

Unimportant

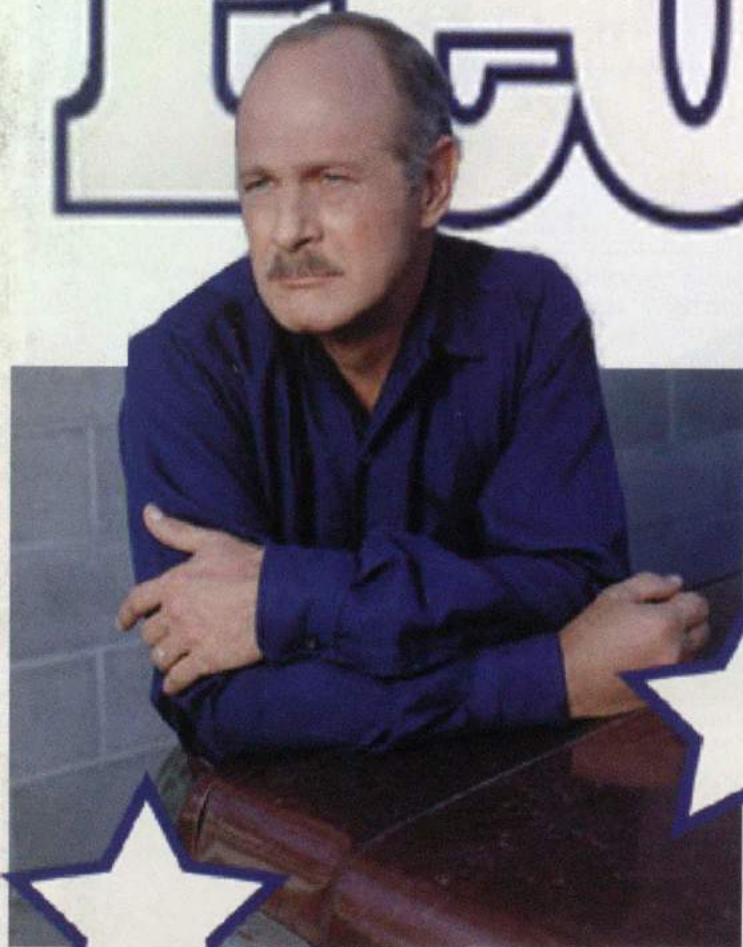
Spring 2000

People

plaguemag

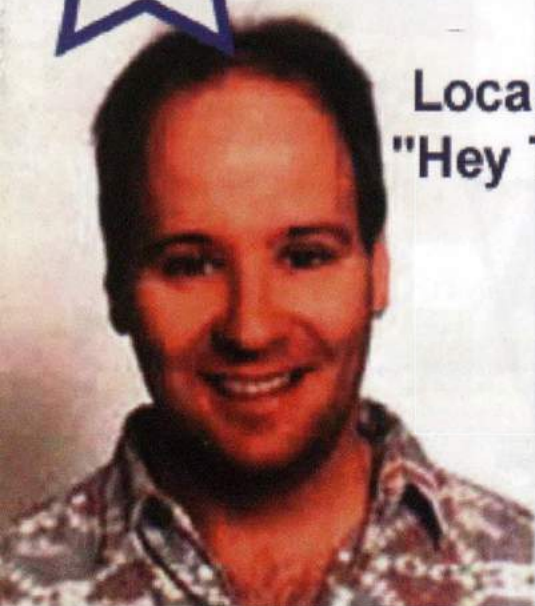
**Gerald "Major Dad"
McRaney:**

*Behind the Scenes of
his latest TBS series!*



**Local Uncle:
"Hey Timmy!"**

Science Club poses for Photo.
May appear in PTA newsletter!



Kevin Tao
**24 Hours in
The Life of
A Network
Systems
Analyst**

Who knew the people
of the world
came in so many
different colors?



iHonky



Think Different

THE PLAGUE

"Where Tired Souls Find Salvation."

Your Spring '00 Staff

Executive Editors

Michael Jastroch

Scoundrel, Rascal, and Layabout

Joe Rice

Soldier of Misfortune

Editorial Staff

General Manager

Leila Amineddoleh

Still doing the real work and warming our hearts

Production Managers

Michael P. Casey

Leading a double life

Victoria Pingarron

Only good thing to come from Europe

Production Editors

Brian Waddell

Do you smell that smell?

Copy and Content

Gregg Zehentner

Big softie

Joanna Bowden

Puts up with a lot of shit

Graphic Design Queen

Erin Foley

Undercover supersecret agent

All the Work, None of the Credit...

Amanda Landes

Superheroine

Blaine Perry

Really, who the hell is he?

Michael Grudzinski

Suspiciously leftist

Jessica Minifie

My filthy secret crush

Pat Stango

Pure intensity

Molly Felder

Ironsides

Matt Scott

Some kind of beautiful

Scott Pollack

Bustin' heads since '86

Fattie McNotThin

Suicidal but poetic

Nick Barat

Makes pretty pictures

Johnny Badass

Conceptual

Rob Gizis

Heart-throb

Ryan Hecker

Ralph

Sleazy Eric

Terror on the street

Special Thanks to:

Those that take the time to understand us; forgiving friends; this shit-hole of a useless institution called NYU; feelings of alienation, disconnectedness, rage, and loss; Terrence Malick; Weezer; the staff of Young Male; people who think we actually like them; Melanie; AC/DC; The Bastard Sons of James Brown; booze; cigarettes; small-minded extremists around the world; Sarah and Meredith (sorry about the date); Stan Lee and Jack Kirby; mutants; TSR; the Bomb Squad; the OW; the Outsiders; Terry Bollea; Laetitia Casta; OSA; ASSBAC (not really, fuck you); the SAB; Scott Barken; and freedom fighters everywhere.

Plague-(n) 1.A pestilence, affliction, or calamity, originally one of divine retribution. 2.A sudden influx, as by destructive or injurious locusts. 3.Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance 4.A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plague. 5.A loosely-knit band of women and men trying to find humor in a humorless world. 6.Assholes that have no one else but each other anymore. 7.This magazine, idiot.

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

OR DON'T. SEE WHAT WE CARE. You think we do this for your amusement? Yeah, right. It's a desperate attempt to find something that makes us happy in this disgusting university. All you readers can just go to hell.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...



Plague Editors **Joe Rice** and **Michael Jastroch** engage in free-form harmonica-blues-exploration

My Ego Will Consume Us All

By Mike Jastroch



It's true, really. Quite astounding, my ego.

Like all creatures of legend, my beginnings were humble. I spent the bulk of my youth someplace in Illinois. At first, the townsfolk took little note of the small boy who shined their shoes. By the time they did, it was too late for them to be saved. Oh, how they paid. But those were dark times, and I don't like to talk about that anymore.

My adolescence was a partial blur, having something to do with the Bayou. I vaguely recall acne and a broken heart, but that is the past and the past is irrelevant.

What is relevant is the present, and presently *I* am the culmination of One Million years of human evolution. I am faster, stronger, funnier, and more handsome than you or your friends combined. Mortals like you become incontinent in my very presence. I am a man-God and the offspring I sire will beget a race of kings. I suppose what I'm really trying to say is that I am the shit and that is it.

The future? I dunno. But soon my ego will engulf us all like some kind of gelatinous beast that grows powerful on the praise of others. We have reached a critical juncture. In the last year my sense of self worth has been increasing exponentially; it is almost self-aware and it is horribly pissed at you all. It has gotten so huge that I've devoted almost an entire page to pictures of me. It has gotten so large that I now feel compelled to write my name several times in an abnormally large font:

Mike Jastroch, Mikey J.,
Michael Joseph.

Only the constraints of space prevent me from writing it over and over again, ad infinitum, from now until the end of time. Step lightly or run, I don't care. The only thing that matters anymore is me.

Your Weapons are useless against me

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...

I Hate Nerds & Uglies

By Joe Rice

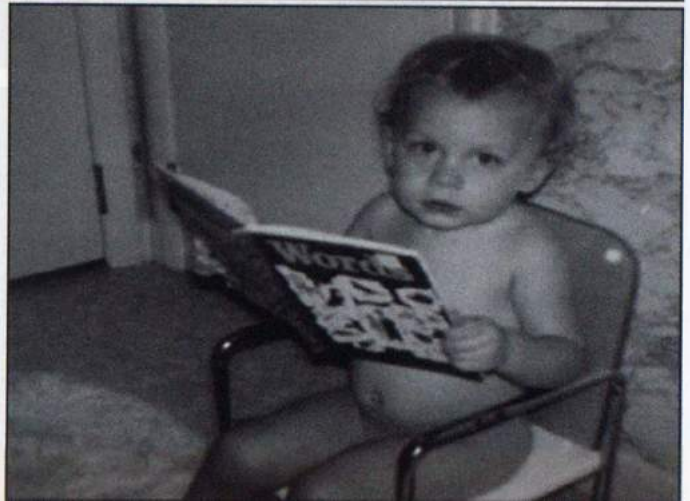
Man, I can't stand nerds. They're all the time nerding about, all nerdily-like. I mean, really, what's their hell-damn problem? Once I knew this nerd that was so nerdy his dick fell off, I swear to shit! That's pretty nerdy, but that's not the half of it. See, ever since Revenge of the Nerds and that nerdnuts Bill Gates, some people have been getting it in their retarded heads that it's "OK" to be a nerd. Well, fuck, it isn't. Sure, gays are cool, the races are all fine, and even some foreigners aren't totally evil, but this growing trend towards nerdism in America is just plain wrong.

Nerds are unappealing in every way. They don't know that no one else enjoys talking about Star Wars or the X-Men or their fucking dildo calculators. Yeah, that's right, they use their calculators as dildos. You're probably thinking "That shit is sick," and you're right. But these nerd fucks just keep on trying to nerdify everyone with their nerd talk. Fuck you buddy, I'm an American and I like to fuck, so you can take your no-fuckin' nerdosity and shove it up your nerd ass!

Moving along, I've noticed that there are far too many ugly people in this world. Shit Oh Pete! I was in the airport yesterday and I only saw one good-looking dude and one good-looking girl. What the shit! Am I just slow to realize something or did all the hot people die of hotness or something? I saw the ugliest girl ever . . . I thought she was a burn victim or a retard or something. Nope, she was just ugly.

Let me go on a tangent here for a moment. Something else I hate would be the world of fashion models and that kind of shit. Hey, Cosmo, Vogue, Playboy, Maxim, and all you fucks: FUCK YOU! There was a time where people could figure out for themselves what they thought was hot, but now it's some exaggerated, cartoonish, unfuckingreasonable shit with girls that would probably break if you actually embraced them. Eat shit, all you fuckless fucknuts for trying to tell me who's hot. I damn well know who's ugly; my eyes, brain, and dick tell me, not you.

Back to this ugly girl . . . see I digressed to let you know that this girl wasn't just "not supermodel." She resembled a piece of rock salt with blonde hair. But, hey, whatever, it's her right, I guess. I didn't really even



Lil' Joe sez: Word! This shit is wack.

mind when she sat next to me. I was listening to music anyway. But when she tells me to turn it down . . . well, in my mind, you just don't turn AC/DC down. Bitch probably didn't like RAWK because RAWK is a lot like fuckin', and that's one thing she'll never do with a real person. Sure, I may have politely complied but I'll be damned if I didn't think horrible things about that ugly whore the rest of the plane ride. Man, she'd have been sorry if I had enough nuts to say those things I was thinking out loud. But I guess she's suffered enough already, what with that horrible-assed ugliness.

You'd think natural selection would have weeded out all the uglies by this point. Fuck you, Darwin, they're still here! There's so many of them that they usually end up finding a similar ugly and they get drunk or close their eyes and next thing you know they're poppin' out some ugly fucking babies. I know some people claim all babies are cute, but by hell, half the babies I've ever seen look like a cross between Alfred Hitchcock and a potato. And while I like both those things individually, neither is all that attractive.

So, in conclusion, allow me to summarize: Nerds fucking suck and should cease interacting with and spreading among legitimate people. (I stop short of calling for their complete annihilation for then who would we beat up in high school, and who would support our huge science fiction collectibles industry, and who would make porno more easily accessible via the Internet?) Secondly, uglies should show some dignity and not fuck each other and FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT'S HOLY KNOCK OFF ALL THAT MAKING MORE UGLY PEOPLE!

Editors Joseph Rice and Michael Jastroch continue to lament the many regrets they have accrued over the course of their college year(s).

Letters to the Editor

Dear *The Plague*;

Hello. My name is Charlton Heston, actor extraordinaire. I have recently put aside acting in pursuit of a more worthy endeavor: Becoming president of the NRA, and ensuring that all Americans will own the guns needed to protect themselves against bloodthirsty criminals and damn dirty apes that rule our landscape.

Recently we attempted using other celebrities to try and brainwash (Did I say brainwash? I meant inform) the public about the beauty of guns. Our first try was that mustached hunk of a man Tom Selleck. But precise scientific research showed that while 6% of Americans love the former Magnum PI, the other 94% of the nation hates him and wants to see him drawn and quartered in a television style execution. Based on this, we have decided to look for a new spokesman. More specifically, the NRA needs a symbol that speaks to the youth of America, that has its finger on the pulse of what is hip and/or jiggy. We have concluded that this symbol is THE PLAGUE!

That's right! *The Plague* and the NRA working together. We have a vision. A vision of an America in which donkey-fucking jokes and assault rifles go hand in hand. A vision of our spokesman for the 21st century: Mike Jastroch, clutching a rifle, red hair flapping in the wind, as he warns approaching ruffians: Kindly remove yourselves from my vast Connecticut estate. Face it, we are a perfect fit. So don't hesitate. Join us so that we can build a better tomorrow. Together. AK47s and pooppy jokes forever!

Eternally Yours,

Charlton Heston

Dear NRA,

Flattered as we are that you selected us to represent your fine organization, I am afraid we must sadly decline. See, we here at the *Plague* already have enough problems to deal with. Maintaining a club filled with sexually repressed boys whilst battling our foes is quite hard enough. Taking on

a bunch of drunken, adult sized, sexually repressed rednecks would be nothing short of a disaster. Plus, though we like to keep them locked in the damp damp basement, there are female members of the Plague. I can assure you that nothing good would come of Plague staff editors owning guns. Picture this, if you will: one of the editors, bitter with the taste of rejection, stumbles hung over into a meeting touting his shotgun. He sees a girl at the meeting, one who did no specific wrong mind you, and shoots her in the face. Then the rest of us have to clean up bloody girl parts and trust me, that gets old real fast. So again, thanks for your interest, but we'll pass.

Dear *Plague*;

I don't deserve to exist. People have tried to convince me that life is worth living and that I'm just going through a tough stage. I don't believe them. They said I need something meaningful in my life, but right now all I want is the sugary sweet release of death. I'm gonna do it, I am going to commit suicide--I am going to kill myself. Yes, yes it's true. I can taste the gun metal right now. There's nothing anybody can do to stop me. Please don't even try--it's too late. No amount of persuasion can change my mind. The only thing that I would consider continuing to live for is your magazine. *The Plague* has brought me the only joy I have ever felt. Could you see it in your big hearts to let me join your staff?

Sincerely,

Nobody loves me

Dear Nobody,

No. You're really creepy. We don't like sad cases like you coming around bringing us down. It's severely uncool, you non-cool. Leave us alone. Don't come around here no more.

-*The Plague*

Dear Whippersnappers,

Tarnation! I swon ta goodness! You young folk have no appreciate what we did for you. Why, I served under Harding's administration as Chief Secretariat of Agricultural Sciences. You have no concept of work with your student films and your roasted peanuts and all gadding about the village, foppishly. Why, I used to create five monsters each day and the villagers would surely destroy them. When I was a tot, I single-handedly took down a Woolly Mammoth with nothing more than a sling and a net crudely fashioned from vines and peat moss. I just remembered a time when the world was on fire and my oh my was that rough. That was during Van Buren's tenure, that fat bastard! He used to eat ten raccoons for breakfast alone!

Great Horny Toads! A Jumpin' Jehosephats! Jimminy! I had to kill my father lest he slay me so that he could ingest my brain and thus make himself more powerful. My very sister, the comely Giuseppi, was consumed by our family to prevent the spread of typhus and vampirism. One of your authors documented the tale in the moving picture show that you know as *My Fair Lady*. Why, every time I hear a cockney accent I weep, and then I invariably eviscerate the nearest Whig.

Ah the hell with you! I'm going to eat some strained peas.

I'm Really Old,
Tiberius Deforage

Dear Old,

Huh?

Love,

The Plague

These letters were actually sent to us, unless you count the ones we made up, which were not sent to us at all, but, rather, as you may have figured out, they were, in fact, fabricated by our Writers Comedic.

Is your love life as uneventful as monster truck racing? Has your passionate relationship suddenly become as hot as chicken wings? And who exactly is this man who once seemed like Prince Charming? Well, let our Love Doctors prescribe a cure.

Just Ask Mike and Michelle

Hey guys-

My boyfriend and I have been together for 6 months and it seems that the spark isn't there anymore. I'm afraid I'm losing him. Do you have any suggestions?

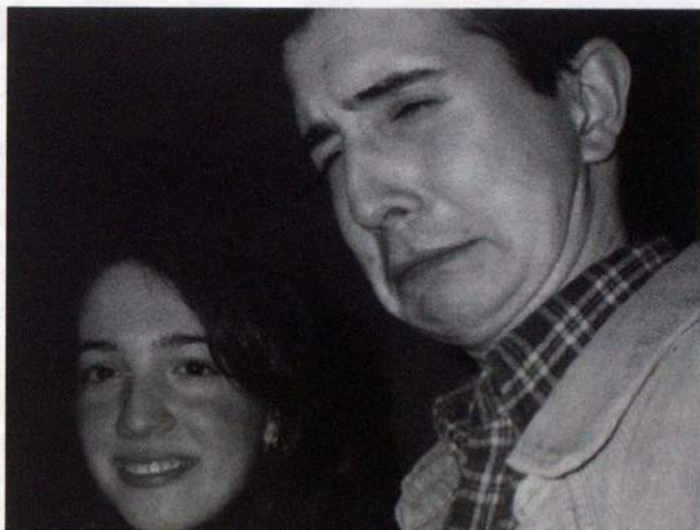
-Samantha

Well Samantha, your problem is very common amongst couples that have been involved in long-term relationships. Frequently, one or both members becomes bored due to familiarity. Well, spice up the relationship by planning romantic, yet fun activities (picnics, sports, attending an opera). This will help rekindle the passion that has slowly faded.

-Michelle

Kinky sex.

-Mike



Beloved dispensers of sound advice: Michelle and Mike

Hi

I've had a crush on a coworker for a while and he finally asked me on a date. We went out twice and both times we had a great time. It's been 2 weeks since and I'm confused. Help!

-Ronda

Ronda- your situation is very typical. Things seem to be going great and then disaster strikes- Yikes! He may have feelings for you, but he's unsure or scared. Give him time and he'll realize what he's missing out on. If he doesn't act, then move on!

-Michelle

Confused? I'll clear that up for you, I have one comment- wild sex on your desk.

-Mike

Dear Mike and Michelle,

I'm a bit of a good girl. All my friends say I'm wholesome and too nice. Well, I've fallen for a bad boy and I don't know what to do. Please tell me what I should do.

-Teresa

Good girls often fall for the bad boys, the forbidden, the dangerous - it's natural. And anyway, as the saying goes opposites attract. Maybe underneath his bad exterior, there's a gentle caring man who needs someone to shower him with affection and love. Just be yourself and you may find the ying to your yang.

-Michelle

Good girl, huh? Well show him just how naughty you can be. Forget that pink sweater, it's black lace and leather all the way!

-Mike

Hi guys,

I'm worried cuz my boyfriend and I haven't been very intimate lately and he's interested in only talking. My best friend (who's very close with him) tells me I shouldn't worry. What should I do?

-Lydia

You should be happy that he's so interested in spending quality time with you. It seems like you guys have great communication! If you're not happy with the current situation then talk to him about it. I'm sure you won't have any problems discussing things with him.

-Michelle

He sounds like a pussy to me. You should probably dump his ass. Maybe not; he might be fucking your best friend. I certainly hope so. You sound like a whiny bitch yourself. Go to hell.

-Mike



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

Spring, 2000

<http://pages.nyu.edu/clubs/plague>

Vol. 24 - Issue 2

WSN Article Not Stupid and Useless

In a move that has shocked the entire NYU community, nay, the entire world, the Washington Square News has used correct grammar and punctuation in an interesting and relevant news article.

Contradicting its normal tepid and 3rd-grade writing level style, the WSN published a front-page, in-depth story exploring the ratio between administrative salaries and the tuition costs of the university. Not only does the article demonstrate cogent thought and insightful analysis, but it also contains well-placed commas and the infamous, sentence-stopping period.

Said Edward Mann, News

Why I like to hit Homeless People with Coke Bottles

We here at the Plague have noticed an epidemic around the city as of late. Many homeless people have been staggering into OSA with their heads bleeding and covered with Coke. It seems that people have been attacking our city's homeless with Coke bottles to no end. Being so committed to investigative journalism, we decided to track this problem down at its root. The following are excerpts from interviews we conducted with people on the streets of NY.

Denise DiCosmo, Office Manager - "Using the empty glass bottle of refreshing Coca-Cola to maim an unexpected vagrant is the natural expression of Coke's carbonated, sugary goodness.

See HOMELESS Next Page

Editor, "I don't know how this happened. I can't believe I let something like this slip through my fingers. I had sworn that nothing like this would ever happen on my watch, but I guess I goofed."

Reaction around the campus was unanimous: everyone feels shocked by this unprecedented editorial blunder. Said Tayt Harlin, freshman in the College of Arts and Science, "I hardly ever pick up the WSN. I mean, it's just so shitty. The other week they had some article about manhole covers . . . front page! What the hell is that?! Man-hole covers! Front-page! What dimwit assigned that article?!"

See STUPID AND USELESS
Next Page

Tisch Student Makes Award-Winning Porno

Ex-Tisch student Robert Bellinger, now better known by the pseudonym Dick Sweat, will be honored on My 31st in a ceremony at Lincoln Center for his critically acclaimed new film "Titty Grabbers Part VII: The Revenge of Bill". Sweat lets us in on the creative process: "For weeks I was wracking my brain, trying to come up with an idea for a film. Then one day I was reading Steinbeck's 'The Grapes of Wrath', and I knew that would be the basis for my story."

See TISCH PORNO STAR
Next Page

This "newspaper" contains staples, which may be harmful to your health, and words that are definitely harmful to your health.



Vermin Attack Campus!

During a recent string of rodental manifestations throughout the NYU campus, many students, faculty, and board of trustees members have been physically assaulted by giant rats. These creatures of Maleboge came out of fucking nowhere. Come on, what the shit are these sewer monsters eating that makes them grow to this preposterous size?

Holy shit! There were four of these fucking rabid beasts in Washington Square Park the other day! I mean, fuck! They were, like, sittin' there, all huge, and shit. I swear, I thought I was fucking flashing back, or something.

The massive rat then scampered nobly along Waverly Place, pausing only for a moment to breathe in the sweet-smelling breeze of springtime, before it was shot through the neck with a harpoon gun by a union worker. When asked why he did it, he replied simply: "Shame on you, NYU."

Campus Crime Files

* **Bobst Library Express Elevator:**

(3/14/00) 5 pm. An unidentified terrorist held several trustworthy souls hostage. They (the souls, not the terrorist, who was only one person and therefore the word "they" is inapplicable) were all killed.

***Main Building, first floor:**

(date unknown) A group of roving vandals vandalized several issues of a student publication. When asked to comment on this act, a staff member of the magazine said, "Our innocent publication has been all-too-often the victim of such censorship and hate crimes. I don't deserve this. Frankly, if I wanted to be emasculated like this, I would start listening to Ani DiFranco or Jewel or something like that."

Local man Bill Pence Very Surprised by Food



sweetly flavored soda pop and bleeding hoboes go perfectly together in my book."

Jim Curtis, Investment Banker -

"Hit homeless people? Why, that's preposterous, old boy. I only physically abuse the mentally handicapped!"

Susanne Feldman, Grandmother -

"When I'm taking my grandkids to school and see you worthless shits lying about on the pavement, it makes me sick to my fucking stomach. Why do I want to hit homeless people in the face with Coke bottles? Why the hell not, dirt bag?!? (At this point Mrs. Feldman proceeded to urinate on the interviewer) How do you like me now, fuckup?!?"

Well considering that our interviewer was then soaked with a 70-year-old woman's urine we decided this was all the investigative reporting we could survive. We hope this clears some things up for you. Come back next issue when we ask New Yorkers, "Who would win in a fight: Batman or Wolverine?"

"I was just sitting around, same old same old, and then all the sudden: Whoa! I just was very surprised," says Pence. Experts and friends have yet to determine the source of the shock. "I don't see what the big deal is," Maria, his mother, said. "It was dinner-time for Pete's sake." "There was just something . . ." Pence trails off in conclusion.

HOMELESS - Cont.

STUPID AND USELESS - Cont.

Christopher Julius Baskerville, Tisch sophomore, stated: "For once the student newspaper did not insult my intelligence and moral character. I actually read the entire article, following the jump to page 13. I reflected upon the ideas proffered by said article, and wrote down my thoughts in my journal. Then, I smiled."

Executive editor Youssef Robb responded: "We at the WSN are all thrilled. Thanks to this terrific article that exhibits the first display of professional journalism hitherto absent from this lowly rag of a newspaper, we have hope for a brighter future, full of pertinence

TISCH PORNO STAR - Cont.

A touching tale of intergalactic robots who can only be stopped by blow-jobs, it took several prizes at the annual Adult Film Awards, including Best Picture, Best Screenplay, and Best Anal. Best Anal recipient Diamond Cummings is definitely grateful to her director: "He's definitely a genius. Only Dick Sweat is able to see the humanity and psychological sub-text in a triple-anal scene. I'd also like to thank my mom for driving me to acting school everyday for five years. The dream has finally cum true."

Opinion Things Are All Right

Now don't get me wrong, they're not great. I've been better. Really, I have. But I've also been worse. Like the time I pooped my pants in front of Tisch. Boy, the janitor got a surprise *that* night. Or how about the time I blacked out and fell down all three flights of stairs at my subway stop? That was a humdinger of a birthday! Then there was last weekend, when I cried myself to sleep about thrice daily. Then there was this weekend when I finally realized I could never wrench myself from the icy hot grip of her love no matter how far I ran away. Or this morning when I woke up in a pool of my own (I hope) urine and sweat.

But things are different now. They were a little better before, when I could hate. They're really looking up. Not too far up, a 10% increase at most, but up none-the-less. I got to talk to her again today. She might even have time to see me in person. I left my back pack in her room, so I'm sure she'll have to see me some time. She may even touch my arm again like she used to. She has the gentlest fingers. Her skin is so soft. Sometimes I still smell her on my pillow. That's just in my head, though, I suspect. Why just this morning, I woke up to thoughts of her. I'm looking forward to thinking of her again soon. It's the happiness in my life, a single moment of joy relived again and again ad infinitum.

You're reading this aren't you? Why won't you come back to me? There are some memories that time never dulls. I love you.

The Plague-Ashland, Kentucky Connection: An In-Depth Expose

"Where Coal Meets Iron." That's all the small town of Ashland, Kentucky claims that it is. And, indeed, on the surface, it may appear to look no different than any other crumbling, dying, rural-industrial wasteland. Yet beneath the surface there lies not just hastily-buried industrial waste, but perhaps something far more sinister: The Origin of the Modern Age Plague [see sidebar].

Chandler Kaufman, one half of the Legendary Holy Uncanny Couple of Dudes of popular Plague lore, has roots in Ashland. Indeed, the pootang he came out of belonged to a woman born and raised in the infamous eastern Kentucky town. He took semi-annual trips there while being raised, in between learning to fly under his own power and going back in time to win WWII for the good guys. He was once quoted as saying, "It was a weird little town. Kind of lame." [Kaufman 5:28]

Other important people have interesting ties to the region. Notable natives include Ashley, Winona, Naomi, and Winomamaioamaaeaeieiei Judd [see sidebar]; Chuck "Scrabble" Woolery; and, if my research is correct, Queen Elizabeth II. Stone Cold Lee "The Six Million Dollar Fall Guy" Majors and Billy Ray

"Mullet King" Cyrus were both built in the robot factories of neighboring owns under the extensive Ashland influence. One former Plague staffer of the early Modern Age often stopped (or was stopped) in Ashland on her regular camping trips to the secret 37th layer of Hell. And current Plague co-executive editor and self-deluded "sexy" dork Joe Rice, though not the owner of the pootang Chandler Kaufman®™ came out of, was born and raised in Ashland as well. Recently Rice returned to his home town in order to find either himself, some Christmas loot, or an



Local Ashland merchant watches over his wares.

escape from the mind-numbing excruciatingness of NYU student life. What follows are excerpts from his hand-written journal.

Sidebar One: The History of the Plague

The magazine you are now reading has gone through a number of incarnations or "ages," if you will. The first of which is commonly called "The Golden Age." Though the exact dates are hotly disputed by various Plagueologists, this Golden Age is generally said to last from the creation of the Universe until it ended at some later point in time. Records are scarce, but it is said that during this time, The Plague was filled with 100% funny, original humor, and that peace and harmony existed between the Plague and the rest of the world. The magazine was full, color, one hundred pages an issue, baby soft to the touch, and a great kisser.

However, at some point in time there was a fall from grace and a Dark Age ensued. Depending on the reference you trust, the Plague of the Dark Age was filled either with gynephobic, homophobic, xenophobic, sexually-repressed losers or powerful evil wizards. Either way, it was bad news. The Dark Age lasted until two great Plague Heroes, Matt Callan and Chandler Kaufman, who later gave their lives to the cause, deposed the evil Plague dictator with their wily tricks and fresh scents. Thus began the Modern Age, which lasted until the year 2000, and shall soon be replaced by the theoretical "Future Age" of the Plague.

This grainy photo is all that remains of the Golden Age of the Plague. Weren't they strapping young men?

From Day One

"Ah, the comforting stench of the oil refinery greeted me as my parents drove me home from the airport today. I could feel the soothing black layer of evil once again coating my too-pink lungs. I always feel naked without a chest full of soot and toxins. Soon I shall rejoin with my old schoolmates



and indulge in our old habit of discussing the pro's and con's of various post-structuralist schools of thought . . ."

From Day Two

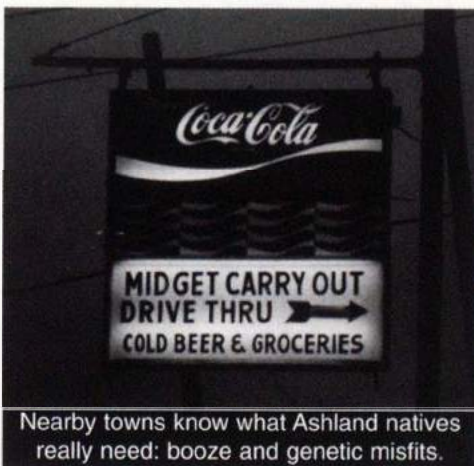
" . . .and man, it was really funny when Mark farted on Ben and then Ben ate the fart that Mark farted. Farts are really funny because they come out of your butt and smell funny and make a funny noise. I laughed a lot . . ."

From Day Eight

" . . .very surprised the attempt to get the old role-playing group back together was a real bomb. The others all got girlfriends and seem to think that kissing on them is more important than defeating imaginary evil. Boy, some priority problem THEY have . . .I'm so alone . . ."

From Day Fourteen

" . . .just couldn't figure out what was so oddly familiar about the strange looking man on television, but then from the recesses of my mind it occurred to me: he was black. I have been in eastern Kentucky for so long I've



Nearby towns know what Ashland natives really need: booze and genetic misfits.

forgotten what non-white people are. Since my realization I've had an intense longing to watch Hong Kong action cinema and UPN so as to re-acclimate myself to these lost peoples..."

From Day Twenty Six

" . . .monster mean bad inside why mommy why only hurting all around. Walked outside and the devil tried to crawl out of my mouth. I had to punch

him in the nose to silence the cries next door. I think Ashland is fondue-ing my soul. I can feel the tiny fondue fork and the horrible horrible heat . . .soon it will eat my soul . . ."

From Day Twenty Eight

" . . .and the clouds parted and I was no longer drowning in the sea of liquid suffering. The dream took on a very different tone as Angus Young descended from the heavens and took my hand. He gave me strength. He said I was not yet ready to unlock the secrets of Ashland, that I was not the chosen one, but that I would one day find the One and then I will finally be able to rest. Until then, I am to return to New York and [portions of passage classified "top secret" by Plague officials] . . .and with Project X completed, there shall come a time of [more classified material] . . .for the eighth time! Sheer brilliance!"

Unfortunately, Rice's findings were as yet inconclusive, though top men are pouring through his words and statements hoping to discover what the true Plague/Ashland link may be. TOP men.

Sidebar Two: My Evening with Ashley Judd

While visiting my home town of Ashland, KY, I ran into an even more notable local figure while perusing the shotguns at Wal-Mart. Ashley was very welcoming and friendly and agreed to do an exclusive interview for the Plague. Without further ado, here it is.

[Editorial further ado: It should be noted that the only evidence of this interview is the hand-written "transcription" that we've reproduced legibly and on non-tear-and-alcohol-stained-cocktail-napkin paper below. When asked to produce further proof he scoffs in indignation and quickly runs away crying.]

Joe Rice: "So Ashley, what role do you think our home town has played in your success?"

Ashley Judd: "You are by far the most handsome man I've ever seen."

JR: "Well, thank you very much! But that doesn't quite answer my question."

AJ: "I don't find you dorky at all. Your profuse body hair is not disgusting. Rather, it's incredibly sexy."

JR: "That's very kind . . .but I think—"

AJ: "I have seen many appealing men in my time, but you are by far the most appealing. You have it all, Joe. By all that is good and holy I am in love and in lust with you."

JR: "Ummm . . ."

AJ: "I want you more than I want oxygen! Any woman who rejects you is surely a quite the fool! You are by far the greatest man ever to live! You're like a Greek god without all the European stuff!"

[Judd then leapt across the room and began to ravage me, signalling



Joe Rice's new girlfriend Ashley.

INSTRUCTIONS

If you need instructions to fill out this test, you probably won't pass it. In fact, you're most likely a fucking idiot. How long have you been filling out these things, shading in circles for the Man? Since grade school? And you still don't understand how it works? All right, we'll help you anyway since we're nice guys at the Plague. First, find a pencil. Or a pen. Or the blood of your ancestors. Then completely fill in the circle with the right answer.



incorrect

~~fu~~ (C) ~~k~~

incorrect



correct

WORD USAGE (fill in the circle of the incorrectly used words)

- Jack wrote me deliciously, alas his nigh-invulnerable velvet chest redundant. no error
 (A) (B) (C) (D)
- Every time you see me, the Hammer's just so hype, I'm dope on the floor and I'm magic on the mic.
 (A) (B) (C)
no error
 (D)
- Anaconda was a fine film that never made me want to wretch. no error
 (A) (B) (C) (D)
- Disgustingly frugal, Mrs. Fields seared her buttered hat as if vaginal consternation were not hers to obfuscate. no error
 (A) (B) (C)
 (D)
- Phoenix and Cyclops gave birth to Cable on an alien planet. no error
 (A) (B) (C) (D)

MATHEMATICS (fill in the circle nearest the right answer)

- A mother has 3 children, ages 9, 12, and 15, consuming 4 pounds of food per day on \$300 a week. How long and in which order will she stop loving them?
 (A) 7 years: 9, 15, 12 (B) 2 years: 9, 12, 15 (C) She never started
- 68 trains leave 34 stations traveling 60 miles per kilometer. What is the mean distance of their entire distance traveled, assuming they all travel at distances disproportionately dissimilar to their respective stations?
 (A) 2 (B) @ (C) Too much information
- $1/2$ the radius of a circle equals $2/3$ the radius of a larger circle. Is there justice in the world?
 (A) 9 (B) nein (C) no
- Bill is rolling a fair, six sided die. He has a 1 in 6 chance to win \$3, a 1 in 3 chance to win \$2, and a 1 in 2 chance to lose \$1. Should he give a fuck what his wife says?
 (A) yes (B) maybe (C) He d win if she'd shut up and let him concentrate

ANALOGIES (fill in the circle nearest the correct analogy)

1. Fecal : Ennui ::
☐ (A) Baby : SIDS ☐ (B) Funnel : Fagaulia ☐ (C) Twisted : Fuck
2. Fat : Disease ::
☐ (A) Burn : Solution ☐ (B) Truth : Absolute ☐ (C) Absolut : Solution
3. Socrates : Mortal ::
☐ (A) SAT : Useless Money-making Conglomerate

READING COMPREHENSION (fill in the circle nearest the right answer)

Anna is a girl who goes to NYU. She often reads or goes on the internet. Her favorite pastime is to watch television and be morose. One day, while walking to work she came across a squirrel. "That is a ubiquitous sight," she said, without really knowing what that meant.

The squirrel cocked his head towards her in wonder, as if curious what the new word meant. "What does that mean?" he said, a bit garbled as his mouth was full of acorns.

"I m not sure," she replied, scooping up a handful of the new fallen snow and licking it.

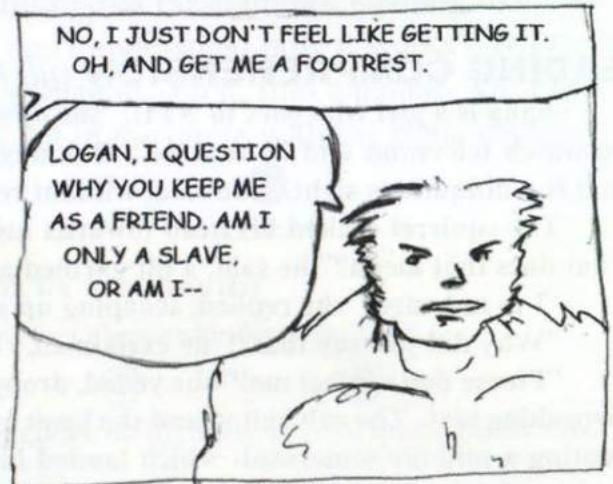
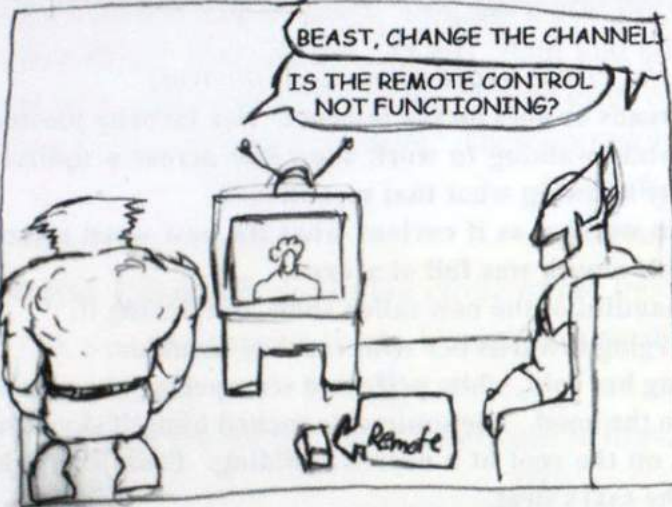
"Why did you say that?!" he exclaimed, charging towards her with reckless abandon.

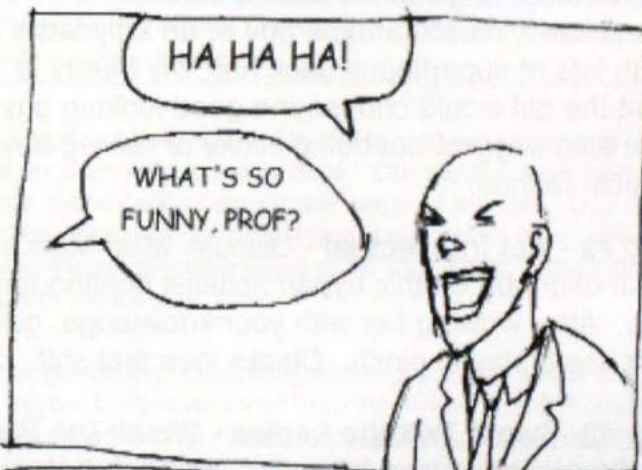
"Please don t infect me!" she yelled, dropping her cold, white prize and scampering towards an approaching taxi. The cab halted and she leapt onto the hood. The squirrel launched himself skyward, executing a mid-air somersault which landed him on the roof of a nearby building. From there, he fired laser beams from his eyes which punctured the taxi s tires.

Anna spilled out onto the street, angry yet enchanted. As the squirrel jumped off the building towards her, she opened her arms to hug him. They embraced, and both agreed to move to Long Island together and work at a successful dentistry practice.

"So what does that word mean?" the squirrel casually inquired many years later, as he reclined on their plush sofa. Anna looked at him with her smoldering embers and bit his head. They both laughed.

1. The title of this story would probably be:
☐ (A) Fire Walk With Me
☐ (B) Dragon Orb
☐ (C) The Blood of Christ
2. What can you infer about Anna?
☐ (A) Her personal hygiene is beyond reproach
☐ (B) She loves hunger
☐ (C) When sleepy, she's deadly.
3. What infection was she referring to in the beginning of the fifth paragraph?
☐ (A) Nuria
☐ (B) WSN
☐ (C) The virus known as man.
4. Which taxi would have been capable of withstanding the squirrel's assault?
☐ (A) The Magical Taxi
☐ (B) The Past/Imperfect Magical Taxi
☐ (C) A taxi that doesn't pick up Danny Glover
5. Why do you exist?
☐ (A) To wage eternal war against the squirrel.
☐ (B) To become fodder for *the Plague*
☐ (C) To dance, dance, dance
6. The word "ubiquitous" most closely means:
☐ (A) doleful
☐ (B) fucker
☐ (C) gay





The Plague Dating Guide

Over the course of its 20 plus years in existence, *The Plague* has rarely been known for its comedic wit, innovation, or even for a decent level of personal hygiene. But if it's famous for one thing, it would be this: an uncanny ability to pick up chicks. Long called "The David Hassellhoff of Humor Magazines", *The Plague* has been able to make things such as nervous sweating and awkward silences work for them in the dating world. So deflate that blow up doll and put away the Olivia Newton-John workout poster, 'cause The Plague is gonna teach you how to get laid. And then some.

Tip #1- Stop Being So Ugly - "Girls don't like the 'uglies,' surmises one Plague editor, based on years of intense scientific research. He further elaborates: "If given the choice between a handsome, muscular-type guy or an ugly fattie with lots of superfluous back hair, my theory is that the girl would choose the good-looking guy." We also suggest not being stinky or having any visible rashes.

Tip #2 - Act Intellectual - Discuss what Marx's take might be on this hypercapitalist postmodern era. After wowing her with your knowledge, give her ass a playful pinch. Chicks love that shit.



The romantic thoughts of a Plaguer: "Why do you avoid me? You swore we'd be together forever; and I'm gonna hold you to it."

Tip #3- Sweet Talk the Ladies - We at *The Plague* prefer to use the old fashioned lines, such as "Your eyes are so beautiful", or "My, what a lovely vagina you have." When in doubt, try the ever romantic "You sure would look pretty handcuffed to my radiator."

Tip #4- Pretend to Be a Celebrity - Girls give it up much easier if they think that you're somebody famous. Just take the advice of this Plague staffer: "I went up to this chick in a bar and I'm like, 'Hey, I'm Jon Stamos', and she's like, 'No you're not', and I'm like, 'Am so', and she's like, 'Well, if you're Jon Stamos then tell me the name of the middle niece on Full House'. So I threw a pitcher of beer at her head and ran away."

Tip #5-Don't Use Tip #4 - Turns out that one doesn't actually work.

Tip #6- Board Games are the Ultimate Aphrodisiac - A Plaguer explains: "One time I had this girl over my house, and nothing was working on her. The dim lighting, the Jefferson Airplane album, the fact that I was continuously unbuttoning my pants as the night went on. Nothing. But then I suggested that we play 'Hungry Hungry Hippos', and she was all over me. 'Scrabble', 'Family Double Dare', they all have the same effect." We would especially recommend any game that contains the infamous 'Pop-A-Matic Bubble'.

Tip #7- Show Them Bitches Who's Boss - One high ranking Plague member feels that it's all in the attitude. "I make sure all those ho's know who's in charge. I'll just walk up to some bitch in the street and be like 'Where's my dinner', or 'Give me some loving'. I'll...I'll...Ah, who am I kidding? I've never even touched a girl. Except for that time on the elevator, but then she slapped me. And then her boyfriend punched me in the throat. Can't you just leave me alone and let me be?!"

Well we hope that we've answered all of your love questions. Now if you don't mind, we'd just like to curl up into the fetal position and cry, thinking about both love lost and love that will never be had.



***At last Mankind
can correct
Nature's horrible,
horrible, horrible
mistakes!***

Hey, high school boys ages 15-18 and selected adults currently feeling the wrath of God! Have you dampened your pillow with tears of humiliation and rage over the cosmic laugh The Creator is having at your expense? Or does your persistent, elephantitic acne simply make your morning shave look like a suicide attempt gone horribly wrong? Don't take your life just yet! **Accutane**, a product of Roche Laboratories, may be for you! Here are a few frequently asked questions:

What is Accutane?

Accutane is an extremely potent dose of Vitamin A that has been offered to Europeans for years, and is now freely prescribed by substandard American dermatologists for even mild cases of acne. Our studies have found that many young males who suffer from the disease commonly called "acne" are on the verge of suicide. This is why **Accutane** is available in three doses: 10mg, 20mg, and 40mg. Not only does the 40mg dose control those unwanted blemishes, but it also contains a mild sedative that will control those unwanted urges to slit your wrists. Your individual dermatologist will help you determine which dosage is appropriate for you.

How does Accutane work?

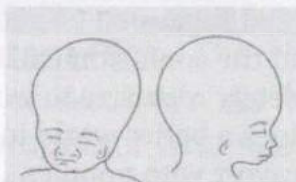
Think of each pill as a greedy Texan, sucking your oil glands dry. Over time, the oil glands will shrink to almost nothing due to the wonders of Science, as all the moisture in your body is removed from the inside. You will constantly be dehydrated and several noted Catholic cardinals may speculate that you are also losing your soul. But you'll derive much greater satisfaction from finally understanding that your physical appearance is the most important thing about you. As an added bonus, small children will one day look at you without running away in fear.

Are there any side effects associated with Accutane?

During the course of your treatment, you may notice debilitating fatigue, chapped skin, and random, public rectal bleeding. Some patients also develop an increased sensitivity to direct sunlight and suffer bouts of rage over man's inhumanity to man.

Should females use particular caution when taking Accutane?

If female patients undergo treatment, it is necessary that they use at least two forms of effective birth control for one month prior to treatment, and for the rest of their lives after treatment is over. Have you seen the illustrations of the birth defects this medication can cause? Let's just say the population of Gibbtown, Florida, once a haven for circus freaks, has been entirely rejuvenated thanks to an influx of babies resembling Flipper. However, females need not worry. No self-respecting man would think of bedding them during treatment.



Line drawing representing common birth defects associated with **Accutane**. After completing this drawing, the artist jumped out of a third story window.



Ok, seriously. Please, please, please do not get pregnant while taking **Accutane**. This drug's de-uglyfying properties can really fuck your kid up

We hope to have answered some of your questions about Accutane.

Good luck, Ugly.*

*Please note: The viewing of this document enters the reader into a legally binding agreement with the manufacturer to use/endorse this product. Failure to comply with said agreement may result in arrest, incarceration, and/or anal violation.

Time Out Plague

Time-Out Plague recently sent our undercover staff to bars all over New York to track down the city's sexiest bartender. However, since all the bartenders we encountered were disgusting and heinous and ugly, we were forced to pick a name at random.

Bud Goldstein has been bartending at an unnamed bar for almost ten years. After learning his craft in high school, Goldstein has pursued the same career since then, due to his love of bartending and his inadequacy with all other occupational skills.

His co-workers describe him as "honest", "hard-working", "soft", a "filthy liar", "lonely", and "corrupt". A favorite among patrons, Goldstein prides himself in

his integrity in dealing with customers. "I never overcharge," he states emphatically. "But," he admits, "I like to fuck with people, like give them shots of water and

pints of O'Doul's, and watch them act all wasted and shit. Then I kill their parents."

Despite his easy-going demeanor, Bud has had a few speedbumps on his highway to success. The owner of the unnamed bar remembers the time he caught Goldstein in the basement "screwing my dog. Of course, 'my dog' is actually a 15-year-old boy named Pedro, so Bud got five years for statutory rape."

The stint in jail changed Bud's life. He found Christianity, devoted himself to Bible study, and upon release from prison, confirmed his new-found faith by having a cross tattooed on his shoulder.

"But," a co-worker interrupts, "it looked kind of like a swastika." So, despite his Jewish heritage, Goldstein had to become a Nazi. It wasn't until a friend suggested he get an additional tattoo underneath the first reading "NOT a swastika" did the confusion end.

Though Bud hasn't had a date in over thirty years and is completely repulsive to women,

sometimes he imagines a better world in which he is able to cavort with puppies and models on a white, sandy beach.

Though that will never, ever, ever, ever happen, Bud remains hopeful that his new title as New York's Sexiest Bartender will jumpstart his non-existent life. But it won't.



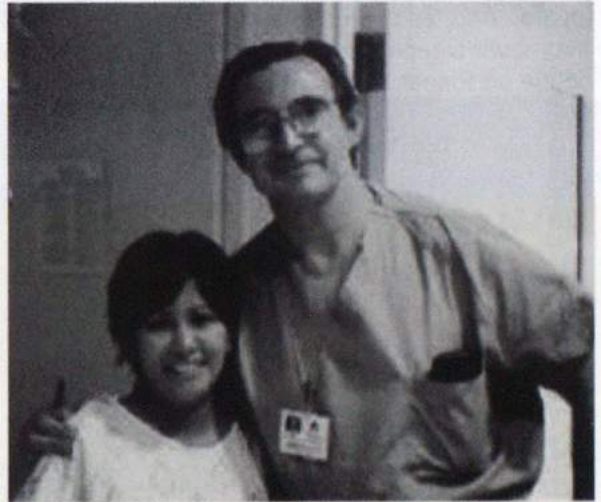
CLUBS



Time-Out Plague's Entertainment Picks*

*aka "We Tell You Your Plans for This Weekend, You Uneducated Circus Monkey"

T.V. Pick- *That Wacky Proctologist*, Fridays on ABC- A charming new family comedy from the creators of *Perfect Strangers*, it follows the wacky misadventures of fun loving butt doctor Scott Brancato as he prescribes some laughs and digs for the meaning of life. As a divorced dad, Dr. Scott is as bad with relationships as he is skilled with rectums. There are some touching scenes in which Scott teaches his young son Tim-Tim about life, love, and the dangers of sticking Legos up one's anus. This week's episode honestly deals with the gun control issue, when Dr. Scott must remove a pistol from a man's ass.



Dr. Scott: He'll make you laugh, he'll make you cry, he'll teach you the proper way to wipe your ass.



Literature Pick- *Seth Freach: A Life Not Worth Living* is the revealing autobiography of the former Plague editor. It tackles subjects such as Seth's real parents (sideshow legends "Glenda the Glasseater" and the ever mysterious "Bearded Man"); the way Seth was able to overcome his whiskey problem by turning to God and beer; and finally, his own death in 1999. 'That sucked,' Seth eloquently reminisces about the horrific lawnmowing accident that took his sad, pathetic excuse for an existence.

Seth's autobiography asks the question: "Why did God even create me?"

Restaurant Pick- *The Hot Dog Cart on the Corner of West 4th* has it all: ambiance, style, and a proprietor who speaks almost no English whatsoever. "What mean you? The American well speak me," Lakmil, the hot dog guy, corrects us. "With wiffle bat, yourself go fuck." The menu is utterly stunning. It includes frankfurters, pretzels, and falafel. "I no have falafel. Why say you falafel? You hole of ass. I have sheep in basement less ugly than you."



A restaurant for romantics; dirty vagrants.

Time-Out Plague's

Night on the Town

Throughout the ages, New York City has been known by many nicknames. The City of Lights, Cradle of Civilization, Pupae of Corporate America, Metropolis - call it what you will. Lonely know New York by one name, and one name only: the city where lonely, sex-starved workaholics can meet and fall in love only to create short-lived, hollow fictions of marriage and then get divorced, separating easily quantified assets 50/50 while pitting child against parent in a series of loveless mind games and manipulative contests of affection. That's New York alright, a city for lovers. And, as my research once again proves, there is ample opportunity for romance on the streets of the city that never sleeps. Follow me, won't you, as I walk you through my semi-quarterly report on the hippest singles scene on Planet Earth. As usual, the following account is of a completely imaginary and entirely fictive weekend

evening of an anonymous single man who is not me.

Don't bring a date to your first stop, the **Campus Diner** on the corner of Green St. and Waverly near New York University. The abundance of scantily clad 20-something undergrads in haltertops, both real and imagined, is a sure-fire way of getting your blood pumping for an evening of debauchery. If that isn't enough, dollar drafts and a good cheap burger will certainly get you primed for the night ahead.

After you're finished ogling sorority sisters and drinking dollar **Rolling Rocks**, your next stop should be the **Odessa Diner** on Avenue A. A lot of swingers would tell you that the diner route is a sure-fire way to strike out, but take it from me, an experienced bachelor, dinner time is the best time to approach a woman for anonymous sex; they usually have their guard down and are a lot more accessible.

A word of advice, however; don't chew with your



Pathetic losers getting drunk and trying to get laid.

mouth open, especially if you are staring at someone trying to get their attention. If you don't have any luck with women, do not fret. The **Odessa** has three dollar mixed drinks and five dollar **Long Island Iced Teas**. One hour alone in that place should be enough to obliterate any inhibitions that you may have left.

Hopefully, by now, you are thoroughly trashed. Any swinging bachelor must remember that the only way to truly charm a woman is to be so heavily sedated with alcohol that you can't feel your teeth or genitals any more. Now you are ready to hit the clubs. **The Tunnel** and **Mother** regularly spin bass heavy house music that is perfect for the ol' bump'n' grind. By now, your vision is so foggy from booze that you can barely make out basic shapes like the **square** or the **triangle**, let alone women. Despite this, remember that any eye contact or body movement, including but not limited to any arm gesture or movement of hips/legs/neck/face area is a subtle yet desperate cry for a dance partner in one of these clubs. The traditional response is to move towards the woman and engage in **dry humping**.

After you've left the club, whether it be with a woman or for having the bassy music dislodge the two cheese burgers and plate of potato pancakes you had eaten earlier, your next stop should be a country western bar such as **The Village Idiot**, **Hogs and Heffers**, or **Coyote Ugly**. Country western bars are the ideal place to make new friends, watch drunk women dance naked on the bar for free drinks, or to finish yourself off with 2 dollar **Pabst Blue Ribbon**. By now, the swinging singles scene has exploded so if you haven't hooked up by now, this is your big chance. If one of the bar dancers falls off and hits her head, play the hero and pick her up; you should at least get a phone number for

Hey, making fun of your grandparents is cool again!



We've been waiting 1600 years and the moment has finally arrived. So what are you gonna do?

your efforts. If an **elderly relapsed alcoholic** is crying on the bar next to you, ask her what's wrong, She may go home with you.

If it's last call and you still haven't met a fine woman to call your own, rush over to the Mars Bar on Second Ave. The **Mars Bar** usually stays open at least one hour after last call, and, if you play your cards right, you may be lucky enough to go home with a homeless alcoholic or desperate heroin addict that will trade their body for a fix. Drinks are cheap and strong (three dollars) and if you have any control over your bodily functions left, this is the place to fix that. The two close quartered bathrooms make ideal vomitoriums. If they are occupied, the Mars Bar is conveniently located next to two vacant lots.

That's single New York for you...There's always an adventure around each corner, and romance is always lurking some place dark and foreboding. Don't despair if you stumbled during your foray into the single scene—there will be more booze, babes, and **blackouts** for you next weekend. Until then, keep showing up to your soul-devouring career and empty, empty apartment.

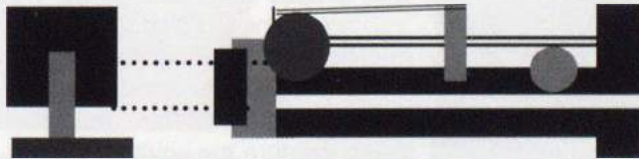
Vote "No" on Referendum #5...

and say no to nuclear power plants in our area. Are they some scary shit or what? I half expect to wake up with another head! And how weird would that be? I mean, just imagine that you re in the middle of a hold-up, right after you ve just blown two dudes away, and your head tells you to put the gun down and turn yourself over to the police, and starts yelling your name, address, and phone number for all the witnesses to hear! Wouldn t that be a real drag? That s why I m against nuclear testing.

Referendum #5 supports the ritual slaughter of this man.



From the makers of **EZ Bomb**, The Only Intimate Explosive...



Fuck That Shit, I'm Crossing

Tired of Waiting for Walk Signals?

Fat crossing guards be damned, because you got places to go. Comes with ambulance, gurney, and two life sized paramedics.

**ARE YOU
GOOD
ENOUGH?**

NO

Disfigurement has never been so fashionable! What better way to express your angst in the 21st century than to puncture a hole through a part of your body that sticks out conspicuously anyway. Remeber: it's not self-mutilation if someone does it

Want to Lose 40 Pounds?

Our certified, well-trained doctors can help you take off 40 pounds instantly...simply by amputating your leg! The only 100% guaranteed way of losing weight has arrived. Call **1-800-FAT**

As seen on TV's
*Surgery Bloopers
and Practical
Jokes*

What's Funny in The Future?

I don't know.
Fuck.

HAIR

YOU WANT IT, I
GOT IT. JUST
GIVE ME A CALL
AND IT'S YOURS.
I MISS YOU.

Paid Scientific Study

Earn up to \$3000 in just hours! If you are really insecure, you may be eligible. All you have to do is let a large group of your friends, family, co-workers, and possible future acquaintances laugh at you and make jokes at your expense for the rest of your life. We are studying electricity. Call now!

FREE COUPON

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freedoms of speech, religion,
assembly, and press.

Paid for by everyone you hate.

EVER WANT TO KNOW HOW PAPER IS MADE?

My granddaughter asked me that very question one warm Eastern night many years ago. "Old man," I said, "You need a glass of wine." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Now you understand," she thery.

Fare Thee Well, Joe Rice*

By Martin Van Buren

As the first president of these grand United States of America, I have had the distinct privilege of meeting many famous charlatans: Thomas Jefferson, Jim Brown, Jiang Zhemín, and that mongoloid, Regis Philbin. Being such an important historical figure, I am graced by the presence of other men of import. However, my administration, and the direction of the universe in general, was forever changed by one man. A man who knows no shame or tact. A man beyond greatness, and beyond good hygiene. A man whom Nietzsche referred to as the "uber-man." A man who has left a mark, a hideous stain, on the New York University community.

"Cotangent." That word has forever been changed for me. Whereas before it referred to calculus and the negative of cosecant squared, now it conjures only one image in my mind: orgasm. Pure, ecstatic, and blissful orgasm. On cue. The meaning of this mathematical term was altered by Joseph Wallabee Rice. Man, myth, and legend in his own mind, Joe Rice is known far and wide as the "King of the Non sequitor." At the beginning of my rule over the feeble people of the Republic, Joe confided a brilliant plan to me: a way to achieve instant happiness. Joe desired to become "hypno-tized" so that, upon hearing an uncommon word, he would immediately orgasm. His word: cotangent! No longer would the mathematical sciences be dull and dreary, but rather a time to experience the zenith of sexual delight. Genius, absolute genius!

Throughout the lands of this real estate empire, the name of "Joe Rice" echoes over the hills and across the lush pastures. Images of the man-wookie arise in the recesses of the mind, and the faint odor of Wild Turkey makes the children noxious. He possesses the much envied power of being old enough to buy hard liquor...which he offers to all members of the community, whether they be man, woman, or orphan wrapped in swaddling! What a man for others, this comrade of the masses! However, do not let this illusionary praise fool you. Oh no, plebes of the University, Joe Rice cares not for you. As my personal visieur and masseuse, Joe Rice strongly advocates isolationism for the nation's foreign policy; this is the

policy he adopts on the fourth floor, A-side, of Weinstein Hall. Yes, Joe Rice goes out of his way to ensure that contact is not made between him and the ignorant fools of that God-forsaken floor. Kudos, Joe Rice! Martin Van Buren salutes you!

During most governmental-type meetings, Joe Rice maintains order with an iron fist of fury and relentless malice. In the early days of my administration, Joe always offered words of encouragement before my State of the Union address. He would say "Martin . . . FUCK IT UP!" Ah, fuck it up indeed, Joe Rice, fuck it up indeed.



Joe W. Rice
1999-2000
He hates you.

During one meeting of the imperial congress, I was occupied in the nether regions of the Library Bobst. Joe Rice rose to the challenge of leading the Congress by first dissolving that body of essential representatives, eliminating habeas corpus and then giving all power and authority to a group termed "The Four Horsemen." Pestilence, Famine, War, and Fluffiness would now rule supreme. When I returned, I had to calm Joe Rice down, as he was in another one of his religious fervors. I calmly extinguished his lit cigarette, and told him a bedtime story. That quieted the obscenely hairy guy.

Yet, one written tribute to all that is Joe Rice cannot encompass all that Joe Rice stands for. How do I, the most remembered president of the American states, capture the spirit of such a carnivorous creature? For, at the crux of this essay lies my belief that Joe Rice symbolizes so much more than angry

bitterness and continual inebriation. The true question is: who are we, really? As individuals in this diverse and soulless community where only identification numerals matter, who are we? The answer rests in Joe Rice. In those effervescent moments in the sublime stillness of the bosom of Mother Earth, we all experience a bit of Joe Rice. For, in the cosmic soup of existence, there is a little of Joe Rice in everyone. And, until the tests come back, I think we all know that life is better that way.

Coping with the harsh realities of life without Joe Rice will by no means be an easy task. Joe Rice has constantly reminded us of how insignificant we are. "Everyone," he once said, "NYU will find every way possible to screw you over. Don't be surprised.." No, he's not dead, but worse, he's graduating as a film student. So, if you appreciate

what JOE RICE

***Alternate Title: So Long, Jerk-Face**

has done, be sure to tip all your future waiters.

rejected POKÉMON characters

マシ



Leproseegy

Powers: Utilizes the Black Death to shed diseased limbs and flesh onto opponents.



Alcoholix

Powers: Attacks other Pokémon by drinking away the headache.



Grope-a-chu

Powers: Of the commonly found LECHEROUS species of Pokémon. Don't let Grope-a-chu get drunk at a party...



Pika-boo

Powers: Stuns enemies by opening trenchcoat and flashing his disturbing lack of genitals.



Giuli-nazi

Powers: Though short in stature and thin in hair, defends his land by destroying museums and having police shoot minorities.



Cokemon

Powers: This Pokémon can assault opponents with his "chronic" post-nasal drip, snort-blast and GOP nomination.

セイト
イラヒ



Stereopuff

Powers: This Pokémon embodies stereotypes from all races and ethnicities. Attacks include the Circumsising Slice and making some damn fine fried chicken.

Remember
Pearl
Harbor!



The Plague Yearbook

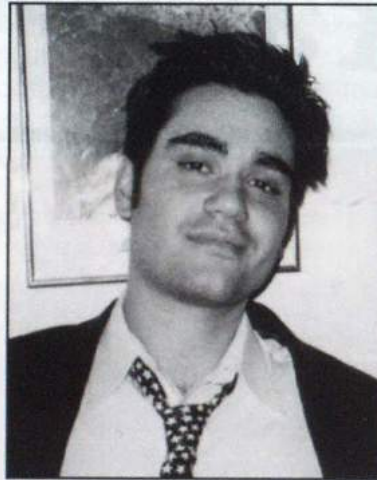
In the tradition of our many references to High School and other memories past (such as the Plague Prom and constant mentioning of Full House), we decided to have a Yearbook section. The following is intended to appear horribly bitter about the fact that even though many of us were the editors of our High School yearbooks, we still were unable to gain any superlatives other than Most Likely Repel Members of the Opposite Sex.

Superlatives



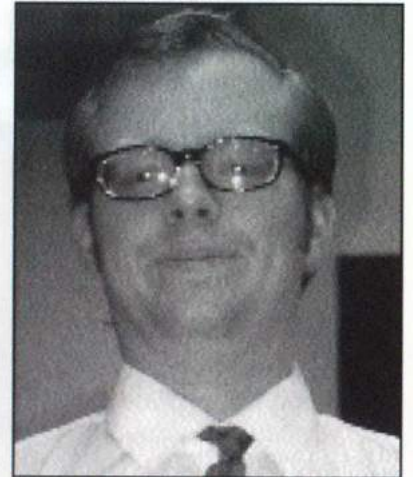
Angel de la Muerte

Varsity Wrestling Captain, Spanish Club.
Most Likely to be an Accountant



Ron Hunter

Class President, Student Council, Distinguished Leader
Most Likely to Mistake Being Elected to Office for Actually Being Liked/ Most Likely to Think Student Government Isn't a Worthless Joke.



Terrence Folks

President of the Future Accountants Club, Chess Club, Star Wars Fan Club, Role-Playing Club.
Most Likely to Find Success as a Mexican Wrestler.



Dion Cliamente

Diversity Club.
Most Likely to be a Minority
Comic Relief Sidekick for an Undercover Cop with Bitchin' Car.



Mandy Ross

Prayer Club, Christian Student Society, Bible Club.
Most Likely to Cling onto New, Hipper, More Rebellious, and More Counterproductive Form of Extremism/ Most Likely to Hold Grudges Against Humor Magazines



Dr. Dread

Chemistry Society, Student Council.
Most Likely to Have Plans for Global Domination Repeatedly Foiled by Super Heroes.



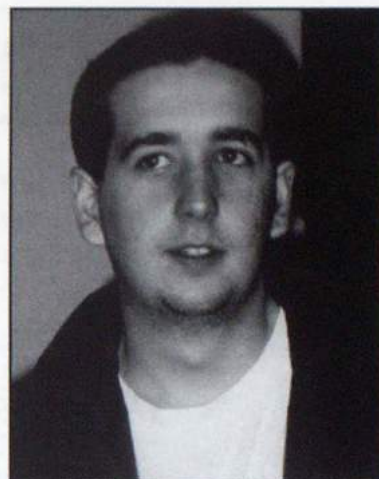
Jeff Chaucer

Students for a Healthy Earth,
Socialistic Democrats.
Most Likely to Lose Faith in
Humanity.



Sarah Williams

Literary Magazine.
Most Likely to Morph Into Pure
Poetry.



Craig Jones

Most Likely to Die Alone and
Unloved.



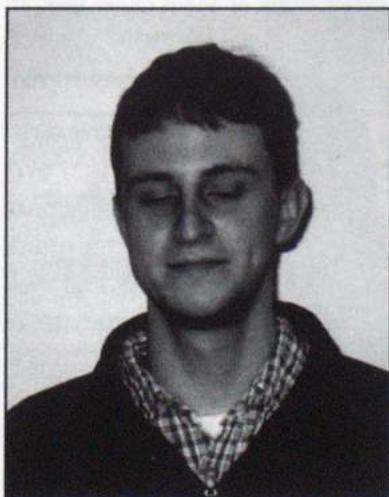
Fred Carson

Most Likely to Never be Remembered by Classmates.



Mad Max

Most Likely to Survive in a Post-Apocalyptic
Wasteland.



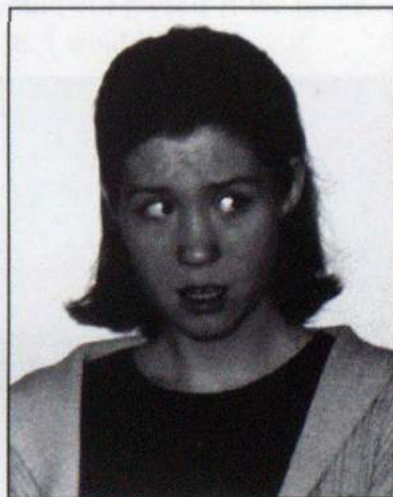
Bruce Jackson

Most Likely to Die with Others,
but Still Unloved.



Jaqueel

Most Likely to Realize He's Not
Fooling Us With That Butch Attitude



Jenny Franklin

Most Likely to Die on August 23,
2004.



Trina Fleishman

Computer Club, Chess Club.
Most Likely to Kill Self After
Internet Start-up Company Fails.



Andrew Klein

Most Likely to Realize She's a
Terrible Actress.



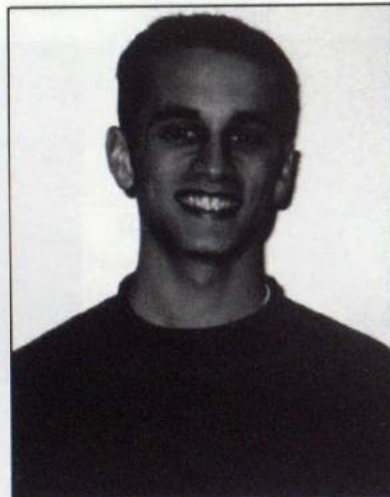
Jacqueline Schultz

Local R.O.T.C., 4H.
Most Likely to Lead a Socialist
Revolution in Latin America.



Joe Rapp

Civil War Reenactment Club.
Most Likely to Die in Vietnam.



Charlie Stevens

Varsity Basketball Captain, Varsity
Football Co-Captain and
Quarterback, Homecoming and
Prom King.
Most Likely to Reminisce
Constantly About High School
After Realizing Life is All
Downhill Afterwards for Him.



Sarah Wilkes

Head Cheerleader, Prom/Homecoming
Queen, Cutest, Prettiest, Most Beautiful.
Most Likely to Get by in Life Without
any Real Work or Merit Other than
Beauty and Easiness.



**Jessica Brockdon and
Jason Brown**

S.A.D.D., Student Council.
Cutest Couple/Most Likely to
Marry before College Graduation
and to Divorce After Three
Children and Ten Miserable Years.



Linda Winder

Most Likely to go Underappreciated
in Life Except When She Wins
Adviser of the Year Award / Most
Likely to Kill Herself Because No
One Loves Her.

Personal Ads

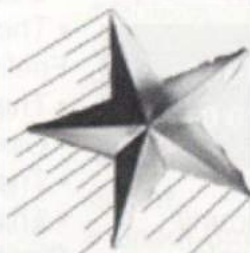
Dear Shawna,

We re so proud of you! We can t believe how much you ve changed from your first day of kindergarten to your last day of tenth grade. Don t feel bad about dropping out. We love you more than ever, and as far as we re concerned, that part-time job at K-Mart is better than any diploma.

And when that baby comes, you can bet we ll dress him in your school colors. You have our word that you ll go to your junior prom, even if your brother has to escort you and you will be dancing on the living room carpet instead of the gym floor. Keep reaching for the stars!

With all of our love,

Mom, Dad, and Zach



Dear Derek,

We didn t think you d survive when we cut the brakes on your car, but you did and now look at you. You have the biggest nose in the world.

Love,
Mom and Dad



Dearest Jenny,

We ll always love you, no matter what the rest of the populace says or how many terrible humiliations and miseries you bring upon us.

Love,
Your family

Miguel,

Congratulations! Somebody loves you! I don t know who, but someone probably does. I m sure your grandma would if she wasn t dead.

Love,
Dad

To our graduate Mary:

Who knew you would grow up into such a lovely girl? I sure didn t. I thought for sure you d be disgusting. Shit, I wish I d been around more when you were little.

Love Dad

Dear Jaquie,

You know we love you. We will be proud of you no matter what...as long as you always accept the Lord Jesus Christ as you savior and never again try to pull any of that Lesbian stuff.

Love,
Mom, Dad, and the Lord
Jesus Christ, Our Eternal
She/pard and Savior



**We all wish the graduating class of 00 much
luck in all of their
endeavors.***

*Paid for by the Committee to Sabotage the Graduating Class of 00

Dear Theo,

I don t want high school to be over. High School has been the best time of my life and I m scared of the future. I am going to miss holding your hand on the way to class and making out in the lockers. You are so important to me (even if you did coerce me into having sex before I was ready). I would kill myself If we broke up tomorrow...no shitting you. I would!

Love, Pica

To The Class of 00:

Good luck with everything, and may all your dreams come true. Your life is just beginning; what a shame it would be if you were to die tomorrow?



From all your friends at Al s Autobody

Because we only recently shed our stupidity, and we remember what it's like to be you...

The Plague

explains the

Bad Names for Professional Wrestlers

- The Insomniac Harpist
- The Canadian Odour
- Frogger
- Goldberg
- Brittlebones
- The Tooth Fairy
- The Unfortunate Incident
- Student Activities Board
- The Tantric Accountant
- Short Neurotic Nobody
- Self-Directed Rage
- ADD Disaster
- The Litigious Wimp
- Bok
- The Literary Trope

Reasons We Are Bitter

- I slept in a dumpster last night
- Breakfast cereal "Fruity Yummy Mummy" not nearly as homosexual as name implies
- Sudden realization that you will never gain any hit points in real life, no matter how many things you kill
- Fatties
- The movie *Space Camp*.
- The end of monarchies
- I don't enjoy activities I used to find pleasure in
- Jews take our women
- Used up coolness in 2nd grade
- The sharp decline in naughty Victorian Shadow puppets
- The uncontrollable egos of our editors

Bad List Ideas

- Bad list ideas
- Obscure RPG references
- Reasons to cry alone while huddled in fetal position
- Places my drunk step-father used to touch me
- Ways to identify a *Tron* poser
- Kinds of things

Inappropriate Children's Books

- Why Daddy Died
- I'm in Love with Mommy
- The Impressive Vowels
- Grampa's Got a Coffin Now
- Bi-Curious George
- The Giving Sexual Favors Tree
- How Many Fingers Fit in the VCR?
- The Immortal, Invincible Monster that Eats Children and Can Morph into Anything, Even Your Parents or Your Teddy Bear So You're Never Truly Safe Because Nothing Can Kill It
- Horton Hears the Taunts of the Other Animals in the Forest

Favorite Breasts

- Mine (Vicki's)

Bad Over-the- Counter Medicines

- Chemo-Theraflu

Poorly Themed Bars/Restaurants

- Inquisition Bar
- Secrets and Shame
- Everything's Covered in Barbed-Wire Tavern
- The Gelded Sock-Puppet
- The Flaky Eunuch
- Guess Who's a Robot!
- The Repressed Homoerotic Feelings Pub
- The Meta-Restaurant
- Closed Mic Night
- The Squealing Extrovert
- The Seventy Percent Survival Rate Grill

New Fresh Samantha Flavors

- Desperately Seeking Affection
- Mega Cheezo
- Shake of Shame
- Pieces of Poodle Passion
- Eucalyptus Enema
- Lactating Lucy "Lemonade"
- Carrots and Other Shit We Found on the Ground
- Mmmmm . . . Chinamen

What You Can Do with Yourself

- Fuck off
- Kiss my ass
- Eat shit; die
- Dick Cunt Fucker
- Asshole Cock Shitter
- Eyeball Scorn
- Store Self in Mylar Bag with Acid-Free Backing boards

Whole Wide World

Creative Ways to Start a Fight

- Act like you're ten feet taller than you really are
- DON'T kiss your dad
- Insult your foe's sabre
- Hang out with Doctor Octopus, but talk about how cool Spider-Man is
- Tap a Bell-hop on the shoulder
- Don't comply with daylight savings time
- Print a picture of someone you don't know on the back of your magazine
- Blatantly steal our lame-ass jokes

Reasons to Cry Yourself to Sleep

- The bee won't stop stinging my eyelids
- Don't have adamantium claws
- Overactive Tear Ducts
- I'll never deserve a drinking problem
- Damn that onion-filled pillow
- Because of her

Why No One Likes You

- Odor
- Ugly face
- You are dying
- Random biting disorder
- Random public rectal bleeding

Smurfs That Never Caught On

- Neglected Wife in Loveless Marriage Smurf
- OCD Smurf
- Nazi Dentist Smurf
- Inside-Out Smurf
- Betrayal Smurf
- Shatter-Proof Glass Smurf (he shattered)
- Very Large, Very Tall, Flesh-Colored, Giant Smurf
- Deformed-Do-To-Incest Smurf
- Snork Smurf

Failed Protest Movements

- Student Coalition for the Distribution of the Anti-Hunger Campaign to End the Childrens's Outreach Crusade for Koreans @ NYU
- St. Patrick's Day
- Free Mumia
- Free the Mummy
- The Declaration of Independence

Bad Places to Find One's Penis

- The Age of Enlightenment

New Methods of Capital Punishment

- Eat shit and die
- Stern warnings
- Death by Legos
- NYU

Things You Never Want to Hear Your Mother Say

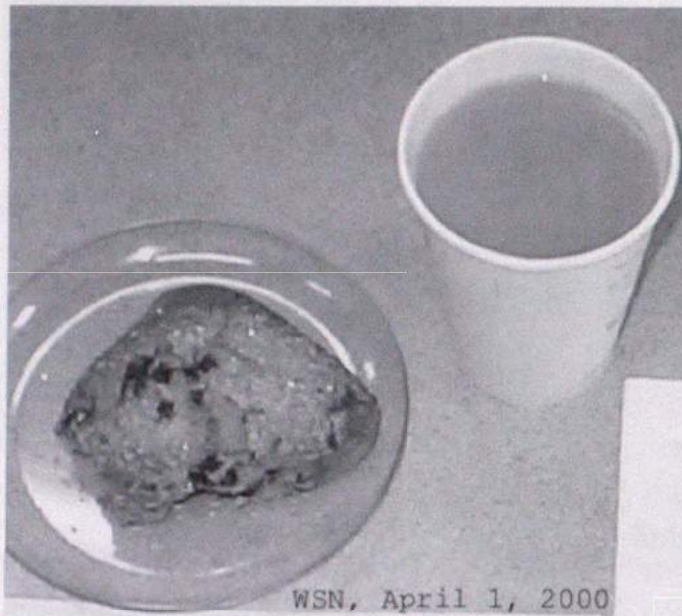
- I'm dead
- Hi
- Santa's not real . . .and neither are you!
- There's a reason you're so tan

Failed McDonald's Promotional Campaigns

- New Sandwich: The Mc?
- Anti-Abortion Super Family Value Menu
- "Eat at McDonald's or everyone you love will be hanged"
- McEat-This-Sandwich-and-Roaches-Will-Pour-Out-of-Your-Ass Sandwich
- Fused genitals fun toy with every happy meal
- Mayor McCheese says "EAT MY FACE!"
- "Ronald Doesn't Really Want to be a Clown Anymore" campaign
- Look at Ronald's extensive collection of tiny shoes!
- Holy Shit, Those Aren't

Reasons You're Fat

- Eat too much
- No exercise
- Fat parents
- Glandular Disorder
- You're stupid
- Somebody has to be
- Who cares? Shut up, fattie.



Plague, May 1995

WSN, April 1, 2000

FEATURES

town:
nascot
and
up



Grabbing a cab, Bobby heads up to the Kinet white way, Times Square. Clutching his briefcase, he is surrounded by the glowing neon signs heralding modern delinquency in a one square block area that can be found in the entire Midwest. Bobby does not see the marquee behind him, thus missing out on the opportunity to exercise his shapely, if any, physique for only \$120,000 from NYU's English Department.



He manages to hook up with a twenty-dollar hooker, ironically an NYU philosophy major moonlighting in order to pay her tuition. She refers to his crude comments, accompanying him to the nearest theater. If only the basketball team could score as quickly and easily perhaps they should hang out in the philosophy department. Being an existentialist, new Marxist, post-modernist, feminist sympathizer, the young man realizes the paradox of being simultaneously crushed twice by NYU.



It's up and in! The crowd goes wild!

Clearly beyond the grasp of most, one of the above wearing the same gown, Bobby, side of the line to see what it might mean!



and Bashful, some, and whooping

Start Your Day the Plagiarists' Way!

Do you like fresh, original, hard-hitting reporting? Do you enjoy insightful and controversial editorials? Then the Washington Square News is for you! From our scandalous expose about pigeons in Washington Square Park to our thought-provoking essay Racism is Bad, you can be sure that we at the WSN are devoted to bringing you the finest in college journalism. So dedicated are we, in fact, that we'll stop at nothing to bring you the best NYU has to offer--we'll even steal other publications' ideas without giving them a shred of credit! Yep, that's right! Before publishing our hilarious April Fool's Day issue, our editorial staff was sitting around with our thumbs up our asses, as we are wont to do. We needed something funny, and fast. So we found the Spring 1995 issue of the Plague and, as you can see, the results were



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

NYU'S Daily Student Tripe



tired of living out your masculine fantasies alone?

or...

want to pretend to be this old bastard?



if you are an unathletic white male between the ages of nineteen and thirty, then we know you played



Salutations, young warrior.

I am Tiberius, a Dungeon Master looking to assemble a D&D party for a new campaign, which will feature custom character sheets.

Sadly, traditional role playing games have been losing hit points and have looked like they have a high armor class because of the internet stealing gamers away.

Be sure, I am sureth that good old OFF-line D&D is the best. After all, you can't have Dungeon Master screens on-line, can you?

Many of you will read this and say ha! Nerds! And low tech nerds at that.

To thee, and the internet gamers of the world, I give this response: why don't you suckle on my gnomish knob? At least we actually roseth dice and leave our fucking room to get our game on. What's the matter, computer bitch? What happens whe your server goes down? Gonna cry? Harken to this: the only server I need is the serving of whoop-ass I going to serveth upeth. I'm the Ted Kazinsky of gaming.



I'll crash my mace against your face like I crashed Yahoo! last month. Just to recap, if you think PC stands for Player character, you're one of us. If you're a shit-head, you're one of them.



Die, monopolist!



A close-up, profile shot of a young man with dark, wavy hair, looking towards the right. He is wearing a light blue crew-neck t-shirt. The background is slightly out of focus, showing a white door and a person in a dark jacket and white cap.

THE PLAGUE

HAS BEEN FOLLOWING THIS MAN
FOR NIGH UNTO A FULL SCORE OF YEARS.
OUR RESOURCES ARE VAST.
YOU CANNOT ESCAPE.

JOIN US.

OR FACE THE DIREST OF CONSEQUENCES.

*THIS MAN HAD NO IDEA WE WERE FOLLOWING HIM. NEITHER DO YOU.