

**THE
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Cocktails with Cretins

An Interview with *The Plague*

BY KEVIN KOSAR

Yes, once again copies of *The Plague*, "NYU's only intentionally funny magazine," have been strewn about our beloved campus.

Yes, I've interviewed the men responsible for this crass piece of work. However, before I offer my readers a transcript of my chat with the creators of *The Plague*, I first want to clear up any misconceptions about my connection with this publication which might arise. Yes, I did write one article for this issue of *The Plague*, but I did this article with no prior knowledge that the majority of the magazine was going to be devoted to nude pictures and other abominations. I regret my involvement with this magazine and their filthy staff.

Sean Huntington, Mike Zimmerman and Dan Truman invited me to interview them at a cheap motel in Atlantic City, but I declined. I suggested that we meet in Washington Square Park, but they refused to meet me there. Instead they insisted that I interview them at The Coyote Ugly Saloon on First Avenue and Ninth Street. Having little choice, I met them there late Monday afternoon.

KK: I thank you gentlemen for the opportunity to interview you.

SH: You're welcome. Want a drink?

KK: No thanks. When did the *Plague* first hit NYU?

SH: Sometime in 1977, I believe.

DT: It was Fall of '77. I know, I was here...just starting my undergraduate education which has yet to be completed.

DT: From Larry Tisch's wife. It really is a twisted love triangle. L. Jay loves Larry, Mrs. Tisch loves L. Jay, you know how this sort of thing goes, these homo/hetero adulterous affairs.

KK: Don't you feel bad for picking on President Oliva?

SH: Hell no! He's a cretin! As a matter of fact, next autumn we are sponsoring a campaign to remove L. Jay and NYU's fifteen vice presidents from office and to replace him with Fred Ulfers from the German department and Demosthenes Chrysan, an administrator. The way we figure it, with President Fred blaming the destruction of the English language on Henry Kissinger and vice president Demosthenes attending funerals and defending the rights of the logically impaired, NYU will be ready for the 21st century.

KK: I take it the *Plague* editors have some problems with the way the university is being run?

DT: Of course. This place is a wreck. It is riddled with idiocy and red tape. Here's an example. Say you have a book out from Bobst and it comes due. Say you can't afford living in Manhattan and are stuck instead living in Brooklyn. Well, the day that book comes due, you can't just call up the library or send it e-mail and renew the book. Oh no, you have to hop a train and bring the book all the way to Bobst, have some flunkie run a light pen over it, stamp it and then you get to take a ride all the way back home. It's preposterous!

KK: I'm sorry if my tone is offensive, but don't you feel any remorse for all the nude pictures of women in this copy of the *Plague*? It is rather objectifying you know.

MZ: Oh gimme a break! What are you, a femi-nazi? Get real. Women are always looking at guys' butts and talking about the bulges in guys' pants. There are pictures all over New York City of Marky Mark in his underwear. When he visits malls he causes riots. Is it because he has such a great personality? No, he's an idiot! The women are just as twisted and perverted as men—don't let the radicals like Catherine McKinnon fool you. To hell with those hairy-legged feminists in the lobby of Rubin who screamed and howled when they saw this issue!

SH: As you can tell, Mike has a problem with women. He's not gay; he's just lonely. It's understandable, considering that he's never kissed a girl before.

MZ: I kissed your mom, Sean.

DT: But Sean's mom isn't a woman.

KK: Okay, enough of that. Where did you get the naked picture of Larry Tisch?

SH: From L. Jay Oliva.

KK: Speaking of L. Jay, where did you get that goofy shot of him?

SH: Yeah, and do you know that the company that supplies food to our cafeterias [ARA] is the number one supplier of food to U.S. prisons? Is it any wonder that you get the mud slides every time you eat there?

KK: Okay, okay, enough of that. So when is the next issue of *The Plague* coming out?

DT: We'll never tell. NYU won't know it until it hits it. We strike in the dark, we are demons of the night, we come with claws.

SH: Oh shut up, Dan. Have another drink you brute.

MZ: Who made you God, Sean? You know you always get mean when you drink. It's a good thing most of the stuff in here is nailed down. Christ, you're dangerous. I don't know why I ever decided to live with you.

On this cheerful note I turned off the tape recorder and fled the Coyote. I had enough of these sick drunks and their gutter mentalities. I had spent hours with these men only to come away with a few hundred words of publishable material—most of which are lies. Oh well, though most of what they said isn't true, by their words we can all understand just what kind of people they are—violent, drunken apes with no respect for anyone, regardless of race, color, gender or religion.