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REVIEWS

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I was reading the latest ish of [Starlog](#) Magazine, and it seems that famed *Saved By the Bell* thespian Mark-Paul Gosselaar has inked a deal with Darklinghobbit Productions to star in their next [Sci-Fi Channel](#) original film, *Stabbings of Galport*, which will air in mid-September (yay! My only woe until September is waiting! Tee hee).

Why, you may ask, did I mention such tidbits? Well, as you may or may not know, Mark-Paul (as I fondly refer to him) is a cultural icon within this nation (as seen at Glitter Con, where I sold 80 Zack posters). And it is because Zack is, plainly and simply, the flag bearer of American Teen Pop life that I feel Nancy Yates' piece of fan fiction "Zack's Day" misses its mark in several ways. But to fully understand what I am speaking of, please read the following excerpt:

Zack and AC were working out at the Bayside Gym. Zack called working out "gyiming it up."

"Hey, AC," started Zack. "I got tickets for the Tony! Toni! Tone! concert. Please be my guest." He put down his weight and reached into his LA Gear gym bag and pulled out two tickets.

Does anyone else see a **CONTINUITY ERROR??** It worries me that Zack, the *COOLEST KID AT BAYSIDE*, would want to see a musical group like Tony! Toni! Tone!. It just doesn't match up with the *Saved By the Bell* mythos. I can imagine Lisa or Jessie going to a Tony! Toni! Tone! concert, and Jessie even liking it. But Zack? Cool, collected, blond Zack? I know this is a skewed universe, but COME ON!!

I wish to display yet another excerpt of Nancy's work to further prove my point. After (gasp) AC and Zack get back from the Tony! Toni! Tone! concert, Zack suggests that the two of them start a band. This idea itself is a blatant rip-off of the actual show--episode 380G ("Zack and the Zipper-Tahs")--but I will skip that mistake for now and get to the heart of the problem. The next day after the concert, Zack and AC prepare for the big battle-of-the-bands competition. Here's a scene from this moment in Nancy's text:

"Zack strummed his Fender guitar as AC pounded away at his set of Yamaha drums."

FUCK! FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK!! Nancy, please watch a fucking episode, you twit! There is no way in hell Zack Morris would ever be caught "strumming" a "Fender." It is common knowledge that Zack cherished his Gibson 900 Series Gold-Lacquered guitar! Eh, Duh! Zack's guitar makes appearances in no less than 6 episodes! For Christ's Sake!! And does AC look like he plays the fucking drums? Had Ms. Nancy seen the "Zack and the Zipper-Tahs" episode, she would have known that SCREECH played the drums! It's mistakes like these that give fan fiction a bad name. How will our art form ever be taken seriously when so-called fans don't even take the time to watch and collect every episode? I cannot accept people who try to write fan fiction after merely watching one or two episodes of the show in question. It's like trying to paint mallards when all you've seen is one painting of mallards--you have got to see, like, at least five or six paintings of mallards before you go out there and paint up some mallards.

This piece of filth almost made me want to write again, but I, like Stephen King, have yet to get over my life-altering car accident (I, for the record, was NOT driving, but was in the back seat working on my *Interview with the Vampire* piece when Mom got hit by a bus filled with really hot Japanese tourists--all Japanese people are hot). In conclusion, this piece sucks hard ones and I give it ONE STAR! Eat that, Nancy, you stupid GIRL! Ha ha! Anyways, that's my two cents...keep your fingers crossed for my recovery so that I may return to my weekly installments of my *Small Wonder* adult fiction series, "[Snuggle Bot](#)." Until then, cheers (OOH! I just got a GREAT idea for a new fan-fic piece...I could set it in the *Cheers* bar and...)

THE PLAGUE

"Don't pet my dog"

Your Spring 2002 Staff

Executive Editors

Gregg Zehentner

It's like slipping on an old condom

Pat Stango

I don't care for the Andy Dick

Blaine Perry

So, what's your screen name?

Lukas Kaiser

Coolness, Carlo

Editorial Staff

Graphics and Design

Vera Shnyerson

Where did that come from?

Sergeant-at-Arms

Victoria I. Pingarron

Here's a list of things for you to do...

Jesse Shaver

Watching a clown die of AIDS

Helen Tompkins

The grammar queen - now with actual power

Michael Klein

Ready to smack you with a sack full of Masterlocks

All of the Work, None of the Credit...

Jess Haas

Steph Garcia

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John Savarese

Bennet Moscovitz

Molly Sullivan

Marina Ulitskaya

Mike Dueer

Christine Jensen

Natty Bates

Jess Stephen

James Darling

Caleb Wisdorf

Sumi Raghavan

Kirby Reiling

Alicia McWilliams

...and viewers like you

Special Thanks to:

Audrey Underwood (We Love You!); Nanci Cooke; Bob Butler; Jerry Perez; David Wain and Joe Lo Truglio (Rent "Wet Hot American Summer!"); Mikey J and Joe Rice; Frank Sebastiano (thanks for nothing!); Andrew W.K. (we took your advice and partied hard); Leila Amineddoleh; Drew Warner, Marty Bell, Katie Paul and Scott Brancato; The Sunshine Bus Company; "Fraternity: The Musical" and "Diagnosis: Faggot"; Chris Niedl; Molly! (Way to walk!); Coverboy Mike Kimm; A big fuck you to the Pimpology Frat Guy ("What I tell you? What I tell you?"); "How High" and "Redman & Method Man's Stung" ("Ewww, you nasty!"); Michael P. Casey; Axie; Our largest fuck you goes to The UCB Theater (pathetic, unfunny outcasts don't need their own theater); Gabriel Movsesyan; Barkyl; Birth; Beardogs; Mando; Bill Marsden; Daily Beagle; Phi Iota Alpha; Some more fuck you's go to Creepy Tom D, The SSE crew (Big Red), The Haber Family (cocksuckers); & the AUGC.

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Plague-(n) 1. A widespread affliction or calamity, especially one seen as divine retribution. 2. A sudden destructive influx or injurious outbreak. 3. A cause of annoyance; a nuisance. 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease; a pestilence. 5. That guy who sits behind you in class, staring at your very womanhood. 6. The finger that you feel at night when you swear that you're dreaming. 7. The newest member of the Axis of Evil. 8. Your mom's first sexual partner.

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Would you die for a George Bush?

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

Note: *The Plague*, along with its parent company DaddyCo, was recently purchased by Phil Donahue's PhilCorp. Starting in the Fall of 2002 this publication will become a monthly chronicle of the life, loves and political aspirations of Phil Donahue under the name *Network aPHILiate*.

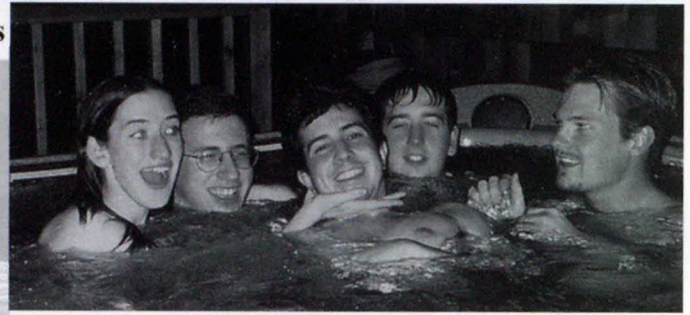
Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...

President Gregory J. Zehentner's Farewell Address

Just as former vice-president Joe Rice predicted all those years ago, my term as president did indeed signal the arrival of the Future *Plague* Era. I feel grateful that I was able to serve in office during a time in which so many people showed such a capacity for greatness. There were stories of bravery and courage, such as Michael Klein emerging victorious from both his addiction to alcohol and his epic battle with a 3,000-year-old wizard. We found strength in the capacity of human endurance when, for reasons known only to himself, Pat Stango ate dog food during his campaign trail. Our nation smiled as we saw Blaine Perry blossom from an awkward, barely literate Mexican immigrant to the six-foot-five white Anglo-Saxon he is today. We learned the meaning of the word "resolve" as Erin Foley again and again refused to allow love in any form to permeate into her life. And finally, steering me through the pratfalls that come with *The Plague's* highest office, it was my privilege to have the dearly departed Michael P. Casey as a spiritual advisor through the difficult times. He is gone, but his legacy will remain.

Blessed with a unified Congress, I was able to pass many aggressive bills during my time in office. Giving women the right to choose was among my greatest achievements, as was the *Plague's* 19th Amendment (or as it was popularly referred to, the "Just Kidding" bill). But of course, no man leaves office having achieved all that he wishes he could have. Despite my relentless efforts, I was unable to stop the mandatory kicking of five puppies for every joke told in this magazine. The magazine itself still contains several toxic properties that have been proven to cause sterility in men and pregnancy in women. And despite placing this as my number-one priority, I was unable to reverse the Law of Gravity.

But overall, my term was marked by success, not failure. Relations with our fellow clubs have improved markedly, and mailbombs have become a curious exception to the rule. Once reviled by the Womyn's Center, we have now been welcomed with open arms into their soft, pink inner sanctum, where we vigorously exchange ideas in a non-threatening,



The *Plague* Cabinet insures Mr. Zehentner's last days in office are good ones.

consensual environment. We have made great strides with the *Minetta Review* to revitalize their stagnant membership with an influx of aesthetically pleasing female artists of the word, who cannot help but be attracted to the powerful musk of *Plague* editors. We lobbied hard to keep the members of Phi Kappa Delta from becoming gay and having sex with each other, and we happily report that there are at least two known members who still retain a portion of their heterosexuality. And our greatest triumph may have been single-handedly turning the Fashion Business Association from a collection of ignorant runaway whores into a band of law-abiding sensual masseuses.

What follows is a list of presidential pardons I would like to make as my last act in office. Pat Stango, it's OK that you ate dog food. Really, it's cool. Don't worry about it. Blaine Perry, remember the time you knifed that guy in the belly after he beat you at Street Fighter 2? You're forgiven. Vicky Pingarron, you will not be held accountable for overturning a car when Anal Cunt didn't play a second encore. You will, however, be indicted for any and all travesties committed by the as-yet-unformed band Twat Wagon. Michael P. Casey, due to your stellar record as both an advisor and citizen of the *Plague* nation, you are hereby absolved of your drunken tirade against the "filthy towel monkeys," whomever they may be, as well as your propensity to have sexual intercourse with obscenely large women. Harold Fazulli, you remain guilty as charged on all counts.

It is my greatest hope that we will maintain the prosperity that has marked my term and that we will continue to be an example to the world, not just of the inadequacies of the 1st Amendment, but of the severe frustration that comes with living in a free society. Thank you and God bless.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...

Laurence Fishburne. James Coburn. Joyce DeWitt. Master P. What do all of these show-biz luminaries have in common? They all got their starts right here, as presidents of *The Plague*. Now I can proudly announce that starting next fall, yours truly will be able to add his name to a list that also includes Danny Kaye, Moses Malone, Ricardo Montalbaum, David Koresh, and the guy who played the son on *Quincy, M.D.* I think it's Kenny something. Anyway, I can't say I'm too surprised to have reached such heights. From the early standardized tests showing me to have the intelligence of a "circa 1940s popcorn vendor" to my first girlfriend telling me that I possessed the brooding sexuality of a young Fyuush Finkel, I always knew great things were just around the corner.

While recently pondering how to revamp *The Plague*, the thought came to me: why stop there? So I now present what I would do as president of some other organizations.

North American Man-Boy Love Association - For days, I struggled to find a reason as to why NAMBLA, an organization dedicated to fostering sexual relations between middle-aged men and small prepubescent boys, has gotten such a bad rap. Frankly, I was stumped. Then the answer came to me: sexism! The public is simply angered by NAMBLA's strict policy of having sex only with little boys while disregarding the needs of little girls. Not since the days when women were denied voting rights has such an injustice been perpetrated on the female gender. Well, under my reign, the feminists would have their way and 12-year-old girls would at last get to experience the joy of fondling a 50-year-old's genitals behind the dumpster of an Arby's. That should finally win NAMBLA the nation's hearts.

PepsiCo - For years, Pepsi has been the runner-up in the soft-drink wars for one obvious reason: the lack of a corporate mascot. As president, my first advertising campaign would introduce Reginald the Ostrich, a normal enough ostrich until he drinks a bottle of delicious Pepsi, at which point he is given the ability to repair faulty electrical wiring. Sample scene: Father: Damn, I don't like the looks of that wiring. Mother: Better give the ostrich some Pepsi.

Shaved Asian Magazine - For my first issue as editor of *Shaved Asian*, I would have none other than Julia Roberts pose naked (and shaved) on the cover. My reasoning is this: Julia Roberts is a big, famous movie star whom millions of men would love to see naked and shaved, so therefore a magazine in which she appears naked and shaved would be a huge seller. Now, I know many would see a major flaw in my logic:

Julia Roberts isn't Asian. Well, closed-minded thinking like that is what has kept Julia Roberts out of the pages of *Shaved Asian* all these years, and now should be the time when we expand the definition of what a shaved Asian really is.

The National Organization of African-American Nuns Who Smear Gravy on Their Faces and Ride Unicycles around Dudley Moore's Grave (NOAANWSGOTFARU-ADM) - On second thought, if it ain't broke...

Black Panthers - This is actually a bit of a misprint, as I already was the leader of the Black Panthers from 1962 to 1966. It was all going quite well until one of my lieutenants realized that I wasn't an angry black man bent on battling the government for racial justice, but instead a rather content white college student who enjoyed golf and wouldn't be born until 1981.

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus - All clowns, trapeze artists, and lion tamers would be fired and replaced with Larry, the fat guy on my block who kinda knows how to yo-yo.

Trojan Condoms - Size "Small" condoms will be renamed size "Gigantic, for Guys with Huge Wieners Who are Awesome at Fucking." Size "Large" will be renamed "I Probably Have Herpes."

As brilliant as all these ideas may be, it is *The Plague* for which I have saved my most ingenious thoughts. My first act will be to build a *Plague* day-care center so that the many single mothers on our writing staff will finally have a

place to leave their young. This should also end any guilt that the male *Plague* staffers may be feeling for getting all the girls drunk and impregnating them at our Christmas party a year ago. *Plague* staffers themselves will be subject to much more stringent rules, which will include passing random urine tests. Though we don't have any doctors to actually conduct these tests for us, if everyone will just piss in my coffee mug, I'm sure I can just use my eyesight to spot any drugs floating around in there. Also, Plaguers must shave any beards, mustaches, goatees, and sideburns. There are few things in the world I hate more than facial hair, except maybe the letter "H," which from here on in is also banned from *The Plague*.

Lastly, I was thinking that maybe the next issue could be devoted to that 36-page parody of the Franco-Prussian War that I've always wanted to do. Geez, that thing is so ripe for satire. Till then...



Pat Stango



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

NYU's Daily Student Newspaper

NYU Protection Officers Go on Strike; Say They Won't Return Until Their Safety Can Be Assured



The NYU Protection Office lies at the heart of the storm.

After a recent spate of violence around the NYU community has seen one student raped and another attacked in Main Building, all NYU Protection Officers have decided to go on strike, citing what they call "a hostile work environment."

"I mean, when we took these jobs, we all knew there would be some risks," says Brittany desk officer Seth Freach. "But we assumed it would be the risk of accidentally misplacing someone's ID card, not the risk of having to protect students from dangerous criminal activity."

Protection Services is now demanding that each officer be provided with two well-trained bodyguards to be stationed with him at all times. Also, they have requested that students carry a second ID card, which they must show to these bodyguards before being allowed to show their regular cards to Protection Officers. "I think this

should provide the kind of buffer zone that all Protection Officers need to feel safe on the job," says Freach, who admits that just last week he hung up on a frantic NYU coed who called the Protection Office in the middle of the night. "Well, from the sound of her voice, it appeared that she may have been in danger," explains Freach, "and had I stayed on the line any longer, I would have run the risk of being asked to come to the site of that danger. It was the logical move." Officer Freach also admits that he declined to call 911 after hanging up on the girl, saying: "Had I done that, there would have been a chance that whomever was attacking her would have become angry at me for getting him in trouble, and would maybe even have come after me. Listen, I'm not trying to be a hero here."

Protection Officer Scott Brancato, who mans the elevators at Main Building, was directly in the line of fire during the April 4th Main Building attack. "I saw the man with my own eyes," recounts a still-shaken Brancato. "He had a black ski mask on and was holding a cloth dripping with chloroform." So why didn't this Protection Officer try to stop or at least report such a suspicious-looking character? "Hey, my only duty is to make sure everyone gets on the elevator, steps to the back, and makes room for a friend," said Brancato. "Attacker or no attacker, he made room for a friend. In my world, that makes him fine by me."

"Let's Just Be Friends," Says Hot Girl to Geeky Companion

Local hot girl Susan McCallister announced at a press conference yesterday that she has decided to "just be friends" with local nerd Peter Sampson, after dating and leading on Sampson for the past month and a half. "Pete's really sweet and smart and a lot of fun to be with," said McCallister, "but the fact is, I'm really hot, and as such, I need to date a guy who's also hot and will treat me badly and pressure me into having unprotected sex." McCallister feels that their six-week courtship was equally beneficial to her and Sampson. "He provided me with unwavering support, companionship, and positive reinforcement," explained Susan, "while I allowed him the pleasure of buying dinner and movie tickets for a really hot girl. On top of that, I even let him buy me thoughtful and expensive gifts. Jeez, on sec-

ond thought, maybe he did get the better side of the deal." Though Sampson might disagree, McCallister knows the friendship route is best for all involved. "It will allow Pete to further develop his painful and ultimately unfulfilling crush on me, while giving me the chance to fuck my abusive ex-boyfriend in the trunk of his car." Sampson couldn't be reached for comment, as he was busy turning this real-life incident into a bitter news article for his college humor magazine.



Ol' Jerry's Finally Livin' The Good Life

Ever since my wife and I made the big move from Pewaukee to the Twin Cities, I haven't been the same Jerry. I eat less, dress better, and exercise. I am quickly becoming a man of the world. I thank the sweet Lord for granting me the promotion and transfer over at the Sears Photo Center that set in motion the metamorphosis of your dear Jerry. My wife noticed the change herself and told me that I "looked sexy" one night while we were watching Viking football. No sir, we did not make love that evening, but it felt good that the suggestion was now in the air.

But the real reason I came down to the tablet to write this piece was to prove to the men who killed my children that I *can* go on. Jerry and Nancy Kazkowski cannot be put down by the simplicity of hatred. So while I am out here writing this, them stinking lowlifes who killed Jerry's kids are rotting in prison. And they're gonna stay there for three more months!!

When my kids were first shot to death in a practical joke committed by the teenage heirs to the Oscar Mayer Wiener fortune, the lawyers told me that three rich boys were getting off scot-free that day. Is five months in juvenile hall scot-free? I think not. And that is why I'm not crying.

There's no room in Jerry's life for tears. I have a house, a wife, a job, my God, and a magazine column to tend to. Nope—no room for tears here. Nancy still cries a little, but that's expected. Even our Lord's dearest mother Mary cried when her son was put to death.

Amen!! I often wonder what my kids could have been had they not been killed. Doctors? Lawyers? Or even business proprietors? Who knows? They probably would have taken the reins over at Sears after their dad retired. But the potential still existed.

So what else is new in Jerry's life? Seashells, seashells, seashells. I attended and presented at the Shell Expo in Cleveland last Tuesday. I brought 198 of my seashelled snakes and I managed to unload three on an elderly man with MS who thought I was selling bee stingers. The silly old feller explained to me (through twitches and slurred speech) that stinging himself with bee stingers was the only way he could regain the feeling in his legs for long enough to hobble over to the post office to pick up his Social Security check, which he uses to buy bee stingers. God bless him. Though I lost one thousand dollars (not including the price of the Greyhound tickets), I still indulged in a videotape of a man using his seashells in a minstrel puppet show called *Sambo Shellin'* that roughly follows the life and times of Dr. Martin Luther King's dirty cousin Hector. I can't wait to purchase a VCR, but I've got ta pay for my wife's hysterectomy first. Oh, Lord, let it be successful. Well, that's all Jer' gots ta report. I would like to leave you all the way I do every week—with a little mind bender. Alright, so here goes...a man is in a shop and he sees a spare grape rolling about on the ground...What Would Jesus Do? That one should keep you guessin' fer hours!

The Polish Perspective



Jerry Kazkowski

In Tomorrow's Edition of the *Washington Square News*:

- *NYU Student Awakens from 3-Month Coma to Find That Roommate Has Eaten His Last Bagel*
- *Funding Denied to Slavery Reenactment Club Due to Improper Filing of Program Form*
- *Man Wishes That The Three Stooges Were on TV Right Now*
- *Area Rapist Fears Competition*
- *"Not Enough Asian Clubs on NYU Campus," Says Chinaman*

Campus Crime Files

June 31	- 2:34 PM: Student
-8:05 AM: Homeless man attacked on 5th floor of Main Building.	requests that Protection Services officer come to her room in Palladium and tidy up around toilet area.
-8:23 AM: Mexican student reports that breakfast taco is not nearly spicy enough.	-3:43 PM: FBA member reports black student trying to drink from same fountain as her.
-11:58 AM: Carlyle resident reports two buildings missing from southern skyline.	-Dinnertime: Dirty wop refuses to eat a meatball.

Man Unable to Find a Good Time to Readjust His Balls While Having Dinner with His Girlfriend's Parents

NYU senior Drew Werner had to spend several hours last Sunday with his balls hanging uncomfortably out of the hole in the front of his underwear, as he could never find the proper moment to readjust them while at dinner at the home of his girlfriend's parents. "I was meeting her family for the first time. I didn't want to just go reaching around down there and have them think I was some kind of perv," explained Warner. "And every time I thought that no one was looking, someone else would lean over and start talking to me, like

her grandma yapping for twenty minutes about how she can't walk because of arthritis. Hey, lady, my sac is rubbing up against the inside of my zipper, so screw your little problems." Warner also feels that his girlfriend's father knew that he needed to fix his balls and took pleasure in not letting him. "Oh, he knew," said Warner. "Dudes can always sense when another dude needs to touch his nuts. He just wanted to be a prick. Well, that's OK. Hope he knows that later in the night, his little girl ended up adjusting my sac with her face. And then we fucked."

Rapists Replace Monsters As Children's Number-One Fear in the Closet

A recent poll of children has yielded the following information: rapists, not monsters, are now the scary things hiding in the closet. This new information is dramatically different from the results of a similar poll in 1954.

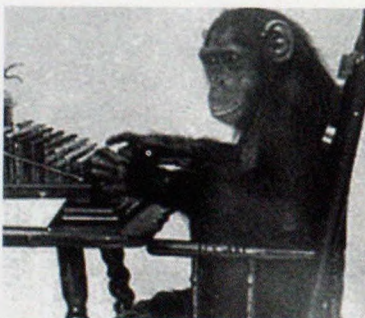
"In the 1950s poll, kids were afraid firstly of the boogeyman, then the candy man, then a mobster hiding in the closet,"

says Dr. Agnus Michaels, head of polling at Trigger Information Systems. "Only two of the thousand children polled then were afraid of rapists in the closet."

A similar study conducted by the Trigger pollsters marking a decline in the sale of monster suits has allowed scientists to conclude that parents have gotten sloppy in covering up their abuse over the past 50 years.

NYU Proud to Welcome "The World's Smartest Monkey" into GSP

Dean Steve Curry was proud to announce yesterday that Nelson, "the world's smartest monkey," has decided to enroll in NYU's General Studies Program for the fall semester. "Well, actually, Nelson isn't the world's smartest monkey," clarified Dean Curry at yesterday's press conference. "That would be Bonko the Monkey. We did offer Bonko a full scholarship to attend GSP, but he ultimately decided to seek his higher education elsewhere. But Nelson the Monkey was voted the smartest monkey in all of New Hampshire and one of the 75 most intelligent mon-



Nelson plans to double-major in philosophy and dramatic literature.

keys in the Northeast Monkey District, and we feel he will be a sparkling addition to the GSP community." Many thought that it was Nelson's ability to alphabetically and numerically order files that earned him a spot in GSP. "Once again, people seem to have confused Nelson with some other monkey. Nelson possesses no concept of either numbers or the alphabet," said an agitated Dean Curry. "What Nelson does know is to crap only on newspapers and that fire is hotter than things that aren't fire. It is intelligence like this that should get Nelson through the challenging GSP curriculum."



DELL DUDE SAYS:

"You can buy a new Dell Dimension for under \$700!"



Gateway Guy Says:

"Don't listen to the Dell Dude. Do a little research and you'll discover that he is a convicted child molester and a small time gun-runner for the Columbian cartel. That is, of course, when he's not messed up on smack. Buy Gateway."



Last Living White Tiger Killed With First Ever White-Tiger Gun



Upon hearing the news, Sigfried was said to be inconsolable, Roy ambivalent.

The last living white tiger, residing in the Bronx Zoo, was shot to death in its cage with the first ever white-tiger gun. The white

living white tiger, was pacing back and forth in his cage late Wednesday afternoon when Michael Johaneson, a Bronx entrepreneur and inventor known in the community for his zany motorized fish earrings, proceeded to shoot the tiger 18 times with his latest experiment, a white-tiger gun.

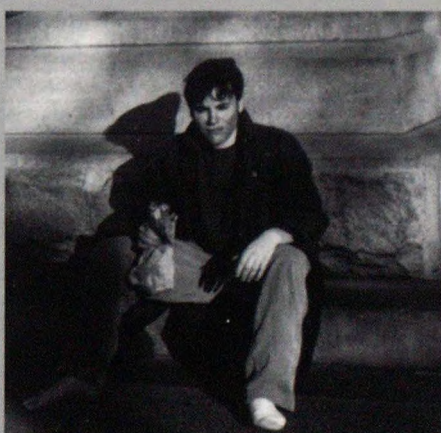
When questioned as to why he killed the last white tiger, Johaneson responded, "I did this act in the name of creative inventability. Watch my invention show on QVC."

After being shot to death and skinned with a sharpened spoon, Timber was rushed to the Bronxville Animal Hospital, where his dead carcass received 70 shots of MSG. His corpse was then shipped to a Japanese businessman's barbecue picnic. There is no word yet on the tiger's deliciousness, but all evidence points to the large cat satisfying all.

tiger, an animal cherished for its beautiful white fur, has been dying off the face of the earth over the past 200 years, thanks to a building demand for clowns sloppily dressed in white-tiger furs. Timber, the last

"Homeless Starting to Just Get Lazy," Complain Local Residents

New Yorkers all over have begun to bemoan what they feel is a poor work ethic among the city's homeless population. "They just don't seem to want to earn their free handouts," complained East Village resident Katia Bacho. "I remember a time when every homeless person could either play the harmonica or sing an Irish ditty, or was missing a leg. They all had something that they worked at to entertain their customers. Nowadays you'll find homeless with all their limbs intact, and they don't even play an instrument. I mean, that's not even



Bacho: "Only the gainfully employed deserve to sleep this well."

trying." Dressmaker Mike Winters also says he has been disappointed by the overall drop in homeless quality. "If I were to

make dresses with the same lack of effort that some of these homeless guys put into being homeless, I'd have been out of the dressmaking business years ago. Only in the homelessness industry is such incompetence consistently tolerated." Winters also hopes New Yorkers will make their voices heard by only giving money to homeless who "provide some sort of entertainment value, whether by singing, reading poetry, or having AIDS. Or at least having a dog who has AIDS, so as to give the public the joy of seeing an AIDS dog."



DELL DUDE SAYS:

"Our new payment plans make it easy to afford a Dell."



Gateway Guy Says:

"One time my girlfriend showed me this gay porn video she found on the internet of this dude getting a facial from another dude, and when we freeze-framed it, it was the Dell Dude, I swear to God. Buy Gateway."



The Plague presents...



The Menstrual Cycle's 100th Anniversary Celebration



Can you believe it's already been 100 years since the invention of the Menstrual Cycle? Well, we sure can't. So why don't you join us for a trip down Memory Lane as we recount some of the highlights and lowlights in the history of the zaniest of all female bodily functions?

1902: A Montana-bred silver miner named Wally Gornowski is fumbling with a method to purify silver extract using an intense chemical reaction. With a few simple tweaks, Gornowski ends up inventing the process in which a woman releases an egg from her ovaries each month while a nourishing lining builds up on her uterine walls, both the egg and lining leaving the body via the vagina at the end of the month if the egg has not been fertilized. With backing from steel magnate Andrew Carnegie, Gornowski decides to mass-produce and sell his new invention. Gornowski initially plans to call his product "The Bloody, Bloody Cunt," but Carnegie convinces him to rename it on the condition that Gornowski be allowed to call his next invention "The Bloody, Bloody Cunt" no matter what that invention is. Luckily for Carnegie, he has Gornowski assassinated only days after their agreement is made.

1920-1929: After almost two decades of sluggish sales, the Menstrual Cycle (as it has finally come to be known, named after Carnegie's eldest daughter) finally hits its stride in the Roaring Twenties. "Three things best symbolize the American spirit of the 1920s," recounts menstruation historian Nathaniel Galestone. "The Charleston, the speakeasy, and the Menstrual Cycle." Menstrual Cycles fly off the shelves as women rush to show off their newfound identity. As Galestone notes about the Menstrual Cycle, "During the 1920s, it was almost as if you couldn't be a woman without one."

1941: World War II introduces us to the women of Nazi Germany, the only females in the world not to use the Menstrual Cycle. Instead, they bleed and pass eggs through every orifice at completely random times. Says Galestone, "It was the reason we entered the war."

1967: Italian pervert Kenny Tamponinio vows to create a device that can be inserted into the vagina to soak up menstrual blood in a sanitary fashion before it exits the body. His initial attempts using sandpaper, steel wool, and barbed wire all fall short. Then one fateful evening, while cleaning his ears out with some cotton, Tamponinio slips on a washrag and, while falling, accidentally throws his cotton swabs up into the vagina of his maid, Lupp.

Tamponinio and Lupe immediately take notice of how well the cotton sops up her menstrual fluid, and it is then that the tampon is born. The cause of his fateful fall also leads to Tamponinio's creation of the term "on the rag," the last term that he will coin until his "you're so money" catches on in the mid-'90s and reestablishes him as a master linguist.

1986: As Americans become exposed to the liberal politics of the parents on *Family Ties*, the public begins to demand a more environment-friendly source of energy than gasoline. After some friendly debate, the world's scientists deem the most logical choice to be menstrual fluid, which leads to an infamous TV commercial featuring Ed Begley, Jr. pouring buckets of female waste products into the first menstruation-powered car. "Use Your Wife's Flow to Make Your Honda Go!" speaks Begley before speeding away, surely to another big-budget Hollywood movie. Despite Begley Jr.'s endorsement, menstrual fuel never quite makes it to the mainstream, and many chalk it up to a vast conspiracy led by the cold-fusion industry. "Ours was a good idea then and it's a good one now," says Jerry Perez, inventor of the first menstruation-powered cash register. "If it weren't for some underhanded tactics, we'd have a world powered by womanly extracts rather than all cold fusion, which is how it stands today."

Celebrity "Gushings"...



Kate Moss



Dave Coulier



Bob Hope

"I don't understand how people can celebrate something so ghastly. For me, getting a period is a deeply shameful experience - it's a sign that I haven't been starving myself properly."

"I remember the day that I received the call telling me that little Mary-Kate Olsen had gotten her first period. *Full House* had been off the air a few years already, but she still wanted me to know. 'Uncle Joey,' she said, 'It finally happened. I am better than Ashley.' It was truly glorious news."

"Wait, so George Burns is dead? And Milton Berle, too? Oh, God. What about Grace Kelly? Man, I used to fuck her."

TV PICKS

Chef Martin Yan to Star in His Own Sitcom

Chef Martin Yan, host of the popular Chinese cooking show *Yan Can Cook*, is to star in his own sitcom on ABC. The show has the tentative title of *Meeting Mr. Yan* and is to center around Yan cooking and washing dishes at an eatery where stars Martin Lawrence and George Wendt frequent.

Series producer Roger Ian Black describes the show dynamics as "Martin serving former celebrities Martin Lawrence and George Wendt Chinese food. These two people come into the Chinese restaurant I own and our chef and sometimes waiter Marin Yan prepares them food. I need to get back to managing my restaurant. Excuse me, please."

"Yan very excited about show on the ABC," said Yan. "Yan love cook and America. Is America ready to fall in love for Yan's egg foo-young? Yan hopes yes."

MOVIE PICKS



A BEAUTIFUL HITLER

The latest bio-pic from *A Beautiful Mind* director Ron Howard tells the inspiring story of a man who beat the odds to become the leader of a world superpower. Some critics feel that like he did in his movie about John Nash, Howard does not address charges that Hitler may have been anti-Semitic. "First of all, this film is only 'inspired by' the life of Adolph Hitler. It is not meant to be a history lesson," explains Howard. "More importantly, we feel that anti-Semitism, if true, was only a small detail in the overall life of Hitler. Our test audiences show that people are much more interested in seeing the touching love story between Hitler and Ava Braun, as well as all of his contributions to Game Theory.

MUSIC PICKS

Tone Loc Presents *Leave a Message After the Beep*

With the recent comeback successes of old school favorites Will Smith and LL Cool J, old school rapper-cum-billionaire-cum-laundromat attendant Tone Loc decided it was time, as the rapper porch monkeys say, to "come back," or "cool back."



Vile Astronomer

Hector Conroy is a brilliant stargazer whose love of kiddie porn and public masturbation consistently disturbs and confuses the rest of the astronomy community. Tune in this week as Hector discovers a new constellation and angers the rest of his French team by naming the stars "6th Grade Genitals".

Loc's new foray into the microcosm of rap takes it back to old school, before the glamour and glitz of professional studios, music beats, lyrics, rhymes, or even a record itself, and instead Tone Loc's new masterpiece is a dubbed copy of his answering machine cassette. With *Leave a Message After the Beep*, Loc, who serves as executive producer, showcases the fresh new talent of a gang of hungry MC's including "Aunt Kendra," "Your Mother," and "Creditor for Citibank."

When asked why he chose to take such a daring and yet incredibly artistic step, Loc simply replied, "Please do not dub my answering machine tape anymore." But even if the sonic artist does not wish me to enjoy his masterpiece, I pledge to listen on.

Oh Tone Loc, you are beautiful. May I have you in bed?

Coyote Ugly Bar to be Attraction of Yet Another Feature Film

The Coyote Ugly bar, a debatable staple of New York nightlife which was the centerpiece of the 2000 feature film *Coyote Ugly* (Starring Tyra Banks), is set to be a set piece far yet another feature film - this time, believe it or not, the Steve Spielberg flick *Minority Report*.

"Well, we happened to film a chase scene that passed by the front of the bar, but does that really count?" questioned Spielberg.

"Yes," says Martin Alieowitz, owner and general manager of the Coyote Ugly bar. "This film, the *Minority Report*, follows the tradition of other great films, such as the wonderful *Coyote Ugly*, of featuring this bar - the Coyote Ugly bar, home of the films *Coyote Ugly* and *Minority Report*.

Superman VI

After a fall from a Kryptonite horse leaves Superman paralyzed from the neck down, the Crippled Crusader must go battle with Lex Luthor, whose latest scheme involves lobbying congressmen to cut government spending on stem-cell research.

Jazz, Man... Yeah

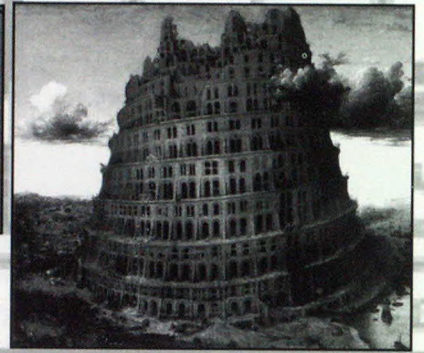
The beats were heavy, man, as the drums played on and on and on that night. Bam! A snare hit. Then skadoobe-wopbebop from the sax, out of nowhere! I'm laid back in my chair, seeing those mad, mad gods on stage; I'm catlike, and I see a vision that this is Bird on stage, with the music of mad heavy music coursing through his mad mind and crazy cat fingers.

It was four cats that night. Dig this: Keys, Sax, Drums, and heavy Bass. And I said to them, me on fire with the tunes and the tunes, "Play some Trane, cat, do you dig?" Oh, and Trane! What a cat, what a cat! Trane is God! But they don't play Trane (they don't even look at me) because... because they're on that plane of their own, cats in space, man, just like Miles, hearing it just as it is and playing it mad cool toned-down hip. Play on my brothers, play on; I feel it cats, man-cats, hipsters, play on, I feel it, play on, mad beats, go ahead, play on, cool cool mad hip cat hip hip bebop sweat bebop bop bop cat bop hip cat jazz cool yeah cool mad beats play on cat, man, cat play on.

Would you die for a Lord and Taylor?

THE NEW KIMMEL CENTER

With the demolition of Loeb many students felt that part of the spirit of NYU had been destroyed. The new Kimmel student center promises to recultivate that spirit, but many people have many questions about the use of the new building. The Plague's research team has compiled information about the student center and has provided a floor-by-floor breakdown of its use.



Architect's rendering of Kimmel Center for University Life

Basement

Boiler Room/Glory Hole: The new Kimmel Center will be powered by utilizing only the best of late 19th century technology. The numerous coal-shovelers required will be NYU's way of giving back to the city by hiring dozens of poor, unskilled, nonunion Irish immigrants. They will soon discover how profitable an 18-hour workday can be. Also, the various natural crevices and niches within the labyrinthine bowels of the boiler room provide the ideal spot for anonymous gay sex. Students will want to keep their eyes peeled for the Irish, though. They hate queers.



Boiler-room workers learn the value of a dollar

Ground Floor:

Transient/Derelict Area: The problem of security will be solved by supplying a region in the lobby for wondering homeless people who occasionally amble through the doorway. They will be lured into the area by warm sandwiches and liquor whereupon they will be divided into two groups to be either recruited by NYU dining services or used as a source of fuel.

Korean Stern Student Station: Korean students from Stern will soon have a warm, covered area to huddle and converse between classes. It will certainly be a welcomed change during the winter months from the harsh climate of Gould Plaza.

Second Floor:

Study Lounge & Arcade: The north side of the second floor will be dubbed the "Study Sanctuary" since a 24-hour quiet zone will be strictly enforced. When students need a break, they can simply cross through the curtain divider into the arcade room, where the environment is expected to reach 70 decibels of fun.



Studying can be fun

Third Floor:

Computer Lab: ITS has generously donated over 300 machines from its supply of older computers so students will never have to wait in line to use our lab. Students can quickly print out a midterm paper from one of the 120 blazing-fast Apple II computers. Those with some free time between classes may want to play a short game of Oregon Trail on one the 150 Commodore 64's, many of which have functioning keyboards and mice.



The newest computer technology

Fourth Floor:

Movie Theater: Free sneak previews will return to the student center so studios can test their target audiences. Films will be showcased on a nearly 7-foot screen. Also, it will provide a venue for TSOA student films such as the award winning *Lust Sans Love* and *Marijuana Makes Me Think I'm Philosophy Major*.



DELL DUDE SAYS:

"A Dell computer makes a great gift for the college student."



Fifth Floor:

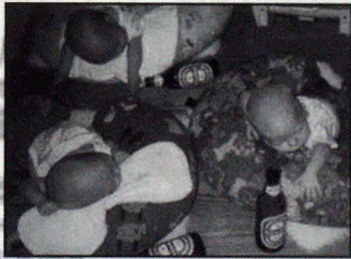
Student Activities Center: Those annoying private club offices at 244 Greene Street will give way to a magical communal storage room where student clubs respect each other's property and nothing is ever stolen or defecated upon. Several clubs meetings can be held simultaneously in the cozy meeting area in an effort bring clubs together and foster communication. For instance, the animal rights club SEAL may overhear the fraternity Alpha Phi Iomega discussing their initiation procedure involving the clubbing of baby seals and create the new Baby Seal "Club."



Your tuition money at work

Sixth Floor:

Administrative Offices: Many of NYU's more controversial administrative operations that have been delayed because of lack of floor space will soon return to their normal pace. The sixth floor will contain 43 new offices, 5 bathrooms, a large kitchenette, and a meeting room complete with radar, decryption technology, and a giant map of Poland. Students will not be allowed on this floor of the student center.



Tots after a long day

Seventh Floor:

Nursery: The entire seventh floor will simply be an open space for students and employees of NYU to leave their children during the day. To keep this service free, the area will be unsupervised, but there will be plenty of electrical outlets for children who bring toys that require power, as well as a box of paper clips to entertain the others.

Eighth Floor:

Large Meeting Hall: This room will be rented out for various functions and ceremonies. Currently, this room is unnamed, so NYU is seeking a donor to be immortalized until the next time we tear this building down. If you are Jewish and have a disposable \$1 million, send us a check immediately.



Most of the money goes to the hats

Ninth Floor:

Cafeteria: Conveniently located on the ninth floor, the cafeteria will offer the best prison-grade food that we care to pay for. Students that want a quick bite can simply ride the elevator to the fifth floor, exit, catch the cargo elevator to the roof area, and walk down a short flight of stairs into culinary heaven.

Tenth Floor:

Balcony: Though technically the roof, the tenth floor balcony will provide a gorgeous late afternoon view of Washington Square Park being cast into darkness by the very building you are standing on. Students will also want to come early in the morning to see the same effect on most of Greenwich Village.

Gateway Guy Says:

"Remember that old lady that got hit by that truck on W. 3rd St.? Did you know that it was Dell truck? And do you know who was driving it? You guessed it, Dell Dude! Buy Gateway."



A homeless man with a foot fetish fucks a shoe and Mickey finds it and Fancies Himself as Lucky

I...DON'T WANT TO DIE, BUT...
I CAN'T STAND THE WAY LIFE
HAS SHITTED ON ME ANYMORE!



SWEET! I THINK THIS IS A SIGN
THAT MY LUCK HAS CHANGED!



I... I... I WANT TO LIVE! PERHAPS...
PERHAPS I'LL GET A JOB.. AND A GIRL!



A man promises his
vegetarian friend
money to eat meat but
after the meat eating
is thoroughly disgusted

I AIN'T PAYING YOU SHIT!
YOU SUCK!



DUDE, I ATE THE BURGER!
YOU OWE ME!



YOU MAKE ME SICK, FAG!



YOU BASTARD! I ONLY ATE MEAT
BECAUSE YOU SAID YOU WOULD GIVE
ME THE CASH I NEED FOR MY
DAUGHTER'S OPERATION! THIS IS
SO UNFAIR!



WAS IT FAIR FOR THE COW?
YOU'RE DESPICABLE!

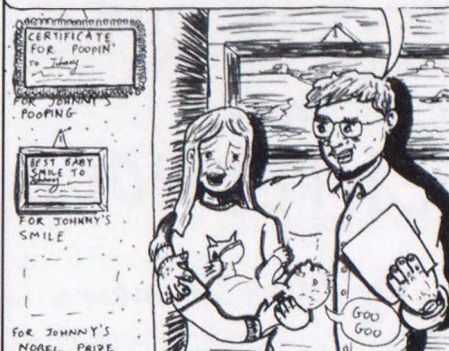


A father thinks his son's finger painting should win the Nobel Prize

JOHNNY, THIS IS MARVELOUS! IT IS, DARE I SAY, YOUR **FINIST** FINGER PAINTING YET!



BOY, I THINK IT'S DUE TIME I DO WHAT I'VE PLANNED ON DOING FOR YEARS— ENROLL YOU IN THE NOBEL PRIZE COMPETITION!



AT THE PRIZE-GIVING... AND THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE GOES TO...



WHAT? HE DIDN'T WIN THE LITERATURE PRIZE? THEY'VE BEEN GIVIN OUT FUCKING AWARDS FOR TWO HOURS AND MY BOY HAS WON DICK!



TWO HOURS LATER... AND THE FINAL AWARD OF THE NIGHT, THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE, GOES TO...



Angela Lansbury's Final Murder Investigation



THE SLAVES REFUSE TO FOLLOW HARRIET TUBMAN BECAUSE SHE INSISTS ON BEING NUDE



by Helen Tompkins

WELL, SON, THAT'S
A TOUGH QUESTION.
DEATH'S A HARD
THING TO UNDERSTAND,
ESPECIALLY FOR A
LITTLE TYKE LIKE
YOURSELF...

OH.

THEN WHY DID THEY
FIND HER FLOATING
FACE-DOWN IN THE
RIVER WITH HER
TONGUE CUT OUT AND
22 BULLET HOLES
IN HER
TORSO?

COUNTRY

SMURF IN THE
DEFENDANT

LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA

GUILTY!

I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO CHANGE YOUR NAME TO MURDER SMURF. YOU MAY BE ON YOUR WAY. GOOD SIR. SMURF ADJOURNED!

COUNTRY

BANG!

THE MINETTA REVIEW

Oh Father...

Forgive me, Father.
I touch myself too often,
And you not enough.

Paid the doctor bills.
Everything was back on track.
Dad left anyway.

Father used to drink,
Swinging, cursing blindly, oh,
His rage was awful.

I love penises.
Big, big, floppy penises.
Forgive me, Father.

Assorted Poems In The Great Haiku Tradition of the Ancients and Moderns

Masturbate at night.
Let my Roommates hear me writhe -
That's what turns me on.

Children are sexy.
Especially my niece, She
Reminds me of Sis.

When my roommate leaves,
I open his drawers, Then I
Smell his smell. Brown streaks.

Oh, when you feel my
German shepherd from inside,
Babe, ain't nuttin' better.

Funny drooling man
In the park asks for money.
Down's Syndrome. Ha! No.

Sonnet to the Sandwich Guy in Weinstein Food Court

Sir, I would like a turkey sandwich on
Wheat bread with lettuce, tomato, and cheese -
Provolone. Please, sir, could you add mayonnaise?
Excuse me? Oh, sir? Hey, don't you work here?
When I enrolled in my plan for fourteen
Meals to be given to me weekly,
I was under the impression that I
Might be able to eat in this century.
Hey, bitch! Quit talking to your little friend
Over there by the overpriced sushi -
Asshole! - and make me my fucking sandwich.
My sandwich, motherfucker! - and hurry!
Sometimes, I wonder how you keep your job,
But then I recall that there's me to rob!

I see you

You fat motherfucker
Don't think I don't
Don't look away furtively
As if you think
I didn't see that stare
Hey motherfucker
You fat motherfucker
How long has it been
Since you've seen your dick?

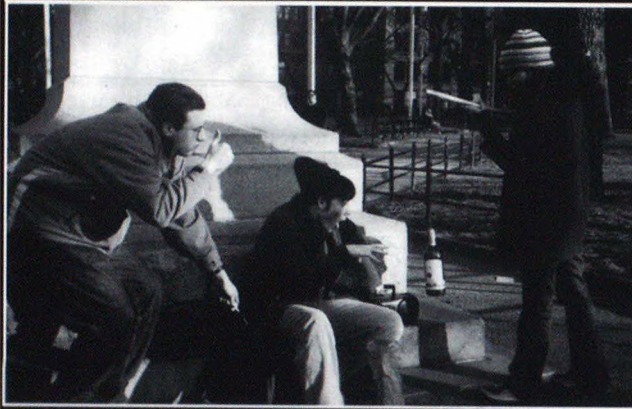
Sonnet to Hitler

When I was young, he represented
A greatness, a quality, a kindness,
Which I could not attain. His was the face
That smiled upon existence, giving me
Strength. Yet, was there ever one so noble?
Who's to say, except to say that Hitler -
In all his wisdom and strength, courage and force -
It was he that brought us - Us! - to ourselves.
I used to say, and say quite honestly,
"If you are young, sir, but don't love Hitler
With all of your soul - well, you have no heart;
And if you are older and don't mimic
Hitler with all your whole totality,
Then, my friend: pity, but you have no mind."

The Plague Explains How To...

FIX A RADIO

(1) Steal a screwdriver from a homeless man



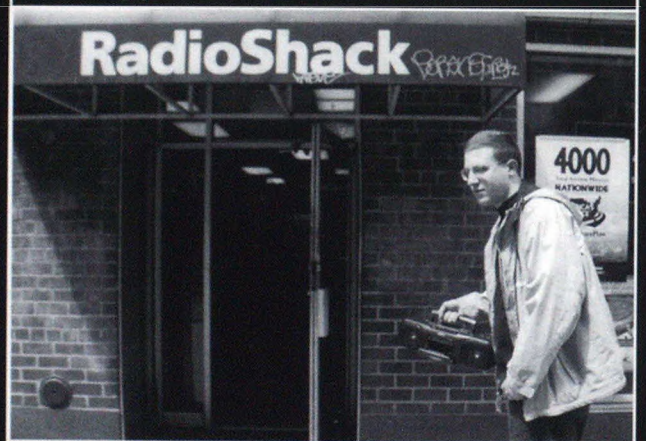
"Gimme gimme that delicious whiskey, the very drink that made me who I am," says the tramp.

(2) Steal a radio from a homeless man



"No job, no tunes," says you.

(3) Take the radio to RadioShack

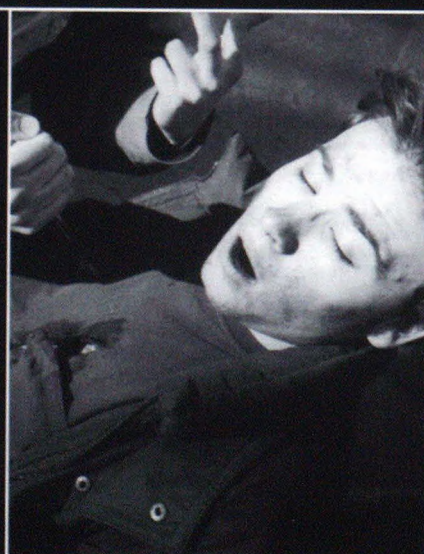


"Now my radio is fixed. But wait! That homeless man remains alive!" says you.

(4) Kill the homeless man



"Look into these eyes. Look into the eyes of the man who is ending your life," says you.



"Rosebud," says the tramp. "Rosebud..."

The Plague Explains How To...

BREED HOBBITS

Salutations, fellow Middle-earthlings! If you all are anything like me, the first thought that came to your minds after seeing *The Lord of the Rings* was, "I wish I had a Frodo Baggins of my own to keep in my dorm room." Why, owning a hobbit slave would be spectacular! Hobbit slaves are the perfect size to carry out such chores



as cleaning the back of your knees or hiding in the closet to videotape you while you have sex with a coked-out Mexican prostitute. Best of all, simply buy your hobbit slave a watch and have it tell you what time it is. So how does one procure such a necessary NYU resource as a hobbit slave? Simply follow our easy-to-use guide to breed your own.



First head out to Washington Square Park, where the vile hobbit beasts gather to sell their weed and feast upon the breast of squirrel. The wily hobbit is extremely susceptible to pitchforks, the most sensual of all hunting devices.



Would you die for a Leonard Bernstein?

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After catching them, make sure your hobbits know who's the boss. A thorough lashing should work as well on a hobbit as it once did on an entire race of people.

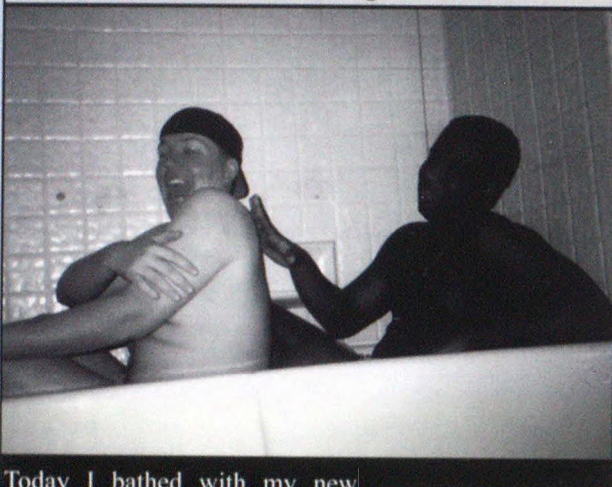


Finally, use the treat of a brutal axing to have them procreate before your very eyes. Your hobbit supply shall be infinite as you force brother upon sister and mother upon son.

The Plague Explains How To...

BREAK ICE WITH YOUR ROOMMATE

Take a Bath Together



Today I bathed with my new roommate, a virile young black man by the name of Constantine. It was a fine first scrubbing, though his back work left much to be desired. Yet as he learns the layout of my crevices, the quality of bath can only increase.

Get Money for the Laundry



Constantine and I were on a healthy constitutional when we came across a devastated parking meter. With my strength and this crimson negro's speed, we were able to escape with change in hand. Our first bit of wily buffoonery accomplished.

Churn Butter



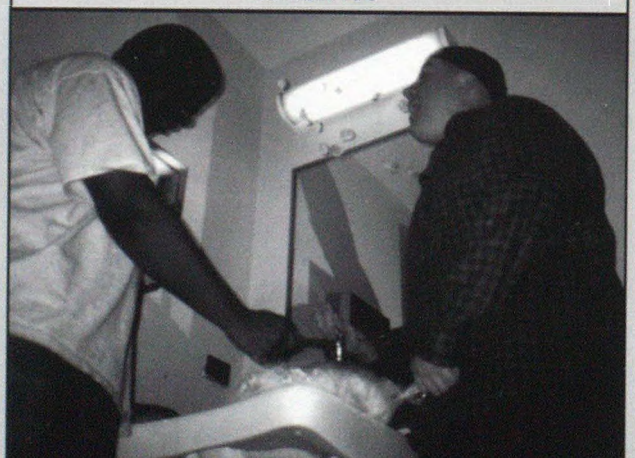
We indulged in a pastime of my youth. It was papa Kellingsworth who first taught me to churn the spread of my toast, and now I may engage in this activity with the fine descendant of Africa I have come to call my dearest companion.

Take Him To Your Mother's Grave



Oh, sweet Mum! Why, oh why, did you succumb to the tender pangs of rheumatoid arthritis on that fateful February morn? The doctors said your bones were as brittle as peanut brittle. May the warm smile of dear Constantine and the dewy drops of petals true allow you to rest in peace at the foot of the creator.

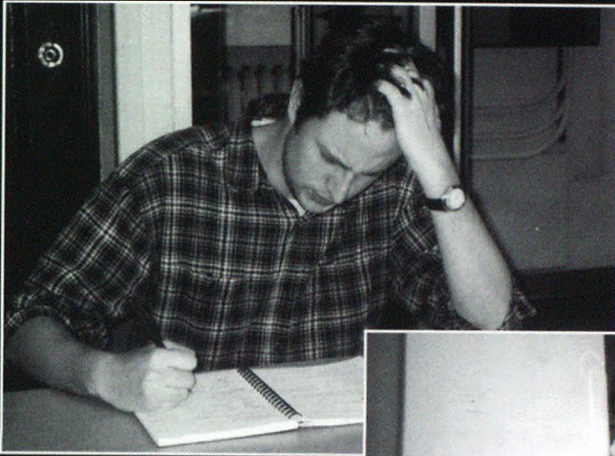
Break Ice



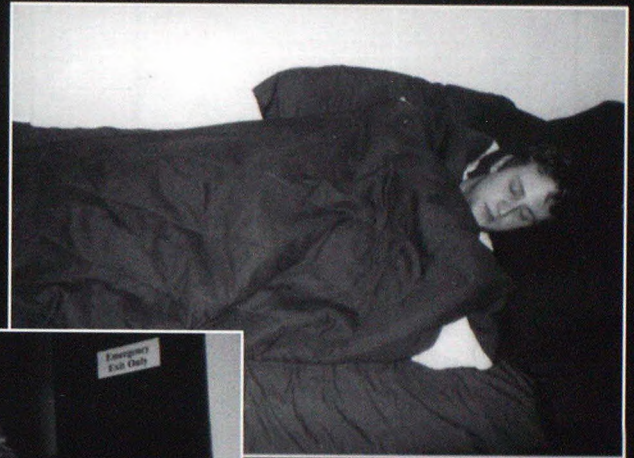
Tee hee!

The Plague Explains How To...

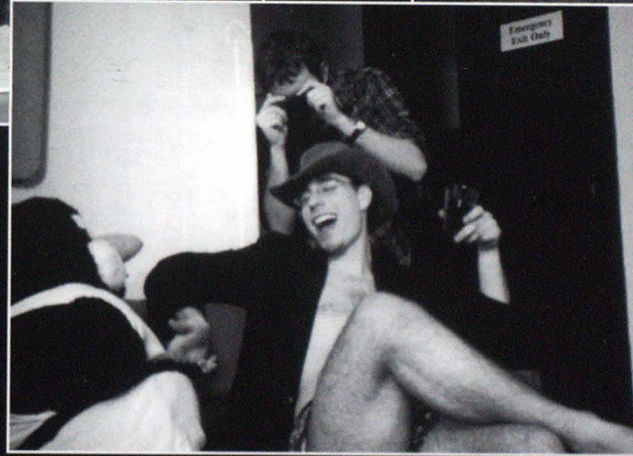
ACE A TEST



(1) Study hard



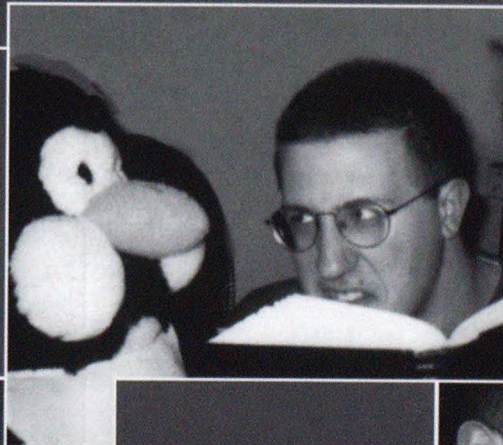
(2) Get lots of sleep the night before the exam



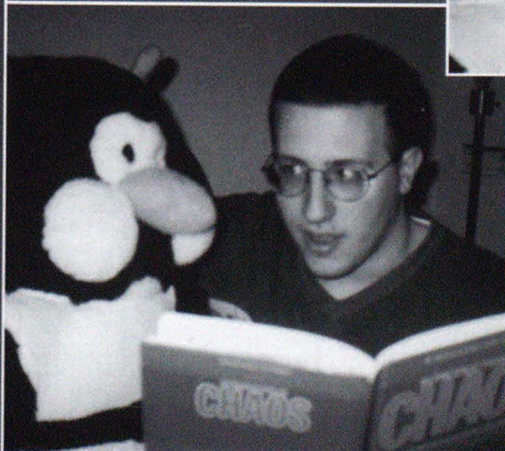
(3) Take a picture of your professor seducing a penguin

TEACH CHAOS THEORY TO A PENGUIN

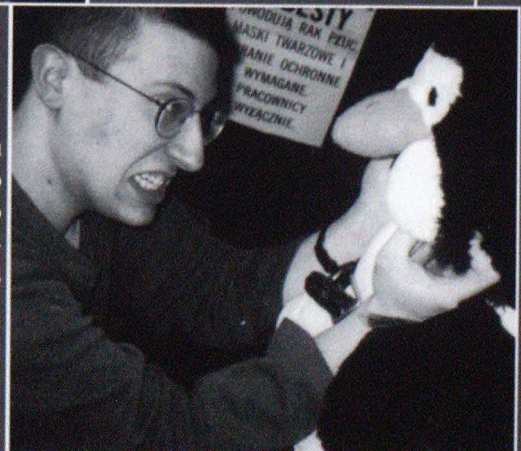
"We've been over this all day, Penguin. Chaos theory is simply the idea that one can get completely random results from completely normal data..."



"Just a small change in the initial conditions can drastically change the long-term behaviors of a system!"



"Damn you, Penguin! You would have been allowed to live had you been able to comprehend this simple theory! Goodbye, you flightless motherfucker!"



The Plague Explains How To...

JUGGLE



(1) Slit your wrists



(2) Blow your brains out

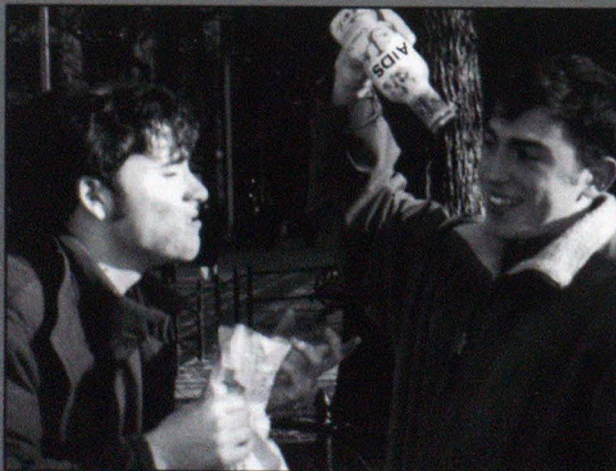


(3) Jump off the 26th floor of your building



(4) Suck on an exhaust pipe...
oh, wait...you wanted to learn how to juggle?

AVOID GIVING MONEY TO A HOMELESS MAN



Douse yourself with the AIDS virus. Sure, you'll have AIDS, but you'll never have to give one of your precious nickels to a homeless man again. Unless that is his scene, man.



Keep all your spare change inside a bar of soap. Denizens of the street are repelled by fine Ivory, nature's cleanser.

The Plague Explains How To...

GO ON A DATE



(1) Greet your lady friend with some light crooning and subtle flirtation.



(2) Compliment her on her well-formed nose.



(3) Procure enough funds for the evening's festivities.



(4) Cap off the evening with a fine meal and some light hearted conversation. Then violently rape her in the darkest alley the city has to offer.



Be more homeless than the homeless-est of homeless men. There's nothing a hobo hates more than himself.

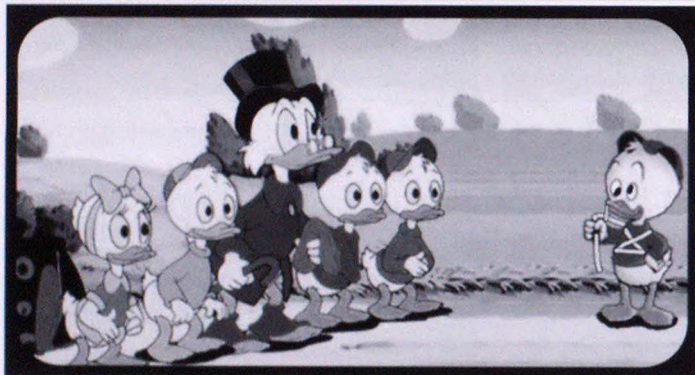


Plan an alternate route that avoids contact with the homeless - or, if need be, keep your head up as you walk on by. If you don't see them, they're not there.

Cartoonists are sick people, and the censors usually block the public from their brand of hate-fueled children's programming. But with everyone's mind on terrorism, Enron, and the priest "thangy," some of these cartoonists' degenerate works have slipped through the cracks, and hence, we here at *The Plague* present...

POLITICALLY INCORRECT CARTOONS

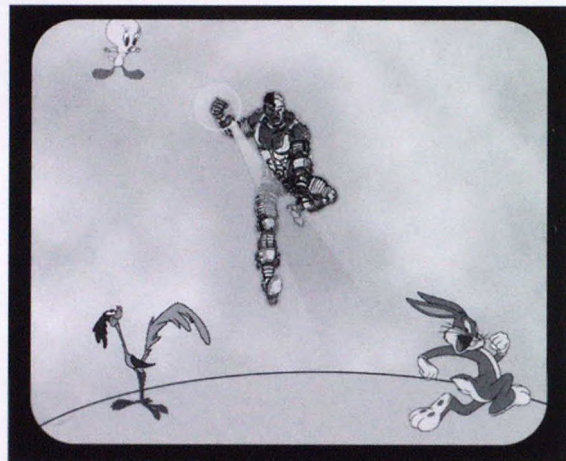
Huey, Dewey, Louie, and Screwy



When hundreds of parents called complaining that their lousy Down's-Syndrome babies couldn't comprehend the concept of walking, talking ducks that travel the globe in search of treasure, the producers knew they would have to throw in a character that would relate to these children. Their newest, "special" brother Screwy does all this and more.

He always finds a way to stop the bad guy, whether it's by falling haphazardly on top of him or providing a distraction by breaking away from his tethered harness, the whole time providing loads of comic relief to us "normals." On a deeper level, his happy outlook on life continuously supports Daisy's idea not to have an abortion.

Bugs Bunny, Road Runner, and Tweety Bird vs. The Indestructible Cyborg

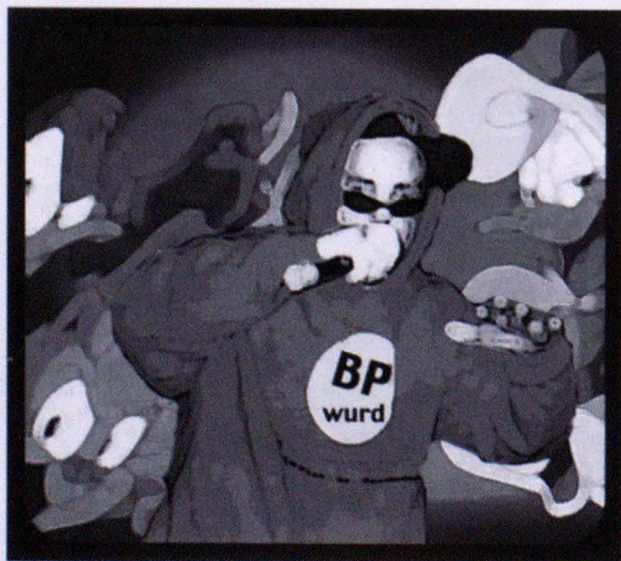


After years of foiling inferior competition such as Elmer Fudd and Wile E. Coyote, cartoon favorites Bugs Bunny, Road Runner, and Tweety Bird will now do battle with a more worthy foe: an invincible robot from the future whose sole purpose is the utter annihilation of the Looney Tunes characters. With this terminator's advanced intelligence and death-ray-shooting eyes, it will probably take more than simply dressing up as an Italian barber for Bugs Bunny to escape death this time. "What I like most about the robot is his utter lack of remorse for the suffering he causes," says animator Chuck Jones, Jr. "I think that this is clearly shown in the episode where he tortures the old lady until she reveals the location of Tweety Bird." In this week's episode, watch as the cyborg renders Road Runner's speed useless by cutting off the feet of the troublesome bird.

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Would you die for a Terry Gilliam?

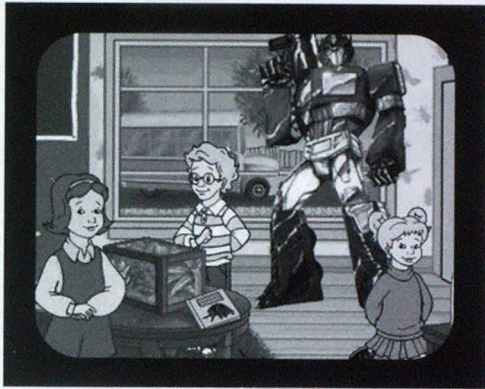
Bizy Blizaine Perry



When Eminem was still known as Marshall Mathers, there was another white rapper stirring up plenty of controversy. His name was Bizy Blizaine Perry, and he was famous for dissing yo' mama, participating in drive-by shootings, and getting underage girls pregnant. Although he isn't rapping much anymore, he's still doing all of those other things on a late-night public-access cartoon. We think that the cartoon was created to teach children not to do these things, but we can't really say the idea succeeded. In

fact, it never shows the consequences of drug addiction or having 3 different forms of AIDS, but appears to be some sort of propaganda for accepting gays. There's not much more we can say about it, except to tell you to watch for the episode where Bizy Blizaine kills a homeless man who catches him masturbating behind the ostrich cage at the Central Park Zoo.

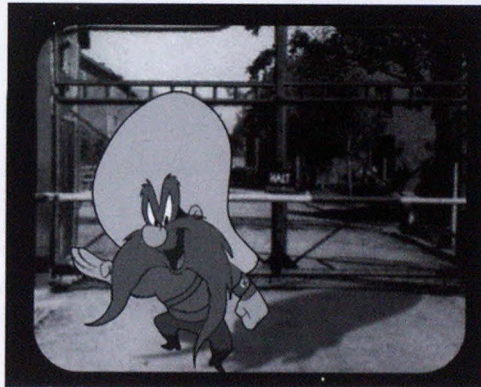
The Transforming Mr. Richards



The producers of *Welcome Back Cotter* have hired the Dic animation team to create their latest classroom comedy, *The Transforming Mr. Richards*. "I see this show as a comedy-drama cartoon about the dynamics between teachers, students, and robots," says series developer Michael Klein. "The episodes will follow a raggedy group of students and their robotic teacher, who transforms into their joy-riding Corvette in times

of stress." The pilot episode, entitled "The Metamorphosis," involves Mr. Richards' students having trouble relating to Franz Kafka's famous short story "The Metamorphosis" until the robotic teacher is forced to transform into a cherry picker to save a drowning ferret. Says Klein: "Most of the episodes will revolve around Mr. Richards teaching his students about Franz Kafka. I studied Franz Kafka at Harvard."

Yo-anti-Semite Sam



He's always been implied to be a redneck, so the new owners of the cartoon have decided to end the subtle messaging. Instead of chasing characters like Bugs Bunny by himself and getting outsmarted, he now has a clan that organizes pogroms and deportations of the entire Jewish rabbit community. His catchphrase has also been changed from "Ye varmint" to "Ye penny-pinching, Christ-murdering bastards." While this concept is still under construction, we have heard rumors about the introduction of another popular character, to be known as Elmer "I Hate Those Fucking Asians" Fudd.

Would you die for a James Joyce?

The Plague, page 25

Pluto, The Pre-Neutered Adventures

Before Mickey adopted his pet dog from the local kennel, Pluto was a hardcore badass with a taste for danger. His owner was an ex-cop who was kicked off the force after he began soliciting prostitutes and shooting their pimps in the face. The cop had nobly thought about going vigilante with his dog as his sidekick at first,

but Pluto had always incorrectly assumed that his owner would have made him a fighting dog if he had had the necessary resources. To satisfy his owner, Pluto began mauling the shit out of local mailmen and humping all the neighbors' dogs and legs until neither could walk straight. It was rumored that he even screwed the

mayor's wife, giving rise to the freakish species that Goofy belongs to. Pluto's owner finally had to cut his balls off in a settlement in one of the many lawsuits brought against him, and decided to give him away after he realized that his nutless dog would never be the same.

Also In Development:

GO-Bots - The Southern Slave Years

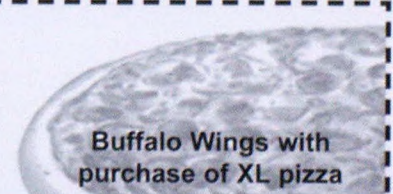
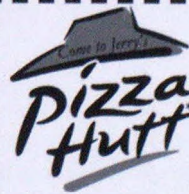
Follow the adventures of a group of teenagers who in any other TV show would wield transforming robots, but who in this show pick cotton for a debonair plantation owner named Dark Walker. Will Jesse (the boy who normally would ride in a yellow Tiger Bot

and live in a utopian castle) be whipped by Dark Walker's house negro Ionosphere? Will Emma (the one who most likely would be an empowered female piloting the Blue Hawk Bot) get raped by the cow shed? And how long can Felix (the one who, were he not a slave, would wear glasses and invent things) live after he

receives one of Dark Walker's homemade lobotomies? I say 6 days...but watch and see!!

Arab/Israeli Cat 'n' Mouse Capers

This zany cartoon features the antics of a group of terrorist Palestinian mice bent on the destruction of cute Israeli Army kitty cats.



Buffalo Wings with purchase of XL pizza

*We are not associated with PepsiCo's "Pizza Hut" branch of subsidiary restaurants or said corporation's franchising or licensing chain. Jerry's Pizza Hutt is, however, a subsidiary company of Jerry's AT&TT Wireless Corporation, but not a member company of AT&T or its M-Life wireless branch. Pizza at Jerry's Pizza Hutt is only served in sizes "medium," "large," or "XL." The size "XL" is a registered trademark of Jerry's AT&TT Wireless Corporation. If you order a "small" pizza at Jerry's Pizza Hutt, you will receive a medium pizza for \$6 more. If you complain about the extra price, you will be sent to a back room where you will be drugged, beaten, and then shipped off to China to build junk boats out of hurricane-devastated homes on the Yangtze River. If you attempt to escape, you will be shot at. If you dodge the bullets, well then, may God have mercy on us all.

When The Plague's subscription to Penthouse got switched with Jesus' New Secular Visions, we decided to make the best of it. After exhausting our vas deferens, we took to the streets and asked converts to tell us the stories behind their



Christian Conversions



Louis W. Merriweather:

I used to be in love with men. You see, that is perfectly normal for a good-natured, well-bred, Christian gal, but...I'm a boy. So you can see where the problems came in. I grew up in what is referred to now as an "open household." My dad and dad were openly gay and were able to legally adopt me in Nevada. It was no wonder that I became...a dirty faggot. It's in Leviticus that we learn that being gay is wrong. But my fathers never showed

me Leviticus. They showed me gay art from Andy Warhol and gay books by H.P. Lovecraft. Being gay was okay with me...until I met Mark, another gay...but Mark was raised Christian and he used the power of sinful gay sex to teach me ministry. He would have sex with me and then read the Bible passage where it said that gay sex was wrong. At first, I thought he was reading from a Dungeons and Dragons booklet because I had never seen the

Bible before. But then I slowly realized the truth. Mark was a sinner, one who laughed in God's face, the worst kind of sinner around. So I left Mark and joined a Born-Again church, and now I lead a youth group where I have to take them on camping trips and teach the ministry. I now have sex with little girls. I don't know if that's against God or not yet; I haven't read the entire Bible.



Nancy Grier:

I am a huge Michael Jackson fan. I read an interview with him where he said he was Christian. Praise Jesus.

John Savarese:

I was working at a day-care center to make some extra cash to pay for DeVry. Ever since his mom dropped him off, I knew Tyler was a special baby. Then one day, while I was changing his diaper in the back, his eyes flashed a magnificent light and I knew instantly that he was Jesus and that he wanted me to crucify all the other children on the wooden playground. Praise the glory that filled me that day and that remains with me. Oops, here comes the guard. I better hide this. They think all I did was rob the Ponderosa salad bar.

Felipe Alvarez:

I was never religious until I came to college. With only ten meals a week, I go to mass eight times a day for communion. It's all I eat - plus, it's the only way that underage drinking is allowed. And they say if you eat it you'll have eternal life, which is a real relief, because I just got cancer.

Nick Erbocker:

One day I was at a fish restaurant and there were enough fish to feed everyone. I believe Jesus was at work.

Joe Nunzio, age 41:

So my man Kenny and me are coming out of the Knicks game when we spot Latrell Sprewell getting into his car. So we're like, "Hey, Spree, give us an autograph! Sign something, you cornrowed bitch!" And he just takes off, doesn't even acknowledge us. So we're all bummed, but then who should we see on the way to the subway? Jesus Christ! So then we're like, "Hey, Jesus! Christ-man! Give us an autograph, you crucified bitch!" And man, he's just totally cool. He signs my basketball, takes some pictures. We even

got him to do that trick where he bleeds from the hands and feet. Like I said, class act all the way. Probably the coolest celebrity we ever met, except for that time when we ran into Scott Baio at a titty bar and he let us buy him lap dances. But hey, that's Baio; no use comparing people to him. So anyways, Kenny says, "Dude, that Jesus is cool. We should be Christians." So I'm like, "Sure, why not?" Until Baio starts a religion, at least. That shit would be tight.

Augustine of Hippo:

I was always a heathen. I used to steal, fuck anything that had a vagina, and even worse, hold an oppositional view of morality. Then I changed my ways. Now I'm a bishop and I smite Pelagians.



Rose Heinz, age 42:

I had slipped into heavy heroin use after years of rejection in my acting career. Then one day, while offering my weathered body to anyone who could lend me a needle, I noticed a sign in the church window for auditions for their upcoming production of *The Stations of the Cross*. With the improv skills I had learned at the UCB Theater, I managed to win the part of Mary Magdalene's friend, and I am now well on my way to a long career in regional church theater.

Mike Hunt:

Satan stopped returning my calls. Ten frantic answering machine messages and a dozen roses later, I just gave up.



Opposing Viewpoints



The *Plague* received a record number of complaint letters after our last issue, due to what some people considered an inordinate number of abortion jokes. In light of our readers' sensitivity on this topic, we have decided to open the forum for debate.

Choice: The Silent Male Perspective

While pro-choice enthusiasts maintain that abortion is the legal right of a woman to do what she will with her own body, I feel that this argument does not give due concern to the effect abortion has on men's lives and the extent to which the choice extends to them. Basically, I want to kill babies. The problem is, I'm male. I

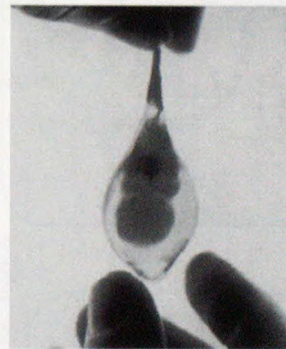
don't have a womb. I have a penis instead. Therefore, the right to choose in fact means very little choice for me. I think it is grossly unfair that while a woman can choose to bear many an aborted would-be son or daughter, I cannot even choose to give birth to a normal baby, much less to experience the satisfaction of extinguishing a

life practically before it begins. Unless you count masturbation. Still, while swirling millions of almost-babies down the drain provides countless hours of pleasure and laughter, I can never make that one choice that freedom of choice would seem to demand I be allowed to make. I want to have fucking abortions!

"*yawn*...A sparkling new day is upon me," says the joyously undead baby. "What wonders shall the living world bring me today? Lively rattle play, perhaps."



VS.



"Ouch, that smarts a bit," says the aborted fetus. "Though the abortion process may be causing me some slight discomfort now, at least I know that it is saving my mother the trouble of buying me clothes that she can ill afford."

Would you die for a Laugh In?

The Plague, page 27

Living Babies: A Short Story

Three smiling babies were crawling through a field of daisies. None of them were dead. They were all not only alive, but smiling, laughing, and playing with each other in that way that happy, living babies who are not dead play. One of them fell down and almost started to cry, but his loving mommy quickly came and comforted him. His mommy had always been there, not aborting him. So the babies just kept on living, and eventually grew older. They all made it through their childhoods without dying, without seeing anyone they knew die, and without any older man trying to put his pee-pee in their poo-poo hole.

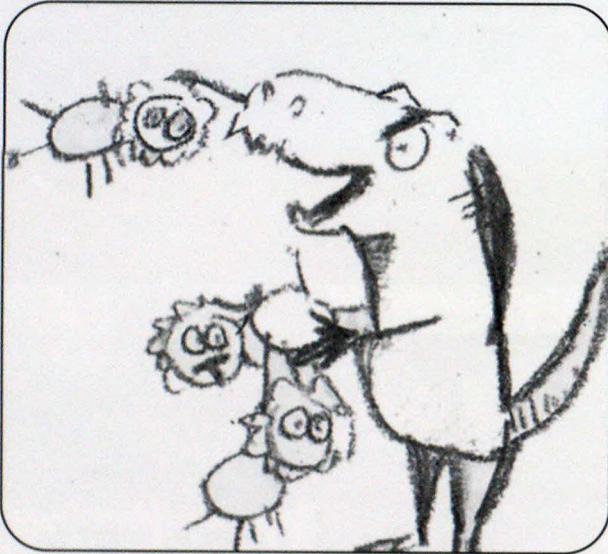


Well there it is, the abortion debate that has torn this nation asunder - that is, whether it is funnier for *The Plague* to make jokes about dead babies or living ones. Medical experts and political pundits have all had their say, but we have decided to leave the final word to the one man whose opinion really counts: 80-year-old Borscht-Belt comic Soupy Sales, whose pie-in-the-face routine had Catskills Jews laughing uproariously for decades. "When I first hit the circuit, the feeling was that making fun of dead babies just couldn't be done," said Sales, "but then younger comics like me and Slappy White decided it was worth the risk. While my initial act had me only hitting happy, gurgling live babies in the face with pies, as the years went on and I became more renowned, I was able to get to a point where my routine included me taking the goo of a recently aborted fetus, mixing it in with a banana cream pie, and eating it right onstage. Why, I remember one night at Carnegie Hall when Milton Berle held up a dead baby, burned its forehead with his trusty cigar, and then proceeded to throw it right at Gracie's head! My, that was a great night for comedy. So that is why I say to *The Plague*, just keep doing what you're doing. If it worked for Uncle Miltie, it should work for you."

Sometimes things happen, and you wish you were someone else. Very late at night, after Mommy and Daddy are done screaming, I wonder what it would be like...

If I Were a T-Rex.

If I were a T-Rex, I would stomp on cars and wear them as shoes.



If I were a T-Rex, I would see how many lions fit in my mouth.

If I were a T-Rex, I would make everybody call me T-Ray.



If I were a T-Rex, I would poop in someone's pool.



If I were a T-Rex, I would blackmail someone.





If I were a T-Rex, I would sleep all day and poop in my sleep.

If I were a T-Rex, I would figure out a way for a T-Rex to masturbate.



If I were a T-Rex, I would do better in school.

If I were a T-Rex, I would kill God.

If I were a T-Rex, I would bring my dog back to life.



I'm sad I was born.



Would you die for a Lea Thompson?

We here at The Plague are dumb fucks. We got the chance to interview Joe LoTruglio and David Wain of MTV's The State (both former NYU students), and we were too timid to ask them anything funny or interesting. I guess we were startstruck...how could we NOT be? I mean, come on...The State, Wet Hot American Summer...that was some good shit. Anyways, these guys were great sports and managed to hold our hands all the way through the interviewing process, so, thanks to the heavy guidance of Joe and David, we present...

The State: The Interview

good sports, good laughs

Plague: How did you guys get started? I mean, how did you guys get any places to perform?

David: We used to rehearse in the film check-out area, right at the desk.

Joe: There was another comedy group called the Sterile Yak that was here that Todd Holebeck was in. And Todd started the New Group and we couldn't think of another name, so we just kept it as New Group. And that was kind of the beginnings of it.

D: We started moving more towards bars and clubs and colleges, but we never really did that [*performing in theatres*] all that much.

P: What was it like performing at a bar?

D: Disastrous.

D: We would perform in Washington Square Park a lot. We would try to just do sketches. We had a big shopping cart full of props and we were like, "and now here's some sketch comedy!"

P: Among the 10 of you were there usual writing groups?



Joe LoTruglio and David Wain indulge in our shitty interviewing

D: I was the smartest one.

(*everyone playfully giggles*)

J: Yeah, me and Ken, being the WOPs, would always write together. (another hearty session of laughter) Actually, it changed. In college, I know Ben, Ken, and I would get together and write some. And then when we moved to MTV.

P: So when you were doing the MTV Show, did you feel like you were pretty much in charge or did you have to deal with a lot of crap from the executives?

D: The truth is that we, in retrospect, it's crazy, that they let this group right out of college...we were writing, directing, editing and producing this show pretty much on our own. And that creates a very big ego. I think the reason why we got the show in the first place was because in the first place we were so dumb and we went in their so cocky, and we were just like, "No no no, this is how it works, that's it." We really didn't listen to anything. Not our manager, agents, MTV people. Which brings us to when we left MTV and our agent was like, you know, "don't leave MTV. It may not

work out at CBS." We were like, "No, fuck you. It's gonna work."

P: Yeah, so why did you make that move? Cockiness?

D: Yeah, we thought we could take over network primetime, or against *SNL*. And you know what? We could have. But it didn't work out.

J: Yeah, at that point, you know, looking back, I think we probably should have stayed for a few more seasons. But at that time we were only 22 or 23, and you're like tired of cable.

D: Like every 22 year old has a cable show.

J: (*in the affectation of a dissatisfied youth*) "This sucks man. We've been here a year and a half." (*much laughter*)

P: When did you start writing Wet, Hot, American Summer?

D: In April of 97. We started writing that. In fact we wrote in April of 97 with the intention of shooting it in September of 97.

P: So when you wrote it, did you have a deal to finance it, or you just wrote it?

D: No, we had no deal. Showalter had asked me if I would direct a movie and we went around and we did all this, you know, we're going to shoot this in two month, you know. This was in 97. So we're starting to write it and we said, well let's try to make it a little better, and little bit later on we turned it into more of a traditional script.

P: I just wanted to know. We all loved that movie and it's really funny, but are you a little unhappy with the fact that it didn't get distributed as widely as so many just crappy, bullshit comedy movies?

D: (in faux snooty tone) Well, of course. (beat) No, no we were very disappointed that it didn't get a wide release. We definitely felt like it deserved it. It got some amazing reviews. It's clearly got a cult following.

P: And don't you have a deal to write another movie with Michael Showalter?

D: Yeah. Well, we wrote it. We wrote this one movie called *They Came Together*. And now we'll see if it gets made...we don't know.

P: So how come you guys didn't join *The Plague* when you were at NYU?

J: I don't know.

D: I mean, it was just like dirty jokes. That's all it was. I don't have very much strong memories of what it was one way or another. All I remember was this thing, George Burns. I remember George Burns' secret to longevity, I live in a cunt. It was just a cut-out picture of his head in

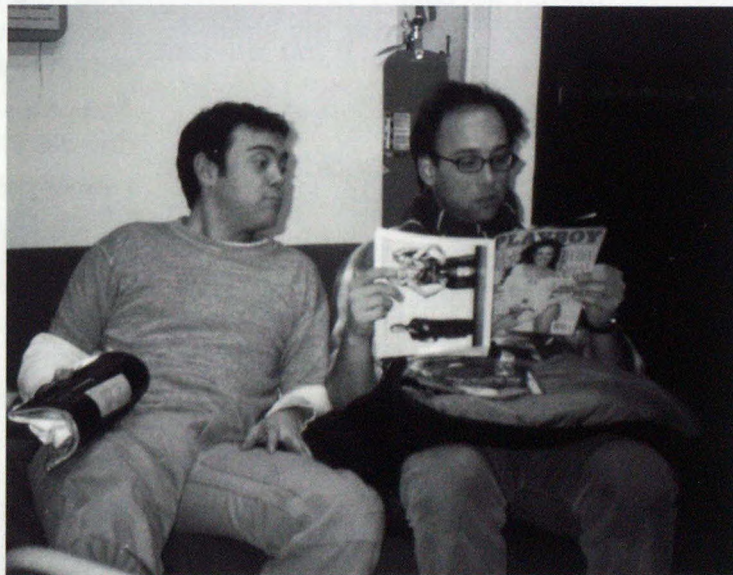
a vagina. I kind of liked that.

P: So I've heard that you're working on a pilot at HBO. Is that going to be a sketch show?

J: It's dead in the water.

D: But it's a very good script.

(at this moment The Plague offers David and Joe Coca Cola, but when the two men go to open the bottle, coke



Joe LoTruglio and David Wain indulge in "PBs"

spills all over the place. In addition to this, there are no cups or ice. Joe drinks one sip out of the bottle)

P: We have gifts for you.

D: Really? That's not necessary. Oh my god.

P: Here are two issues of *Playboy*. We steal them from the frats at the office. It's got Tiffany.

D: Oh, this is the new *Playboy* with Tiffany naked?

J: Tiffany? Tiffany the singer?

P: Yeah.

D: You guys are awesome. You steal them from the frats? That's so awesome.

P: Yeah, we give them their comeuppance.

J: I'm not going to open mine so it gains value.

D: You know, you're joking, but you can probably take that to Glamourcon. Do you

J: Is that Jennifer Connely? She's hot.

P: She's in that?

D: Clothed.

D: How come *Playboy* never interviewed us?

J: We appeared nude in a magazine once. In *Mademoiselle*. But we weren't really nude, I mean, we were nude, but just had all this gigantic states from a map on our parts. I think Kerry was covered by the panhandle of Florida.

D: Kerry was totally naked and I got to see her, and I loved it.

J: And then we really did get naked in front of a lot of people at the university of Austin. Was that in Austin?

D: Yeah. (flips through the *Playboy* more and then settles on an interview with female comedian Sarah Silverman where she talks about her "famous" poker games) Look, Sarah Silverman. I just played poker with Sarah Silverman the other day.

P: Who won?

D: I did. I poked her. What were we talking about?

J: I was mentioning how we were all nude in front of the audience in Texas.

D: I think any woman can just whip herself into good shape, get fake boobs, and face work, and hair done, and they can look reasonably passable for *Playboy*?

J: Yeah. I think so.

visit Joe and David at
www.wethotamericansummer.com

know what that is?

J: No.

D: That's the *Playboy* convention. And if you have that unopened, like in five years, it will be worth something.

J: Unopened "Tiffany!" She looks good. She looks good. That's a terrific top.

D: But here face is a little bit mangled.

(David flips through the *Playboy*)

D: She's so hot.

Because you need some certainty in this post-911 age...

The **PLAGUE** explains the

UNFAVORABLE MOVIE REVIEWS

- The Date-Rape Movie of the Year!
- #1 at the Poconos!
- Bronson Pinchot delivers another winner!
- Jaleel White is magic as Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.!
- Jaleel White is magic as Abraham Lincoln!
- Best movie that draws influence from *Leonard Six*
- Well worth the 25¢ admission
- Akin to being ass-raped and shot in the head at the same time. Which means bad. Unless that's your thing.

SLOGANS FOR THE VATICAN

- The body of Christ, now in twisty-bread form.
- Indulge in the Vatican!
- Michelangelo painted our ceilings; Carlos cleans our floors.
- Start the new Crusade!
- Our clergy is pervy!
- Like children? So do we.
- \$3 off admission with promotional Pepsi can.
- Do you hate using condoms? So do we!

BAD SPORTS ARENA NAMES

- Tiananmen Square Garden
- The Palace at Jalalabad
- The Chrome Dome
- Gulag Field
- Hiroshima Stadium
- <http://www.amazon.com> arena

THINGS RETARDS SAY AFTER WATCHING MOULIN ROUGE

- Nicole Kidman dances. Fart my ear.
- Short man tall man where man. Pills pills.
- My mommy tapes my sandwich to my face.
- Give me a hamburger sandwich.
- Popcorn too salty. Hot dog too salty.
- Gffg, ah, Mr. AHHHH.
- Voulez-Vous Coucher Avec Moi Ce Soir?
- Can I get the mail for FBA?
- Man says thing. Change me. Dikey wet.
- Me marry red lady.
- This was not X-Men, John lied. This was not X-Men.
- I think it made me gay. What is gay?
- Where's Jimmy Stewart?

THINGS THAT WE WANT TO SEE IN THE NEXT EXHIBITION OF CELEBRITY BOXING

- Mike Tyson vs. his newborn son
- Canadian Boxing Day celebrated by putting celebrities into boxes
- Judge Judy vs. Judge Dredd
- Malcolm Jamal Warner vs. The Warner Bros.
- Christopher Lloyd vs. Christopher Reeves
- My Two Dads vs. Two Guys, a Girl, and a Pizza Place

EXCUSES TO AVOID JURY DUTY

- I planned on eating a bagel. In my apartment. Alone.
- I'm actually the judge.
- I spontaneously ejaculate at the sight of a gavel.
- I'm deeply prejudiced against... whatever race the defendant is.

BAD ROLLER COASTER NAMES

- The Great American Nazi Regime
- Congressman: The Ride
- The Messy Tuft of Pubic Hair
- Sir Dips-A-Lot
- The Straight Road o' Fun
- Super Duper Double Puker
- Coney Island Shit Gulp
- The Give Keanu Reeves a Hummer

FASHION IN THE YEAR 2033

- Oversized glasses that say "2033" on them
- Fake pimples
- Cocaine shirts
- Spiked pubic hair
- Really big computers
- Saying "to the extreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee"
- Unnecessary surgery

NEW PLACES TO PUT OUR DEAD

- Behind the looking glass
- Make big dead-person blankets

Whole Wide World

NEW SLOGANS FOR COUNTRIES

- Mexico: We're in Your Restaurants
- Come Enjoy the Smell of Canada
- France: We Give Up
- Somalia: Lose 30 Pounds in 30 Days...Guaranteed!
- Germany: Hitler, Scheisse Porn, and Weinerschnitzel!
- America: Everyone Hates Us
- China: Can You Take Some of These Kids?
- Marlboro Country: Ain't You Dead Yet?
- Monaco: Come See How Fucking Small We Are

WOMYN'S HERSTORY MONTH EVENTS

- Pin the Dildo on the Dyke
- PMS-ing Whiny Bitchy Discussion Group
- The admission that one month is all they deserve
- Taking-Pictures-of-Your-Snatch-for-ID-Purposes Day
- Liking Dick Re-Education Seminar
- Domestic Violence Fun Week!
- Free breast exams by homeless men

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

- Eat more crickets
- Invent the printing press
- Fuck fewer goats, more sheep
- Stop bleeding

REASONS WHY IT'S COOLER TO BE A VAMPIRE INSTEAD OF A HUMAN

- The inside of a girl vampire's vagina is made of velvet
- Vampire gestation period is 8 months, not 9
- I'm sick of the weird looks that I get when I kill people and suck their blood
- Affirmative-action quotas make it so much easier for vampires to get into college
- I hate garlic, so now I don't have to seem like a douche bag when I ask for no garlic at Italian restaurants because I hate garlic anyway, but people think I'm just making it up, but now I have a real legitimate reason not to order garlic
- Gay sex with Tom Cruise no longer considered gay, but 'gothic'
- Never dying = playing video games all the time
- You can go far in the Boy Scouts, vampirically far

PLACES TO PUT YOUR HANDS

- Inside your widowed grandmother's head wound
- On the hood of a crooked cop's car
- Over the mouth of that annoying chick trying to tell the authorities about how you raped her
- In your satchel

PROPOSED REPLACEMENTS FOR THE WTC

- Two solid marble towers the exact same size as the Twin Towers
- Airport
- Giant bird feeder to attract patriotic bald eagle
- Rubble Land theme park
- The Jewish Community Center
- Giant salt-and-pepper shakers
- Giant laser beams aimed at the moon

NEW RECIPES ON EMERIL'S COOKING SHOW PRISON BREAK EMERIL

- Jumping-the-Fence Crab Cakes
- I-Ain't-Stopping-Running-Till-I-Reach-Freedom Pasta
- Hacksaw-Through-Your-Foot-Locator-Collar Finger Sandwiches

NUMBER OF PARANOID SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

•1,000,000,003

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD KEEP READING THE PLAGUE

•You shouldn't. Put the magazine down, walk to Riverside Park and lay down in the grass. Congratulations! You are now a regular human being. Good day, sir.

Would you die for a Denny's Restaurant?

SAD

BAD ROOM



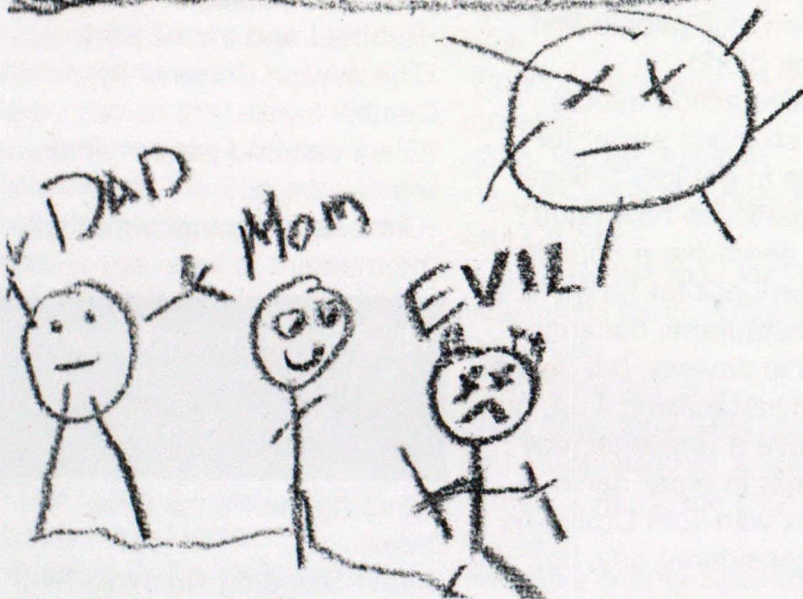
DID YOUR CHILDHOOD
DRAWINGS LOOK ANYTHING LIKE
THIS?

REALLY?

THEN MAYBE YOU SHOULD JOIN

The PLAGUE

THE PLAGUE, NYU's **ONLY INTENTIONALLY FUNNY PUBLICATION**, IS LOOKING FOR EMOTIONALLY CRIPPLED INTROVERTS TO BE THE BUTT OF CRUEL AND INHUMANE JOKES. STUDIES SHOW THAT 9 OUT OF 10 PEOPLE WHO HAVE SUFFERED FROM SOME FORM OF CHILDHOOD TRAUMA ARE 70% MORE LIKELY TO ACCEPT OUR CONSTANT TAUNTING.* IF YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO WITHSTAND PERSISTENT PSYCHOLOGICAL TORMENT, KNOW HOW TO USE **QUARK**, **PAGEMAKER**, OR **PHOTOSHOP**, CAN COMPOSE DARK **SATIRE**, OR ARE **FUNNY**, THEN OUR FINE PUBLICATION MAY BE FOR YOU! COME SEE WHAT WE ARE ALL ABOUT AND WHY OUR CLASSMATES DESCRIBED US AS "MOSTLY QUIET, BUT NICE" AND WHY THE AUTHORITIES "NEVER SAW IT COMING."



The Plague, page 34

Would you die for a NickleBack?

FIND OUT WHEN AND WHERE WE WILL BE MEETING

OR SEND SUBMISSIONS:

The Plague, 244 Greene Street
New York, NY 10003

or

plague.club@nyu.edu

or

See us at the Club Fair

NEW WEBSITE COMING IN SEPTEMBER!

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

*NOT ACTUAL STATISTIC

Harold Fazulli's VALENTINE'S DAY CARDS Through the Years

TO MY 6TH GRADE
TEACHER MS. NATOLI

TO THE SYPHILITIC
PROSTITUTE WHO
TOOK MY VIRGINITY
WHEN I WAS 18



Dear Roxy,
I figure that dirty, disease-ridden whores rarely get Valentines,
so here's a little poem to let you know how much last Friday
meant to me:

Roxy, oh Roxy, your facial lesions I found quite foxy.
With that wart on your lip and your Hell's Angels tattoo,
It did not take long for me to fall in love with you.
You led me into an alley and on a pile of wet trash
I got to put it into your crab-infested gash.
In those two minutes all my energy you did sap,
It was at that point, I think, that you gave me the clap.
But then I realized I had no money, and
Your romantic feelings for me began to wane,
As you had a one-legged pimp named Diego
Nearly beat me to death with his cane.
But despite the venereal disease
And the pimp stabbing me with a knife,
Our courtship behind that Denny's
Was the greatest night of my life.

Please marry me,
Harold

Dear Ms. Natoli,
Just wanted to let you know how much
fun it is to be in your English class. Also
thought you'd be flattered to know the
reason I always hold that textbook in
front of my crotch when I stand up
to write on the chalkboard: it's
because you have such a
beautiful smile.
Wanna be my Valentine?

Your student,
Harold



Hello Beautiful,

You may not remember who I am, but we
were on the same elevator a few days ago
and I think we may be in love with each
other. I was the guy who made the joke
about the elevator being stuffed tighter than
Camryn Manheim into her prom dress, and
you laughed. Well, I think you laughed.
Maybe it was just a sneeze. I don't know.

Can we kiss?

That guy.



Dear Wife Rue McLanahan,

Though you may be the third
Golden Girl cast member I have
married, you are first in my heart.
I love you and only hope we stay in
love forever so that I never have to
marry Betty White.

See you tonight, my sweet sensual
Blanche.

Your hubby,
Harold

TO THE RED-HEADED GIRL I
SHARED AN ELEVATOR WITH
IN MAIN BUILDING LAST
THURSDAY

TO MY THIRD WIFE,
GOLDEN GIRL,
RUE McLANAHAN

New magazines Teen Vogue and Teen People have taught us that there's a whole market out there for cheap "teen" ripoffs of real magazines. So, coming soon, from the people who brought you The Plague:



- Which guns are best for small hands?
- Dating and Relationship advice for the modern anti-government teen.
- The latest fashions in camo gear!



- A ray of light in the goy-infested world of youth periodicals.
- Torah and Talmud for Teens!
- Relationships - not until marriage!
- The best of this season's black pants, suit jackets, and big hats.