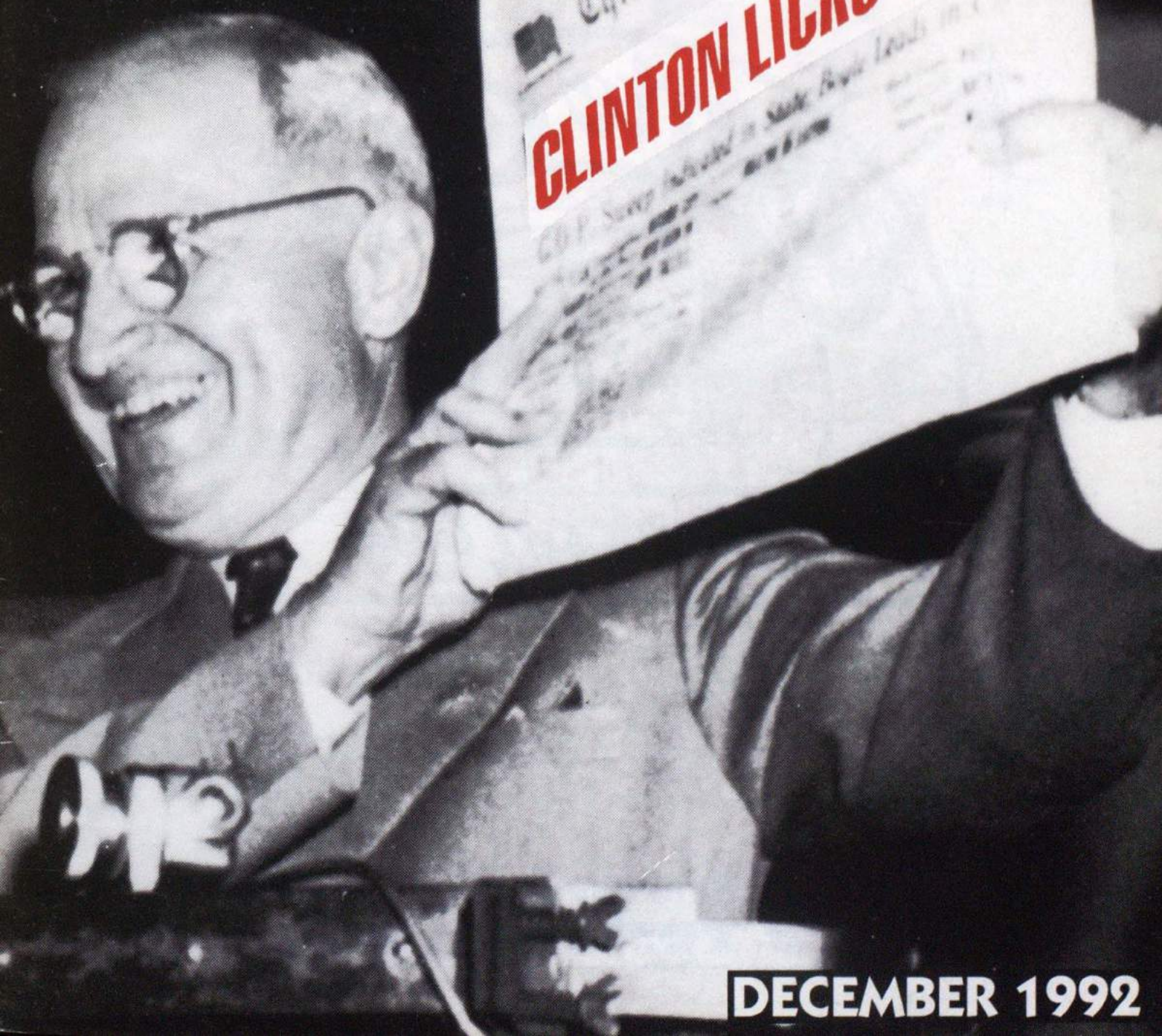


THE PLAGUE

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S ONLY
INTENTIONALLY FUNNY MAGAZINE



DECEMBER 1992

MEXICAN FOOD

FLATULENCE NOT INCLUDED.



**21 Waverly Place
New York, NY 10003**

THE PLAGUE

(plag) n. 1. A pestilence, affliction, or calamity, originally one of divine retribution: "till the seven plagues of the seven angels were fulfilled" (Revelation 15:8) 2. A sudden influx, as by destructive or injurious insects: a plague of locusts. 3. Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance: "the blessed silence of the Sabbath saved us from the plague of social jabbering." (George Santayana) 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plague (opus 69). -tr.v. plagued, plaguing, plagues. 1. To harass, pester, or annoy: "What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors?" (Smollet) -Who the fuck is Smollet?
Disclaimer: v. 1. To disarm an opponent with a Scottish broadsword

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The Plague, 21 Washington Place, Box 189, New York, NY 10003. All rights reserved, even yours. Anyone caught actually reading this issue will have their human rights violated by our staff. Actually, we really don't have a staff, so you're safe. Still, don't fuck with us, because we do have the best lawyers in town. Mom, Dad, Apple Pie, hugs and kisses from the Beltway. I can't come up with any more obscure references, so stop reading.

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The Founding Fathers...

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Executive Editor in Charge
of Not Doing Real Work

• **Sam Adams**
Sean D. Huntington
Production Editor in
Charge of Doing Real Work

• **Alexander Hamilton**
Michael P. Zimmerman
Managing Editor in Charge
of Bitching Whether We
Do Real Work Or Not



• **Thomas Paine**
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• **John Hancock**
Daniel Truman
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• **Paul Revere**
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Quasi-General Manager

• **A Few Slaves**
David Fox
Aaron Goodman

• **Martha Washington**
Katherine Watt
Woman Who Didn't Want
Her Name Printed In This Magazine

Kamau High
Jay Hochberg
Tony Jazze
David Kaplan
Marc Kandell

• **King George III**
Jennifer N. Galvanek
Arch-Enemy of All That Is Good and Pure

This issue is dedicated to the loving memory of Silvero Montelongo (1957-1992), whose dedication to the NYU community made it possible for The Plague to be published.

THE PLAGUE

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Election night reminded me why I can barely wake up each morning without vomiting in disgust. Naturally, I'm talking about the MTV Generation.

I broke into a cold sweat when I saw a recent WSN headline scream, "Political Parties Forced to Dance with MTV Generation." All of a sudden, images of Ross Perot, George Bush, and Bill Clinton moving hip-to-hip with a bunch of flannel-shirt-wearing posers at the Wetlands crashed through my head as I came to the realization that these morons have a vote equal to that of someone who actually has a brain.

Scary as it sounds, Fred "There's a Monster in My Pants" Schneider of the B-52's has more of a say on how American youth votes than John Kenneth Galbraith.

I was an audience member in MTV's "Choose or Lose" telethon. Actually, I was suckered into it. According to what I was told by its production people, it was going to be a two hour discussion on the American political situation followed by questions and comments by the audience. Instead, I was exposed to something quite grotesque.

It turned out to be little more than an exercise in political masturbation, where celebrities used feel-good phrases in place of legitimate political dialogue. The only exception was Megadeth's guitarist Dave Mustaine who tried to exchange reasonable opinions with John Norris, a veejay who'll probably become as much of a non-celebrity as Martha Quinn in six months.

Worst of all, a large portion of it was co-hosted by Marky Mark, brother of reputed pyromaniac Donnie Wahlberg. I do believe I was the only person in the entire audience who didn't pronounce his name "Mawky Mawk."

At first I thought there was a problem with Mr. Mark's microphone, as nothing he said ap-

proached an Indo-European language. Only later, when I saw the videotape, did I realize that coherency is not one of his fortes.

But that's typical fare for MTV, the station for which a generation is named. To quote Vice-President-elect Al Gore, we "chose to lose" simply by watching.

The MTV generation. There's a whole bunch of them right here in this university—immature Grunge-listening idiots who run off to Lollapalooza tours with their newly-acquired goatees. They babble senselessly about their alleged concern on the environment as they try to slip in the paltry few facts they know. They feign activism and concern, poor attempts to emulate their parents who really had to fight for rights because their lives were directly at stake in the brutally immoral war that was Vietnam. Now their children's biggest concerns are whether eating meat is murder and which ear to get pierced.

Sure, on occasion, they clamor about abortion rights, but a majority of the pre-pubescent fools in an abortion protest can't explain why they're there, except, maybe, because Michael Stipe said to go.

Michael Stipe. That balding, self-indulgent weasel should be reason enough to be sick of this MTV generation. A couple of years ago he accepted his worthless MTV Video Music Award wearing what seemed like 9,000 tee-shirts, each with another politically correct slogan to induce loud applause from the MTV audience—the media's version of 42nd Street.

An entire age group is now influenced by the biggest corporate whore on the face of this planet.

Now the MTV generation is getting involved in the Motor-Voter initiative, which registers voters when they receive their driver's licenses. But shouldn't there be a difference between "Dad, can I borrow the car?" and "Dad, can I vote

for Lyndon LaRouche?"

Registering should be a long, tedious ordeal with 50-page long forms to fill out and another 100 pages in directions. There should be a one-hundred hour voting registration class for everytime someone re-registers where the voters would be forced to know the names and platforms of all the candidates running at all levels of government and what the job entails.

The re-registration process would be once a year, not once every four. Voting should be a day-long event with long lines and lots more paperwork. Voters should also be forced to sign a form stating that they would not, under any circumstances, try to get out of jury duty.

Most importantly, the 26th Amendment should be repealed and the voting age should be raised to 25. The amendment was first enacted to give draftees a choice in who will send them off to die in a banana republic. Now, eighteen year-olds have problems choosing which is better: The Gap or Banana Republic.

By making it so time-consuming to exercise one's franchise, people would put more thought into voting than just mere trend following. They would have to invest their time and effort before making such an important decision.

There's no reason why a person who has worked all his or her life and have the political process directly affect him or her be outvoted by some teen-age punks whose only reason to vote is MTV told them to.

This column was written by Plague Executive Editor Lawrence Lewitinn, whose infallible cunning and New Kid haircut allow him to freely investigate members of Generation X (that means you) at The Limelight. Remember, the opinions expressed in this column are not necessarily those of the author.

THIS WOULD NEVER HAPPEN IF ELVIS WAS YOUR LANDLORD

"Hello, Mr. Michaels? Mr. Lorne Michaels?"

"Yes...?"

"Well, I'm really sorry to have to be the one to tell you this, Sir...um, it's your show, ah, Saturday Night Live."

"What? What happened? Is everything all right?"

"It's—it's gone, sir, I'm very sorry."

"How can this be? It must be some mistake..."

"Afraid not, sir, she's dead as a doornail."

"But I just watched last week..."

"Yes Sir, as did we all. But did you laugh?"

"Well, ah, you know—of course! I always do..."

"I'm sorry Sir, facts are facts. What you were looking at on that television screen was a facade, plain and simple. Been going on for years. She's been comatose for nearly a decade—not a twitch of humor in her. I'm afraid it's time to pull the plug."

"No! That's unethical, illegal, and my lawyers will *not* appreciate that, you can't do it! She's my baby..."

"Again, I am terribly sorry, sir, but we've got to think of the audience. SNL may as well be pushing up daisies right now. Departed. Resting in peace. Gone to meet her maker. No longer with us. Riding into the sunset. That was all she wrote..."

...We hope.

How does one know when it's time to kill a festering, vomit-tasting, pus-filled, gangrenous entity that has been slowly but surely declining for the past decade?

When it becomes physically painful to watch a skit because it is so violently unhumorous. When Dana Carvey runs out of white people to ape, and turns to Blacks, Hispanics, and heavy-breathing quadrupeds. In other words, six months ago.

It is not difficult to decide which cast members are at fault here. You

know who you are. But for all those readers who are in the dark, here's a systematic, person-by-person account of accountability. Pull up a chair and put down your vibrator, because the list is as long as the most excruciating SNL skit to date: the "Guttenberg Awards." Shall we begin?

Dana Carvey: Turn up your hearing-aid, Admiral, so you can hear me. *Wayne's World* the movie was great—too bad you didn't contribute anything more than the brainless "donut man" sequence. I've got two words for you: *Opportunity Knocks*. I've got two more words for you: weren't home. It's called Rich Little Complex—look it up.

Phil Hartman: Son, you are solid proof that a person can be talented as all hell yet be not in the least funny. You work best with writers who have a clue. Here's a helpful career hint: try for that full-time spot on "The Simpson's".

Kevin Nealon: Dennis, Dennis, why the fuck did you leave? Ohhhh, the pain! Last time I felt this bad was the day Kinnison bit the dust. Weekend Down-Date, where the guests are ten times funnier than the Man (i.e. Al Franken, David Spade, and Adam Sandler). Gimme a high C; ahem. "Keveen Nealon-o, molto suck-o. Weekend-a Update-a, go Kaput-o. Dennis-i, Dennis-i, Ohh, Whoa, Whoa, no comprehend-o la exit-a...[sobbing] Non humor-e any more-e, SNL-a Bye-Bye!!!"

Chris Rock: The Great Black Hope, 1992; more like the Great Black Flop. Filling the Black seat almost as well as Clarence Thomas—with more dick jokes and less brains. Just two words: Garret Morris. Thank you for joining the Fox "Portraying Blacks as Clowns" stereotype festival, because it just gives me that warm, toasty feeling inside. It's called laughter—you're just not inducing it.

Chris Farley: Okay, you're fat, we get the point. In Hollywood

they call it talent—please rent some.

Adam Sandler: I've got two words for you: "Remote Control." Upstaged by those *ingenius* comic minds, Ken Ober and Colin Quinn—ouch! That's gotta smart, buddy. I've got two more words for you: Opera Man. Funniest bit I've ever seen on Saturday Night Live (fuck you, purists!). Talk about a love-hate relationship. Used to have a girlfriend like that: fought like a banshee, fucked like a tiger. She wasn't funny, but she gave damn fine head. It's called ironic allegory—read up on it.

Rob Schneider: "Rob, it's mom, remember to turn your clock back..." All the way back to when you were doing stand-up, please. Wasn't the greatest material in the world, but damn if you haven't managed to turn up in the most horrifying roles with this cast. Memories...of the way you used to be. They're called wise career choices—check it out and get back to me.

Julia Sweeney: This damn Pat thing keeps coming back like a particularly nasty scrotal fungus. Jules, babe, it was one joke—one stinking joke! Yet it drags on into an entire skit, then an entire stream of skits, until finally you're collaborating with Mike Myers and Dana Carvey to do "Wayne and Garth and Pat Have a Menage-A-Trois In Vegas" ("Is it a homo-threesome, or two losers on a chunky gal? or both?").

Point is, it's over folks. Kiss Belushi's ass hello, because if somebody doesn't call Dr. Kevorkian soon, we of the X generation are headed for a cultural coronary. Meanwhile, just slug some Pepto and hang on, it'll all be over before you know it.

This column was written by Sean D. Huntington, who recently shaved his head in a vain attempt to become Sinead O'Connor. Although he knew his new pea-green circular sunglasses would help him acquire brownie points, he wrote this anti-SNL diatribe just in case. He hopes to be excommunicated before graduation.

•VOTE GIULIANI• Paid for by the We Love Giuliani For Major Committee

Letters To The Editors

To the Editor:

Would you read me Gov. Clinton's letter to his draft board again? I've been standing on this homemade land mine since 1971, and I gotta have one last laugh before I step off this fucker.

Pvt. Cletus Jackson
Hill 928, Vietnam

To the Editor:

O.K. Now that we've had a year to rest up and unify, we're going to annex the Sudetenland.

Helmut Kohl
Wolf's Lair, Germany

To the Editor:

Speaking of elections, I'll only run for re-election as WSN Editor-in-Chief if the people put my name on the ballot and let me finish ruining the paper and fighting the Jewish male conspiracy. Also, is it true my boyfriend sucks more cock than I do?

Gennifer Galvanek
c/o Student Activities Board

To the Editor:

We need Afro-centric academia, not sickle cell anemia! It's your job at NYU to destroy NYU! No welfare, no peace!

Tyrone Shoelaces
Morningside Heights, N.Y.

To the Editor:

Nope, they don't make Jews like Jesus anymore, no siree.

Patrick J. Buchanan
c/o The Good Ol' Days [G.O.D.]

To the Editor:

Hey, I'm an arrogant, petty vindictive, megalomaniac, gazillionaire. Does that mean I can run for president too?

Laurence Tisch
c/o CBS, NYU

Dear Larry: Of course not, you're a Jew.

To the Editor:

You want to really know why everyone craves Chinese food an hour after eating it? We put opium in it! Hee hee hee!

Xiang Fat
Empire Szechuan

To the Editor:

Our cities wouldn't be such jungles if there weren't so many Africans in them.

Darryl Gates
Published Author
Los Angeles, CA

To the Editor:

Do you realize that if my old car had an airbag, I would have been elected president? Is a life jacket a suitable gift for my new, gold digging wife?

Sen. Ted Kennedy
c/o Zionist Occupational
Government

To the Editor:

Could someone please explain a joke for me? Every time I ask a customer if he has ID, he says, "No, but I have superego." Everyone cracks up, but I don't get it.

Cheryl the Ex-Bartender
Caliente Cab Co.

To the Editor:

Is there a seminary around here? I want to peddle my Latino ass to another scared little Catholic school girl. It pays good and it beats picking coffee beans, so just give it a chance, man. Gracias.

Juan "Pepe" Garcia
WSN Ex-House Nigger

To the Editor:

There is a new, exciting game fish — bigger than a marlin and more dangerous than a mako — they're about six-feet-long and can weigh up to 160 pounds. They're called Haitians and they infest the waters between Florida and Hispaniola.

Jim McKayKK
c/o ABC's White World of Sports

To the Editor:

Don't forget I'm still Italian and I'm still outraged! Oh, by the way, did you hear the one about the Polack woman who looked for three days for wheels for her miscarriage?

Virgil Renzulli
NYU Minister of Propaganda

To the Editor:

Fuck you, Virgil. Hey, did you hear about the Italian obstetrician who set up a dual practice? He delivered babies and pizza at the same time! Figure out that one, greaseball!

Prof. Philip Furmanski
Chairman, Dept. of Biology

To the Editor:

If you think that is funny read this: What do kikes, coons, queers and Catholics have in common? They're all going to Hell! Haw haw haw! That joke's a gas. Zyklon B, to be exact.

Danny Carver
KKK Lodge 213
Incest, Ga

To the Editor:

Hey that's not funny! It's hot in here, and do you know what all these AIDS victims smell like?

Lee Atwater
Listening to Dukakis
Speeches For Eternity
Hell, D.C.

To the Editor:

Hey you dirty Jews, repeat after me: Gee Hoe Va. I just made you say "Jehovah." See you in hell, pigs!

Sinead O'Connor
c/o Anything for
Publicity Productions

To the Editor:

Here's a way for Americans to earn money: Print up a bumper sticker that reads "If you read this, you owe me a dollar." Then slap it on your Honda and reap the profits! It's simple, but I think it is what we need to spur economic growth.

Nicholas Brady
Cleaning Out His Desk
At the Treasury Dept.

To the Editor:

What's black and white, and red all over? An aborted fetus wearing a tuxedo. Stop the genocide!!

The Rev. Randy Terry
Praying on the
Supreme Court Steps

To the Editor:

Why is it that at the end of each semester something is missing from the WSN? First there were two hard drives, then a fax machine, and now it's half my gosh darned salary. What gives?

Marc H. Bell
WSN General Manager

To the Editor:

It must seem petty to pass legislation preventing Tipper Gore from farting in D.C., but that cow could burn down more of this town than the British did in 1814.

The 103rd Congress
Soon to be as Crooked as the Last

To the Editor:

Is there really a Guinness Book of Rectums? And is it true I'm in it several times?

The Hon. David N. Dinkins
Painting the Walls of
Gracie Mansion Purple

To the Editor:

1. We can't bomb England
2. China is full of Chinese
3. India is *not* part of Indiana
Cripes! How much more of this do I have to remember?! Did JFK have to know all this?

Dan Quayle
Packing His Bags

To the Editor:

What do you call a Mexican attorney?
Law Cucarachal

David E. Rovella
c/o Attorneys Against
Greasy Hispanics! [AAGH!]

To the Editor:

I was saying grace at Burger King one day when I realized if you make a cross with two french fries and squirt some catsup in the middle of it, it looks like Jesus crucified. Straws work too, but have it your way.

Diane Lorenc
Putting the "Gee"
Back in Jesus

To the Editor:

To set the record straight, Martin Luther King Jr. did not actually die in my arms, but I was close enough to

hear his last words: "Where de white women at?"

The Rev. Jesse Jackson
Ted Turner's Plantation [CNN]

Dear Ann Landers:

Is it true you can go sterile after wearing a jock strap for 24 hours? My wife wears hers for days at a time, and I'm afraid we might not be able to have any more kids.

Worried in Little Rock

Dear Worried in Little Rock: It's only a problem if she wears it on her head.

To the Editor:

During the Gulf War, I asked if Greece would help if Turkey was attacked from behind. Dick said it does for him.

Gen. "Swollen" Colin Powell
Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff

To the Editor:

It's time we gave up the "media elite" euphemism and called the Hollywood news establishment just what they are: Jews. Fuck 'em, they didn't vote for us anyway.

James A. Baker III
Tirane, Albania
(Where They Really Love Me)

To the Editor:

When RU 486 is legalized, will the bottles have child-proof caps on them?

Gov. Robert Casey
Stillborn, Pa.

To the Editor:

There is nothing wrong with the economy that a capital gains tax cut and a terrific blow job wouldn't solve.

George Bush
Getting One More Fuck
From Jennifer Fitzgerald

To the Editor:

When I was a kid, my favorite McDonaldland character was the Hamburglar. Dad pretended to be Mayor McCheese, and mom looked like Ronald. Talk about a crook, a meathead and a clown!

Neil Bush
Planning Another Billion
Dollar Exercise In Executive
Nepotism At Taxpayer's Expense

To the Editor:

My NYU education hasn't helped me find a job, but I did learn how to read minds to win drinks at bars: Pick a number between one and ten. Double it, then add six. Divide by two, then subtract your original number from the subtotal. Your answer is three. I'll have a Maker's Mark and water.

Jay Hochberg
Beverly Hills, 90210

To the Editor:

Hmmm. Let's see. My asshole is dark and has microscopic organisms in it; and a hole in the ground is dark and has ants and stuff.... Hey, this isn't as easy as I thought.

Rudy Giuliani
Your Next Mayor

To the Editor:

Just to keep you posted: Nothing funny has happened in New Jersey since Hoffa was planted in the end zone, otherwise I'd have written sooner.

Gov. Jim Florio
Da Boss of Bosses

To the Editor:

We couldn't help ourselves — we *both* lied. What do you expect? We're lawyers *and* black.

Clarence and Anita
Making You Long For
the Days of Slavery

To the Editor:

This is to inform you that we will be settling Russian Jews on the pages of your magazine. At first we'll take the front of the book — the editorial and letters pages — but then we'll need the rest to sell ad space to finance the slaughter of Palestinian children.

Shimon Peres
Jerusalem

To the Editor:

Now you can see the endless pattern of aggression perpetrated by the imperialist Americans and their Zionist stooges. And how can those Jews repay the \$10 billion in loans when their sole export is terrorism? By the way, someone tell those JDL goons to stop putting pigs on my front lawn. Oy gevalt! I can only eat so much bacon!

Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg
NYU Dept. of History

The Moonbeam Left: Key Points for the 1996 National Democratic Party Platform

•GIULIANI MOLESTS HANDICAPPED LATINO CHILDREN• Paid for by the Giuliani Married His Cousin Committee For Dinkins

- “Tax and spend, tax and spend, aaaaahahahahaha, wheeeeeee!”
- Freebase and needle exchange programs extended to grade school, including instructions for proper use
- New Cabinet position: Secretary of the ACLU (Alan Dershowitz)
- Raise official poverty level to households making \$50,000 and below
- Create jobs programs for bureaucrats; April declared National Red Tape Month
- Mandatory death penalty for all white males who refuse to attend Robert Bly sensitivity outing (soft on crime, my ass!)
- Remove “Christ” from “Christmas”; replace with “X”-mas (the true martyr)
- “Quotas, quotas, quotas!”
- Proposal for 28th Amendment: Change the First Amendment to read “If it ain’t PC, it ain’t for me”
- Proposal for the 29th Amendment: “White people are ice people; black people are sun people”
- The-Day-Reagan’s-Colon-Exploded declared national holiday
- Switch National Endowment for the Arts budget with the Defense Department’s budget, so long as at least 50% of the money goes to artists who offend Jesse Helms
- New Cabinet position: Secretary of the International Socialist Organization
- “God” (there, we said it, are you happy now?)
- From now on, remove “God” from all government sponsored or related documents (oops, there we go again!)
- Really, we mean it. Remove all references to [insert name of Supreme Deity here] from all government events, speeches, etc.
- Wait a minute. Can we even say “Supreme Deity?” Aren’t we excluding other religions that believe in more than one God?
- D’ooh! We said it again!
- Okay, this is it. We can say “God”, but we just can’t mean it
- New Cabinet position: Secretary of Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Revenge
- Affirmative action draft: rich white males over the age of 35
- Ban all competitive sports so fat kids aren’t left out
- Cable regulation controlled by Garry Trudeau
- “Furloughs, furloughs, furloughs!”
- Secretary of Defense: Harvey Firestein
- Everybody just be nice to each other, Goddammit!

The Religious Right: Key Points for the 1996 National Republican Party Platform

- "God" at least once in every sentence of government documents
- Mandatory death penalty for all "blue collar" crimes, such as abortions, single parenthood, murder, drugs, and parking tickets
- Individuals committing white collar "crimes," such as insider trading, environmental abuse, and corporate sabotage, should receive tax credits and a personally autographed photo of J. Danforth Quayle himself
- Mandatory smoking law to boost economy
- Minimum smoking age reduced to five
- "Wetlands" redefined: oceans (maybe lakes in some special cases)
- Cable regulation enforced by Pat Robertson and the 700 Club
- Proposal for the 28th Amendment: Presidential elections held every six months until we win again
- Proposal for the 29th Amendment: change the First Amendment to read, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion... unless it's Protestant Christianity"
- Replace the Welfare program with "Workfare": reinstate serfdom
- Mandatory participation in Little League Baseball
- Official campaign slogan: "A chicken in every pot, a Jew in every oven, and a Gideon Bible in every nightstand"
- Pledge of Allegiance followed by prayer in school every day: forces those damn heathen Hindus to choose one God
- Handguns and automatic weapons mandatory... for white people
- The following courses shall be banned from the classroom, due to subversive, sexual, secular humanistic, satanic, and intellectual content: biology, physiology, physical education, home economics, and logic
- Year-round nativity scenes placed on every street corner
- Eliminate the letters A, C, L, & U from the alphabet
- Reinstate debtor's prison; maximum stay ten years, then death penalty
- Public execution on CNN
- Garry Trudeau goes first
- Force Wolf Blitzer to change his name
- War recognized as the real "national pastime"
- Gays shall be allowed in the military... for target practice

Bill Clinton's Hash Brownies

No Inhalation Required

- 3/4 cup white flour (Insures a solid base)
- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar (Sweetens the deal)
- 2 tablespoons cocoa powder (Improves relations with Latin America)
- 3/4 teaspoon baking powder ("Really, officer. It is baking powder")
- 1/8 teaspoon salt (As in "take it with a grain of...")
- 4 ounces bittersweet chocolate (For the "angry black" vote)
- 6 tablespoons unsalted butter (Greases a couple of palms)
- 1 1/2 tablespoon corn syrup (Iowa caucus debt)
- 2 large eggs (Aborted, of course)
- 1 1/2 teaspoons pure vanilla (Southerner's comfort)
- 1/8 teaspoon almond extract (The Hillary Factor: well-squeezed nuts)
- 1/2 pound brick hashish



Preheat your oven to 350 degrees F., keeping all your freebase equipment nearby for quick hits. Line an 8-inch square baking pan with aluminum foil, allowing foil to overlap two ends of the pan by about 2 inches.

Grease foil and your Vice-President—in case your mistress forgets to show up. Sift together flour, powdered sugar, cocoa powder, baking powder, and salt, then set this aside.

Place chocolate and butter in a large, heavy saucepan and place over lowest heat, stirring frequently, until just melted and smooth or until the cops finish surrounding your house. Remove from heat and stir in the corn syrup. Roll a bone and whip out the Parcheesi set while letting mixture stand until it cools to lukewarm.

When cooled, add eggs one at a time (there should only be two, if you're still able to count), beating them like a white trash trailer park wife into the chocolate with a large wooden spoon. Stir in vanilla and almond extracts. If you have no almonds, use some staccato-man shrooms for a double whammy.

Add dry ingredients and stir until well blended. The mixture should be smoother than a political ad put together by Washington insiders. Turn batter out into baking pan, spreading it evenly to edges.

Lick the bowl, then smoke a bowl *in that*

order (we will not be responsible for any accidents).

Place in the middle of the oven and bake. This should take 22 to 25 minutes... unless you bought your shit in Washington Square. For moister brownies, bake for minimum time, or else you might forget to take them out. (If you're in a hurry, skip the oven part and just stuff the mix into your Ceiling-High Buddha Bong and smooth out before your mooching friends get there.)

Take it out of the oven, place pan on a wire rack, and let stand for about 15 to 20 minutes. While waiting, see if *you* can stand for 15 to 20 minutes. Then carefully lift brownie from pan using overhanging foil for handles, and place on rack to cool completely. Carefully peel foil from bottom and set brownie right side up on a cutting board.

Using a large sharp knife [What the Hell are we doing? Telling a totally fried Julia Child wannabe to wield a Ginsu? Doesn't anybody edit this shit?] mark and then cut brownies into 2-inch squares or 2- by 2 5/8-inch bars.

Makes 12 2-by-2 5/8-inch bars or 16 2-inch squares. Serves 12, unless you invite Moo. These brownies are guaranteed to be an entertaining party snack. Even Hillary would stay home all day baking them.



"I miss you, Bill."

GENNIFER
CONVERTIBLES

America's Largest Sofabed Specialist.

Call 1-900-GENNIFER for the nearest location.

"NEW YORK, NEW YORK, IT'S A HELL OF A TOWN..."

Sodom and Gomorrah	New York City
Five cities— Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboaiim, and Zoar	Five boroughs— Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island
Drunkenness and profane behavior	New York Rangers fans
Sodomy ritually practiced	"Howard Stern Show" ritually listened to
Lot's wife turned into a petrified pillar of salt when looking at Sodom	New Yorkers turn into petrified victims of assault when making eye contact with anyone
Sexual Perversion	Greenwich Village
Not even ten moral residents in the entire city	Not even ten moral residents in the entire city
Rampant corruption	Senator Alfonse D'Amato
Only one virtuous person, a Jew named Lot	Only one virtuous person, Rebbe Menachem Schneersohn, a Jew who lives near New Lot's Avenue in Brooklyn
Three angels of death destroy the city	Andrew Stein, Rudolph Giuliani, and David Dinkins



What Bush hears... and what he thinks. *David Kaplan*

The Shit List

Curt Cobain
Lorne Michaels
Tim Benkowski

Paul Nagle
Madonna

John Norris

Jeff Finley
The Wayans
Christian Laettner

Lane Alston
John Engler

Bono
Jo-Elle Celestin
Ian Hochberg
Juan "Pepe" Garcia

David Loeb

Jesus
Mike Diegnan
The New York Knicks
Glenn Kurtzrock
Tori Spelling

Nathan Freeman

Arsenio Hall
German Teen-Age Skinheads
Justice Antonin Scalia
Jessica Kogan
Sinead O'Connor
Peter Liao
Howard Wu
Carl "Spud" Treutler

Seth Minsk

Morrissey

Laurie Galluzi
Mark and Brian
Dale-Bob Brinks
Michael Stipe

Rudolph Giuliani
"Poodle"

Marky Mark

A.J. Kleeger
Minetta Review
Darryl and Bill Gates
Alpha Epsilon Phi

Chris Silva
Bob Torricelli

Rob Gibson
Paul Kontonis
The Serbian Army

Spike Lee

Classical Liberal Organization
Josh Bernstein
Jenny Jones
Jessica Gaines
Pat Robertson
Phli

Chai Komanduri

The Ninth-Floor Traitors

Drew Barrymore
Senator Pothole
The Third World
Sue Lee
Mom and Dad

Jennifer N. Galvanek
•Nazi Bitch From Hell•

Bill & Hillary's PHOTO ALBUM

Intimate Moments with the First Family



Bill, age 11,
discovers a hole
he likes— behind
the nudie theatre.
You can get by
with a little help
from your friends!



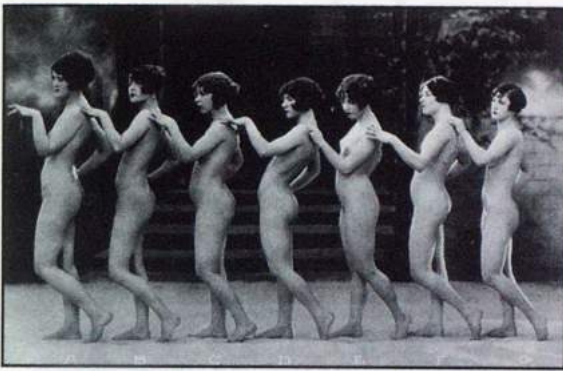
Young Hillary says, "This is the last
time you'll see me doing this, Daddy
you gendocentric, mysoginist pig!"



"Womyn! Womyn!
Rah! Rah! Rah!"
Hillary, 17, cheers for
her favorite gender.



Bill and
Hillary suck
up— milk
shakes, that
is— on their
first date.



Oxford, England.
The F.O.B.'s
(Friends of Bill)
on parade.



Hillary and her first
love on spring break
from Yale.

"Slave
over an
open stove,
my ass! I
built the
goddamn
thing!"



"Isn't she
precious?"
Chelsea, age
9, attends
her very first
wedding.



"Shhhh! It'll be our little secret."
Uncle Bill and the Gore children
at the beach while Al and Tipper
aren't around.

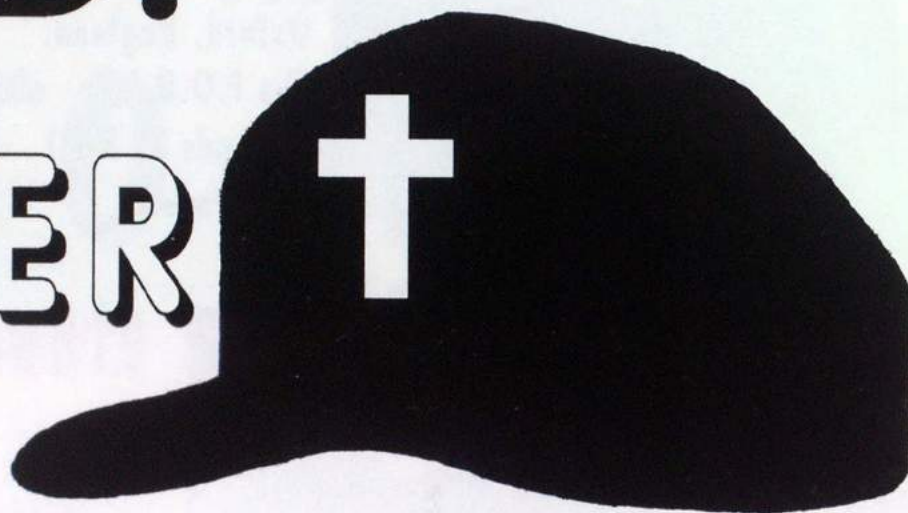


"STAY AWAY
FROM MY
HUSBAND
YOU SLEAZY
HARLOT!!!"

WORD!

to the

FATHER



Now YOU can be cool without trying to be Black!

All WASP-type people check this out: Malcom X may be hot but he probably cheated on his SAT's. Stop this 'wannabe-Black' shit and invent your own style. Put away your baggy sweats and clown overalls, 'cause we have got the cure for your uninventive blues. Crucifix™ hats are guaranteed to cause civil unrest in your 'hood, or your money back—By Any Means Necessary®. Remember; you don't have to imitate Black people to look ridiculous.

Words of praise from some satisfied customers:

"Now I don't have to try and fit in with you and your people." —R. Perot, Waco, TX

"Dammit, I can only wear one trendy hat at a time!" — Michael Stipe, Athens, GA

"I hope everyone gets these hats instead. I'm tired of being reminded of the person I wanted dead when he was alive." — Minister Louis Farakhan, Detroit, MI

"Great fuckin' hats, dudes!" — Pope John Paul II, Vatican City

"I just want to remind everyone to look out for my sequel, *Malcom XI—The Revenge*." —Arnold Schwarzenegger, Linz, Austria

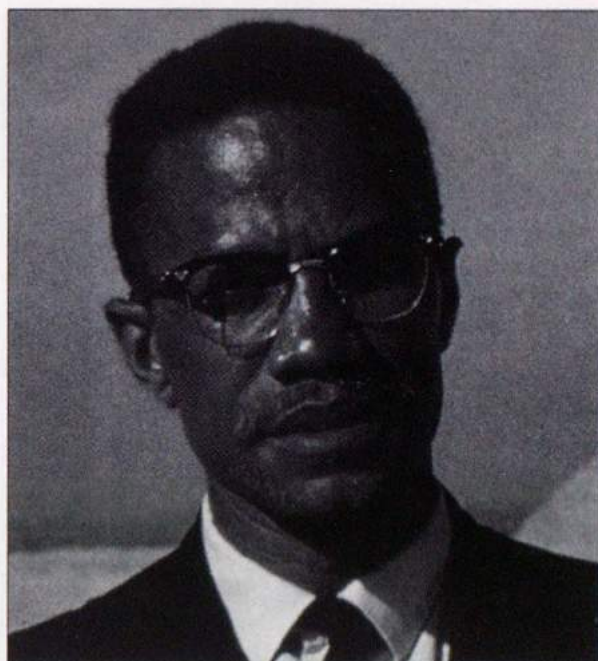
"Laugh now. But wait until I make a movie about Jesus. Then I can make money off these hats, too!" — Spike Lee, New York, NY

Deciphering

X

The Plague's guide to comprehending moviegoers at Spike Lee's new film.

By Tony Jazze



Yo	"Pardon me, may I intercede for a moment?"
Word	"You are correct in your assumption." (Also correlates with: "Until we interact again.")
Word up	"You are correct. I will pass this information on to others so they may benefit."
You're down	"You fit into a select clique or group, and are generally aware of our oppressed sub-culture."
Shit's fucked	"This situation does not seem just or workable within its given parameters."
Fresh	"New, inventive, and pleasing to proletarian existentialists, such as yourself."
Raw	"Shockingly negative for refined tastes such as mine."
My posse	"My formulated group of select, vibrant individuals who share a common cause."
Chillin'	"Remaining in a place or state of being that reflects a calm, surreal tranquility."
Crew	"A posse in a quadrille."
I'll bust that shit	"I, if rightfully provoked, will administer a sufficient amount of damage on the given individual, animal, or structure so desired."
Damn, bitch, Chill!	"Madame, would you please refrain from your onslaught of unprovoked hostility?"

ROBOVEEP



I am the Roboveep 2400 series and I am programmed to do three things: debate, hug trees and fuck. I was monitoring the ozone layer with my ultra-high-velocity information system when I received a code red PMRC alert. Apparently a bored Beltway housewife was looking for some action. Before my sensors could react, I was fucking a censor of the cyber-bitch variety. It was heaven atop her capitol hills.

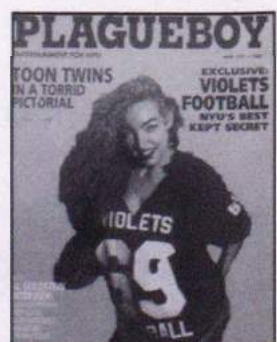


Coincidence?

We don't think so...

For those of you old enough to remember our *infamously classic Plagueboy* issue, we would like to congratulate our cover model for thriving in the "modeling career" which we launched for her. Of course, most of you wouldn't consider a lesbian menage-a-trois in *Cheri* magazine's 1992 Holiday Issue worthy of that label, but hey, after graduation from TSOA it must be a relief to actually be *paid* for homo-erotica.*

*Actually, we don't give a fat shit about the butch, but we'd rather not be sued by *Cheri* for ripping off the "Robocock" spread from the same issue. Just take one look at her, fellas. You owe us.



Al Gore vents his environmental rage as...

Dr. Ozone

Dear Dr. Ozone:

Where have all the flowers gone?
Peter, Paul, and Mary

A Commune in the American Southwest
Circa 1968

Pear PPM:

To be perfectly honest, I haven't the faintest idea, but it's highly unlikely that they're hanging out with the tattered remnants of your career. It's best to stop and smell the roses before you're pushing up daisies... and while there's a chance that Ollie Stone will do a retrospective.

Dear Dr. Ozone:

If I plug eight or ten rounds into a spotted owl and by some freak miracle he flies and lands in a wetland area located on Federal property, is it more correct to eat it barbeque, cajun, or shish-kebab style?

Billy Joe Magnum
NYU Rifle Association

Dear BJ:

You fucking rat bastard! You pus-filled gangrenous wart! You anally-fixated date rapist! Thou art... a Senator! I can't believe that you would have the unmitigated gall to ask me that question. That said, I had always been partial to barbeque style until James Carville turned me on to cajun. Take your pick.

Dear Dr. Ozone:

I have a problem of a rather personal nature, so I would appreciate it if my name and address were withheld. You see, as I was protesting the deforestation of the Manistee National Forest, I became, ahh, involved...with a tree. He's got such a gorgeous trunk, and it was so innocent at first—started with a little hugging, and before you know it I'm making the beast with two backs [and four buttocks—ed.]. What should I do? I feel like such a sap.

Tipper "Smith"
The "Beige" House
"Jefferson" D.C.

Dear Tip:

Who was it, that Petrified Oak I saw you with last night? Or that stupid little Pine shrub who's always hanging around the back yard? I'll see your fat, music-censoring ass in court, you goddamn trollop! You'll never get custody of the kids, the PMRC will start to ban you from being sold in record stores, and now I've got justification for sleeping with Hillary. On second thought, I appreciate the favor.

Dear Dr. Ozone:

You realize, Mr. Righteous Indignation, that a nuclear winter would counteract the effects of global warming, do you not? If you knee-jerks in Congress had given him one more lousy term, President Reagan just might have had the chance to save this stinking planet while simultaneously winning the Cold War. Goldwater in '96!

Patrick Buchanan
As Always, Right On the Button
Hell, Mississippi

Dear Pat:

What's your point? Goldwater in '96! (at least he never wore a coon-skin cap in public)

Dear Dr. Ozone:

Is it possible to recycle jheri-curl activator? I would really like to do my part in this wonderful movement of yours.

Reverend Al Sharpton
As Always, Right On Top of Things
New York City

Dear Al:

Anything's possible if you're born into the right race and social class. Unfortunately, life just ain't fair. I think you should stick to politics; it will make you feel better, and you'll get to see yourself on TV. Leave the environment to those of us who have plenty of spare time on our hands. Besides, without our goatees, how are we gonna get laid? Jesus, it's slim enough pickings as it is!



•YEAH!!!• Paid for by the Just You Fucking Wait Committee for Giuliani

PLAGUE

WHY GOD IS A REPUBLICAN

- Been out of touch for as long as we can remember
- Wasn't mentioned in the Democratic Party platform
- Hubert Humphrey is dead; Nixon is on the streets
- Pat Robertson says so
- Big ego
- Because the Democratic Party is the same party which forces women to leave their homes, kill their children, become lesbians, practice witchcraft, and denounce capitalism— all of which are antithetical to the principle of our Great Christian Nation.
- You would too, if you had to pay taxes on all creation.
- He's the only thing that can save them

WHY GOD IS A DEMOCRAT

- He isn't

THE PLAGUE SUGGESTS NAMES FOR YOUR SEATTLE-WANNABE GRUNGE BAND

- Wasted Public Funding
- Beauty School Dropouts
- Tastes Like Chicken
- Ovary
- Meat
- Bozo Knows

- Hairy Krishna
- Can't Afford State College
- Three Chords and a Babe
- Dead Drummers' Society
- PeaceNixon
- Alice Chain-Smokes
- QuayleLuudes
- Colon Blow Me
- Mere et Taie L'Amour
- Face for Radio
- Just Plain Bad
- Alternative Orifice
- Mom Used To Beat Us Silly
- Flower Grandchildren
- Bad Posture
- Cow Tipper Gore
- Xylum
- Zygote
- Vas Deferens
- Banished Overalls
- Frog the Moist Cog
- Body Bag (we can't count)
- Flea Bass (Japanese junkies)
- White Trash Compactor
- Jelly Roll for Jesus
- Presidential Erection
- Parents of Orphans
- Shrink Rappers
- Musician Heal Thyself
- Trailer Parking
- Gomer's Pile
- Head Cheese
- Red Dollar Days
- Kojack Hijack
- My Buttocks Are Inflamed
- Seaman Semen
- Ruff Draught
- White Wetting
- Mother-of-Pearl Jam
- DirtSyrup
- Vapor Action

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVESKETCHES FROM HELL (CAN IT GET ANY WORSE?)

- "Comaman" (no lines—he just lies there. Played by Daniel Day-Lewis)
- "Tumorman"
- "Womynman"
- "Tiny, Yet Fat and Flatulent Elvis"
- "Toonces and Socks" road movie.
- "Game show: Smell That Fart!"
- Handicapped jokes (hey, it worked for those Black guys on Fox)
- "Distended-Colon Man"
- "Partial Recall" (Ronald Reagan stars)
- "Attack of the Twelve-Foot Tall Sideburns"
- Some Dennis Miller desperation vehicle (Arsenio Hall stars)
- "Freaky Friday IV: Revenge of Mom"
- "Bill and Al's Excellent Adventure"
- Gay-bashing jokes ("Hey, it worked for those Black guys on Fox")
- "1993 Guttentburg Awards" (even longer this time)
- "Opera Man/Rap Man Duet"
- More "Pat" skits:
 1. Having sex (with whom? or both? tee hee hee)
 2. Stripping (Penis?)

EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO YOU

(VOLUME 42 IN A SERIES OF UNIVERSAL TRUTHS)

Vagina? or both? tee hee hee)

3. At work (men's room? or women's room? or both? tee hee hee)
4. Lunch (pasta? or steak? or both? tee hee hee)
5. At the club (push-ups? sit-ups? or both? tee hee hee)
6. Comitting suicide (revolver? sedatives? or both? tee hee hee)

THINGS TO DO WITH THE RECOVERED \$4.1 MILLION DOLLARS EMBEZZELED FROM NYU

- Donate all the money to worthy charities, including homeless shelters and Greenpeace
- Move TSOA to Seattle, where they can hang out with fellow grunge-rock morons and other pretentious black-wannabes-who-want-funk-but-can't-afford-overalls-and-gold-teeth assholes
- Pay for some of the legal fees involving Fiji rape charges
- English lessons for TA's
- Penis and ego enlargements for the Program Board
- Donate it all to production of "Stern—The Musical"

- Invest the money and use the interest to buy Larry Tisch a good toupe
- Spring Break '92 in Amsterdam—hash bricks courtesy of the Board of Trustees
- Turn *The Washington Square News* into a readable publication
- Down payment on another trolley
- Refinance this stupid magazine

FUN THINGS TO DO WITH AN OLD STAPLE GUN


- Diaphragm applicator
- Load it up and give it to small children at a playground
- Have Spike Lee claim it as an invention of the black man
- Punch staples into pictures of your girlfriend so you can tell your friends that she has a centerfold's body
- Put it in a room with a staple remover and have them fight it out
- Use it to pierce your tongue
- Snazz it up with some bright paint and a stencil and sell it to tourists in the Village as an example of our "bohemian culture"
- When your roommate is asleep, see if those little staples can puncture a skull

- Hold-up an office supply store
- Subway protection

WAYS TO PISS-OFF AN MTV EXECUTIVE

- Photograph Nirvana in their Armani suits as they call their stockbrokers.
- Force the entire audience of "Hangin' with MTV" to shave off their goatees
- Detonate fifty tons of TNT at the next Lollapalooza tour, killing off half their viewers
- Get John Norris to cry yet again from another *Plague* article about him and steroids abuser Marky Mark and their wild nights playing patty-cake at the Limelight
- Remind their sponsors that the MTV generation is a bunch of shoplifters
- Save the environment and have everyone registered to vote—they'll have nothing to whine about.
- Put *Rolling Stone* and *Spin* out of business, thereby depriving them of direction
- Get Martha Quinn to write a book about her sexual harrassment
- Remind them of the great hype success with Pauley Shore, the Yahoo Serious of 1992
- Force them to play decent music again

•VOTE GIULIANI• Paid for by the We Love Giuliani For Mayor Committee



**NYU
APATHETIC
ZONE**

**CHECK YOUR FUCKING
IDEOLOGY AT THE DOOR**

**FUCK
THE
VOTE**



ABSOLUT FAILURE.