelled bad and then you farted again?! That was really funny, huh!”
Note to Reader: Lia’s mouth is dabbed with pre-cum, not full-fledged ejaculate.

Shane’s going to need that for where he’s going . . .inside Helen!



“Hey guys, don’t mind me, I sleep like a log!”



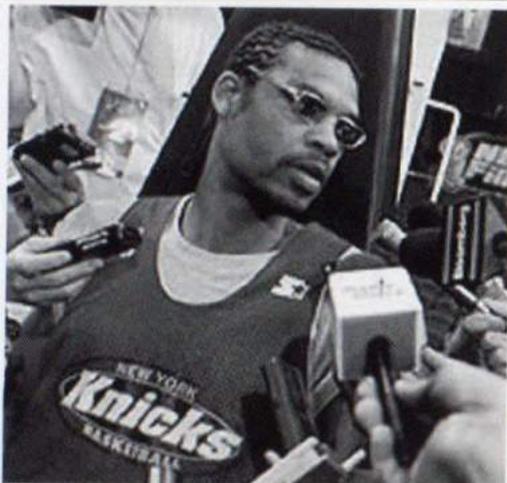
Attracted to his powerful pheromones, women worship Plague editor Gregg as a God.

“Just wanted to let you know you had a phone call, Gregg. Your grandma’s dead.”



Vitcory! Check this libido-less party as a win for CockBlocker! And be on the lookout, faithful readers, as the next place he comes may be the last place you do.

Knicks Rally For Malevolent Win In Garden Thiller



"Sometimes they scare me," confided Sprewell to reporters after the game

When the Knicks fell behind by 15 with six minutes left in the game, it looked as though they were headed for a sure loss to the World Champion Lakers. But

everything changed when Coach Jeff Van Gundy inserted both Mumm-Ra and Dr. Octopus into the lineup, going with the risky "Evil Backcourt".

"I don't generally like to play both of those guys at the same time," said Van Gundy after the game, "you know, too much evil."

His gamble paid off though, as the two spurred the Knicks into one of the most dramatic comebacks in recent history.

Instead of battling each other for supremacy, the evil-doers joined forces in an attempt to wipe out the Lakers once and for all, bringing the capacity Garden crowd to it's feet in the process.

Mumm-Ra, the Knicks nine foot back-up



Doc Oc during pre-game warmups

point guard, was able to consistently beat Kobe Bryant off the dribble while Dr. Octopus used his six metal tendrils to hold Shaquille O'neal to a sub-par shooting night.

"I just wanted the ball," said Mumm-Ra in the locker room before slipping into his sarcophagus.

The decisive run came with two minutes left in the game, after Marcus Camby hit a short jumper to bring the Knicks within six. When Bryant tried to in bound

the ball, Mumm-Ra quickly enchanted him with his hypnotic gaze, forcing a five-second violation that gave the ball back to New



Mumm-Ra voices his displeasure after being whistled for traveling.

York. Dr. Octopus then adroitly slipped between two defenders, stepped behind the 3-point-line and nailed the shot with Kobe Bryant right in his face.

"After I hit that shot, I knew we were going to win," said the Knicks shooting guard and longtime nemesis of Spider-Man.

Two more baskets by Mumm-Ra sealed the game for the Knicks.

"He was incredible tonight," said Dr. Octopus, who had 18 points. "He's a big reason I resigned with the Knicks, because I think he gives us that lift off the bench that can bring us to the next level." When asked if Mumm-Ra could help with his quest to eliminate Spiderman, he drew knowing chuckles from the press, saying, "Hey, that's not a bad idea."

The victory was particularly sweet for Mumm-Ra, an undrafted rookie from the University

see *KNICKS*

XFL Team Proves Mere Kid's Play For Confident Little Giants

Sometimes Goliath beats David. That was the message that Little Giants head coach Bobby wanted to drive home to his players before their matchup with the XFL's Orlando Rage. "I just didn't want my guys taking the XFL too lightly. I wanted us coming out with the mindset of total domination, start to finish." Message received.

The Little Giants played with intensity from the first whistle and trounced the Rage in front of a capacity crowd of 35 parents at Little Giants Stadium. "I thought football was supposed to be played in complete silence," said sobbing running back HeHateMe after the game, who was routinely

spit on by vociferous football moms.

While the Rage hung tough for the first five minutes, the Little Giants superior talent was too much to overcome.

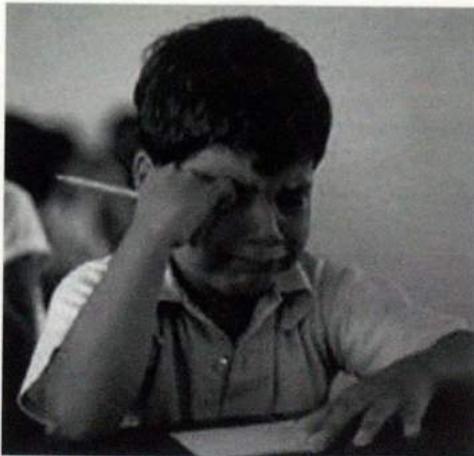
"We gave them our best punch and they kept coming," said Rage Quarterback Tommy Maddox, referring to their eight yard pass completion. The Little Giants defense stiffened and the Rage could not advance the ball past the four foot linemen.

With the ball in the sure hands of Little Giants quarterback Piggy, the nearsighted, overweight, asthmatic leader of the rag-tag crew, New York's offense flew unimpeded up and down the field. Aided by his newest invention the Pig-a-tron, which runs on chocolate milk, Piggy was able to fire the ball downfield with pinpoint accuracy. "It's all simple quantum physics," said the 5th grade wunderkin while snot dribbled out of his nose.

The Little Giants rampaged through the final 55 minutes of the game, scoring 49 unanswered

points before Coach Bobby went with his 5-year-old second stringers. "I've had spelling tests that were tougher than those guys," snarled the Little Giants defensive linebacker dubbed "The Cootie". "We fucked them up but good."

Yet it was not all good news for the victorious Tiny Blue. Tight end Harry Tweedle, in his first game



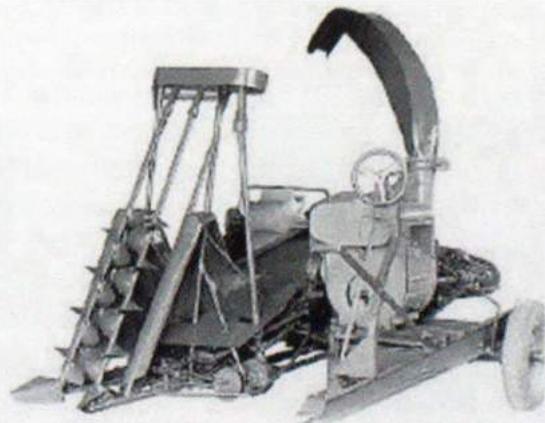
"Mom never lets me have any fun," cries victorious head coach Bobby at a post game press conference.



Little Giants quarterback Piggy and running back Timmy show no mercy

since suffering three simultaneous brain hemorrhages against the Dallas Cowboys, made a quick first quarter exit after a particularly hard Piggy pass ruptured his spleen. "I guess the Pig-a-tron still has some bugs to work out," remarked Piggy. Doctors list

see GIANTS, next page



"It's like Joe Montana, with wheels, lugnuts and a chocolate milk fueled engine," says Pig-a-tron inventor Piggy.

Tweedle as doubtful to receive his First Holy Communion this Sunday.

While the 73-3 victory clearly was a blemish on the storied history of the XFL, it also opened up many new opportunities for the triumphant elementary school students. Immediately after the game Coach Bobby was offered a General Manager/Head Coaching position for the Minnesota Vikings. "Oh no," said Bobby's mother, "he's not coaching any professional sports teams until he cleans that room of his."

The victory even prompted Deion Sanders to praise his longtime nemesis Piggy. "Little man just



Orlando's HeHateMe is carted off after a late hit by Little Giants cornerback Ralph.

gotta be little man, can't ask little man to be big man. It's like saying, 'Hey Deion, you can't be Deion. You gotta be someone who's not Deion.' So that's why they won."

KNICKS (continued)

of Third Earth. After an unspectacular collegiate career in which he saw limited playing time due to a series of knee injuries and the fact that he had to compete with McDonald's All-American Panthro for minutes, Mumm-Ra wasn't sure if he'd ever make it to the pros.

"I couldn't even stand the reflection of my own evil," Mumm-Ra recounted before last night's game. Jeff Van Gundy saw potential though.

"He's a natural point guard in a shooting guard's body. He's got a lot of ability." When the question was posed whether Van Gundy would ever consider playing Mumm-Ra, Dr. Octopus, and Latrell Sprewell at the same time, he shook his head nervously. "That's a little much don't you think?" Blood then poured out of his ears.

News and Notes:

Oh Bother!- During last night's Mets game at Shea, local millionaire Robert Lappas won the "Win a Better Seat" contest, moving from row B to row A, at which point he remarked, "I suppose I'll move. Samuel, bring me my parasol."

Hockey Loses Court Decision- After a tense three hour testimonial, the NHL was unable to defend its existence to the Supreme Court, and was sentenced to five years in a minimum security prison. "I guess it could be worse," sobbed Mario Lemieux, mindlessly playing with that thing they play with.

Monkeying around- Koko, the first monkey to play professional baseball, had a disappointing game last night, going 1 for 4 with a walk and a stolen base. "Koko like apples," he said through an interpreter.

Canadian Bacon- Before kicking off a three-game series with the Montreal Expos, New York Met Al Leiter feigned shock when he found a slice of ham on his plate at the team breakfast. "I said bacon. B-a-c-o-n," Leiter repeated to the waiter, drawing roars of laughter from his teammates. Third baseman Robin Ventura got in the act as well, forcing the cowering Frenchman to lick the heel of his mud-covered cleat.

ROCK ON, RETARD!



Backstage, Corky gets pealed with punk rock cronies

Hailed as "one of America's favorite personalities*," Corky, the popular retard on television's *Life Goes On*, has quit acting at the age of 35 to promote the release of his debut punk rock album, "Beer Could Only Make Me Smarter."

Last night the legendary CBGB's served as the launch pad by which Corky blasted off on his cross country tour of the lower 48 states.

Fueled with cheap beer anthems, anti capitalist sentiments, cognitive dissonance, and anarchy symbols scrolled in finger paints, the show left many punk rockers stunned yet deeply satisfied.

Said one drunk and staff-infected gutter punk, "I haven't seen a fucking thing like it since before G.G. Allen died. The crowd knew they were in for something fuckin' radical when after the first song, Corky puked Pabst Blue Ribbon all over the stage and started rolling around in it like a pig in his own slop. He's fuckin' crazy, man!"

"I wouldn't say that he [Corky] is crazy by any means," said Hans Grueber, a local anarchist activist and pseudo intellectual. "By rolling around in his own vomit Corky makes a symbolic gesture. He summons a higher level of social consciousness, calling forth the attention of the masses, urging them to realize how even their most basic movements have been meticulously programmed by the system since the day they were born. If anybody knows what it is like to be abused by the system, to be disenfranchised in America, it would be Corky. It is hard to be a retard living in an exploitive, capitalist society. His voice, or sputtered gurgle, needs to be heard. It is a battle cry against the perils of industrialization and the evils of social injustice."

Despite Corky's difficulty in clearly articulating the English language (a common disability among the degenerates who play in punk rock bands or who are afflicted with Downs Syndrome), most words still rang loud and clear. Thanks to two fifty-inch Karioke screens (you know, those ones with the lyrics to each song and that little bouncy ball telling you when to sing them), the audience helped the "little munchkin" deliver such songs as "Fuck U.S.A. [Fuck U, Suburban America]," "Happy Meal Holocaust," and "Beers Not Bombs."

It would be hard to dispute that the climax of the evening's show came when Corky punched a pregnant woman in the stomach on stage, who was objecting to his defilement of a Christ statuette during the song *Steppin' On Baby Jesus*. "The one-two combination Corky used to work that bitch really brought the house down," said long time friend Jerry Van Dyke, who, following the beat down, dove off stage and insinuated a righteous mosh pit that resulted in a number of head injuries and broken bones. Van Dyke came out of the pit unscathed.

(I must ask just one question: What the fuck is wrong with America? Making some dummy one of her "favorite personalities?" What the shit? What kind of image does this project toward rogue nations who have nuclear arms at their disposal? Let us not forget the time that Corky crashed his parent's car or when he dumped his retarded girlfriend to pursue the high school slut with the big hooters. Common as fast cars and even faster women may be in God's Greatest Nation, there still remain restrictions about what can and cannot be done here. It is simply impermissible to shave a monkey's ass and rub CK1 in his eyes in the name of research and development. And it is also impermissible to allow some mongoloid to become a pop-icon. Those are the rules. It is axiomatic!)*

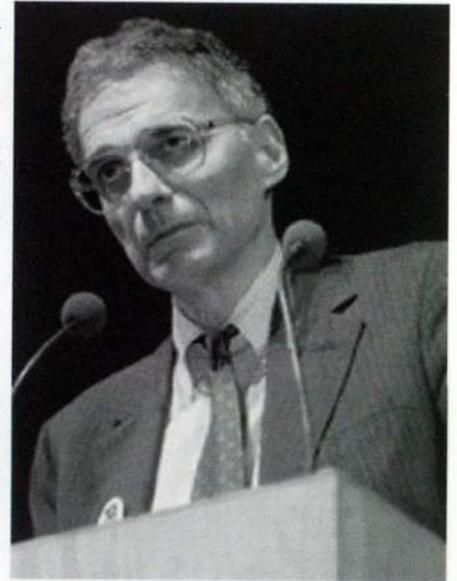


Corky and Jerry Van Dyke share a chuckle over the bruised and battered body of a pregnant woman Corky kicked the shit out of on stage.

Save The Lists: A War for Peace*

*alternate titles include: *The Eternal Struggle*, *The Children of God*, and *Hooray for Firebombs*

When NYU's comedy magazine *The Plague* recently decided to put an end to its famous "lists" section, they could not possibly foresee the public outrage it would end up causing. The cry came not from the dozens of introverted virgins that regularly read the publication, but from the NYU Amnesty International Club. "Lists are not born with a voice," said Amnesty International spokesperson Kate McDonnell. "We're here to stand up for the poor, defenseless lists."



"This is what happens when big business corrupts the government," says Ralph Nader.

The trouble began in late January when *The Plague* dropped the lists in a cost cutting move to support its editorial staff's ever-escalating crack habit. "We need it to write," explains *Plague* president Michael P. Casey. "It's our magic joke juice." This led Amnesty International to stage a peaceful midnight protest, complete with handcrafted signs and tie-dye shirts, outside *The Plague's* Greene Street office. But imbued with a confidence that only the finest crack could provide, *The Plague* responded the only way it knew how: By visibly conducting high risk, unethical scientific experiments

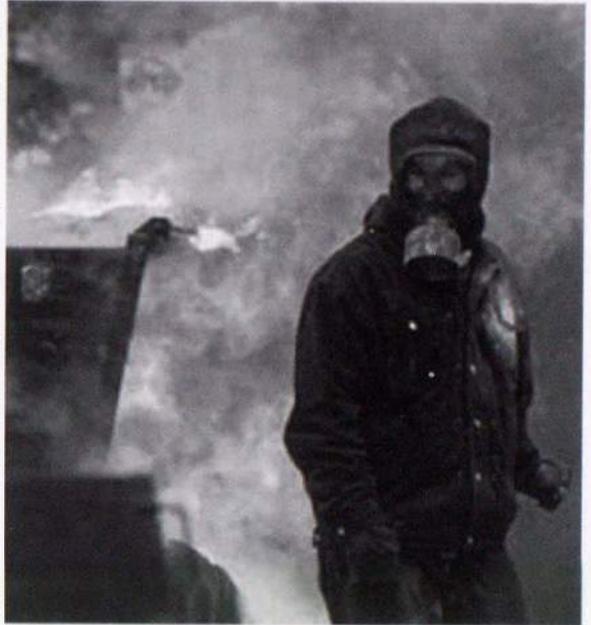


Mayor Giuliani sends in the troops to break up a "Save the Lists" rally. Though the protesters were peaceful and had a permit, the mayor still felt a need to use tear gas and a genetically enhanced breed of pitbull to get his point across.

on an endangered breed of monkey. "I actually found the cure for cancer," said *Plague* writer/part-time scientist Blaine Perry, "but then I smoked it just to piss them off."

Undeterred, Amnesty International staged a rally the following day outside of Bobst Library, with most of its student

protesters locking themselves inside cages to symbolize the plight of The Lists. "Every 30 seconds another List is beaten or murdered," said McDonnell, as she tearfully held up a photo of *Ways to Fuck a Nun*. "We must end this genocide. First it's The Lists, and then the next thing you know it's retards and homosexuals. That's just simple logic." After drawing their usual response of laughter from passersby, the protesters moved on to the next step of their plan: a peaceful firebombing of the Plague offices. "Just like Gandhi used to do it," said McDonnell as she lit a glass bottle filled with kerosene.



Plague writer Blaine Perry tries to enter the office, but is met with a wall of flame. Score one for the good guys!

But it is doubtful that simple mass destruction will end this saga. Deeply touched by the heartbreaking story of the lists, an all-star assemblage of musicians such as Joni Mitchell, the Beastie Boys, and Rage Against the Machine have agreed to join forces for a "Save the Lists" benefit concert at Madison Square Garden. "It's time to put those capitalist pigs in their place," said Rage guitarist Tom Morello.

So is it possible that The Lists will eventually be saved? "Probably," said Plague president Casey. "I mean, we're gonna need something to fill up pages. Just look at this shit. What the fuck was this?"

New Carnival Games

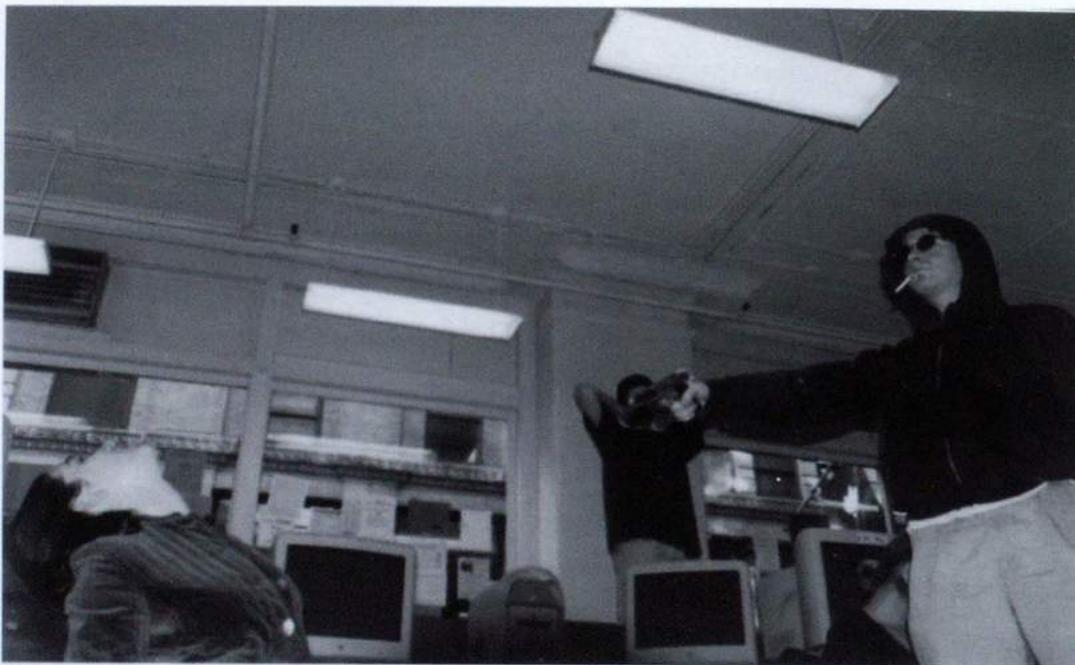
Eat a pie- eat the clown
 Smack an old guy's balls
 Throw football into shot glass
 Throw football into sheets of glass
 Overguess the weight of the bulimic girl



"I didn't escape communist Chinia to come to a land without lists!" yells spokeswoman Kate McDonnell. "Mess with me, and you'll have to deal with my megaphone!"

Will this List be executed at dawn? Only time will tell.

Twenty minutes
after The Plague lost to the Minetta
Review for best publication at the
annual Golden Torch Awards, an unidenti-
fied assassin murdered an OSA worker.



Don't let this happen again.

Join our bitter team of introverts and help us defeat those degenerate iambic pentametering rats once and for all. Are you proficient in Quark, Photoshop, Pagemaker, or firearms? Are you funny, or do people laugh at you when you talk? Have you ever kissed a member of the opposite sex? Do you kill?

If you answered yes to the first two questions, then no to the third question, and then yes to the last question, The Plague may be right for you. Together, we can stamp out the Minetta Review and bring the return of coherence and capital letters to campus literature.

Vote Plague.

Starting September 17

6:30 pm

OSA 6th Floor Lounge

Thanks for all the help, old friend.



**More specifically, we'd like to thank Satan for his assistance
in writing the following pages:**

- *Joe Rice murdering an innocent woman (ouch)*
- *The Corky Page (whoops)*
- *Cockblocker (i.e., the picture of Lia's mouth dabbed with pre-cum)*
- *The Adventures of Harriet Tubman (we'll get some letters about that one)*

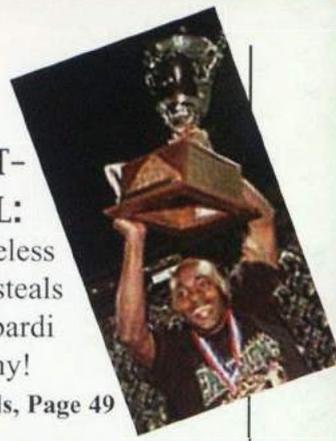
See You Soon... DADDY?!



TRACK: Olympic committee suspects steroids as runners tear at fabric of time
Zehentner, Page 45



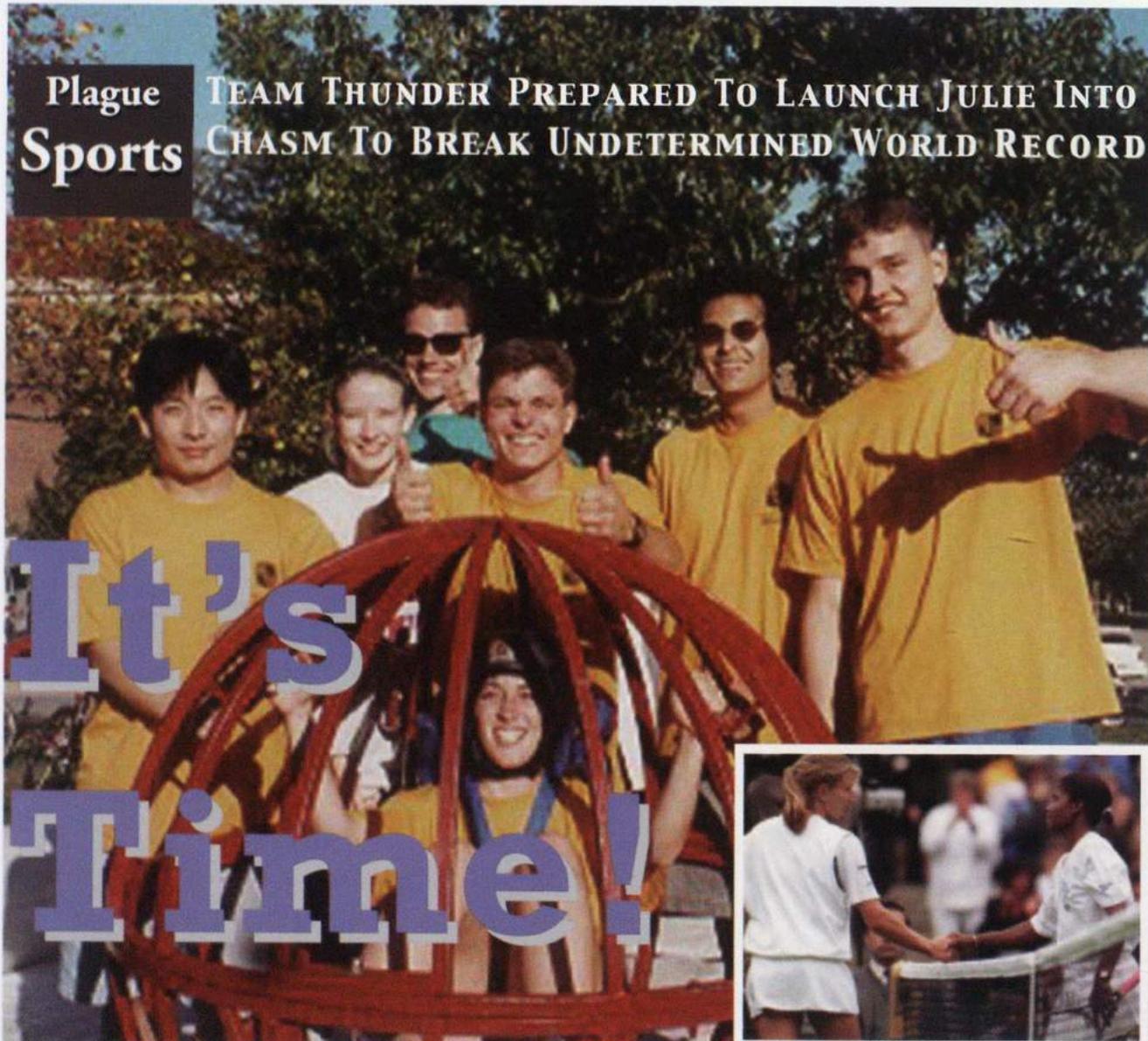
FIELD HOCKEY: Despite Future Man, U.S.A. women take bronze
Stango, Page 33



FOOTBALL: Homeless man steals Lombardi Trophy!
Daniels, Page 49

Plague Sports

TEAM THUNDER PREPARED TO LAUNCH JULIE INTO CHASM TO BREAK UNDETERMINED WORLD RECORD



"We're bound to break some record," giggled former mathlete Steve Heckleman.

Pages 62-66



ALSO: African, Afrikaaner agree to disagree. **Pages 88-100**



**RED HOT PIAZZA BELTS TWO MORE
BOTH WOMEN IN STABLE CONDITION/PAGE A79**