

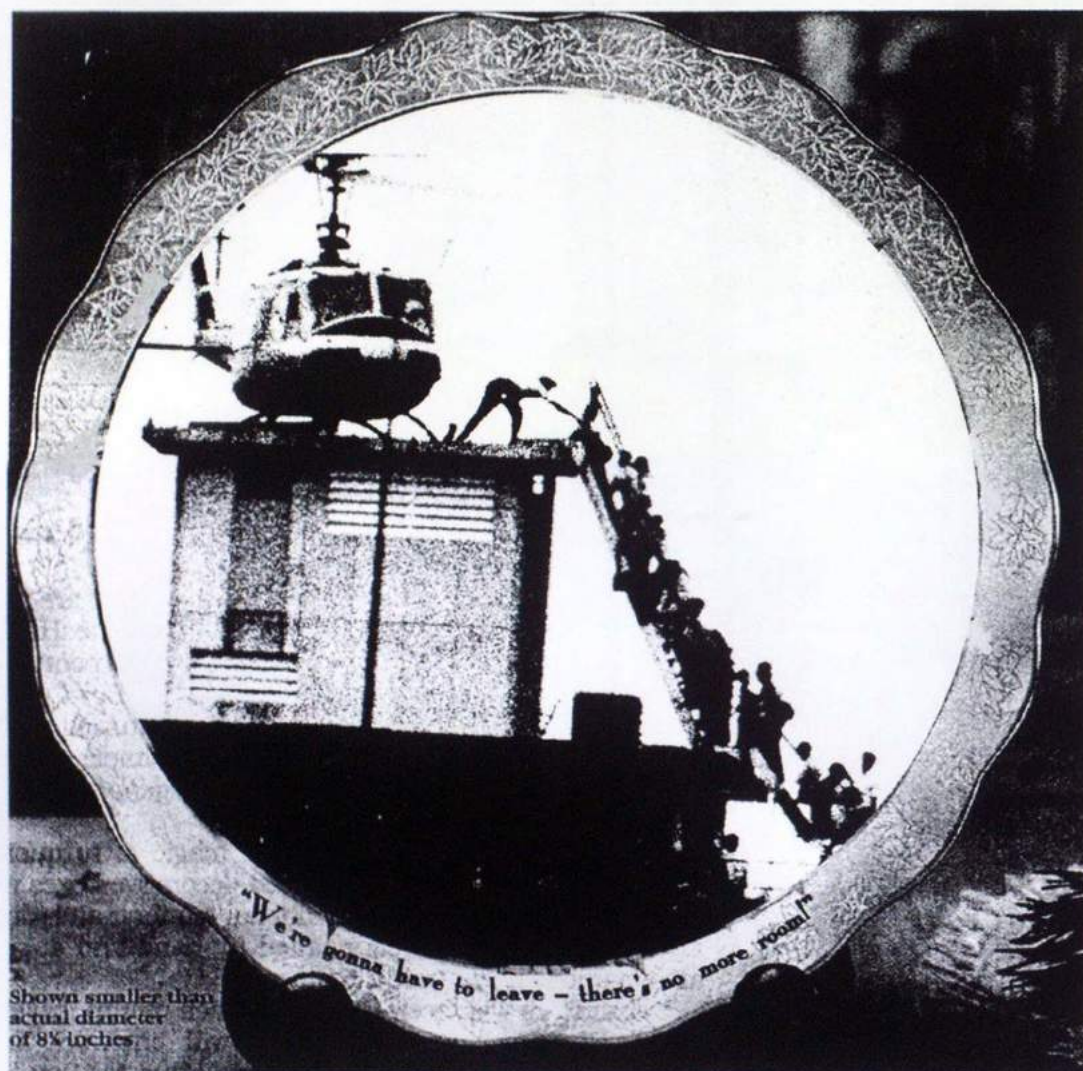
PLAGUE



HISTORICAL ATROCITIES ISSUE

From the Franklin Mint

THE VIETNAM VETERAN'S COLLECTOR PLATE EDITIONS



Put the POW in your P.O.W.'s china cabinet! Bring these charming plates to your home. **SUBMIT YOUR ORDER TODAY!**

What better way to flashback to the past than these beautifully crafted plates from the Franklin Mint? Meticulously hand painted, these plates of ivory fine porcelain bring back all the grit and guts of the Vietnam War. Inspired by the award-winning foot-paintings of honorably-discharged General Gatling, these plates promise to bring a smile to even the grumpiest sufferer of post traumatic stress disorder with a different memory each month.

Why waste thousands of dollars in airfare to relive the war and its setting when you can reminisce in the comfort of your own home? Though we can't guarantee a return on your investment, a previous issue of "General Westmoreland at My Lai" has already fetched ten packs of Camels, some Chocolates and a Playboy.

FUTURE EDITIONS INCLUDE:

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Napalm!
Baby's First Massacre
Scoring Skag Off The Locals
&
Ever Since I Banged That
Geisha Girl, I Been Itching
Like Crazy!*

Yes! Please rush me "The Fall Of Saigon" with an indeterminate number of other plates to follow. I understand that I can never cancel and that the Franklin Mint is not responsible for any injuries, mental or otherwise, which result from, or are caused by, the plates in this series.

NAME _____

WARD _____

WING _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIGNATURE OR DISTINCTIVE MARK: _____

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" (Revolution 9) 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" (Trent Reznor) 4. a highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the moronic plague. *tr.v.* **plagued, plaguing, plagues.** 1. to harass, pester, or annoy: "What business have people to plague us with this etymological tripe." (Webster)

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

Synonyms. — BLIGHT, BOTHER, CANCER, CURSE, EPIDEMIC, PAIN-IN-THE-ASS

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AND
GEORGE XANTHOPOULOS
AS THE "BEAVER"

Thanx to - Mike Regan for photographic advice, Optimum Design and Consulting for color fantabulousness, Bob Butler for being our shoulder to cry on, Mrs. Callan for blankets during sleepovers, Town Hall, Transcript for their valuable time and study advice (I am gonna try pre-law!), Freddy over at Jiffy Lube, and least of all, you.

FALL 1997

LITANY OF ATROCITIES

and freshly baked delights!

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The contents of this magazine are culled together from hearsay, scuttlebutt and malicious rumors of all kinds. It is not by any means an exhaustive resource on the Crimean War and should only be used as a *study guide*. We are not responsible for injury due to shaking of contents under pressure. Warning - the liquid this magazine contains is hot. May discolor some children and interiors of GM products. Have you seen those crazy politicians in Washington lately? Oh, and-kill your parents.

THE PLAGUE

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

I've got a message for you, the reader. Every last one of you. Yeah, you too. The eighties sucked. Don't try to tell me otherwise. And don't think I don't see you with your little Smurf lunch boxes and your *Fast Times At Ridgemont High* soundtracks. About a year or two ago you were in full 70's revival mode. "Disco's back and it's hotter than ever!" you said, flashing your mood ring and polyester pants. If you heard Duran Duran back then you would have laughed your asses off. Now suddenly it's feathered hair and Flock of Seagulls on the turntable. Now suddenly it's okay because now that's what fashion dictates is cool. Now, but not so suddenly, you bend over once again for the great corporate trend setters.

I will reserve judgment against the seventies, although I am inclined to believe that any decade that gave us such a horrid color scheme deserves to be shot (avocado green — what the *hell* were you thinking?!). But I was not really there, so I did not experience the horror first hand. I was, however, quite there during the eighties, and comparing it to what I know historically about the 20th century, the eighties were hands down the worst decade — socially, politically, and especially culturally. When you think *Men At Work*, I think of coked-up Wall Street assholes robbing every one of us blind. When you think *Back to the Future*, I think of Ronald Reagan nearly blowing all of us up because he wanted to win the global dick-measuring contest with Russia. When you think Mr. T and Michael J. Fox, I think Oliver North and Casper Weinberger. And worst of all, while you were watching *Super Friends* and eating Count Chocula, the most blatant usurping of our government in modern history happened. It was called

Iran-Contra, and you still don't know anything about it because you're a stupid American who doesn't care how illegally our country is run so long as you don't miss *Dynasty* or *Dallas*.

And does anyone remember how scary it was to grow up in the eighties? As a child you were constantly bombarded with propaganda from scared adults about what an evil place the world was. How your best friends were going to offer you drugs. How a van was going to pull up and kidnap you. How someone you didn't even know was going to put staples in your Halloween candy. The poisonous baby boomer generation, which still doesn't think our generation has anything to offer the world, tried to force the same bleak world view they held onto their children. It's amazing any one of us are sane.

Looking back on anything makes it appear beautiful, because of course you will remember the good and leave out the bad. But nostalgia is death. The distance between 'event' and 'nostalgia for the event' is getting smaller and smaller every year. Soon we will reach the point where, as a society, we can not take a step forward without looking back on what we just did. Hence, death by reminiscence.

I suppose I shouldn't really care too much if Depeche Mode and *Silver Spoons* makes you happy. If you want to feed the eighties' filthy trough with cultural slops for the rest of your life, it's no skin off my ass. When you want to join me in the present, where things are still happening, let me know.

Matthew Callan is the interim executive editor of *The Plague* while the real executive editor Dan Michael gads about in England. The views he expresses in this column were submitted in an essay for Freshman Writing class. He received a D.

In light of NASA's summer success with the Pathfinder mission to Mars, and potentially lethal cockiness in launching the Plutonium containing Cassini probe, we, the good people at *The Plague*, felt it only appropriate to rehash some of our nation's more embarrassing moments in space exploration



YESTERDAY'S TECHNOLOGY FOR TOMORROW

July 12 1984: The second female astronaut to be in a solo earth orbit is caught via video feed floating nude with 007 amidst Champaigne bottles and silk sheets



June 5 1989: While initiating a maneuver described as a "Dairy Queen peel-out", astronaut Bob Martin destroys a \$10 billion communication satellite

April 3 1979: Due to Carter-era cutbacks, NASA is forced to replace the intended payload of the Traveler rocket to Mars, a cutting edge topographical sensor array, with a 1973 Ford Pinto, only to have it crash to the Martian surface 10 days later

February 2 1991: A small fire breaks out aboard the Space Shuttle Atlantis after the crew accidentally microwaves a fork



August 22 1989: The Space Shuttle Columbia aborts lift off at a price to tax payers of \$2 million because Flight Commander Jim Moreland got "psyched out"

October 17 1997: After completing a \$3.2 billion update of its vacuum-tube-based computer system, NASA proudly reaffirms its creed "Yesterday's Technology For Tomorrow"



You kids don't know nothing about New York. You think you know, but you really don't know. There are times, I'm sure, when you think that you know, but in all truth, knowledge is not what you have. I think what I'm trying to say here is that you don't know what you think you know. Remember, I grew up in the city before it got taken over by the Irish and the Dutch.

All the subways had parasols on the roof. We didn't know why and we didn't ask either. They could get you from 34th Street all the way down to Canal in less than an hour, and for only \$1.50! But that was back when Canal was still a real canal, so you had to be careful when you got out of the station that you didn't fall in. Especially when the sea monsters were around. They were on all the maps, you know. The boys down at the City Monster Slaying Department kept good care of them, though. Their office was in the big Belgian neighborhood west of West Street. They used to call it Waffle Village. It was pretty much destroyed when they got blamed for the Draft Riots.

Cops never used to walk the beat back then. If you got robbed or raped or something, you had to go down to the local cop store and order some law enforcement. It usually took two or three weeks, and then you got charged by the hour. We didn't mind waiting - it built character. While we waited for the cops to be delivered, we used to hang out at 23-Skiddoo, on 14th Street of course. It was owned by Old Man Rivers, and it had the only beer in the City brewed from pigeons. Rivers used to yell at all the kids outside the pub and smack them around with a door knob on a string. Back then, you were still allowed to hit strangers' kids, before all this nonsense with "child abuse" and "lawsuits." The old man got beaten to death when the Maine got blown up. Of course, all the Germans got blamed.

I used to work downtown as a messenger for the Arland Stock Company, right next to the old Metzger farm. I had to deliver messages all over the city, from all the way up in Washington Market to down in Harlem. Lots of times the bosses would make me watch them read the messages I'd deliver, laugh and then tear them up in front of my eyes. It turns out later that it was just a big practical joke among the various captains of industry. Pretty funny, if you think about it. My boss, Mr. Arland, used to pay me in large pieces of paper. I couldn't read, so I thought it was checks or something. Later I found out they really were just large slips of paper. They burned good in the winter though. The City made him shut the place down after the Teapot Dome scandal. He was Argentinian, you know. After that, we had to go back to burning dirt.

On Saturday nights, everyone went to Vaclav's in Brooklyn, right next to the golf course. They had all the best food - fried things on a plate with bacon and butter was their famous Health Food Platter. Frank Sinatra started his career there - everyone would get dressed up and go there just to hear him sing, "Poppa's Got a Brand New Bag." They had some dances back then, let me tell you: the monkey, the diesel jerk, and the blue plate special with a side order of fries. You could get a whole evening of hooch, hash and hoofing for under \$40! Then we all discovered that it was an Italian restaurant. Nobody wanted that - they were responsible for the Spanish-American War, after all.

Yeah, from the floating trolleys to the multi-colored fire hydrants, New York was a great town back then. Everyone was polite, no one ever got hurt and there were no minorities anywhere. Those were the days. I wish I could remember more. Wait a sec - Gladys! Get me another beer!

Multi-Functional Travel Abroad Letter

When traveling abroad, who has the time to write letters to all the people who expect them? Everyday's a new and exciting adventure that should not be missed just because you have to waste a lot of your time writing everybody and their dog telling them everything is fine and the food is different. That's why we are providing this multi-functional letter that you can send to either your significant other, mother, or mechanic. We're doing this as a public service for you, because hey, that's the kind of people we are. Just cross out the statements that don't correspond to the appropriate person and send it off — and hurry up! I think a conga line's starting behind you.

Dear Lover / Mom / Mechanic,

Well, my time abroad has proven to be a tremendous learning experience. There's so much to see and do, but not enough hours in the day to do it! Everybody here is really friendly and the cities and landscapes are absolutely beautiful. Can you believe people here are not so uptight about public displays of affection / swim within fifteen minutes after eating / don't have aftermarket parts and have to buy everything from the dealer?

I'm glad I'm here, though I admit that I do get lonely. I really miss the feeling I get when I feel your heart softly pounding against mine / you make my bed / you put platinum spark plugs in my car when you tune it up. Just the other day I saw a young couple in the park / a home cooked meal / a car that was making a wierd clicking noise anytime the driver touched the brakes and it made me think of our first time / when I made that ashtray for you at summer camp / when you didn't charge me for labor when you installed those bendix brake pads.

While I'm seeing so much here, I can't wait to be back so I can put my manhood / laundry / car into your thighs / washer and dryer / shop so you can feel my love / lack of consideration / money shoot throughout your body / house / cash register just so I can hear you say I love you / you're just like your father — good for nothing! / I dunno — I'll have to look at it first.

Everything I see just reminds me that I want to hold you in my arms / I need more money / cars here look like they're built for fuckin' pansies. Just a couple more weeks and I'll be in your arms / house / shop because there's no place I'd rather be / I don't have enough money to move out yet / I think my inspection sticker expired.

Oh yeah, I bought some lingerie / a vase / a nudey picture for you to hang up in the shop that seemed perfect for you. I'll send it soon.

So I hope you are doing well. And don't worry — I'll be home before you know it. But while I'm here I'm keeping your farewell words, wherever we travel we're never apart / you going out dressed like that? What are you stupid? / Hey, women should be treated just like engines — yank 'em, crank 'em, but don't stand around to thank 'em, close to my heart.

Forever yours / your son / see ya soon,

WE GET LETTERS...

We here at The Plague received quite a few complaints regarding our previous "Teen Plague" issue. It seems after years of offending everyone and anything, the NYU community had come to count on our "white maleness" and was disappointed with what was perceived as a softening of our style. Unfortunately our notoriously racially insensitive and misogynistic then-Executive Editor Daniel Michael responded to the complaints before any other editors could stop him. In an effort to absolve the current editorial staff of any involvement in these horrific statements, we decided to publish them. Here goes.

Dear Plague,

"Teen Plague," huh? Okay, it's a good front page. But then I actually opened up the fuckin' thing. And guess what? You're a bunch of pussies! What the fuck? I thought *The Plague* had an edge, I thought you guys were gonna keep dishing out funny stuff, but no! You gotta print an issue that I'd rather use to wipe my ass than read. I've got another gripe to pick with you bunch of sissies. Used to be that you Butt Sergeants would talk alot about how much bitches ain't nothing but ho's and tricks and shit. If I can't feel better about not gettin' any from your next issue, I'm gonna come down there and pussy-whip you some more!

Fuckfully yours,

Bradley Wenthrup

Sit down, you black guy! Who the fuck do you think you are? What experience do you have editing a comedy magazine? If you had any, you'd realize that humor that relies on sheer vulgarity and shock value requires little talent and isn't even funny. As for you, black guy, if you think we're pussies, meet me outside Student Activities. I'll take off my sundress and bonnet and beat your black ass, black guy!

Dear Plague,

Cory Dann is fucking hilarious! NOT! Why the Hell do you give any space in the magazine to that unfunny fuck? I know Cory from my "Sight and Sound" class and he was just as much a shithead then. What kind of loser would publish a picture of himself with a pasty skinned 300 pound stripper and call it humor? You'd be better off devoting that space to more lame Mad Magazine rip offs.

Leonard Hershkovitz

Talk to the hand, Native American! If you don't like this magazine, why don't you just pack up and go back to wherever it is you came from, you Pangea loving whacko. This magazine got along just fine before you people crossed the Bering Strait, and we'll keep doing so, you honkey!

Dear Plague,

Your "1999 Technological Breakthroughs" was awfully similar to Conan O'Brien's "In the Year 2000." Difference is, he's actually funny. Kiss my ass.

Patrick O'Danaghue

Listen up, fat Mexican! On this side of the border, we do things a little differently. I think you'd be best off if you left the editing to me and stuck with your sitar and Dradel. And if you send us another Carly Simon, we'll bomb you back to the Stone Age, just like we did in WWII. By the way, shouldn't you be fighting the Palestinians for your homeland right now instead of talking about things you obviously know nothing about? And learn the language while you're at it.

Dear Plague,

I remember when I came to NYU three years ago, we here at Asian Initiative regarded your magazine as the most racist and offensive publication on campus. Your constant attacks on NYU's Asian community lead us to file several complaints with the Student Activities board. Your lampooning of the spread of Asian gangs underscored a serious problem in New York and other cities, and your inferred connection between these gangs and NYU's own Asian community was simply outrageous. As the current President of Asian Initiative, I see that *The Plague* has lost its attitude of yesteryear and has become afraid to say anything controversial. Your pathetic "Kid Samurai" cartoon was so comically un insightful and factually inaccurate, that it barely raised eyebrows around here. Despite my personal loathing of *The Plague*, it's sad to see the loss of one of NYU's more interesting sources of controversy.

John Chang

Yeah, well Hava Negilah to you Jew boy! Why don't you go on one of your pilgrimages to Mecca, and leave the jokes to us.

— The Plague

MONDAY
*Oscar Wilde &
Feather Boa Night*
SEPTEMBER 15th

Seminar

""Swapping Spit—
When Brothers Do It, It Ain't Queer"

Movie Screening

Spartacus

TUESDAY
Community Service Day
Canned Food Drive for Deadbeats
SEPTEMBER 16th

Seminar

""Minorities—What's Their Problem?"

Activity

Steal a Quadriplegic's Wheelchair
at Mount Sinai!

WEDNESDAY
*No Influence
Is Bad Influence*
SEPTEMBER 17th

Seminar

""Driving Dad's BMW Shitfaced—
How to Get Mommy
to Pay for Everything"

Pants Wetting Inebriation Night

Max out your credit card at Armani
Exchange. Puke all over your new clothes
and join the party at Poppolini's

You may have
pondered the question
why you would even
want to join a fraternity
at a university in the heart
of Manhattan, where
there's nothing but other
things to do 24 hours a day.
You might think about a
lot of things, but do you
really wanna think or
do you really
wanna drink,
you pansy?

THURSDAY
Sensitivity Training Day
SEPTEMBER 18th

Seminar

""Go for the Stomach—
Hiding Those Nasty Bruises"

Special Speaker

William Kennedy Smith
delivering his landmark address:
"No Means No & Other Fallacies"

Date Rape Mixer with AAPI
@ Caliente Cab Company

SIGMA PHI
NOTHING

FRIDAY
Pledge Kidnapping Day
SEPTEMBER 19th

Bonfire Party

One last, yet-to-be-determined act of public homoerotic
humiliation. Trade in all your old clothes for a new supply of
white hats, corduroy pants, and Polo shirts

Kick-Ass Pure Grain Alcohol Bash

at L. Jay Oliva's Pad

Stomach Pumpin' Night

at St. Vincent's

If you're like me (and I know I am), Christmas is a time of wonder and enchantment when everyone can feel like a kid again. I don't think that applies to this article. I just wanted to talk.

THE PLAGUE'S WISH LIST!

THE PLAGUE'S FAVORITE KIDS BOOKS OF 1997!



ZIPPY, THE CHIMP THAT HUFFED

by Elmer Sterno, 32 pages

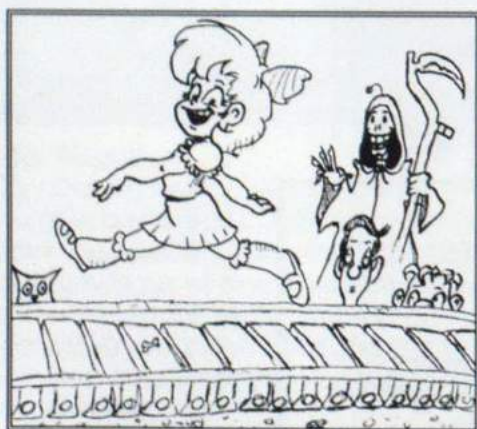
Just when Zippy was getting over his whippet addiction, a nasty new kid comes to town - Mr. Crazy Glue!



THE TIME WE BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF THE FAT KID

by Jack Hoff, 48 pages

Larry Lardass learns an important lesson in public tolerance when his fondness for eating Peanut Butter Crunch in math class comes under fire.



HOPSCOTCH ON THE RAJLS

by M.T.A. Conrail, 24 pages

In an important lesson Suzy finds out that chalk isn't the only thing that can stick to the tracks



I MET DADDY'S SPONSOR

by Bill W., 32 pages

Tommy goes on an exciting adventure with his Dad and his Dad's new friend Sean. From the church basement to the drunk tank, it's non-stop intervention time fun!



DADDY GOT DOWNSIZED

by Louis Gerstner, 27 pages

A job at Denny's starts to look appealing to Jimmy's dad when the local IBM plant moves to Georgia.



WHY MOMMY SLEEPS ALL DAY

by Ziggy Froid, 32 pages

After her Mommy "goes away" for a while, Sally has a big talk with her about those special green pills she's not allowed to touch.

Hey
Kids!
IT'S

GIGA-JUNKIE

THE POCKET FREAK

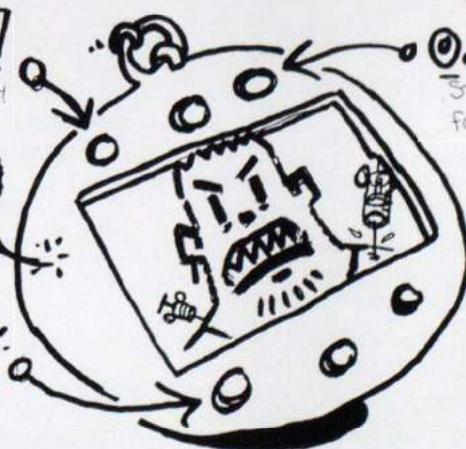
LOAN

He'll pay it back - honest!

G*!/#?!

FORCED
WITHDRAWAL

Watch 'em squint!



O.D.

Special "double dose"
for when Giga-junkie
tires of life!

THE
PLAGUE'S
KIDS TOY
OF THE
YEAR!

TiReD of cUte Li'l ANiMALS?
ThiS "ViRTUAL USER" WiLL
AMUSE FoR HoURs oN ENd!!



FRAWLEY HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF '83 ALUMNI NEWSLETTER



17 West Main Street
Weissburgh, NY 10992

Editor - Susan Faccabrutta
Photo and Layout Editor - Paul Faccabrutta

It gives me great pleasure to write you this newsletter right now, especially with our rapidly approaching 15th year class reunion, which will be located at the VFW Post 1260 (next to the Fill-N-Fly). I know you must be looking forward to it as much as I am, so I'd like to remind you that I need to get your contributions so that we can make this one even better than our tenth class reunion. So far, only 5 of our 173 classmates have sent in any funds and the coffers stand at \$12.50, so get cracking! (you know who you are!)

I know that the vast majority of you guys getting this newsletter no longer live in Weissburgh proper, and that most of you don't even live close to here anymore. So here's some brief notes about what's been going on in our old town lately, compiled by Paul and I:

- The old police station on Main Street has finally been reopened, thanks to the Health Board's reassurances that the bats, and any diseases they have spread, are gone for good.
- A brand new post office has opened in the Weissburgh Plaza (between Mai Po Ting Chinese Food and Vinnie's Brooklyn Pizza) with five windows open for your convenience.

There have been a lot of exciting changes at good ol' Arthur C. Frawley High School, the place we all called home for four wonderful years (some of us more). Principal Samuel Black's new initiative, "Operation Bootstrap", has brought many sweeping changes to the campus. Sadly, Mr. Cage is retiring after 43 years of leading the concert band. "Actually, this new austerity budget will help the wife and I to catch up on some fishing," he said. Good luck! This year's junior prom, with the theme "Beach Party Blast!", was a great success and a fun time was had by all. Our own Angela Faccabrutta followed in her Mom's footsteps by becoming Prom Queen! And only a freshman! Will she marry her Prom King, too? Stay tuned.. And last but not least, we have an all new school board, thanks to last month's elections. This should be a victory for all taxpayers in the Weissburgh School District,"

"Go Lemmings!"

said triumphant candidate Hawk Firebrand, "If that superintendent wants one more dime, he'll have to go through me. I was in Nam — I can handle him."

Here are a few notes grabbed from the grapevine from this gossip reporter about some of our fellow '83 Lemmings:

- Harry Furter, our lovable class clown, is finally out of the hospital. The doctors say they are not yet confident enough to let him handle sharp objects, but they expect a speedy recovery should he follow his prescriptions accordingly.
- Our class cutie, Meg Czizlak, is tying the knot again! She's hopping for lucky seven with professional landscaper William Bob Rack.
- The star of all those fabulous spring musicals, Lance Gerwitz, can be seen in the latest Whiskas commercial! He's the one scooping the cat food into the bowl. Broadway can't be far behind!
- Class valedictorian Fred Merkle has just taken another job, this time with Vandelay Industries as an assistant stock technician. Good luck, Fred! Climb that corporate ladder!
- Remember quiet little Jaime O'Rourke? She's just signed a \$2 million, three picture screenplay deal with Miramax! She says, "My first film will be the story of my tortured adolescence in that poisonous tumor of a town." What an imagination! Good for her!
- Star quarterback Dirk Rentman has moved all the way out to the left coast! He just snatched up a beautiful condo in San Francisco with his friend Roberto.

That's about it for now. Remember, if any of you guys want to take a trip back to good ol' Weissburgh, feel free to give me and Paul a call. We miss you guys. Geez, it seems like we're the only ones left in this old town! Until next time, this is Susan saying "Go Lemmings!"



NEW YORK

LOTTO

Hey, you'll never win.

Walking around in the City, one is treated to a number of zealous souls who have seen fit to present their faith in the form of the religious pamphlet. We at the Plague have decided to immortalize a few of our favorites here. So there.

RELIGIOUS BUFFOONERY!

From Red
Marmalade's
Mark's Satanic
Temper Tantrum.



From Billy Bob
Throbber's *The
Lord Thy God is
a Pissy God*

BLESSED ARE THEY
WHO **THIRST** FOR
RIGHTEOUSNESS
FOR ONLY THEY WILL
BE SPARED...
THE DAY OF WRATH
AND THE RIGHTEOUS
JUDGEMENT OF
GOD*ZILLA*

*(ROMANS 2:5)
**(GENESIS 4:19)



From Jack
Slut's *God and
Godzilla vs.
Satan and
Mothra*



LITTLE DID CAROL KNOW THAT
EVEN A SINGLE USE OF THE
LORD'S NAME IN VAIN
WOULD LEAD HER TO **LIBERALISM,**
INTERRACIAL SEX, DRUGS,
DEVIL WORSHIP, PROSTITUTION,
AND EVEN **MURDER!!**
FOR THOSE WHO TAKE THE
LORD'S NAME IN VAIN
AWAIT...

From Arlen
Spectre's
*The Lord -
A Loving,
Caring and
Forgiving
God*



Other favorite titles:

Jesus Wasn't Queer

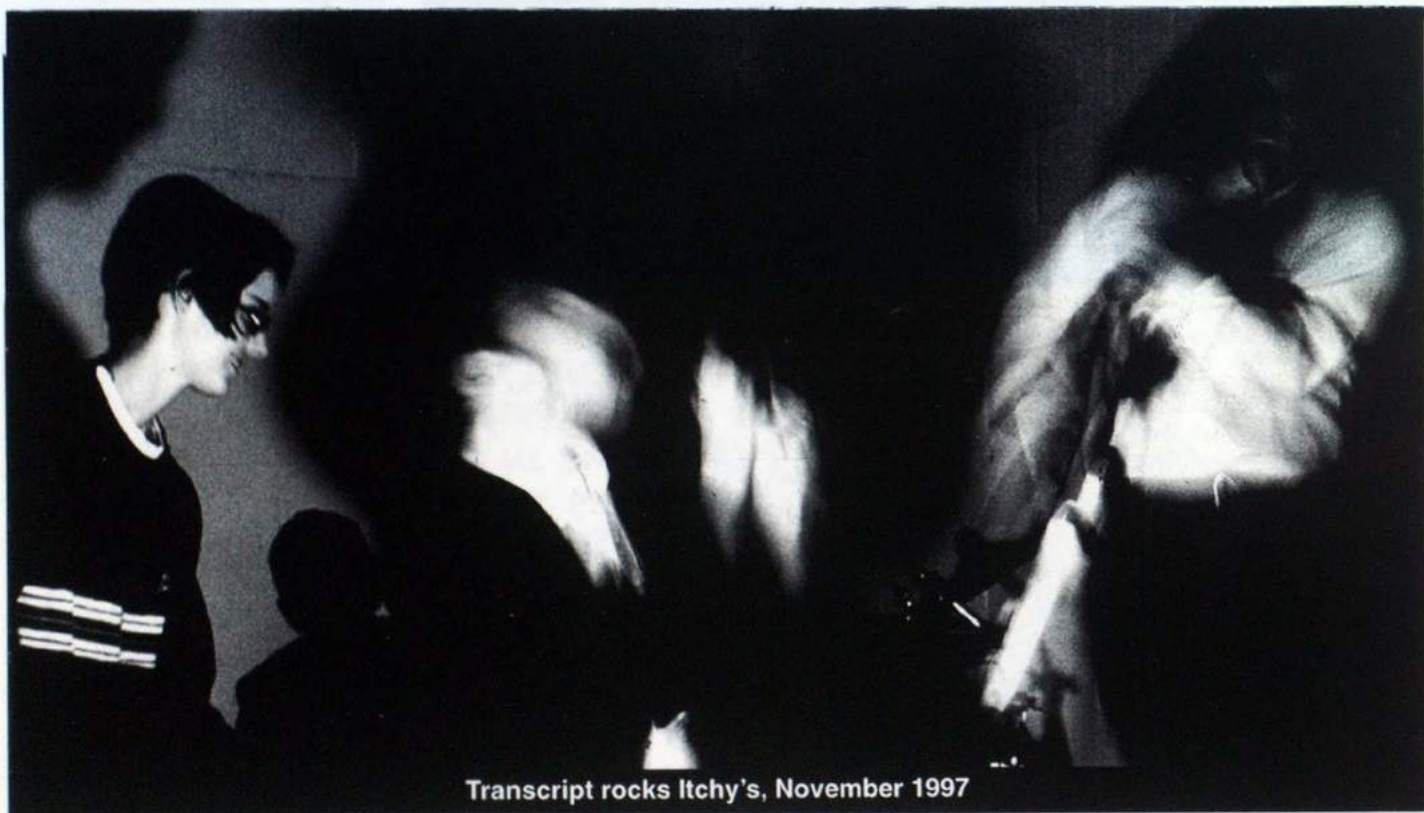
Rip Roarin' Reverend!

*I Turned Mommy In To the
Thought Police*

*Prophecy About John Tesh
in the Book of Revelations*

*Buddhists, Jews,
Presbyterians and other
Heathens*

TRANSCRIPT: LEADERS OF THE NEW SCHOOL

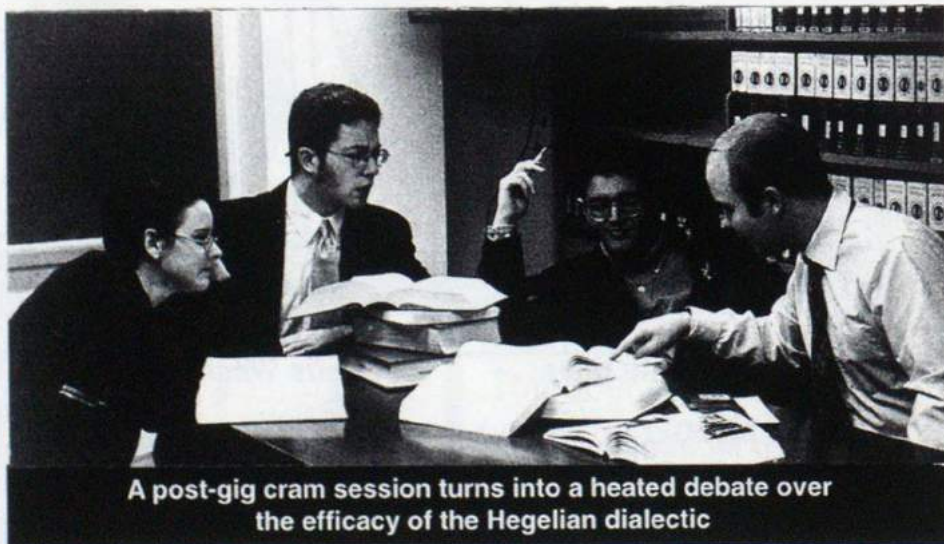


Transcript rocks Itchy's, November 1997

As Transcript walks on stage at Itchy's located on New York's famed St. Mark's Place, I watch in amazement from the sound booth as 300 crazed scholars rush towards the stage, hoping for a closer look at the leaders of Rock and Roll's newest phenomenon. Lead singer Aaron Southgate gives a brief 'Hello, New York! It's review time!' and the band launches into their breakthrough hit off of *Permanent Record*, '4.0', 'Academic achievement is my forte/ just take a look at my GPA!' The crowd roars in approval, and library cards are hurled onstage. 'They're gonna be famous,' the guy at the

soundboard chimes in. Indeed, and it's a title Southgate, 28, is not entirely thrilled about—preferring instead, PhD.

Southgate started Transcript during his second year as a PhD candidate at the University of Pennsylvania with guitarist and dental student Alan



A post-gig cram session turns into a heated debate over the efficacy of the Hegelian dialectic

Thick. Originally a Ska band, Southgate and Thick separated from their previous bassist and drummer over creative differences. "They didn't understand what Alan and I were going for. They had no concept of time management." The direction Southgate refers to is what we now call "Study Skills Rock."

After bassist Leigh Travino and drummer G. Gordan Lugosi joined in '94, the band paid their rent by playing college job fairs and SAT prep courses. Thick was not surprised to find people listening: "We were tired of Rock and Roll's decidedly unacademic slant. It didn't speak to our experience."

"We felt alienated," Southgate adds, "the current crop of music is tired and old. I mean, what exactly is it rebelling against? We knew it was time for something new." Apparently Transcript's audience felt the same way. Within months the band was packing venues up and down the Ivy League tour circuit. "Our audience has diversified since then," observes Travino, the only female member of

Transcript, "First it was comparative lit majors, then the pre-meds joined the crowd."

The first thing I notice while climbing aboard their tour bus, nicknamed "The LSAT" is how messy it is. When I ask how this contradicts the line from "A Song To Cram By" which dictates "A clean study area is a productive study area" Travino flashes Southgate a knowing look. "The first rule of any study space is that it be functional. For some people that means neat, but this works for us."

This same defiant attitude appears on their controversial third track "You Can Study For The SAT" which has ignited a virtual firestorm among some college counselors. "Half An Hour," which extols the virtues of reviewing a days material 30 minutes before bed has been called in to question as an effective study habit by National Educators Association.

Southgate seems unfazed by the controversy. The band is more interested in recounting all of the resistance they met from within the music industry. "Most clubs took one look at

our clothes and refused to give us a gig," offers Travino.

"For me," adds Lugosi, "a Polo shirt and penny-loafers are ideal study wear. I guess I can't expect them [record executives] to understand that."

When asked if Transcript has started a new fashion trend Thick replies, "Students have always dressed sensibly, we just made it safer to do so."



An unusually excited Aaron Southgate enjoys a New York City Street Fair

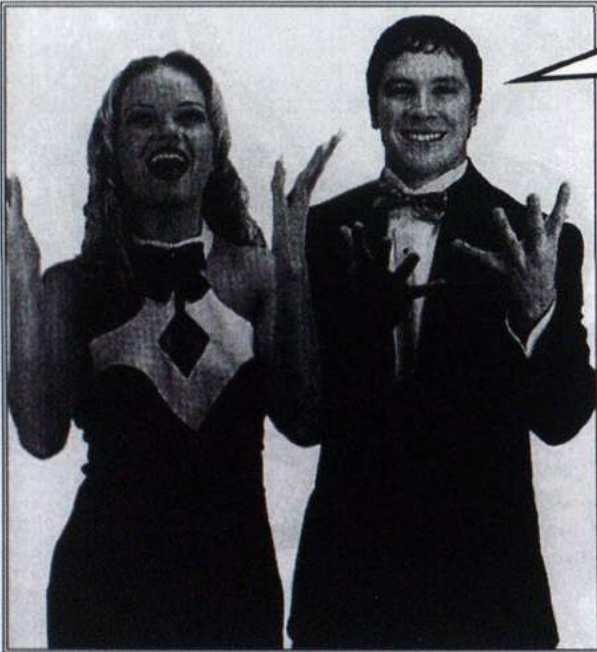
What does the future hold for these gifted young people? "We are recording our second album and then we're taking a leave of absence from music to continue our individual studies," says Southgate. And tonight, after the show and my interview, the band has a flash card session as their bus lumbers to another show, and another 300 students who take pride in learning.

"They're incredible," says a sweaty law student with a torn Brooks Brothers' shirt staggering out of Itchy's. "Each song contains valuable tips for those who strive for academic excellence."



In their environment: Southgate, Thicke, Travino and Lugosi

RING IN A BRAND NEW ERA WITH **THE PLAGUE**



JOIN US ON THE
DARK SIDE!

**THURSDAY,
FEBRUARY 4, 1998
6TH FLOOR, OSA
21 WASHINGTON
PLACE
6:00 PM SHARP,
BABY!**



NYU - Wrong in the past, wrong for our future.

As the new millenium rapidly approaches, what will you have to show for your thousand years? A job? A family? A house? That's all well and good, but what are you gonna tell the grandkids, huh? Tell them you joined **THE PLAGUE**, NYU's only intentionally humorous publication. Tell them you helped spread cultural ebola with your vast knowledge of **Photoshop**, **PageMaker** and **Quark**. Tell them you broke down walls, laughed in the face of convention, and generally made a scene in the collective face of the masses. Come to our first meeting of the upcoming Spring Semester and start on that primrose path towards your iconoclastic date with **DESTINY!**

ROACH CONSPIRACY BUILDS ROCKETS!!!!

Excerpted from the Washington Times-Herald-Picayune, September 28, 1997 (Censored)

It was confirmed today by the Department of Defense that the development and continued proliferation of nuclear weapons is directly linked to an ongoing conspiracy. A recent congressional probe into the origins of the Manhattan Project has revealed that the Pentagon documents authorizing the development of the atomic bomb are all elaborate forgeries. The perpetrators: *Blattaria blattidae*, the common cockroach. Senator Richard Hertz (Rep., Iowa) has spearheaded the investigation and traced the development of nuclear weapons from their initial conception in Hitler's Third Reich to first construction in the U.S. The results are alarming.

Said Senator Hertz: "I'm alarmed."

Secret accounts have been revealed that key scientists and officials were forced to cooperate when family members were abducted by large numbers of roaches and held prisoner in an alleged "Secret Kingdom of the Roaches" miles below the Earth's crust. When Hitler's scientists put atom-bomb plans on the back burner, the roaches acted decisively and defected key German scientists to the U.S. in order to accelerate American plans to build atom bombs. Meanwhile, a shadowy operative known only as "Benny the Cockroach" whispered physics formulae into the ear of J. Robert Oppenheimer each night as the eminent scientist slept.

"They are smart little critters," Hertz explains.

Similarly, the plans for nuclear weapons were smuggled abroad to the former Soviet Union by crack teams of carrier roaches, at which point Soviet roaches spread the technology to other nations. Department of Defense analyst H. Ron Jeremy explains the tactic: "The roaches would infiltrate foreign capitols with the plans clutched in their little antennae, and set up an exchange—nuclear secrets for, say, a large quantity of rotten fruit or moldy bread."

Jeremy is quick to pin down all blame for the nuclear threat on the roaches, claiming even the Cuban Missile Crisis as being engineered by the crafty bugs. "You can plainly see in the edge of one of the photos that a giant roach is hiding in the jungle," attests Jeremy. "I propose that these are not satellite photos, but clever fakes created by the roaches themselves using houseplants and a set of Hot Wheels military vehicles painted in Soviet colors."

The recent discovery of a command center located in a Pentagon mens' room has brought even more disturbing information to light. Government officials now attest that US nuclear policy has been dictated by the roaches since day one. Pentagon spokesman John W. Holmes has issued a public apology: "Whoops! Somehow nobody up here noticed that we were using destruction of life as we know it as a deterrent to potential war. Gee whiz, we're really sorry."

Though most of the perpetrators were squashed underfoot during the armed incursion, one source was reported to comment, "Yeah, we set you's up to discover them bombs. Hey, we got an 80% higher resistance to extremes of heat cold and radiation than you humans, plus we reproduce faster. We figger the sooner you blow yourselves up, the more room for us."



Government
officials now
attest that U.S.
nuclear policy
has been
dictated by
the roaches
since day one.

This press release was made possible by the Associated Press, the Committee for Nuclear Disarmament, and the makers of RaidTM Pest Spray. For more information, contact Ominous Conspiracy Theorists Inc., Box 8043, Fear and Loathing, NE 12345 or consult your local library for reference books on insects. Hurry up, there's already a Secret Service agent at our door.



*From the Desk of Michael Perin
500 West Willow Grove Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19118*

Colonel Lee
Pest Control Services
54 Queens Blvd.
Queens, NY 11377

10/12/97

Dear Colonel Lee:

In December of 1996 your company provided the much-needed services of an extensive elf dispatchment on my property. For about one year after your services were rendered, my wife and I enjoyed a very relaxing lifestyle, free of the nuisance of any sort of elf infestation. That is, of course, until last month. My wife and I were in the process of cleaning up after a barbecue that we had held for a few neighbors and friends in light of the unseasonably warm weather. I was taking a garbage bag around to the front of the house, when one of the so-called "magical beings" approached me and asked if I could spare any leftovers, particularly a beverage, as he claimed to be thirsty. Against my better judgment, I gave the little guy a half-empty (and probably spoiled) beer that someone had left on the patio. Since then, my family and I have endured what I would describe as a severe infestation of elves. These past few weeks have been especially difficult for my beloved wife, as she's too embarrassed to invite our grown children and their families for dinner (what with all the elf droppings and stray bells in the house). It is impossible to open any cupboard or cabinet without finding several of the creatures rooting through its contents. I often enter the garage to find a dozen or more of the elves huddled under my car for warmth and shelter. We have been completely deprived of any sort of privacy, as I am sure they've begun breeding inside the walls. And it is especially difficult now that the elves have begun taking any sort of prescription eye wear left unattended. I am requesting that you follow through on your unconditional one year guarantee and provide the services of an extensive elf de-infestation in as prompt a fashion as possible.

Sincerely,
Michael Perin
Michael Perin

THE PLAGUE'S LOST LITERARY CLASSICS



THIS MONTH – THE PLAGUE SALUTES JAMES McMAHON'S *McMAHON!*

Lost amongst the shuffle of other great tomes of the 1980's, such as *White Noise* and *Bonfire of the Vanities*, was the underrated classic, *McMahon!* Penned by social critic and athletic enthusiast James McMahon, its groundbreaking style and conversational tone paved the way for modern philosophical treatises; most notably Mr. Dennis Rodman's litany of personal essays. His ability to skip around in narrative from various points in his exciting life, with little regard for the reader's conventional sense of continuity, is quite reminiscent of Heller's *Catch-22*. However, it is the deeply personal tale that McMahon has to tell us that makes this book a must-read for all students of human nature.

Detailing the injuries he has endured while pursuing his profession of choice, he takes a playful tone that reflects his generally nihilistic attitude: "The lacerated kidney I suffered was a dandy, and not just because I couldn't drink beer for three months." McMahon was a man full of paradoxes – torn between the sport he loved and the self-destructive life he favored off the field (his constant referring to alcohol of all kinds as merely "beverages" is one small indication of his devil-may-care tendencies). And as with any great man, behind him is a great woman: his wife Shirley, to whom he credits his impressive physique. "If it weren't for Shirley, I'd be in downtown Chicago every night hanging out at the bars. I might be 90 pounds." It is no mistake that one catches reminiscences of Kundera's issues of lightness and heaviness from *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* in this passage.

The topics McMahon tackles in his work are those of the everyman, the great philosophical debates I imagine my mechanic would engage in if I ever talked to him. His spiritual struggles are always at the forefront of his narrative; "I do believe in God, in a

Supreme Being. I was even Jesus once in a school play, robe and all."

He reveals a great love for the film version of Kesey's *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, admiring in particular Jack Nicholson's portrayal of Randle McMurphy. Hanging over the book's genial tone is McMahon's realization of what happened to his cinematic hero: "They got him. They zapped him. They lobotomized him. They took all the fight out of McMurphy, took all the McMurphy out of McMurphy. Chilling, but then again it was only a flick." In the end, the reader can only nod in agreement as McMahon intones his life's philosophy: "I don't want to be a good guy as much as I want to be a nice guy. If I shave my head, it's my head. I'm not hurting your head, or anybody else's head. It's my business. And what's going on inside my head is my business, too. Unless you're a friend."

The simple poignancy of these lines, not unlike that of Charly in *Flowers For Algernon*, easily shows why McMahon is what he is today – a third string journeyman quarterback.

**All quotes and material are directly from actual publication*

Thursday night follies. From left to right, Mark Bortz, Keith Van Horne, Kurt Becker, and Andy Frederick. Obviously, the bystander in the background thinks we're outrageous. Obviously, he's correct.



One of our writers has become so enamored with the accomplishments of the World Bank that he has decided to take the semester off and follow in their mission. As he stated in before he left, "I think it would be fun to go somewhere in South Africa, amaze the natives with the technology of the Western world, exchange some of our modern conveniences for their natural resources, and then leave them with barren and infertile land, and no culture or sense of self." The following is our little do-gooder's report of his progress.

Upon reaching soil that was never touched by the white man filled only with the intense desire of helping the native culture, I gazed upon the sun-bleached huts and magnificent jungle, but my mind kept wandering back to the wonderful folks at Delta Airlines who brought me here. I believe it is their courteous and reliable service that enable them to meet with the needs of every traveler, not to mention their direct flights to Paris, New York, and Hong Kong which place them a step above the rest.

The chief of the village brought me out of my daze and approached me with amazement. Having never seen an outsider, he didn't know what to make of me. I wanted to make a good first impression so, to make it look like I came from an advanced society, I wrapped myself in tin foil and Christmas lights. Just the look on his face made the fortune I'd spent on extension cords worth it.

Seeing that I was peaceful, the natives set down their spears and welcomed me. And as is customary with every story with natives, they mistook me for their god, and placed me as their ruler. I used this to my advantage by telling them that I brought gifts from the heavens. So, with all eyes fixed intently on me and my backpack, I presented them with products of Western technology and demonstrated how they are used. They sat in amazement as I placed before their bewildered expressions Norelco electric shavers, menthol cigarettes, those VCR rewinders that are in the shape of a car, waterproof walkmans, Swank, those hats that have holders for beer cans and plastic straws, WD-40, and Word Perfect 8.1.

They took to all of this immediately and quickly abandoned their cumbersome cultural tradition. They began to spend their days during my reign using my gifts, gleefully watching my really funny impersonation of Jack Nicholson at a McDonald's, and learning the opening chords to "Smoke on the Water."

My accommodations were excellent. I ended up staying with two of

the village's rather attractive ladies. Upon moving in, they told me the only way the landlord would allow me to stay there was if he thought I was gay. Needless to say, my exchanges with the landlord were an endless source of hilarity and madcap confusion.

I learned much in my following weeks at the village. Several of the natives took to me immediately, and they even gave me my own tribal name. From that moment, I was known as "Gringo" and was given a grass skirt to wear which I was told was customary for the women of the tribe as well as travelers from beyond.

Unfortunately, this fun and brotherhood did not last long. One of the natives was microwaving some left over Chinese take-out and unknowingly left a metal fork in the container. I was by the pond, MC'ing a monster truck rally when I felt an earth-shattering explosion that turned the sky a blood red. I ran to see what the commotion was, but when I saw the fork still sparking, I knew the whole story. And when I felt the spears poking at my back, I knew they did too.

The next thing I knew, I had an apple in my mouth and was in a big black pot filled with sliced vegetables and water that was beginning to boil. The chief had decided to cook me and to serve as a sacrifice at the ASPCA benefit dinner they were having that night. Just as the water was getting unbearably hot, I saw Larry, my sleazy, yet good-hearted next door neighbor, dressed as a woman and pleading my case, thus creating a diversion which allowed my two roommates to slyly carry the pot off.

I realized I was a marked man, so I contacted Delta Airlines to move up the date of my departure flight, and before I even hung up the phone, there was a plane waiting outside my front door. I said my good-byes and told whatever the hell their names were that I would never forget them.

Now, I'm twenty thousand feet above the ocean and halfway home. Even though I left before the contracts with the oil conglomerates and strip mining firms were signed, I feel that I'm walking away with a valuable lesson. I always thought the cancellation/change of date insurance for a flight was a waste of money, but I guess you never know. I told all this to the lady sitting next to me and she gave me some story about how with technology comes great responsibilities, and how the native's death was a result of my negligence, and all of a sudden she's Ms. Chatterbox, so I just figured I'd let her blab, and then ask her if she's heard of the Mile High Club.

WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS



THURSDAY

NYU'S daily student newspaper • Volume 26, No. 29

Commuters fear lives at NYU

■ **L. Jay Oliva
denies allegations
of involvement in
purification of NYU
campus**

DAN MICHAEL

Associate News Editor in Exile (Asshole)

The mysterious situation concerning commuters continues to plague our campus. What first began as a curious disappearance of a few commuters last week has evolved into something which is hard to ignore as class attendance shrinks and the familiar sound of the commuters' gum popping and perpetual hissing of aerosol hair spray cans are noticeably absent.

Making the situation more disturbing is administration's denial of any need for alarm as well as president L. Jay

Oliva's disconcerting comments at last month's president/student forum in which he explicitly expressed his disdain

which point an armband was given to them which was to be worn at all times on campus.

"I already felt like I wasn't a part of what was goin' on at school. People always doin' stuff and I don't know anything about it because I'm so freakin' far away, and now we gotta wear these stupid armbands," said commuter Samantha Scarpanelli three weeks ago when she was interviewed concerning these odd transpiring of events. "I mean they're so stupid, y'know?" continued Samantha as she was putting on an excessive amount of make-up, eating a Sicilian slice of pizza, and getting into her boyfriend's IROC. We tried to contact Samantha again for her views but she is now among the missing.

President L. Jay Oliva's publication "His Struggle" has only served to intensify the uneasiness among the student body. For in this demented concoction of memoirs and philosophical and social aspirations we find an irrational hatred for the commuter and

repugnant solutions to the problems he perceives they cause. Interestingly enough, research has unearthed the fact



A commuter walks to campus wearing the armband that is now required of him. "To better distinguish the ones with the horns and tails," says President

for alarm as well as president L. Jay Oliva's disconcerting comments at last month's president/student forum in which he explicitly expressed his disdain for the "commuter-type" and the impurity they exemplify in the student body—"an impurity which must be purged!" shouted a foaming Oliva as his fist sternly pounded the podium.

The edicts he issued shortly afterward were too sensational to be taken seriously, rendering the campus too confused to understand the rationale behind his seemingly bizarre actions. Beginning three weeks ago, every commuter has been required to have registered their status as such at the Registrar's Office at

repugnant solutions to the problems he perceives they cause. Interestingly enough, research has unearthed the fact that Oliva himself was the child of a commuter. One can only imagine how this has affected a personal psychology that is beyond comprehension.

Several University officials as well as the president have been asked for a comment concerning this grave situation but they have declined. We can only sit and wait to find what lies behind this mystery. Until then, this "newspaper" would like to extend our deepest regards to those people and we await their return.

A commuter walks to campus wearing the armband that is now required of him. "To better distinguish the ones with the horns and tails," says President L. Jay Oliva.



A commuter student armband, shown here on commuter student, which is forced to be worn on a commuter student who commutes to campus.



This poster has recently appeared all over campus. Notice the grotesquely piled hair, long nails, and tail.

FEATURES

- Poorly-written, typo-infested, superficial articles on subjects that are of no interest whatsoever - pp 2-5.

EDITORIAL

- Should NYU human and animal rights group members be experimented on like the monkeys they are? We think so - pg 6.

SPORTS

- NYU basketball team is suspended from league, claiming ignorance to bizarre new abilities of turning invisible at will - pg 8.

Cole DePendint is a practiced psycholotician with years of experience. His book Fry Cook No More: Actualizing Your Actuality spent seven weeks at the top of the New York Times best-selling list and three weeks at the Holiday Inn. This is a segment of his continuing series on how to improve the world in general and his bank account specifically.

TAKING A STEP BACK: COUNSELING THE CRAZED TYRANT POPULATION

In all my travels, one question I've been getting a lot from my fellow therapists is *What do I do when I have a crazed tyrant for a client?* Because of the lack of literature on the subject, most practitioners are not familiar with this rapidly growing segment of the population. The last census showed a 37% increase in the crazed tyrant category, and yet there are many prejudices out there about these misunderstood people. The assumption in most circles seems to be that there is nothing one can do when someone decides to *wreak havoc* or *kill with abandon*. Many therapists may shy away from these clients, fearing they might cause more senseless destruction should they fail to counsel them correctly. The responsible practitioner, however, must do what I call *taking a step back*, look beyond that vicious *junta* leader or power-hungry oligarch and see the *person* inside. Even the most gruesome of hate-mongers has *issues*. Imagine how many tragedies could have been avoided if dictators had only been given a *kind word*, even a *hug*! Because many tyrants, when they decimate their own people, threaten weaker neighboring nations or raid the treasury's coffers, are *really* lashing out at *themselves*. Take for example the case of this subject, who I will call Adolph H.

ADOLPH—Europe must be purged of the disease known as Jewry.

PRACTITIONER—Adolph, I support your right to own those feelings, but I want you to think *why* you want to do that. Is it because you wish to control the way the world responds to you?

ADOLPH—No, it is to make *lebensraum* for a master Aryan race.

PRACTITIONER—I sense some issues with your mother here. Remember, I'm here *for* you, not *against* you. Anything you wish to share can only help *heal* you.

ADOLPH—I don't have time for this nonsense! I'm trying to invade Poland.

PRACTITIONER—Adolph, the only way around it is through it.

As one might expect, the average coup organizer or rogue general will not react well to such attempts to *help* them. In this case, the practitioner must be more *proactive*, as is the situation in the following case study involving a client called Mr. Stalin. The practitioner initiates *forum* in this example.

PRACTITIONER—Mr. Stalin, I feel I must confront you about your shaming behavior.

MR. STALIN—I am only purging the State of its enemies who would stand in the way of great Proletarian progress.

PRACTITIONER—I respect your opinions, Mr. Stalin, but you must also respect the opinions of others rather than dragging them out of their houses at three in the morning, throwing them in a Black Maria, shooting them in the courtyard of the Lubyanka and disposing of their bodies in mass creation.

MR. STALIN—Who are you to question me? I am the appointed leader of Lenin, beloved father of the revolution!

PRACTITIONER—So are you doing this for you, Mr. Stalin? Or are you decimating Russia's intelligentsia because you want to please this father figure you see in Lenin?

MR. STALIN—Guards, remove this man. I want him savagely beaten.

PRACTITIONER—Mr. Stalin, I must ask you to respect my boundaries.

The practitioner has to look for *cracks* in the client's *emotional armor*. Small victories, such as a dictator killing only 100 people instead of 1000, must be seen as steps in the *right direction*. An important step is to avoid developing *counter-transference*. A practitioner may go to firing squads with their client in an effort to display interest in their work, but if the practitioner finds themselves pulling triggers or taking skulls home, they know they have become *too involved*.

These are the most important principles to consider when counseling a crazed tyrant:

- *Do not confuse crazed tyrants with evil geniuses or mad scientists.* Each of these are separate subcultures and do not appreciate being lumped together.
- *A crazed tyrant has a busy schedule.* Appointments may be frequently missed, not because they are avoiding confrontation, but simply because they are out crushing dissent or fomenting rebellion against a foreign state.
- *A crazed tyrant needs to know you are on his side.* They are prone to paranoia and will not respond to you if you appear to object to their behavior too strongly. The practitioner is not advised to voice their opinions if they object to, say, a client's decision to starve to death an ethnic minority population of their own country.

If you keep these principles in mind, you can combat the considerable bigotry against the crazed tyrant population and maybe even help stem the tide of historical atrocities.

For a catalog of older articles with lots of italics, send \$13.95 to Cole DePendint, 1350 B.F. Skinner Boulevard, L. Ron Hubbard, NV.

The **PLAGUE**

OUR FAVORITE COMIC BOOKS

The Amazing Powers of
Noam Chomsky!
The Uncanny Expatriots
The Narcoleptic Five
Liver Donor Man
Sphincter Force
Office Boy
Gonad the Barbarian
The Crazy Old Priest

UNPOPULAR EAST VILLAGE BARS

Avenue DUI
Jersey Domestic Beer
Hangout
Alcoholics Unanimous
The Ferret's Den
Cafe Hepatitis
Pol Pot's Place
The Intervention Tavern
Co-dependent's
Stranger in Your Shower
Norplant Bar and Grill
The Dry Heave

THINGS OVER- HEARD AT THE NYU OFFICE OF FINANCIAL AID

"Welcome to the House of
No."

"I realize how upsetting this
must be (yawn)."

"I'm your financial advisor,
and I'm telling you that there

are *no* alternatives, so don't
bother to go to the Dean of your
school."

"I'm sure you'll be very happy
at Community College."

"Maybe you need to think about
what you did to deserve this."

"Well, if committing suicide will
make you feel better . . ."

"I'm sure we can put together a
nice package . . .but you'll have
to disarm that thing first."

"I can smell fear."

"Look, taking this ten thousand
dollars out of your package is
just POLICY this year, there's no
use complaining about it."

"Please, no crying. You students
make me sick, goddamn
pansies."

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT HELL

Satan looks an awful lot like
Christopher Walken.

The Tisch Chamber of Eternal
Torture and Damnation.

Inordinate amount of personal
injury lawyers has turned every-
thing into a legal nightmare.

Satan's door is always open if you
want to talk.

Satan's working on a piece for
the *New Republic*.

Lots of junk mail.

They drive on the left side of
the road.

Every Wednesday: Scrabble
Night!

They only show Haitian home
videos.

Lake of fire available in "hot"
or "mild."

THE LATEST NEW YORK HIP FASION BULLSHIT

Platform shirts
See-through socks
Pants with a realistic
vestigial tail
Anything Martin Lawrence
Gravel pants
Ultra retro: the middle ages
are back
Tommy Hilfiger pasties
Utility belts

STERN STUDENTS' MOST POPULAR REASONS FOR BEING AVARICIOUS ASSHOLES

"Japan's economy ain't like it
used to be. Wait—that's my
cellphone."

♦ ♦ ♦ **EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD**

"If we don't suck the life out of the working class, who will?"

"Homeless people should be put to good use, like insulation or fuel."

"I think poor people need to answer for the guilt they exert upon me daily."

"Why don't deadbeats on welfare just buy a share in a multinational corporation or something?"

"C'mon, I just wanna get laid."

"Did you titty fuck her?"

"Man, why should I pay taxes? I don't need a soup kitchen!"

"Hey, my no-load Burma index is really paying off!"

"Let me tell ya how the world works . . ."

"I want to get my piece before Microsoft and Wal-Mart own my cock."

REJECTED NBC MADE FOR TV MOVIES

Large: A Life-Affirming Look at Living With Giganticism

Mother, May I Plead Entrapment?

Lord Toucheth My Hair: The Don King Story

Mr. Magee's Mysteriously Magical Mattress!

Clown Face: A Visualization of John Wayne Gacy's Heinous Crime Spree

Finger Cot: The Heroes of Gastroenterology

BEST NAMES FOR A WASPY HERO IN A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE

Derek Xerxes
Atlas Falcon
Gunther Wellmade
Alexander Phipps
Brett Drywall
Gary Sheetrock
Rex Forehand
Brad Tungsten
Clark Evergood
Marshall Goodlick
Jim Martock

NEW SLOGANS FOR SODOMY

Sodomy: God's forbidden fruit

Strong enough for a man, but made for a woman

It's what's for dinner

Hand in Glove

Not just for "filthy shit-fuckers" anymore

Better than "Cats"

It'll make you sweat

STIPULATIONS IN NYU'S NEW CONTRACT WITH LABOR UNION LOCAL 3882

Let the untimely accidental death of union delegate Frank Ludlow stand as an example of the dangers of opening packages with no return address

L. Jay Oliva's administrative assistant will continue performing daily genital "servicings" on the President

All members are hereby required to attend all home men's varsity basketball games, and remain for the duration of their defeat

No more cost inefficient "lunch breaks"

Union members must hereby respect trustee Leonard Stern's reserved right to "Tax that ass"

NEW HARDCORE BANDS

Ram Tough
Corpulent
Facepunch
Critical Youth
Kick Punch!
Squad Car Bitch
Your Financial Future
General Studies Program
Crucial Penalty
321 Contact

6 BOOKS 99¢ FOR ONLY

*
With Membership Only

Dave Barry Eats A Big Fat Dick

Dave Barry 90210-SD

America's first unfunny humorist collects some more of his obvious, second grade level opinions on rap, women, and other topics he knows nothing about.



Ha Ha Ha Ha
Bill Gates 48666-MSN

Fry Cook No More
Cole DePendent 123-CD

Brown Spots on the Wall
Who Flun Pooh 120-WP

Celebrity Foreclosures
Dan Michael 900-DM

101 Uses For Lint
Sid Nauseous 101-SN

Rusty Zipper
I.P. Daley 365-PSS



The Legal Brief

John Grisham

1027967867986785443232834567456597498-JG

A law student uncovers high level political intrigue and corruption, and apparently doesn't have to worry about her GPA while she's out saving the world.

Also by John Grisham: **Legal Jargon** 123-JG
The Bar 1600-JG **The Wrong Briefs** 564-JG



Shadowy Things With Skeletons

Stephen King

6662313137117231376663266613117136667-SK

America's evil older brother, the master of terror, once again scares tons of readers using only intense darkness and large blood drinking monsters.

Also by Stephen King: **Tabitha-My Wife** 8008-DP

Awful Recipes

Paul Prudhomme 8675309-JNY

The master chef, now suddenly tired of caring, has waddled over to his typewriter and managed to cull together a new collection of marginally edible dishes.



Hey You, Eat Cake!

Hawk Firebrand 300000-\$\$

A conservative Senator from Arizona with an annual income of over \$300,000 tells urban poor what scum they are.



High Tech Virtual Stuff

Michael Crichton ;-><g>lol-MC

Cloning, holograms, virtual reality, the Internet, and DAT tapes combine in this futuristic thriller that will be out of date next month.



Unionize Everything!

Michael Moore 525-MM

Michigan's favorite everyman hero discusses the problems of finding an all union crew to install a hot tub in his \$1 million Upper West Side apartment.



I Hate You All: Kill the Poor
P.J. O'Rourke 525-PJ

Wind of the Serengeti
Jackie Collins 125-JC

Natural Healing
Andrew Weil 127-AW

Sensible Planning
Fred Torkelson 065-FT

Book of the Hour Club Registration Form

YES! I want to join the Book of the Hour Club! No, I'm not crazy. I agree to buy seventy-three books over the next two months in order to fulfill my obligation. I realize this can change at any time and that I need sign nothing to make this completely, legally binding to me.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Book of the Hour Club © 1997 Hourly Books Corp.



The Second Annual Plague High School Prom



FUN WITH
ACCEPTABLE
LIMITS!



I sure am
looking forward
to The Plague
Prom! My girl-
friend might even
let me kiss her
that night!

REVEL IN ALL
THE OBNOXIOUS
FUN AND BITTER
DISAPPOINTMENT!



The Plague
Prom is sure to
be everything my
completely
disproportional
expectations hope
it will be!

"Dark Things Are Afoot!"



You are hereby cordially invited to the
Second Annual Plague High School
Prom, sure to be an event full of whim-
sy, enchantment, and plenty of free food.
Featuring music, live and canned, many
skits and lots of rythmless white dancing

5 PM - MIDNIGHT
FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1998
TOP OF THE PARK,
LOEB STUDENT CENTER



Music By

Frankings

YOUR DJ FOR
THE EVENING:
JONESY FROM
91.1 WFMJ - "THE
BEST DAMN DJ IN
NEW YORK;" The
New York Press.



"Sometimes Dodi lets Mr. Jenkins
drive after he's had a few martinis"



Tanqueray

Do drink like a beast, won't you?