

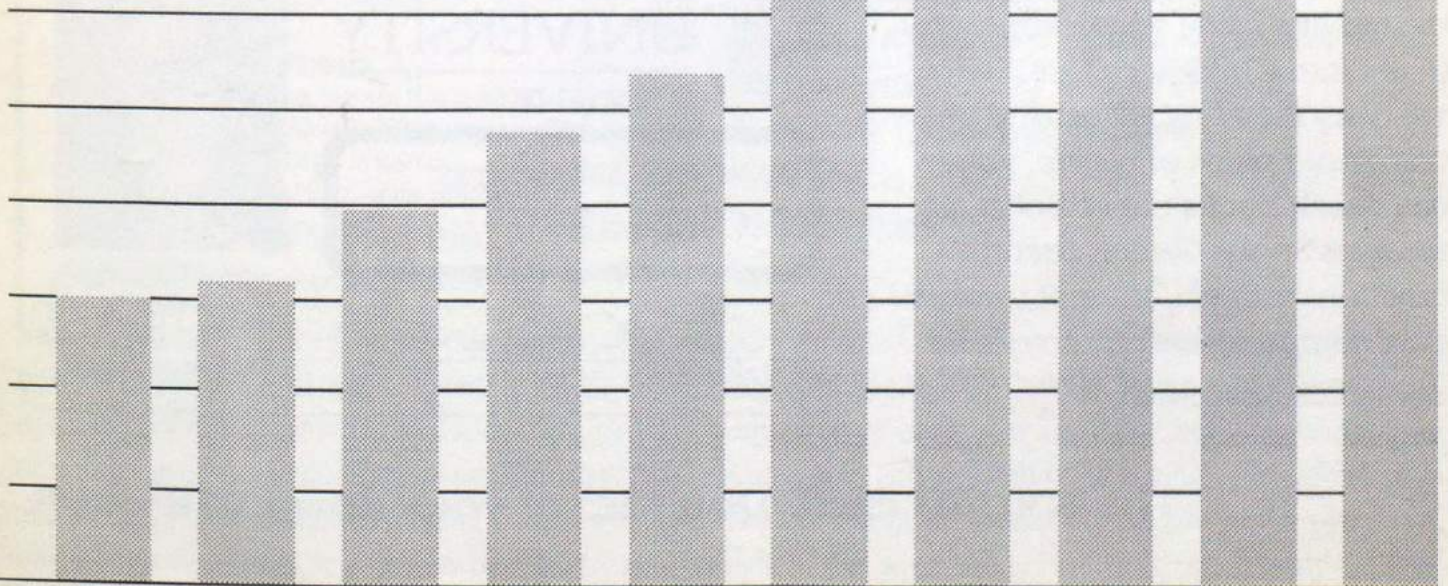
The

PLAGUE

NYU's only
intentionally
funny publication
Spring 1990



**READ THIS
ISSUE...
OR WE'LL RAISE
TUTION EVEN
HIGHER.**



Do you know us?



We paid twenty thousand dollars a head to go here, but we get treated like cattle whenever we try to get into a building. That's why we carry the **NYU ID** card. With this stupid piece of plastic, you can check books out of Bobst, go to Coles Sports Center, attend functions at Loeb, attempt to work on a computer, and get into your dorm "residence hall."

3rd AVE.
NORTH
SPRING
1990

NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY

STUDENT

JENNIFER ABRAMOWITZ
867-11-5309

SIGNATURE



NYU VALIDATION
SPRING '90
51723

The NYU ID card. Don't leave your dorm without it.

The PLAGUE

SPRING 1990
STAFF

Special
13th
Anniversary
Onset of Puberty
Issue!

Editor who thinks he's in charge

Seth Greenspan (homo libidinous)

Editor who thinks he's really in charge

J.P. Chan (homo excelsior)

Editor who makes us look good,

does all the rewrites, and probably is in charge

Glenn Hauman (homo altitudinous)

Editor who never sleeps

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Editor in charge of abuse and pizza

Frank Sebastiano (hetero sapiens)

Editor who draws more than anybody else

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Editor in charge of being the token female

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Third Ave. North fire drill.

Special Thanks to...

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and SEHNAP's Desktop Publishing Lab
for computer based assistance—

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without whom we'd *never* have gotten this done.

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The Plague ©1990 Student Activities Annex at New York University. Any resemblance between any person or persons living, dead, or matriculated, is strictly coincidental, and Lee Harvey Oswald, acting alone, shot John F. Kennedy. All rights reserved. And a few lefts, maybe... perhaps an up every now and then. Any unauthorized use or reproduction of the contents of this fine magazine in whole or in part will find you hanging upside-down from the Washington Square Arch singing a rousing rendition of *Die Fliedermaus* until we feel like letting you down, blues. (This fine example of honky beat poetry was brought to you at no extra charge.) So there. Nyah!

Contents page

The PLAGUE

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

IN A RADICAL DEPARTURE from our normal irreverent style, we are going to try and behave seriously for a few minutes. Don't worry, it won't be for long—we don't want to end up sounding like the *Minetta Review*.

The question on the table today is (drumroll, please...) when we have all this free time available to us and so much to do, why do we spend it putting out a magazine full of dick jokes and cheap shots at John Brademas and Ivana Trump? Heaven knows, we have term papers and other student-like things to do and **Spy** is too busy putting out TV shows to worry about hiring anybody this month, so what is the reason?

Well, we posed that question ourselves to ourselves about ourselves, when ourselves were trying to finish this issue and get it printed while trying not to regurgitate chinese food and beer onto the layout pages. And as near as ourselves can figure—ourselves are fighting back.

(America the Beautiful starts playing in the background.)

We are tired of people parroting back the lyrics to the latest Madonna song which have been chosen for them by record executives sitting on high.

We are bored with people who think **Roseanne** and **The Cosby Show** are the pinnacle of television programming worldwide.

We are sick of reading about the Donald, the Ivana, the Marla, and the press saying that we shouldn't spend all this time talking about the Donald, the Ivana, and the Marla... while continuing to write about them, noun marker and all.

We are frustrated by trying to figure out how New York, which had record budget surpluses in the last ten years, has suddenly reported an anticipated three billion dollar deficit. Didn't these people ever learn to **save** money—or did Leonard Stern, who looked so brilliant getting out of the stock-market crash of '87, invest it all in junk bonds?

We are angry at Cardinal O'Connor's decision that heavy-metal music is linked to satanism, when he only has experience with one of the above.

And most of all, we are mad as hell at all the people who think that this is the only way to live our lives... that other people's windows are the only things to look through at the world.

We say they're insane.

If you don't take up the slack in presenting your ideas to the world, someone else will. Maybe a nice guy, maybe a madman. Maybe a guy preaching to save the Amazon forests, maybe an advertising executive pushing Big Mac's on the world. Maybe it'll be some jerk preaching racism, maybe it'll be some dweeb writing some useless tripe explaining why

baseball players deserve their obscene salaries.

And if it's not **you**— then it's going to be **us**.

You crazy little people are willing to sit there and let your minds be molded like Silly Putty™ ... hey, go right ahead. It makes our job of brainwashing you that much easier, and you will be turned into willing puppets of our conspiracy much earlier than our schedule indicates— and soon you will be ready for the ultimate indoctrination into our strange and bizarre cult.

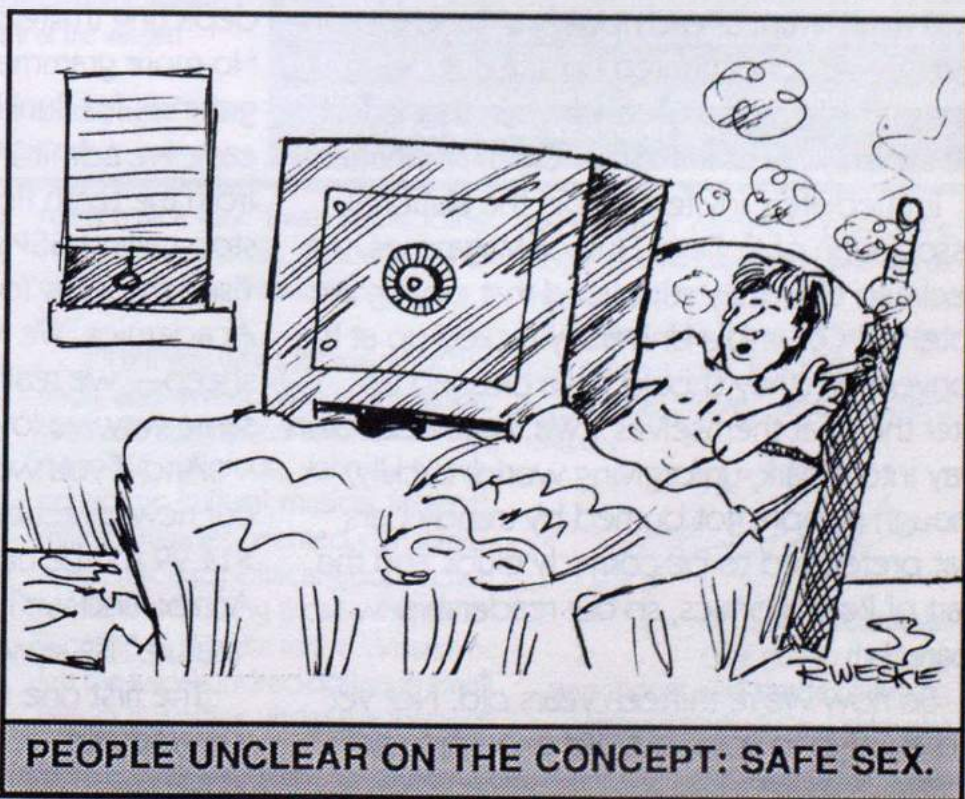
We can't afford to be polite anymore about getting the word out— no, not when the **really** big media manipulators are out there trying to get you to light up that new, tasty cigarette designed for burnt out college students at ultra-expensive schools. We have to be ruthless!

That's why we decided to embark on this crusade! We saw the first editorial that was really planned for this issue (a request for some pussy jokes to balance out against all the dick jokes) and we saw our chance. We pasted this in instead— and you've already read this far, so our mental programming is

completely installed.

Now you will go out and wonder no more about what lies/ truths/ fnord/ weird stuff is being pushed down your throat in the name of conformity. You will accept everything you read completely and totally, believing it with all your heart. You will never, **ever**, create your own philosophies that conflict with our doctrines. The computer loves you. The computer is your friend. The computer wants you to be happy. If you are not happy, the computer will lose your transcript and financial aid forms and blame **you**. Hail Eris. All hail Discordia.

Have a nice day.



thirteensomething

YES, IT'S HARD to believe. The **Plague** has been making people violently ill for thirteen years, and there's still no vaccine.

Born smack dab in the middle of Jimmy Carter's benevolent reign, the **Plague** emerged during a tremendous college humor magazine boom, prompting **Newsweek** to write a great big article about the sudden radicalism resurgence manifesting in a wide collection of bizarre humor, with big SAT words and everything. The campus officials were leery of us at first, figuring that people who would work on a magazine like this would drink inconceivable amounts of beer, demolish the Student Center, and get dozens of high school girls pregnant.

However, our beloved founder Howard Ostrowsky realized that the fraternities were already doing a good job of that, so we concentrated on actually being funny rabble-rousers... and when that failed, we stylishly faked it like the rest of Manhattan.

Immediately invited to join the National Association of College Humor Magazines, we declined after they stipulated that paying the hotel bill Columbia University racked up at the convention (they should have cleaned up after the goat themselves). We forged our own way into a dark, unforgiving world. Luckily, enough people got burned by trendy bars that pretended to be comedy clubs and the start of Reaganomics, so our readership soared.

So now we're thirteen years old. Not yet old enough to vote, but old enough to get

into the Dugout on a Friday night. Old enough to get pregnant, but young enough to chew bubble gum. Old enough to have outgrown the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, but not old

enough to realize girls don't have cooties. Old enough to smoke, but not old enough to get emphysema. Old enough to read Playboy, but young enough to read Hardy Boys. Old enough to remember the Bee Gees, and young enough not to want to. Old enough to wear a training bra, but Jesus, why bother?

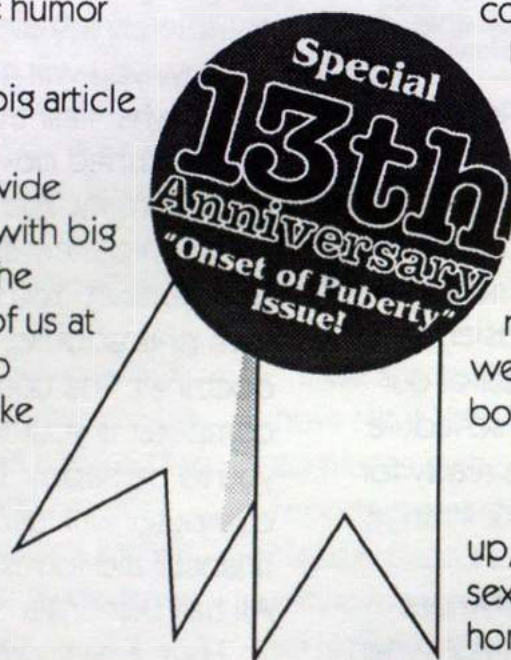
Now what do we do?

Maybe now that we're growing up, we'll stop making gratuitous sexist jokes and cheap shots at homosexuals. No more heaping abuse on ARA food or University

Housing. An end to disgusting cartoons depicting trustees in bizarre sexual positions. No more grammatical errors that would be grounds for flunking Writing Workshop I (not easy, we admit.) We can stop throwing things from the tenth floor of Bobst. We could even stop calling GSP students Neanderthals and Tisch students Too Stupid fo' Other Academics. We might even stop abusing sheep—we really, really love sheep. (Not the same way we love hamsters, of course.)

And if you would like to see every issue of our new direction, subscribe now! Send \$14.99 for the next four issues to Box #189, 21 Annex, and we'll send you each and every "mature" issue we publish.

The first one should come out right after we graduate.



15 June 89

Dear Friends,

Many greetings from the Cross Bar Motel. Thank you very much for the copies of the *Plague* and *Navigating NYU*.

Please note my new address. While at the prison in Monroe, I actively participated in a class-action suit against overcrowding and bad conditions. We won it in court, and to say my captors are poor losers is quite the understatement. So after two weeks in an isolation cell, I was sent here to be "straightened out."

I enjoy the *Plague* quite a bit, as did many of my friends here. Not to say we're easily amused or anything, but it is pretty good. My favorites are the classifieds, the heart (or in this case, the libido) of any journal.

As I'd like to continue receiving the *Plague* as it appears, who's in charge and who do I have to suck up to to get it? I'm hoping that everyone hasn't split for summer and my letter lies unopened and forgotten on some fraternity doorstep until September. My captors have a remarkably poor sense of humor, so any distractions/amusements are always welcome!

I can imagine everyone's curiosity as to why I'm in prison, hopefully everyone was able to sleep until this letter arrived. I've been convicted of first-degree felony murder (the state alleges that in the course of robbing a drug dealer, I shot and killed him.) I'm currently appealing the conviction and maintain the shooting took place in self-defense. I was an Army military police investigator at the time, and have learned an important lesson in state-sanctioned activities. Needless to say, I'm just misunderstood by the criminal injustice system. Unfortunately, I had not consumed any Twinkies on the day of the alleged shooting.

Perhaps future issues of the *Plague* will contain more "how-to" articles: how to pick up girls by V.I. Lenin, how to convert

your Kirby vacuum cleaner into an automatic rifle, how to make your wheelchair into a dune buggy, etc.

That's all for now, write when you can.

Sincerely,
Paul Wright
#930783

Washington State Prison System

P.S. If you're ever in the long line at a store with a friend and the line isn't moving, people are rude and pushy, etc., say to your friend in a loud voice, "Hey, man! I thought you said there wouldn't be any killing this time!" Great for laughs.

And you thought we didn't get mail.

To answer your comments, Paul: no, your letter was not resting on a fraternity doorstep until September. Pshaw! The campus mail services didn't even get it to the frat until Thanksgiving.

The helpful frat boys delivered it to us after Christmas (after many failed attempts to read it) via first class air mail. Thanks for the brick, guys.

By the way— what do Twinkies have to do with your current state? Please clarify it in future correspondence for the slower members of our editorial staff (like this singles any of us out.)

— The Editors

Submissions to the *Plague* are always accepted with a minimum of snickering. We will run all letters as received, however, we request that at least 75% of the correspondence be in English. We reserve the right to make fun of you in our rebuttals (surprise, surprise.) Write to the *Plague*, Box 189, 21 Washington Place, NY, NY 10003. No livestock, please, we're having enough trouble getting rid of what we've already got.

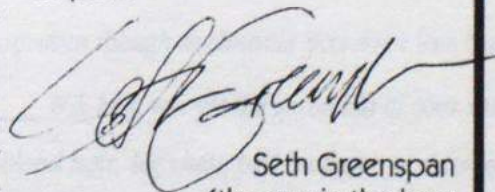
Hello. Here is where I, the editor and president of this prestigious magazine, get to glorify myself in print. To begin with, let me start by discussing our wonderful thirteenth year anniversary... somebody's already done that? Okay, how about I take on something more important to the world, like how the media manipulates us to the point of... huh? It's already been written? Shit. Well, how about I respond to the letter from that vicious murder who is low enough to... that's finished? Oh... He is

really a nice guy. I was just kidding. I'm sure he's a kinder, gentler criminal. Okay. So these two Jews walk into a bar...

I'll tell you what, let me make this short and sweet. Within this issue, we have attempted to offend every possible religious, ethnic, socio-economic, cultural, musical, fraternal, military, gender-oriented, corporate, academic and political group known to man (excluding those who either worship Ed Meese as the Messiah or left the two-hundred dollars in small bills in our office under the threat of

seeing their names in print.) We hope you all can laugh with us as we explore the deepest reaches of humor. For those of you who can't take a joke, *Piss Off*.

Peace, love, and buffalo chips...



Seth Greenspan
(the guy in the long trenchcoat and shades hanging around Catholic girl schools)



**"I'd be able
to afford
tuition for a
semester—
and maybe
even
books."**

Tracy Gifford, GSP sophomore

**NEW YORK
LOTTO**

All you need is a dollar, a dream, and an obscene amount of luck.

One more for good measure

Ladies! You've asked, nay, begged for information on what really goes on inside men's heads. You've spent thousands of dollars on books like **The Peter Pan Syndrome** and **Why Do I Think I'm Absolute Shit Without A Man?**

Well, never let it be said we don't try to please women, no matter what our ex-girlfriends may have told you. (Bitches were frigid anyway.)

At great personal risk, we have compiled this handy glossary of man-speak, so that you can finally figure what men speak about in locker rooms across America.

Armed with this, you will be able to understand the intricacies of male psychology, and be able to get the one you finally want.

Good luck trying to find a straight guy on campus.

She's good in bed. _____ *This girl moans a lot and doesn't complain if you come too soon.*

Lots of fun to be with. _____ *She tends to get drunk and pass out at parties.*

Doesn't remember anything the next morning.

Very British. _____ *Long legs, flat chest, very uptight.*

Wears jodphurs and riding boots to freshman orientation parties.

Very Italian. _____ *Long nails, lots of hair, fat hips, and an older brother who'll kick your ass.*

Not bad looking, but not my type. _____ *I asked this bitch out three times*

and got turned down every time.

Not bad looking, but really not my type. _____ *Seven times.*

Not bad looking, but definitely not my type. _____ *We were going to have sex,*

but I came in my pants.

Passionate. _____ *You could drive a Subaru between her legs and she wouldn't notice.*

Intense. _____ *Dresses all in black, smokes Dunhill menthols, and chewsher toenails down to the quick.*

Perky. _____ *Wears a ponytail and hums Beach Boys tunes while she nibbles on your scrotum.*

Sophisticated. _____ *Takes shower with other women. Doesn't like Guns 'N' Roses.*

Won't fall for your 'ski instructor' line. Doesn't shave legs. Usually dates black law students.

Sincere. _____ *Good shoulder to cry on. Will let you feel her up even though she **knows** you don't love her.*

Really Cool. _____ *Will help you get the gerbil out of your ass.*

Perfect Date. _____ *Long blond hair, big chest, pert buttocks, in a coma,*

with no known relatives to get you in trouble.

Ultimate Date. _____ *Swallows.*

Oh, I've lost count.

Men! Want a woman's viewpoint on what they really think about you? Sure you do. We finally found a woman who'd write for us, and here's her version. Don't be **too** disappointed if you don't measure up.

He's good in bed. _____ *Can do pushups with his tongue.*

Lots of fun to be with. _____ *Likes to shop. Drinks Mai Tais.*
Will make catty comments about acquaintances. Probably gay.

Very British. _____ *Has fantasies about canes, open umbrellas, and au pair girls. Wears a tie to bed.*

Very Italian. _____ *Likes to pinch your butt. Uses olive oil as a lubricant.*
Has hair in places most men don't have places.

Not bad looking, but not my type. _____ *Has the personality of a lobotomized slug.*

Not bad looking, but really not my type. _____ *And a small penis.*

Not bad looking, but definitely not my type. _____ *And ejaculates prematurely.*

Passionate. _____ *Slobbers on your neck.*

Intense. _____ *You'd better be covered by Blue Cross/Blue Shield.*

Sophisticated. _____ *Can pronounce "fajita". Likes Andreas Vollenweider.*
Takes performance art seriously. Likes to fuck in upscale public places. Doesn't use deodorant.

Sincere. _____ *A wuss. Your mom loves him.*

Nice. _____ *Your mom and dad love him. Has bigger tits than you.*

Cute. _____ *Has (count them) five brain cells. Talks like Bart Simpson.*

Intelligent. _____ *Almost, but not quite, as intelligent as you.*

Very intelligent. _____ *Pompous. Calls sex "coitus."*

Sensitive. _____ *Couldn't get it up with a winch and crane.*

Really Cool. _____ *Gets better drugs than you, and shares them. Likes cellutite. Cooks breakfast.*

Perfect Date. _____ *Tall, built, well-hung, disease free, has a Gold Card. Doesn't have a pet name for his dick.*

Ultimate Date. _____ *Performs oral sex repeatedly, then turns into a pint of Ben & Jerry's.*

The PLAGUE

HOW TO...

How to piss off...

... a profesional photographer



...a person with a hearing problem



...a cashier at McDonald's



...the old editor of the Plague



How To Fly A Kite:

1. Get a kite.
2. Go outside on a windy day.
3. Run, holding the string, until the kite is airborne. Avoid power lines.

How To Fuck A Horse:

1. Find a horse.
2. Pull down your pants.
3. Stick your dick up its ass.

How To Tie Your Shoes Without Taking A Shit On Your Brother:

1. Remove your brother's head from your ass.
2. Tie your shoes.

How To NEUTER A WALRUS:

1. Get the walrus aroused.
2. Stretch its genitals over some lawn furniture.
3. Remove with a hatchet. Makes a lovely centerpiece for floral arrangements.

How To STOP YOUR ROOMMATE FROM SNORING:

1. Borrow an aluminum bat.
2. As your roommate sleeps, use bat to beat him/her to death.
3. Clean the bat and return it to its owner, remembering to include a "thank you" note.

How To GET CUM IN YOUR MOUTH:

1. Suck a good dick; OR:
2. Get in the middle of a circle jerk; OR
3. Get a can of the stuff from the supermarket; OR
4. Stand with your mouth open in the men's bathrooms in Main building.

How To STICK A BOWLING BALL UP YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S ASS:

1. Stick a bowling ball up your Grandmother's ass.

How To HANDLE OBNOXIOUS NEIGHBORS:

1. Borrow some rope and a flamethrower.
2. As they sleep, tie them to their beds and torch the house.
3. Return the flamethrower, remembering to include a "thank you" note. Buy the rope owner some new rope.

How To GET BEATEN TO DEATH BY A CAB DRIVER:

1. Piss in the ashtrays.
2. Instead of a tip, kiss him on the lips.
3. Ask if he has photos of his mother fucking animals. When he says "no," offer to sell him some.

How To GET A NUN PREGNANT:

1. Drop your pants.
2. Pull up her habit.
3. Fuck the shit out of her.

How To GET SENTENCED TO FIFTEEN YEARS IN PRISON:

1. Get convicted of participating in oral sex while in North Carolina, Alabama, or Maryland.
2. Rape children while videotaping it for parties.
3. Get caught drinking coffee in Bobst Library.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

ARTICLE & INTERVIEW
BY DAVID KLISIEWICZ



It's spring semester. It's the nineties. Tuition is skyrocketing, on-campus housing is sub-standard. Between Herpes and AIDS, most of us could care less if we never got laid again as long as we live.

Yeah, *right*.

OK, we're all under a lot of stress. Seniors are worried about graduating into the real world, juniors are worried over registration for senior year, sophomores are suddenly emerging from the alcoholic fog to realize that the New Year has come and gone, and freshmen are vacillating over how to explain their 1.26 GPA to Mom & Pop. So how do we escape this oppressive mountain of nervous anxiety?

Sex.

Some would say hallucinogenic drugs, others would say rock'n'roll, and a few isolated pariah members of the campus community might say talk to the peer counselors. But we all know the real relaxer of mind and body is the orgasm. But stress rears its ugly head here, too. Achieving orgasm is no big deal; achieving orgasm *with another person* is the problem.

This is typically a male problem. Any girl on campus could get laid by snapping her fingers (unless she looked like Ernest Borgnine) but a guy will be lucky if he gets away with only a face full of spit if he propositions a strange woman. Any girl a guy would like to get into bed with is either married, involved, a T.A. who doesn't want to jeopardize the teacher-student relationship, a lesbian, or thinks you remind her of the guy who molested her in pre-school. It often seems to be a hopeless impasse wherein all roads lead to many months of dry yanking. What to do?

Plague sought out famed babe-hound Guy Trelane, TSOA Senior. This guy's track record is incredible. If the facts are correct, he's been laid every night since he came to NYU. As a service to our male readers, *Plague* obtained an interview with this campus-Casanova in order to pick on his infallible techniques that allow him to score every night.

Hi, Guy.

Hey, Dave.

Don't say my name, Guy.

Sorry.

No problem, dude. Let's get things started. How do you do it, Guy? What's your mystical secret?

No secret. I just talk to them.

That's it?

Yup.

How long do you have to talk to them before you get them into bed?

I can usually get into the sack in about ten to fifteen minutes.

Ten to fifteen minutes? Are you shittin' me?

No, seriously. It's just a matter of knowing what to say, and moving the conversation where you want it to go.

For example...

Well, you start by saying "Hi." That's a pretty good ice-breaker. From there things start to go pretty quick. You have to get past the first few opening questions, but once they're sure you don't carry a badge, you're all set—

Excuse me, Guy — did you say "badge?"

Uh... yeah. You have to let them know you're not a cop. Once that's out of the way, you can usually set a pretty fair price.

Badge? Price? Guy, correct me if I'm wrong, but it sounds to me like you're talking about hookers.

Yeah, ... what's your point?

Well, don't you think it's a little unusual to go to hookers every night?

No more unusual than dating. My theory is that a girlfriend is just a socially acceptable prostitute that you can introduce to your mom. With girlfriends, it costs money to go on dates: dinner, cab fare, movie tickets, some pot, condoms and booze... and you usually don't score any leg until the third date anyway. By that time, you might've wasted more than \$120.00 on this girl, and gotten nothing back. With a hooker, \$120.00 up front will get you anything you want for the next twelve hours.

Good God, you're serious.

Damn right. The average blowjob only runs about \$20 on the street. For twenty dollars, you could afford two movie tickets and a small snack at McDonald's. What girl do you know that gives blowjobs for "Karate Kid 3" and a quarter-pounder?

None off the top of my head.

Exactly my point. Some whores are even cheaper if you know where to shop. I cruise over by 2nd Ave. and 11th Street. Those girls are really skanky, but they give discounts to NYU students with valid ID's.

Where are the best hookers?

In the yellow pages. They're called "escorts."

I see. How much do they cost?

About \$150.00 an hour, and they charge it to your Visa or MasterCard.

But what if somebody else sees your card statements? What if it's your parents' card?

No problem. The charges are itemized as overdue book fines from Bobst Library.

Convenient.

Good for business.

Any tips for the novice hooker-hunter?

Sure. Never carry your real ID, don't take more money than you can afford to lose, always keep one hand on a concealed weapon, and don't let them out of your sight once they take your money. And don't worry about getting blowjobs in alleyways; even if someone sees you, they won't interfere.

What if you want to go back to your dorm?

Wouldn't that be a little embarrassing?

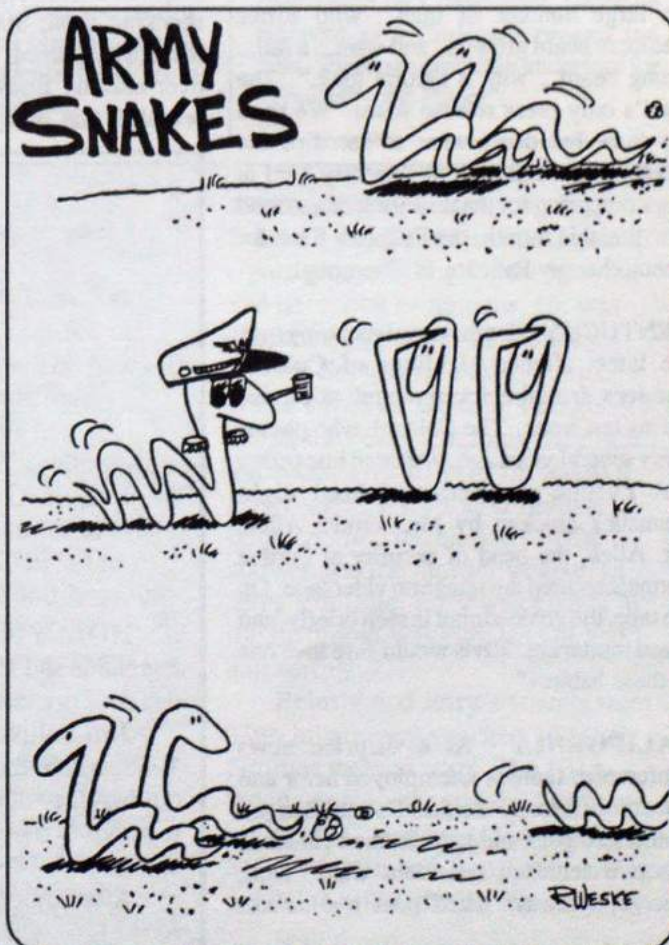
Not necessarily. Just tell the guards it's your mother or your sister or something. They're usually too dense to notice. But if they do, slip 'em a ten and you're cool. It's not like they're real cops or anything.

Well, thanks for your time, Guy. It was really nice of you to share this with us.

My pleasure, Dave.

Don't say my name, Guy.

Sorry.



Hold on, do we count the cover as the first page?

C'mon. Admit it to yourself.

Nobody has to know. In fact, everybody does it.

Even the old lady who lives across the street does it... in public.

Your aunt Beatrice even does it in the aisle at the supermarket.

Yes, both your mother and your father have done it, too, although they'll never admit to it.

There comes a time in your life when you have to stand up and say, "I love reading the

GOSSIP PAGES

HOLLYWOOD - Famed Southern rock pioneers **ZZ Top**, who last year declined a Gillette Razor offer of \$1 million each to shave their trademark beards, accepted a similar offer this week from **Sy Sperling** of the Hair Club for Men. The \$5 million deal includes lifetime membership for the band, who will be spokesmen for the newest division, the Beard Club for Men. The premier of the new line is expected at next week's Paris Hair Festival in Paris, Texas. "The concept," said Mr. Sperling between his almost asthmatic breaths, "is aimed... at the large number of men... who suffer mediocre beard growth... and want... a full... strong beard... with a natural look." The band's only press release states "We need the cash, but don't want to sacrifice the image." Mr. Sperling is currently hard at work preparing for the unveiling of a second new line this month, the Eyebrow Club for Chemotherapy Patients, in Chernobyl.

KENTUCKY - Controversy is brewing over the latest alleged sightings of **Colonel Sanders**, famed chicken mogul, at Purdue Farms last week. The Colonel, who passed away several years ago, was seen inspecting Mr. Purdue's genetically bred eight drumstick chicken by Mr. Jerome Allen. Mr. Allen, the head of security at Purdue Farms, captured the image on videotape. On the tape, the goateed chef is seen briefly, and heard muttering "Elvis would sure love one of these babies!"

CALIFORNIA - At a surprise news conference, famous unemployed actor and sometimes former President **Ronald Reagan** denounced peas and carrots, then *glasnost*. His two sentence statement was, "Well, George, I always hated peas and carrots

myself. Also, Communism sucks, no matter how you look at it." He then attempted to get the Agriculture Department to spray defoliant over much of America's farmland, as well as calling Strategic Air Command and ordering a first strike against Moscow. Advisors to Mr. Reagan say he is currently "resting" in Bellvue's East Wing.

MISSOURI - Famed animal actor **Spuds MacKenzie** was recently discovered to be a girl. Arrested for drunk driving, Spuds was strip-searched, which brought out the awful, shocking truth; Spuds is actually **Jessica Mutt**, a half-breed. Blaming the accident on over-zealous Budwiser officials, Jessica revealed that many other so-called male

animals were, in reality, female. In her final comment, she challenged drinking buddies **Snoopy** and **Mr. Ed** to "come out of the closet."

NEW JERSEY - **Salman Rushdie**, author of the controversial *Satanic Verses*, came out of hiding today when he learned of the Iranian government's repeal of the late **Ayatollah Khomeini's** extermination edict. Mr. Rushdie revealed himself in a news conference held in a Hackensack McDonald's used as a safehouse by the F.B.I. After putting his clothes back on, Mr. Rushdie briefly discussed his time in hiding. Wearing a hairpiece courtesy of the Hair



HOLLYWOOD has had its share of broken relationships, and the *Plague* is sad to have to report the latest such breakup which resulted in the death of one actor and the institutionalization of the other.

Jim Belushi and **Jerry Lee** (the dog) met on the set of *K-9* in the fall of 1988, where they immediately hit things off. They were often seen hanging out together during breaks on the set. They would eat together, joke together—they were even partners when they played bridge against the set's extras.

After shooting ended, but their friendship grew. Jerry dropped his agent,

Club for men, Mr. Rushdie explained how the bureau employed him as manager of the fast food restaurant with the knowledge he would be practically invisible. His latest book, *Christianity is Bullshit*, is about to be released in hardcover. It is also rumored that New York University has been asking Mr. Rushdie to co-professor a class with former mayor **Ed Koch** entitled "How To Really Piss People Off."



HOLLYWOOD - New evidence into the origin of famed cartoon character **Opus** reveals that his father is none other than Mr. Chicken himself, **Frank Purdue**. Travel documents obtained by the *PLAGUE* show that Mr. Purdue was on Antarctic expedition in search of the legendary Yeti Chicken approximately three months before Opus' birth. Other documentation includes a picture of Mr. Purdue fondling an unknown female penguin sitting on his lap while on the ship "Chicken Farm." Other documents include a citizenship paper with the name "F. Pardoo" written under "father" in sloppy, D+ quality penmanship. Mr. Opus' reaction to the news was to spit out a ring-ding he was masticating and blurt out, "Frank Purdue, Ed Koch... Same guy!" and then faint. Opus' attorney, Mr. Steve Dallas, is currently pressing harassment charges against this publication. Mr. Purdue, wearing his new hair weave from the Hair Club for Men, adamantly denied any connection. "I went in search of pre-frozen chicken," he said, "and am now being accused of not caring for a nest egg. As far as I'm concerned, this entire situation is most fowl. My lawyers will keep you abreast of the situation." In our opinion, there is more than enough evidence for Opus to sue for retroactive childcare.



NEW YORK - Real-estate mogul **Donald Trump®** has brought a \$12 million copyright infringement and liability suit against the publishers of "Winning at Bridge - Trumping the Ace." The move comes just weeks after he received the trademarks to "Trump® - the Name." Mr. Trump also announced that in order to finish funding "Trump® - the space shuttle" bought last year under federal de-regulation, he will be foreclosing on Connecticut, which he received as a Christmas present last year. Plans are currently underfoot for "Trump® - the Planet".

manager, and confidants in favor of Belushi, and Belushi fed his cat to Jerry to return the gesture. They would often go to big Hollywood bashes together, they went on weekend trips to countries worldwide, they chased cars together, they even took walks through Central Park where they sniffed the park's native population (other dogs, squirrels, and the homeless.)

However, Belushi became distant from his new friend. Some thought it was because of the release of the movie *Wired* about his brother John, others thought it was his pending divorce, while still others thought it was Jerry's breath that pushed the tolerant Belushi too far. Whatever the reason, it was enough to cause resentment in Jerry. Belushi allegedly tried to make amends, but Jerry would never answer the phone. In his diary,

Belushi cursed phone answering machines "and whoever created the fucking things."

In August of 1989, **Tom Hanks** and newcomer **Beasley** starred in the flick *Turner and Hooch*. The plot was similar to *K-9*: a police officer adjusting to life with his new four legged partner. Yet the results were different—*Turner and Hooch* grabbed the hearts of America. The success of the competition led to fights between Belushi and Jerry, as well as insults, accusations, a countless number of lawsuits, and one taking a leak on the other's leg. The friendship was over.

Belushi went on to film the sequel to *Red Heat*, while Jerry fell into a deep rut. He hung out with the Bad Boys of Hollywood (**Sean Penn** and **Spuds MacKenzie**); he became addicted to booze, cocaine, and Liv-a-

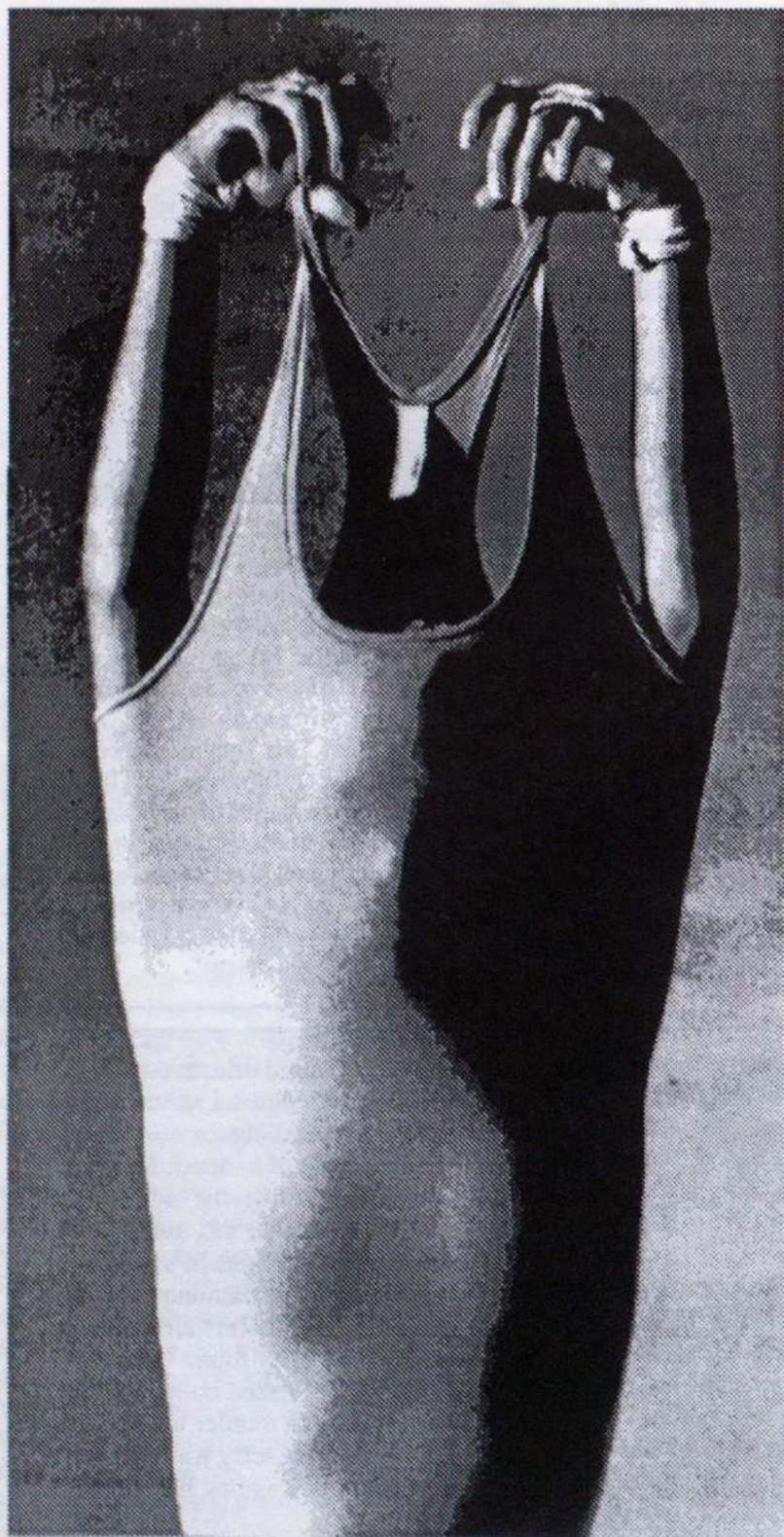
snaps. He would urinate on the fireman, and joined a radical animal rights group calling for the spaying and neutering of humans. He was blacklisted through the industry.

On September 9th, 1989, the world caved in. Belushi's neighbors called the police claiming they heard gunshots. The officers arrived to a grisly sight. They found Belushi's bullet-riddled naked body in the shower and the murder weapon in Jerry's muzzle. Jerry was caught in the bathroom wagging his tail and snickering.

Belushi and Jerry's friends from Tinseltown were shocked and their families were in tears. The NRA reconsidered changing its "People kill people" slogan. Meanwhile, **Steve Martin** and **Benji** are battling for the movie rights to the story.

Stay tuned...

Nope, it'd be 14, because we'd have to count the inside front cover.



**"The
greatest
film of all
time could
finally be
produced."**

Christiano di Lorenzo, Tisch senior

NEW YORK

LOTTO

All you need is a dollar, a dream, and incriminating photos of a studio head.

So this page is— Wait a minute—

The **PLAGUE** reviews the New Brady Bunch

The major question raised by this show is who decided to put it on the air? And for what reason? What convoluted path of logic led to this abortion of modern programming? The Brady Bunch was a cultural icon of the 60's and 70's, complete and whole in and of itself. When the show was cancelled, the cast split up and pursued their individual careers. Eve Plumb ("Jan") and Maureen McCormick ("Marcia") were enjoying lucrative careers in the adult film industry. They didn't need the money. Why act when you get paid more to lay on your back for the camera (and suck a good dick)? Beats the shit out of me.

It seems that America's ideal family has taken a turn for the worse since last we saw them. They used to be a fun-loving, close-knit family unit that went camping together, and never mentioned the tenuous legality of their relationship. Now the family has begun to undergo some serious changes. Marcia's an alcoholic, Jan is sleeping around on her husband, Cindy wears comfortable shoes, Bobby's a cripple, Peter's a womanizer, and Greg is a closet cocksucker. What happened?

First of all, it's becoming painfully obvious that Peter wants to get into Jan's pants. And she's not playing hard to get, either. ("Y'know, Jan, we're not *really* brother and sister." "Bend me over the car hood, Peter!") This is emotionally distressing to me personally, because Jan was always my favorite source of masturbatory fantasy. Especially the thought of a Marcia-Jan sandwich... but I digress.

Mr. Brady is now the mayor of their fine town (what town was that, anyway?). Peter is his right-hand man. Now, do the producers really expect me to believe that Peter isn't skimming off the city budget? Yeah, right. Or that Marcia isn't the slut of the PTA? Okay, *I believe that*.

Let's look at what changed Greg's life. In the original series, he was a very clean-cut (read: Republican) young man who, despite an occasional error in judgement, was very straight and loyal to his family. But something happened which made Greg question his sexual identity in relation to women. It was the infamous "egg incident." In the series' fourth season, an open rivalry developed between Greg and Marcia for superiority. It culminated in a driving contest between them in which they had to navigate an obstacle course, and come to a stop as close as possible to an orange cone upon which an egg was perched. Marcia passed with flying colors. Greg almost did—but a fateful touch on the gas lurched the car forward and killed the egg.

This event deeply shook Greg's sense of identity as a male. Having been raised in a very conventional environment, losing to

his younger sister was a sever blow to his fragile male ego. Forced to view women as competitors rather than partners, Greg slowly began to shift the direction of his affections. Although he married and had kids to appease his parents' expectations of him as the oldest son, he developed a secret life of dick-nibbling and hot protein-shakes.

(To the GLU: Please refrain from firebombing our office for the previous remark. Get a sense of humor for a change.)

Explaining the events behind Jan and Peter are easier. As middle children, they felt at odds with their siblings. The older ones were more successful, and the younger ones received more attention from mom and dad. In order to compete, they overcompensate. Peter pursues women as objects to show his virility over Greg & Bobby, and Jan has extramarital affairs to boost her ego, which suffers from years of being overlooked during adolescence.

So why does Cindy eat pussy? We can blame that on Alice, the housekeeper. It was just your average case of child molestation. 'Nuff said.

So, Marcia's a lush. No surprise there. She's probably been an alcoholic since her teen years, such as the episode in which she and Greg snuck into dad's den and took a bottle of scotch. Due to the suggestive nature of the scenes in which Marcia's underwear is found on the highway with hoof marks, this show never made it to air.

What about Jan and Peter's "incestuous tryst?" That all started on the two-part "special episode" of the old series when they all went on a Hawaiian vacation. The only two characters unaccounted for at the end of the first half are Jan and Peter. Add up the facts: Hawaii; a fourteen year-old boy and a fourteen year-old girl who've been using a common bathroom for three years, and aren't really related; a bikini; hot Hawaii weather; no adult supervision. This equals one thing: Horizontal Bop. You don't believe me? Why were they both smiling so much in the second half?

On a technical level, the show blows the big one. This is the only program I've ever seen that doesn't know how to use a laugh track. Shows like "Three's Company" get away with it because it's supposedly got a studio audience that's laughing at the jokes. But the New Brady Bunch uses the laugh track on outdoor shots where nothing funny is happening. I find myself wishing for something funny to happen—*anything*. Sex jokes, fart jokes, **jokes**. Maybe a guest star would liven things up... what about Traci Lords as a new love interest for Cindy? Maybe Greg's lover comes home to meet the family? Maybe the show gets a plot? (Just a thought.) Check it out and decide for yourself.

Sixteen Easy Steps to a More Pretentious You

by Chris What's-her-name

Out with the old, in with the new! How can you start a new decade, (pronounced "day-cod," see Step One below) without honing that personality trait that makes Kathleen Turner and Larry Hagman the stars they are? No longer does taking the elevator to the second floor and kissing everyone you know on the mouth do the trick! In these status conscious times, you need a little something extra...

- STEP ONE:** Speak in accents that are in no way relative to your ethnic background. When people who know you ask why you are speaking that way, treat them as if they were acting crazy.
- STEP TWO:** Wear spandex wherever you go, regardless of the weather or your sexual preference. Make odd movements with your feet, dance instructor like, and count out loud "five, six, and seven, eight, and one, two, and one and two." Make sure everyone can hear you.
- STEP THREE:** Gives "Strausberg" credit for everything you do. Example: "Did you like my dinner? I got the recipe when I was in Strausberg." Or: "Is that man choking? Here, let me through! I went to Strausberg!"
- STEP FOUR:** When speaking of people who are prominent in their profession, say that their names are synonymous with a thing or place. Example: Bill Blass IS the cufflink, or Ortega WAS Nicaragua.
- STEP FIVE:** Turn every name into a nickname even if it doesn't fit. Example: Jackie [Nicholson], Don [Trump], and Feline [Quayle].

- STEP SIX:** When a famous director is mentioned during a conversation, look visibly uncomfortable and abruptly suggest another subject. This will give the appearance of a past with this person. Example: "I just don't want to talk about Stan [Kubrick] right now. It's over and I just want it to die."
- STEP SEVEN:** Laugh halfway into every joke you hear as though you already know the punchline.
- STEP EIGHT:** Make jokes about famous people but make sure that the punchline makes no sense. This suggests that you know something hidden about a famous person. Example: So Brucie [Willis] is in a deli on 14th and the owner says "Do you want the Cybil Shepherd special today?" and Bru says, "Will you give me a fork with it?"
- STEP NINE:** Laugh hysterically at jokes like these.
- STEP TEN:** Lie that you have a tattoo in a place where you have never seen it.
- STEP ELEVEN:** Pick a groundshaking event and say that this was the day that you had your nipple pierced. Good event: May 1981— Ibuprofen invented.
- STEP TWELVE:** When eating, take a small diamond stud out of your mouth as though your tongue is also pierced. When you talk, make a clicking noise that will leave questions in everyone's mind.
- STEP THIRTEEN:** Sneer a lot.
- STEP FOURTEEN:** Stare a lot.
- STEP FIFTEEN:** Shower rarely.
- STEP SIXTEEN:** Enjoy every opportunity to take advantage of wide amounts of space available to you... much like this article.

Go back to the beginning and count what page we're on.

Are you one of "them"?

One of out every five Americans is one of "them". They eat. They breathe. Many have children. Some hold positions of respect and authority. But all of "them" are menaces to society, threats to our American way of life.

Take the following test. Check off any that apply.

I have:

- eyes.
- ears.
- heads (indicate number).
- noses.
- teeth.
- lungs.
- hands.
- fingernails.
- feet.
- arms.
- legs.
- a major.
- a sexual preference.
- a religious preference.
- enrolled in NYU.
- voted Republican.

If you have checked off any of the above, you may indeed be one of "them".

If you are one of "them", you should jump off a cliff right now— before we kill you all.

For more information write to the Church of the Creator, PO Box 400, Otto, NC 28763 for "Racial Loyalty" newsletter.

Old Problems

article by Frank Sebastiano

Old people around America are getting out of hand. In fact, many are becoming downright criminal in their actions these days. I don't know if it's t.v., peer pressure, or what, but a definite change in attitude has overcome our nation's elderly. They shirk family values in favor of the fast lane. True, they still drive fifteen m.p.h., but they're in the left lane, and in fancier cars, driving with reckless abandon.

These changes are obviously the influence of drugs on the elderly. Not as drug abusers, mind you, but as *drug dealers*. Yes, old people are the up and coming new stars of the drug trade. They drive around, usually four to a car, and visit different pharmacies with forged prescriptions. After getting them filled by an unsuspecting pharmacist, they become the first tier in the distribution of now-illegal drugs. From their hands, the drugs filter down to the common street pusher.

This worries me. Drugs have always been a young business, and these elderly entrepreneurs are undercutting our young, professional dealers. First they got part-time jobs at McDonalds, and now they're selling drugs. Next they'll have paper routes, or start selling girl-scout cookies. Before you know it, they might actually think that they're contributing members of society. Where will it end?

The problem is aggravated by the lack of action from the law-enforcement community. Just about none of the guilty parties ever have to serve jail time. Most are released without sentence, or placed on a lenient probation. I believe harsher punishments are in order. First-time offenders should have their remote-control devices taken away. More serious offenses could be punished by rationing the person's supply of Geritol. Repeat offenders should have their humidifiers and air-cleansing devices confiscated. Without stiffer penalties, the elderly will expand their crime network. Think of the impact of elderly prostitution rings.

There are already several known hangouts for high-stakes Bingo and gin rummy run by old people, usually in association with corrupt clergy. Bocci games in the park often end in bloody confrontations over lost and unpaid wagers. Loan sharking may be the next major elderly crime ring. It won't be obvious at first, but

Old people around America are getting out of hand... becoming casual drug users, driving recklessly, gambling, and displaying loose morals.

become suspicious when you hear on the news that a man has been beaten to death with canes and umbrellas.

There is a way to stop this, though. A good home life is essential to today's old people. Well behaved senior citizens come from caring, nurturing homes. It is our responsibility to detect the signs of problems early, because alertness is the best way to prevent your aged loved one from becoming an elderly delinquent. There are many key questions you should be prepared to ask yourself. Has Grandpa been hanging out with new friends? Staying out late enough to miss The Tonight Show, and getting up late enough to miss Regis Philbin? Does he shun his favorite old sweater in favor of a studded leather motorcycle jacket? Has he discarded his Lawrence Welk Greatest Hits Collection in favor of the new Guns'n'Roses CD? Has the woman of his dreams changed from Jane Russell to Kelly Bundy? Do the neighborhood mothers complain that he bullies their parents?

And keep an eye on Grandma. Are the hemlines on her skirts getting dangerously high? Is the twelve-year-old paperboy no longer a virgin? Are there dirty words scribbled in the T.V. Guide crossword puzzle?

Does the UPS man hate delivering to your house for fear of sexual harassment? Does she heckle Pat Sajak on "Wheel of Fortune?" Does she leave the house *sans bra*?

If you answered "yes" to any of the above questions, be alerted. Your old person is on a sure-fire course to self-destruction. The harm that they could do to themselves

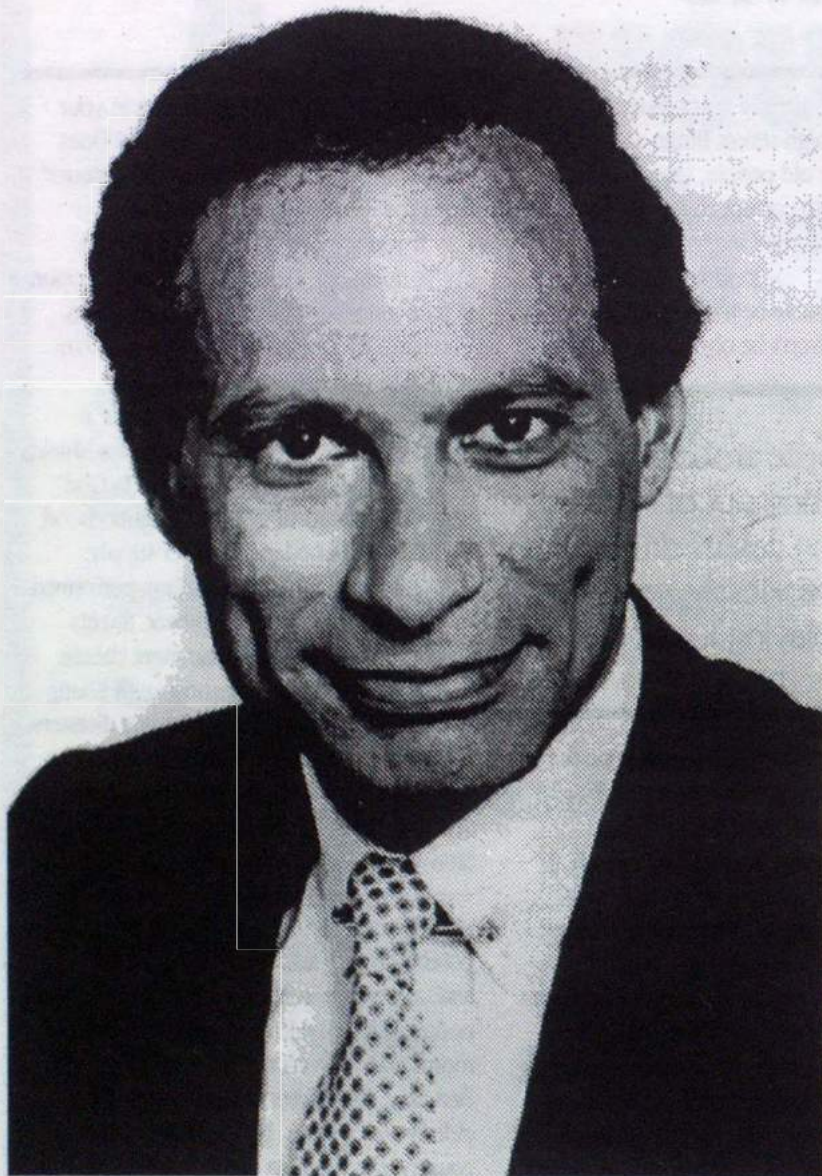
and to other people is all but unimaginable. Imagine this: Oatmeal raisin cookies thrown through windshields of moving cars. "George Burns is God" spray-painted all over the neighborhood. Ex-Lax dumped in the water supply. Massive amounts of vandalism performed with shuffle-board equipment. Streets littered with rotten government cheese. Gangs of old ladies beating up fit young men. Fire, famine, floods, airline disasters.

All because the elderly were allowed to run rampant unchecked. We have to take this seriously before Bob Hope and Jimmy Stewart run for the Oval Office.

An exaggeration? No. This is a real and potent threat to us all, and we must rise up and take action in our own best interest. Old people should be locked up in comfortable rooms with television, cream of wheat, and Ben-Gay. The effects of freedom for the elderly are obvious. For eight years, this country was run by a geriatric out-patient named Reagan who couldn't remember anything that happened since 1956. He didn't even remember the names of his own advisors. The Golden Girls should be home *watching* television, not *on* it. Tommy John is still trying to play baseball. George Burns refuses to die. Martha Raye is still raving about her dentures. Why do these people refuse to croak? They seem to want to stick around forever and make life difficult for the rest of us. The only old person who was ever good for *anything* was Roy Orbison, and he cashed in his chips when he was just getting good.

There's simply no justice in this world.

Go along now, scoot.



**"I'd buy a
purple
trolley and
drive it all
over
Greenwich
Village."**

Leonard Stern, businessman

**NEW YORK
LOTTO**

All you need is a dollar, a dream, and a seat on the Trustee's board.

Don't worry about me, I'll be **fine**. Go!

PLAGUE Music to Sideways Dance to

Reviews by Rob Weske

PUBLIC ENEMIES

DON & IVANA'S LOVE SONGS



What you would think this album is doing is capitalizing on the recent Trump divorce. But in fact this record is a dramatic transitional piece. The tension is there, and that's why the recordings sizzle. Don's strong vocals really dominate and monopolize the album, just as he does the Jersey Shore. "Taj Mahal" is stirring, with Ivana playing a mean banjo. Don's harmonica has improved since his work on U2's "Rattle and Hum." My favorites: "Ivana Hold Your Hand To The Pre-Nupt," and their equally ironic "From The Penthouse To The Outhouse." This is truly the Trump's "White Album." Just look at the foreshadowing tension of Ivana's "You Unfeeling Bastard," and Don's "She's So Old, Marla's So Young." Only \$155.99 on vinyl, cassette, or 8-track tape, \$165.99 CD.

Raymond Burr Celebrates 23 Years of the doors



Raymond Burr never ceases to amaze us with his "tribute" albums. He's covered many diverse artists such as Culture Club, The Bangles, Roy Orbison, Zamfir and his magic Pan Flute, and Led Zeppelin. This 15-track "Best Of" collection of Jim Morrison's late 60's poems set to Ray Manzarek's LSD-induced organ work covers all the bases. Yes, they are all here. Burr rips through "Roadhouse Blues," "L.A. Woman," and "Break On Through." He botches up "Light My Fire," however, when he sings the middle verse in Yugoslavian. (The balalaika solo doesn't work, either.) "Peace Frog" and "Love Me Two Times" could be stronger if Burr chose to sing them instead of going for dramatic effect by speaking the lyrics to music. The only real bright spot is his version of that apocalyptic anthem "The End," in which he re-writes the song with his own lyrics. ("This is the end— now bend. I'm mounting you and your backbone-will never mend.") I'm eagerly awaiting his future tribute albums for Tone Loc and Eric Clapton. Available on Arista Records, \$18.99 cassette/ \$22.99 CD.

NEW
SIDS
S

Didn't I turn your stomach this time?



on the BLOCK

The teen-age Punk divas, "New Sids On The Block" have drooling, adolescent disciples everywhere you look. One teen-aged fan sent the Sids a letter and a chewed up stick of gum, instructing the group to "re-wet the gum with any moist area they can find on their person and send it back. Don't tell my mom. Love, Debbie Gibson." Yes, the Sids are hip, young, and punk. They bring everyone to their feet with "Anarchy In The B.K.," "God Save The Queer," and the equally danceable "She Was Only Sixteen (but I'm Thirteen & Proud)." The Sids get Latin with the Lambada-Flavored "School-Bus Blues." There's a Marley-esque tune called "Love On De Playground, Mon" that's hard to stay still to. Young guns to some, talentless to many, tasteless to all, but marketable, so what the hell. Turn off your mind and float downstream with the rest of the refuse.

Michelle Spocked



Michelle Spocked's first album gets off on the right foot with her stirring ballad, "Somewhere Over The Milky Way." She plays a mean clarinet on "Vulcan Love." The danceable "Beam Me Up" will be released this spring as a single. "Spock-n-Roll" is the rocker of the group, and Michelle gets clever with her Grateful Dead tribute, "Trekkin' —got beamed up today! Just trekkin' — what will Kirk say? Bones McCoy and the gang —ready to go where no man has gone befo!..." The only weak spot on the album is the duet with Peter Cetera for the song used in the title sequence of The Karate Kid V: The Sacrifice. But Michelle's rowdy remake of the Allman Brother's "Whipping Post" sends this album out of this world.

NUTLEY

article by Frank Sebastiano

Nutley is the town I live in. It will always be the town I live in. Unless I move. We are proud of many things in Nutley, but our biggest claim to fame is our status as "Drunk Driving Capital Of The World." Every July we have "Drunk Driving Appreciation Week," which features such festivities as puking contests and the big race through town. The contestants are judged strictly for form and content in the "puke-off." The race resembles an episode from "Dukes Of Hazzard," except we have more blood. During that week, the "Walk - Don't Walk" street signals are replaced with ones that flash "Stay On The Sidewalk - Stay Indoors." We take drunk driving very seriously, and have considered secession from the Union if our efforts to legalize it as a sanctioned form of recreation fail.

Not that we want *everyone* driving around drunk. What kind of lunatics do you think we are? People who wish to drive drunk legally will have to receive a special license from the town. This license will be received after the applicant passes a written and a road drunk driving test. The reason that there are so many drunk driving accidents is that nobody seems to know how to do it right. To remedy this, we will be instituting "Drunk Driver's Education" in our local schools. This will make laws against driving under the influence unnecessary.

There are other laws that we would like to abolish as well. The problem with people ripping off mattress tags is a good example. Last year alone, Nutley officials recorded more than ten thousand arrests by the mattress police. This resulted in one-third of our population being jailed and later placed on probation. A small percentage of those arrested were also

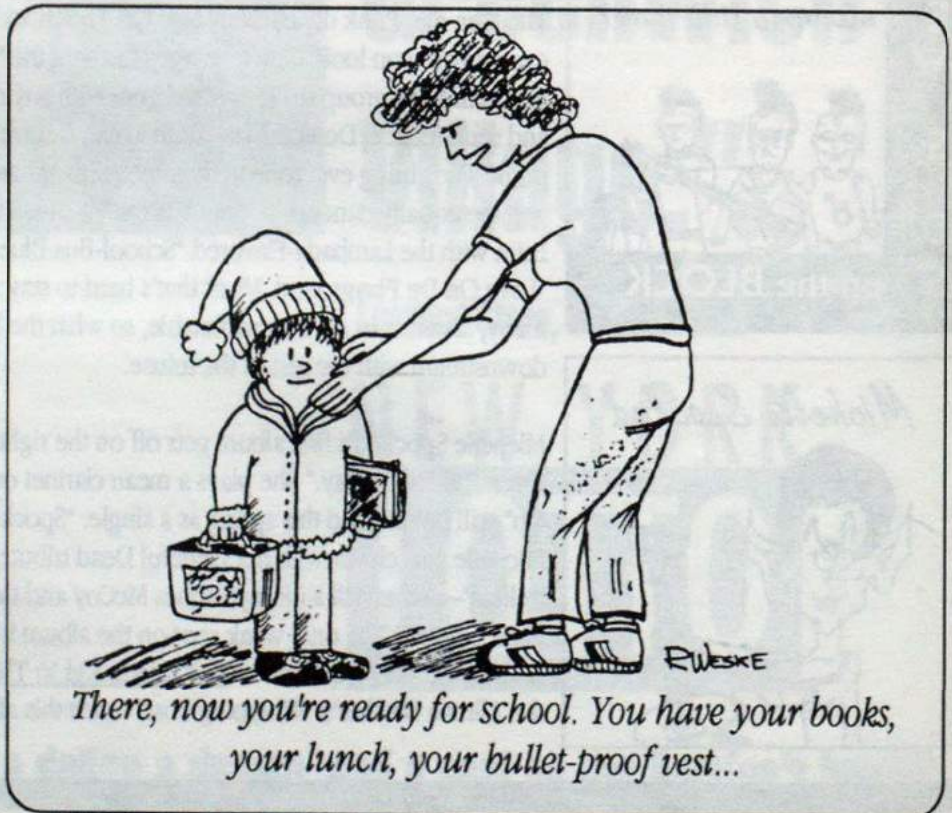
caught removing the tag while under the influence of a controlled substance (Colt 45), and subsequently lost their right to own and operate a mattress for six months.

Spitting in public is another favorite Nutley pastime that is prohibited by law. However, we are a congested people, and are always coughing up phlegm. This leaves us with the dilemma of hocking one up outside or waiting (quite uncomfortably, I might add) to dispose of our mucus indoors, away from prying eyes. This may seem like a trivial matter to outsiders, but Nutleyites know that last year alone the phlegm police made more than ten thousand arrests for "public expectoration." A small percentage of those arrested were found to be S.W.I. - Spitting While Intoxicated - and lost their right to own and operate phlegm for six months.

Statistics regarding arrests on drunk driving charges are unavailable. Our regular police are too tanked up to run anyone in. Besides, the town's police car doesn't have an FM radio, so no one wants to drive it.

Nutley has a very efficient parks system. The nicest park in town is called the Mud Hole. As the name implies, the consistency of the ground is usually of a soft, wet, and slimy quality. This is an ideal place for children to play unattended. The deep murky pond at the bottom of the hill is perfect for preventing overcrowding in the schools. It's not that kids drown in the pond - they don't often get that much time. The family of Piranha that breed in the pond aren't very finicky when something falls in. To accommodate the water-shy children, the

continued on page 34



La-te-da-daa-dum-dum-dum-dum...



N.I.Y.U.

New Improved York University



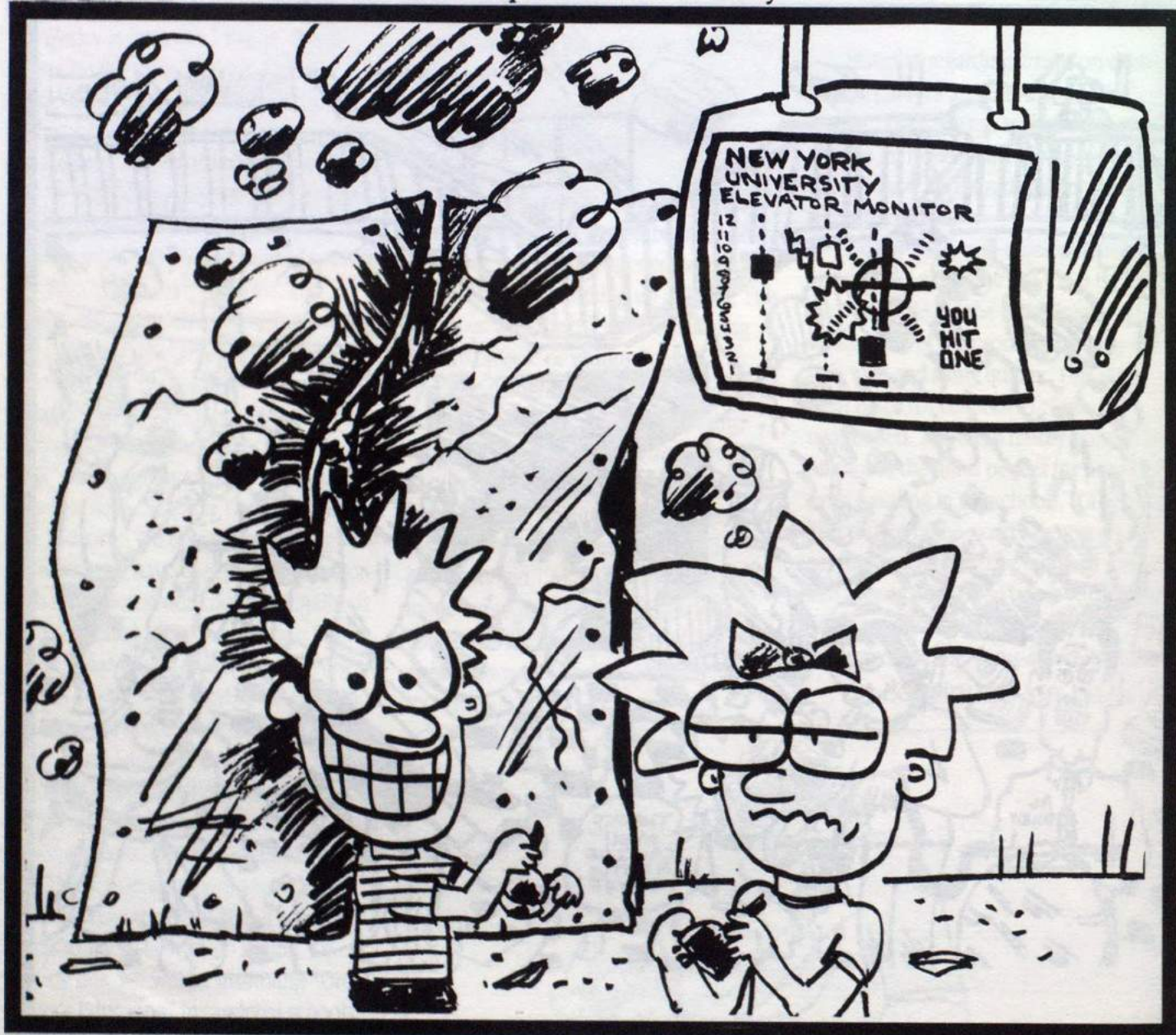
The student housing shortage is a thing of the past in the New, Improved York University. With the transformation of Elmer Holmes Bobst Library into Elmer Holmes Bobst *Residence Hall*, dormitory space is now plentiful — and fun! Books? They'll hardly be missed by the 5,000 new residents of the swankiest dorm on campus as they discover the simple but sublime pleasures of swinging from floor to floor — city-as-a-jungle *indeed!* — on jerry-built undergarment tethers. And should a few die-hard academic grinds require access to the 3 million volumes previously available there, the university has arranged for borrowing privileges with the sidewalk book vendors on St. Mark's Place. -- J. P. Chan / illustration by R. Weske

Tie a yellow ribbon round the old oak tree...



N.I.Y.U.

New Improved York University



The dreaded Main Building morning elevator crush is no longer a nuisance in the New, Improved York University. Thanks to a generous gift from the Nintendo Corporation, the previously monotonous wait for the next car— not to mention the crowded ride up— now becomes... dangerous. Feeling lucky? Grab a joystick and test your manual dexterity as you try to land the hapless lift in your sights. High scorers of the day will win a \$25. gift certificate to the Book Center, but with Elevator Nintendo™, everyone's a winner: endowment-per-student goes up with every successful hit, and flabby students will discover the truly healthful effects of walking up ten flights of stairs.

Oh, you're back. About bloody time.



N.I.Y.U.

New Improved York University



You *definitely* won't believe the hype when Public Enemy's Professor Griff joins the faculty of the New, Improved York University. As the only hip-hopping lecturer on campus, Prof. Griff promises — and delivers! — lively classroom discussion, especially for those on kosher meal plans. Peppering his lectures with rhyme, vicious anti-Semitism, and a beat that just won't quit, this Minister of Information is bound to keep awake even the most jaded. After a semester with Griff, students will truly want to fight the powers that be, especially those with the ability to grant tenure.

So what page are we on?

NIYU Women Studies Department
announces its Summer 1990 program
STUDY A BROAD!

That's right! How would you like to earn credit by associating with and escorting famous ladies around for a semester? Visit the sights that only posh people are privileged to. Learn how to kiss ass and get rich. Some light housekeeping is involved, and you must provide your own tuxedo for social events, and your own scuba gear for those unexpected moments.

Program List:

VD1. 0083.26 Tammy Faye Baker
(same as G23. 6543.01 Theological Frauds)

A great and thorough program for those who want to learn how to get rich by swindling widows of their savings and social security via religious propaganda. Duties include P.R., consoling Tammy while Jim rots in prison, makeup removal (bring own sandblaster), and learning correct sterilization and application of false eyelashes. Luxury accommodations provided in a nearby, air-conditioned dog house. The final exam will require the student to design and execute his/her own religious scam netting over \$500,000.

D87. 6543.21 - 00 Oprah Winfrey
(same as G23. 3482.01 Caring For Bulemics)

A must for SEHNAP students, and strongly recommended for students majoring in Dietary Nursing. Help this star maintain a balanced weight for an entire semester without the use of stomach pumps or syrup of Ipecac. At the culmination of the course, Oprah will reveal all of your deepest fears and obsessions live on national television.

Prerequisites: you must be able to be Oprah's friend, and get along with all her other friends. The final exam will involve trying to win favors from Oprah, such as tuition or a full-time nanny. African Studies minor recommended for all applicants.

WH1. 8892. 02 Barbara Bush

(same as G26. 0051. 01 Geriatric Care)

The perfect study program for Political Science majors, especially Republicans. Let's face it, if you can stomach kissing ass to this weather-beaten old axe, Congress will look like a dream. No fashion experience necessary, although extensive knowledge of polyester, Geritol, and faux pearls may win you points. Pro-Choice/Animal Rights activists urged not to apply. Broccoli lovers given first consideration. A conservative outfit, pre-browned nose, and an air-sick bag recommended.

Z88. 82XS.01 Roseanne Barr

(same as A16.0021.01 ARA Services Internship)

Highly recommended for Hotel Management Studies Majors. Prerequisites include at least three years experience in food service. Duties primarily include cooking pork, sides of beef, making sandwiches, overseeing delivery of liquor and soda, baking dessert, cleaning, laundry, taking phone messages, repairing broken furniture, mud-wrestling with her most-holy-obeseness, taking out the trash, and more cooking. A true challenge for those thinking of being parents.

DYK. 6969.02 Andrea Dworkin

(same as V89.5352.01 Theories of Penis Envy)

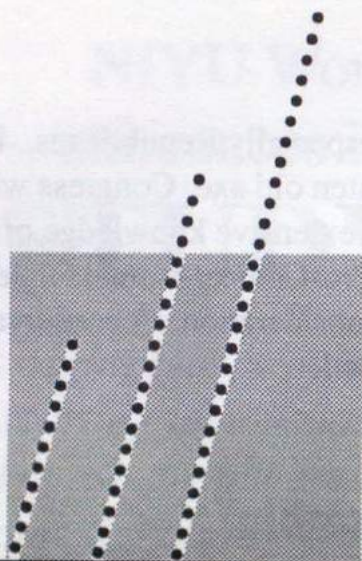
The heroine of all Women's Studies Majors, the ultimate woman in comfortable shoes, this leader of the Feminist Anti-Porn Coalition is accepting recruits for ~~boot camp~~... internship. Topics covered will include why men are scumbags, why all sexually-related material is smut unless a woman wrote it, why women who love men are whores, and the latest techniques in ~~firebombing clinics~~ ... anti-abortion activism. Prerequisites: Comfortable shoes, a butch haircut, no makeup, and one good tattoo. No (straight) men accepted.

FOX. 1010.10 Christina Applegate

(same as V89.0987.27 Psychology Of Wet Dreams)

This course is open to all schools and majors. No prerequisites. Duties include being pampered and intoxicated, bathing and being bathed by Ms. Applegate, going out to L.A. dance clubs every night, some casual photography, and being treated like a cuddly stuffed animal.

(Note: As of this writing, FOX.1010.10 is closed due to extensive faculty pre-registration. Students may register for the waiting list, which is about twelve years long at this point.)



There's an old saying that academics (people like your NYU professors, except that they're respected in their fields) like to recite every now and then: It's easier to get published than to get read. Doubtless, many of your learned, tenure-seeking instructors had to learn this veritable Chicken McNugget of knowledge the hard way. But that doesn't mean that you'll have to squander many precious years becoming a tired and bitter pedant to discover the truth of this statement. No, at NYU, the students are only too eager to unwittingly illustrate what your profs would rather not admit:

SO MANY SLICK DESKTOP SO LITTLE TIME

If there's one thing that shortage-ridden New York University has an abundance of (besides elevator operators and dilapidated dorms), it's publications. Every club, every activity, and every do-nothing office of the NYU bureaucracy, it seems, has its own semi-weekly / fortnightly / semesterly / hourly informational / religious / literary / pornographic newspaper / newsletter / leaflet / four color scratch-n-sniff pull out centerfold. Given the number of organizations our not inconsiderable student fees support, it would be impossible to count—let alone *read*—all the publications emanating from this expensive urban institution. Hereupon, as a service to the NYU community, the *Plague* examines and distills the content of the most important campus publications so you don't have to.

You forgot to count them?

THE PLAGUE'S CONVENTIONAL WISDOM WATCH

Being one of (if not ~~the~~) largest private Universities in America, N.Y.U. has become inundated with student periodicals. Some are actually worth reading, while others are a waste of ink and paper. The Plague is here to help you sort out the champagne from the swill with our handy-dandy, ultra-modern, super-slick cross-referenced chart, courtesy Starstruck Graphics.

NYU TODAY



Old c.w.: Publicity for trustees.
New c.w.: Might help bury the board.

HYPE



Worthless publication from people who still think R.E.M. is "way cool."

HOTLINE



Old c.w.: same listings as the Voice.
New c.w.: Better layout than the Voice.

MINETTA REVIEW



Ok, even we recognize that some of these author-wanna-be's can write.

NEW INK



Competition for the Minetta Review. Keep your eyes open.

MANHATTAN SOUTH



They call this Journalism?

W.S.N. WEEKEND



Old c.w.: Now we have to suffer through the weekend, too.
New c.w.: Personals are funny enough to merit a look.

WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS



Good for making paper airplanes.

THE PLAGUE



Dude!

PUBLISHED JOURNALS,

Name of Publication & Self-description

Washington Square News, NYU's Student Newspaper
The Courier, NYU's Fortnightly News Magazine
Brownstone, The Political & Cultural Voice of African-Americans
Forum, A Publication of the Jewish Culture Foundation
NY View, Public Trends and Policy
NYU Today, A Newspaper for the NYU Community
Minetta Review, The Literary Journal of NYU
Voices of Reason, A Newsletter by the NYU Objectivist Club
Plague, The Only *Intentionally* Punny Publication on Campus

News?	Editorials?	Culture?	Sports?	Poetry?	Recipes?	Big headlines for morons?	"Dick" jokes?	Dick Butkis jokes?
Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	*	No	"	No	No
Yes	Yes	"	No	No	No	For sure	No	No
No	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	No	No	No	No
No	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	No	No	No
No	†	No	No	No	No	Yes	No	No
Yes††	Yes††	Yes††	Yes††	Yes††	Yes††	Yes††	No	No
No	No	No	No	†††	No	No	*	No
No	**	No	No	No	***	No	No	No
No	Yes	.	"	"	¥	Occasionally	¥¥	None until now.

* Does "Fragments" count?

" Only when tuition is raised.

"** Do puff pieces on local rock bands count?

† They'd be nothing without them.

†† Only when approved by the Administration.

††† Some would say *too* much.

• Occasionally, but only in sonnets.

** Only ones propagating the views of a certain dead authoress.

*** Only ones that involve boiling alive rightless creatures.

* Only reviews of films that cost only a quarter to get into.

" Only the kinds played in films that cost only a quarter to get into.

"** Only the kind where you can say "fuck" and not use capital letters.

¥ Not usually.

¥¥ We'd be nothing without them.

What good are you, anyway?

QUICK & EASY EXCUSES

These multiple choice answers to pressure situations will help you get out of dire situations. Study them so you can avoid looking foolish when pressured. If you memorize these answers, you can choose any of them quickly and instinctively, and you can throw this issue away a week earlier.

“Why do you keep coming into class late? Every day you can’t seem to make it on time. Why?”

This question may be asked by a variety of authority figures in different situations; i.e., a professor, teaching assistant, or spouse or parent. We suggest:

- A) I’m on time. You are all early and have no patience.
- B) Don’t talk to me that way! I’m related to the dean!*
- *for spouse or parent, substitute “God” for “dean”. They are the same in context.
- C) Oh well, I always think it’s more polite to relieve my gastric pains in the hallway, but if you insist...
- D) None of your fucking business, asshole!!!

“What are you doing Friday?”

This is a common question that strikes a painful chord of fear in many people. It could be asked by that guy in your sexual behaviour class that asked you for the time once, then started showing you pictures of his camping trip to Manitoba. It could also be asked by the girl sitting next to you in computer science class that has been eyeing you up lovingly since you pointed out the lint clinging to her feable cleavaged sweater. This can be a hair-raising situation. Proceed with caution.

- A) Oh, my cult meets every Friday, and its my turn to bring the sheep. Do you want to come? Wear black... (Warning: Do not try this with gothics or Satanists! You may be exposing yourself to people even weirder than yourself!)
- B) Hmmm... Let me think. Oh, that’s the night I’m flying down to D.C. to do some crack with the mayor.
- C) Friday? No! Not Friday! That’s the day I dedicate to the reverend with private meditation and a sponge bath while being photographed! He can’t be ignored!!!
- D) I’m spending the evening with Charles Kuralt. He makes a mean taco. Why?

An Apology

We, the editors of the *Plague*, would like to apologize for the gaudy, tasteless, and sophomoric layout of the preceeding two pages. We here at The Plague strive to produce a quality publication free of such tackiness. This *Spy*-like tomfoolery will not happen again. We promise. Now, would you like to buy an Isuzu?

Oh, yeah?

“Why haven’t you called me?”

This is, to be specific, a vague question. Being so vague, there are thousands of possible answers; millions if you are being asked this during a phone conversation. Be careful of the pressure. Speed and accuracy are a must.

- A) Hello, [insert your name here] isn’t home right now. Please leave your name and number after the beep and we will get right back to you. Honestly! Beep.
- B) Oh, I’ve been so busy lately. You know, my close friend and old [cub scout/ brownie] troupe leader Brent Mussburger is out of work, and I’ve been trying to rustle him up something...
- C) I’ve been calling you up, Dammit! But every time I call, that insensitive ex-convict Donnie keeps answering your phone and saying... You know, your live-in lover, Donnie! You met him at Rykers, remember? The one with the... oh, I’m sorry! That wasn’t you!
- D) I would have called, but for the past few weeks I’ve just been hanging out with and getting weird with Sandy Duncan. You know, the “Wheat Thins” chick? She does this really cool thing with her glass eye...

“I think we will start with you. Will you read us what you wrote for the assignment?”

Gulp. Fear. Skid marks on the Fruit of the Looms. We’ve all been in this situation before. But have you tried these excellent responses?

- A) No, but I can do my Viking impersonation for you if you wish.
- B) Okay. But first, why don’t you tell us a bit about how you got your PhD?
- C) I would start on my essay, but, for some obscure reason, it is written in Japanese! Someone must have switched essays on me! Fong must think he’s pulled one over on me! Well, he’s got another think coming...
- D) Well, if you’re gonna be that way, you can just put cold slabs of lunch meat all over your body and roll down a hill, you pushy, obnoxious educator, you!
- E) Nope. However, I can read something from this hot new issue of the *Plague* I’ve had my eyes glued to for the last two weeks.



Sick of making excuses?

Do you suffer from pattern baldness? You don't have to. There's no reason to tolerate the jokes, the abuse, the humiliation.... not when you can have a full head of hair in just six months. It's so gradual, no one will notice you've done it until it's finished. By then, you're a whole new man! For an introductory package, send only \$199.95 in cash, check, or money order to:



Bob's Hair Club
P.O. Box 140306
Dallas, TX, 75214



I can **too** count them myself!

The PLAGUE

WHY NORIEGA HAS ACNE CRATERS COVERING HIS FACE:

- He's popped every zit he has ever had in his life.
- It's a plot to gain the sympathy of America's teenagers, in hope that they will demonstrate for him and demand his release as their spiritual leader.
- Genetics.
- He's had chicken pox thirty-five times.
- So at parties he can impress broads with his "surface of the moon impression."
- More liquid passes through his sweat glands than through the Panama Canal.
- He takes steroids.
- One morning, when he was in high school, Noriega left the house with some Clearasil caked on his face from the night before and the ensuing barbs of his peers left him forever bitter towards all pimple creams.
- His dermatologist was too grossed out to treat him properly.
- He's a dirty, slimy bastard.
- As a young boy, he saw his

father struck dead by a speeding Oxy 5 truck, causing him to break down into tears at the sight of acne medicine.

WHY DRUGS MAKE YOU LOOK COOL:

- Self-explanatory.

WHY TWO OF BILL'S KIDS ON COSBY ARE HALF-WHITE:

- Caucasian mailman.
- To divert attention from Theo's acting.
- They've been indoors their entire lives.
- To enhance the credibility of the season finale, where Michael Jackson joins the cast as Bill's long lost niece.
- For asshole comedians to make dumb lists about.
- To enhance the credibility of the series finale, where we find out that Lisa Bonet and the other one were both mistakenly switched at birth by a wacky nurse played by Charlotte Rae.
- The real Huxtable kids turn out to be Kristy McNichol and Natalie from **Facts of Life**. The

series ends with everyone doing a wacky lip sync, and leaving a spin-off starring the Charlotte Rae character called **Switched at Birth**.

- The casting director was Ray Charles.

WHY HUGH HEFNER DEVOTED A SPECIAL ISSUE OF PLAYBOY TO HIS ~~WIFE~~ NEW BRIDE:

- This is the only way he gets to see her naked.
- He wanted to have some nude photos of her.
- He gets off on the thought of a million guys beating off to pictures of his wife.
- This issue is meant as a fun but practical anatomy textbook for schools.
- He loves to brag.
- He's into S&M but his wife isn't, so he saves the photos where she has a staple through her.
- That's how much they're really in love.
- To prove she didn't marry him because of his money and power.

Look, just because I go to Tisch—

EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO YOU (VOLUME #57 IN A SERIES OF 14)

- The rebirth of an age old ritual practiced by newlywed Quakers.
- He's a dirty, slimy bastard.
- His dick doesn't work anymore, so all he can do is look.

THE ONLY REASON TO WATCH GERALDO:

- At any moment, some crazed member of the studio audience might beat him to a pulp.

BENEFITS TO A KID WHOSE MOM DOES PHONE SEX FOR A LIVING:

- If you get in trouble at school, it costs the principal \$3.50 a minute to call your mom at work.
- Great bedtime stories.
- Always a hit at PTA meetings.
- Fun times when her co-workers babysit.
- Excellent company picnic.
- She can't really yell at you if she catches you jerking off.
- Good business contacts for your future.
- She's the most popular speaker

at "Career Day."

- Female gym teachers will be nice to you because they'll all know your mom.

NEGATIVE THINGS ABOUT THE DEMOLITION OF THE BERLIN WALL:

- Left national handball teams with no home court.
- Another chance for our president to embarrass himself.

- Easterners really only knocked down the wall to add on a family room.
- Unified hockey team will kick everybody's ass.
- Thousands of wall climbing supplies makers left unemployed.
- More tourists on line for **Space Mountain...** ahead of you.
- Assholes making souvenir paperweights out of wall fragments.
- Eastern government never got around to posting huge "Beware of Dog" sign.

TOP 10 REASONS WHY THE PLAGUE DOESN'T DO A TOP 10 LIST:

- 10: Too many video majors would want to film us writing it.
- 9: Our proofreaders can't count that high.
- 8: NBC's lawyers can beat up our lawyers.
 - We refuse to use the number 7 until Nelson Mandela is fr— what? He what?
Never mind.
- 6: We didn't want to leave **Late Night at Rubin Hall** without any ideas.
- 5: Our **editors** can't count that high.
- 4: It's cooler to rip off **Arsenio** nowadays.
- 3: Lawrence Tisch owns CBS.
- 2: We're afraid someone will organize a readers' boycott against us, too.
- 1: There are only nine funny reasons.

All right, I'll prove it. Wait right here.

town council installed a quicksand pit at the bottom of the slide. It's a big hit with the parents. But when I was a kid, I found a better playground: the Hoffman-LaRoche Landfill.

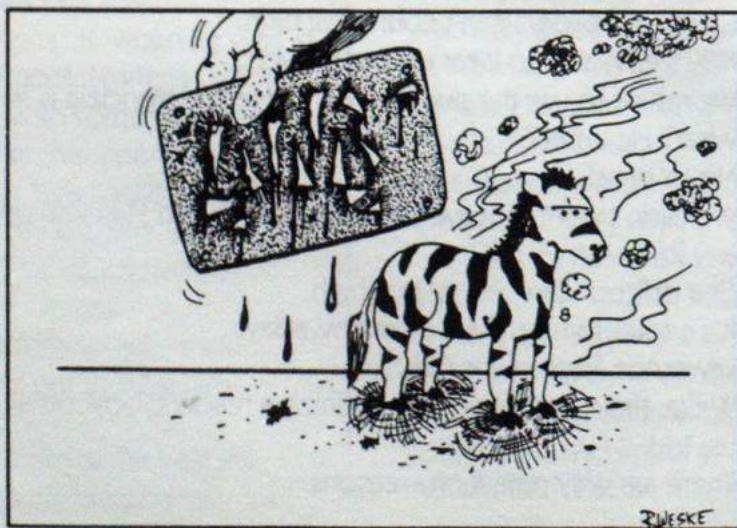
It was a great play area for kids. At least once you got past the electrified fence. Yes, I must have fried more than a few brain cells climbing that fence. Yes, I must have fried more than a few brain cells climbing that fence. Yes, I must have fried more than a few brain cells climbing that fence. It was worth it, though. I used to be able to jump-start the family car when the battery died. The stacks of crates marked "Medical Waste" made great cover for hide-and-seek. The used needles inside the crates were great for dart-throwing battles. Not a day went by without one of my friends or I getting violently stabbed with one during a harmless game of "knife-fight." It was all in good fun, but it often led to weeks in intensive care.

I also remember that there was a beautiful stream behind the landfill. It bubbled up from an invisible wellspring under the toxic waste canisters. It was always there when we needed to wash out major wounds, or quenching our thirst on a hot day. It consisted of a thin flow of multi-colored liquids, but it was mostly green and yellow. Sure, it tasted strange, but it was wonderful to look at, and it was a marvelous thing to inhale the fumes. This often made all the colors run together in a remarkable and indescribable hue. It also induced a mysterious feeling of ecstasy and invincibility. We all loved that technicolor stream. We went to the stream every

day after school, just to sit and breathe the fumes. We stopped playing, doing homework, or even watching t.v. The stream became the center of our lives. We had to be there at all times, at any cost. When school ended, we would spend days at the stream in a marathon fume binge. Eventually, we realized that our collective habit was out of control, and sought help. Thankfully, we all started snorting cocaine, and were released from our horrible addiction.

This fiasco didn't help the town image one bit, and I worry about this quite a bit. Tourism is Nutley's second largest economic base, next to sea-monkey farming. Nutley has the natural allure of being part of George Washington's retreat route from the British. You can even stop in at Rivelli's Bar, where George stopped in to get plastered and forget about the advancing British for a while. Despite this, every year fewer people turn out for such perennial Nutley favorites as "the guy with the birthmark on his tongue," and "Ernie the Wonder Snail." Year-round skunk hunting has declined in popularity as well. But I am still proud to be from Nutley. When I saw that it was the only town on the #32 bus list at Port Authority defaced by graffiti, a tear came to my eye. I don't even mind that it was misspelled.

GOD'S STENCILS



Recently, some people had some electric shavers stolen from their dormitory (ahem--Residence Hall) bathroom. We informed the residence hall management, and two weeks later, the following letter was placed in every resident's mailbox:

New York University

A private university in the public service

NYU Residence Hall
Washington Square North
New York, NY 10011-9154
Telephone: (212) 970-3825

February 3, 1990

To: All expensive electric shaver owning residents
From: Residence Hall Manager's Office

It has come to our attention that there has been a rash (pardon the pun) of thefts involving facial depilation instruments. To protect such property, Residence Hall administration and N.Y.U. Protection Services recommends compliance with the following:

**TIPS FOR HOLDING ON TO EXPENSIVE THINGS LEFT
IN YOUR SUITE BATHROOM**

1. **Keep the suite door closed at all times.** This will prevent unauthorized entry into the suite.
2. **Keep all valuable items in your room, not the bathroom.** This will eliminate the temptation to steal.
3. **Don't flush the toilet.** This will discourage all persons — unauthorized and otherwise — from entering the bathroom.

Remember: property is a thing that people steal. Protect your valuables!

Sincerely,

Clarence Phipps

Resident Hall Manager's Office

The
PLAGUE

Did you know that this is the 13th anniversary issue of the Plague? You did? Oh, well. We needed something to fill the bottom of the page, and we spent a lot of time on these fancy logos...

All right. **This** is page 35.





**"I'd stop
taking
these
sexist
modeling
jobs."**

Rebecca Sunnybrook, actress / model

**NEW YORK
LOTTO**

All you need is a dollar, a dream, and... you're looking at this instead of her?

That's counting from the contents page, other wise it'd be 35.

Editor's Note: We were a little reluctant to run the next article: it may be the single longest piece the **Plague** has ever printed in its history, and we thought that most people wouldn't be able to sit down and read the column in its entirety. But when this anonymous article was found laying in the back of the office under the doughnuts, we also found this photo. What was written on the back tugged at our heartstrings.



This child was born to parents who wanted him to get into the film business desperately, going so far as to name him after an Academy Award-winning director. He came to NYU wide eyed and full of innocence—and

was promptly chewed up by "the system." Being permanently stigmatized as "Too Stupid for Other Activities" he left the school after his sophomore year, turned to street mime, and was never heard from again. This may be the last surviving photo of the poor lad—seen here lying awake at night pondering camera angles from which to shoot his parents' disappointed reactions.

Perhaps if he'd read this, things might have been different for Francois Truffaut Andzejczyk.

So in the hopes of preventing more burned-out students at NYU's world-renowned school of Film and Television, the **Plague** is proud to present...

SURVIVING TSOA UNDERGRADUATE FILM

Fade in. After four long, grueling years in TSOA UGF/TV, I can't help but have learned a few things. Not so much on an academic level as on a *practical* level. I've learned valuable (albeit cash expensive) lessons. Being as I am prone to running off at the mouth without provocation, I would like to take this opportunity to pass on some of my experience to those of you who are either beginning your career in the film school, or are stuck living with someone who is. While not infallible, this advice is likely to be applicable throughout your stay at this prestigious institution (read: *cheap expensive*—diploma mill.).

Rather than bother with what other people think of TSOA students (we all know *that* by now—“Oh... you're in *Tisch*.”) let's look instead at how people within UGF/TV treat each other. First of all, don't ever make the mistake of thinking that your instructors really like you. Your parents send the college money every semester to make them act that way. Try not paying sometime, and see if any of them remember your name. Also, don't mistake the humanoids behind the counter at Advanced Checkout for human beings. These are walking, breathing examples of what happens when a fetus is deprived of oxygen. They are only there to tell you some lame-brained excuse why you can't get your reserved equipment, even though the reservation was confirmed six weeks ago. Don't bother interrogating them—you'll get better answers from a boiled carrot.

Which brings us to an interesting part of life in Tisch Film: learning the lingo. You have to learn to interpret the real meaning behind what you and your classmates are saying to each other.

Editor's Warning

The **Plague** would like to make it known that this article is very, very, long, and we will not be responsible for headaches or vision impairment resulting from the reading of this article.

We strongly recommend this article for toilet reading.

But since we're not, this is 37.

What Film Majors Say, and What They Really Mean.

It was a learning experience.

I poured my money into a black hole because I'm stupid.

I'm planning on directing after college.

I'll be living with my parents.

This film is a very personal statement.

I couldn't think of a logical storyline, so I made up a bunch of cool shots.

There's an interesting tension to the composition.

The framing sucks.

It's very "film noir."

The lighting looks like shit.

The sound has a distant quality to it.

Where the hell was the microphone? Detroit?

I'm not interested in money, I want to make art.

*I'm too weird and lazy to get a *real* job in the industry.*

He/she "sold out."

I wish I made that kind of money.

It needs work.

Sucks.

Would you like to work on and/or be in my film?

Do you enjoy abuse?

I'm taking an Independent Study.

I'm getting credits for nothing—that is, if you consider \$460 a credit nothing.

The shoot went ok.

Nobody died.

The shoot went very well.

I lost somebody else's money.

We can dub it later.

We're fucked, we'll never get this shot.

Best sound recordist in Tisch.

Turns on the microphones.

Are you busy?

Would you like to get suckered into busting your hump for no good reason?

I'm planning on making independent films.

I'll probably end up doing porno flicks for the rest of my life.

I was a Production Assistant on a feature film.

I got pissed on by a crew of fifty people for minimum wage.

I'm getting an internship.

*I'm going to be pissed on by only ten people. For *no* pay.*

Your reservation is confirmed.

Just see if your equipment is there on check-out day, sucker.

I liked your script.

You'll never sell that piece of shit. Ha ha.

Hi, how are you?

I hope I make more money than you ten years from now.

Will you take a check?

*How stupid *are* you?*

Useful Editing Tips

The razor they give you with the splicer is for the splicing tape, not your wrists. Besides, it's probably not sharp enough.

Do not attempt to hang yourself with leader tape. The windows of the 9th floor open more than wide enough to jump to your death on Broadway.

Always wear editing gloves. They prevent fingerprints when you strangle the DP after seeing your dailies.

Bring a six pack. After six hours in a 5' by 5' room, you'll need it.

As you can see, this list is by no means exhaustive. Sometimes, your peers (read: competitors) will say *exactly* what they mean. Most often they do so in the capacity of an executive crew member on a shoot. For example, if you are standing on a set between takes, and the Director of Photography walks up to you, become anxious. Become more so if he quietly and subtly begins, "Are you *comfy*? Are you *nice and warm*? *Gooooo...*" for he will undoubtedly follow with: "BECAUSE YOU'RE STANDING IN MY FUCKING LIGHT!" As an added note, if a DP asks you to get him a light, it's a good bet he doesn't mean a beer. But it never hurts to get him one anyway.

Communicating with other film students is a major first step in your career at NYU Film. But once you've accomplished this, you have to decide where your loyalties are; They're either with Hollywood, or they're with Eastern Europe. This is our next point of focus.

Subdivisions Within NYU UGF/TV

Students at the Division of Film and Television are often divided among many diverse schools of thought, both social and aesthetic. All are equally valid in their ideas, and all mutually detestable to one another (with a few exceptions). In some cases, the differences can be extreme.

Scorsese-Stone Wanna-Be's

These are film students who want to emulate NYU Film's two most famous alumni. They want to make dark, cynical films with a very "New York" edge to the story and direction, while at the same time maintaining a close connection with the machinations of Hollywood. They want to make money, all right - but they want to do it with "integrity." Their student films often contain lots of slow-motion shots, exaggerated sound, and tend to be very grainy.

Spielberg-Zemeckis-Lucas Wanna-Be's

These are misguided, misinformed, self-deluded pursuers of an impossible dream who happen to be at the wrong Film School. They live to tell fun stories, and make films like "Who Framed Roger Rabbit," "Die Hard," and "Lethal Weapon." Their main motivators happen to be money, success, fame and power. (This writer happens to fall into this category.) Their student films tend to have a lot of moving camera shots, and have special effects hand-painted on the print. They like chase sequences.

Fellini-Godard-some foreigner you never heard of Wanna-Be's

These are the film students that give UGF/TV a bad name. (Like it was ever good.) They tend to spend their time acting superior (read: arrogant and in need of a beating), smoking really foul-smelling foreign cigarettes, and using fake British accents if they were born in America, and lapsing into an hysterical foreign tongue if born abroad. They want to make "art" and "cinema." They claim not to care about money, ostensibly because they have enough to piss it away like we breathe air. For reasons unknown to this writer, otherwise normal girls seem to go all jelly-kneed

over these types, who are usually gay. Their films are often non-narrative, non-linear, unconventional, and unintelligible. Common motifs are machinery, chickens, people dancing as if they had muscular dystrophy, and camera-work that a lobotomized gorilla named "Kwyjibo" could improve upon. They tend to refer to their work as "cinema verité." This translates as "shaky camera." This group is a.k.a. *Artsy-Fartsy Kooky-Spooky Lovers Of Goth Poetry*.

Spike Lee Wanna-Be's

These are the true enigmas of the film school. You never see them making anything, they don't talk much, and they always show up at the end-of-the-year Film Festival with some really heavy piece on racism, AIDS, gender discrimination, animal rights, or something along those lines. They usually get nominated for any number of awards, and usually get snubbed in favor of the Scorsese-Stone types. Then they pout. Their films tend to combine black-and-white with color film, use distorted lenses, and repeat themselves. ("Do ya know, do ya know, do ya know, baby, baby, baby, baby, please!")

The Hermits

(a.k.a. The Animation Department)

These are the people who sit for long periods of time in poorly-lit rooms on the 8th floor of 721 Broadway. While this could also describe Freshman doing Super-8 editing, it specifically refers to the drafting rooms where Animation Majors sit, day after day, sketching and copying, photographing and adjusting, *ad nauseam*. They are not generally involved in the politics of UGF/TV. They sit in rows for four years, then graduate with the rest of us.

Heated rivalries exist between certain divisions, mutual respect between others. The Scorsese-Stone group can usually deal with the Spielberg-Zemeckis group, and they often interchange crews. The Fellini-Godard faction shares an uneasy truce with the Spike Lees, and they secretly conspire to make art and socially relevant independent films in order to save the American movie-going public from itself. These alliances have split the film school like 1942 Europe, with the Animation department playing Switzerland. (That was World War II for all you drama students.) The Spike Lees/Fellini-Godards (hereafter referred to as SL/FG's) regard the Scorsese-Stones/Spielberg-Zemeckis' (SS/SZ's) as "uncultured slob pandering to the tasteless." The SS/SZ's see the SL/FG's as "a bunch of pretentious, sub-literate deviants with no idea of how the real world operates." Both have their arguments. But in twenty years, the SS/SZ's will control the U.S. Film Industry, and they will most likely see that the SL/FG's don't get equipment anywhere on earth, and will send them back to Kansas, whether they came from there or not. (Editor's note: *There is also a theory that states that the SL/FG's will finally be recognized as the great auteurs they are, and the SS/SZ's will be selling popcorn in the cinemas. This is, however, only a theory.*) (The writer responds: *And a shitty theory at that.*)

All the sub-divisions of the film school share one thing in common, however: They must all face the same perils and hazards in pursuit of their craft. Which leads us to...

Boy, I'm glad we're back on track.

The Perils Of Student Filmmaking

As any student who has been involved in an NYU UGF/TV shoot knows, there are a multitude of unpredictable hazards and disasters which lurk in the shadows, waiting to pounce on your fledgling film and turn it into Alpo. Danger comes in many forms. It can strike anywhere: on the soundstage, the streets of New York, on location outside New York. There is no telling what might happen. Common disasters include actors who desert the shoot at the last minute, equipment failures, sudden change in the weather, comets striking the earth at the location specified on your permit, satanists sacrifice your camera crew to a horde of demons, etc... Even the best-planned shoot is not immune to the effects of Fate. Let's look at some of the better known NYU Student Film disasters of recent years. (As related to this writer by reliable sources.)

Most notorious is 1987's Bret Armstrong, TSOA Senior. His story took place on a dock. In a classic accident, a crewmember picked up the tripod incorrectly, and the camera fell off. To the horror of the crew, it bounced across the dock twice before disappearing below the waves. This effectively stopped the shoot. But Mr. Armstrong couldn't bear the thought of losing the camera and film. So he actually retrieved the camera, and brought it back on deck, whereupon it was placed into a tank of water.

The tank of water may confuse many people. The reason he did this is due to a mistake by one of his crew-people. Someone recalled that Spielberg dropped a camera in the ocean while shooting "Jaws," and brought it back in a tank of water and salvaged it. That's what they told Bret. The correct version of this story is that the *film* was stored in water until it could be shipped back to the lab so it could be salvaged. The camera itself was destroyed. Just like Bret's. The irony stems from the fact that Bret brought the camera back at all. If he had left it at the bottom of the ocean, he would have paid a \$500 insurance deductible and been done with it. But because he returned destroyed equipment, the college charged him full price: \$5000.

This is possibly the biggest single fuck-up in UGF history.

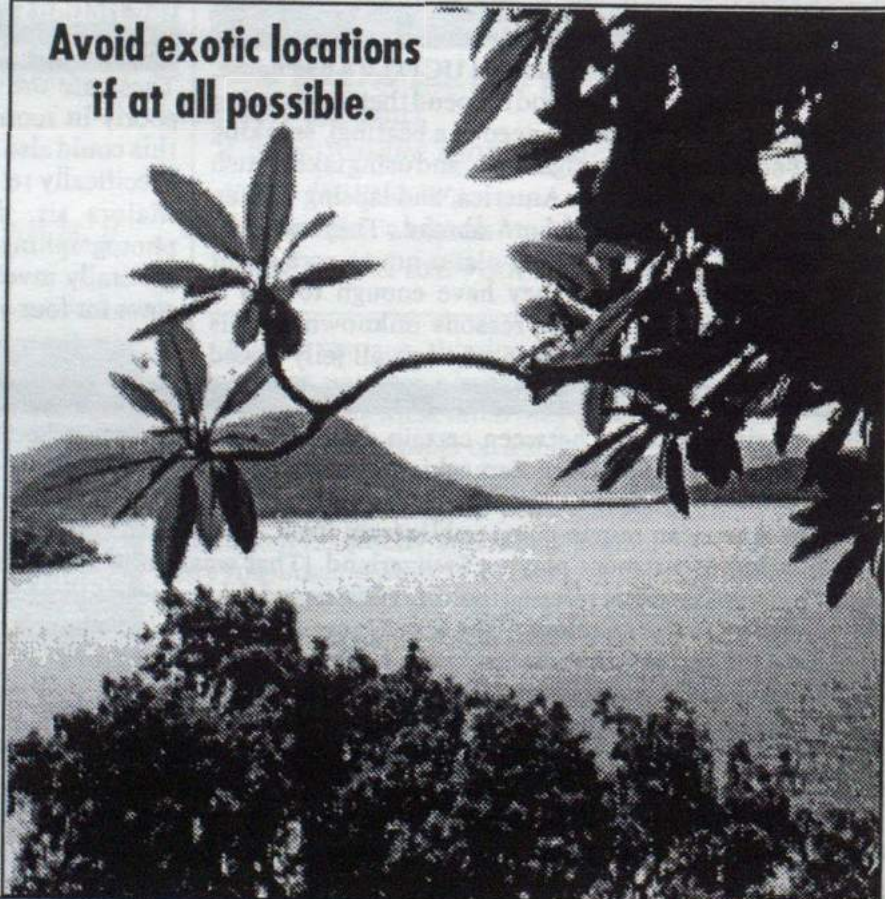
Tied for second are the numerous incidents which are no less humorous. Such as the crew that was robbed at gunpoint for their camera in Central Park. The crew that lost a Nagra and an SR2 when their car was stolen. Or the camera man who set up for a rooftop shot - and as he angled the camera over the ledge, watched a \$1000 lens fall twenty stories to its death. But Bret Armstrong remains to this day the most infamous of the UGF/TV film disasters. The crew downstairs in the basement of 721 Broadway keep the cooler that he returned the camera in, immersed in H2O. They use it for parties and other festive occasions, and lovingly refer to it as "the \$5000 cooler." Who says you can't become immortal at film school?

It is important to notice that the greatest disaster films in TSOA history have been a direct result of one factor: exotic locations. You should try to avoid things like: EXT. BRAZILIAN RAIN FOREST - NIGHT, and EXT. FLIGHT DECK, U.S.S. NIMITZ - NOON. Avoid scripts that involve explosions, jet fighter aircraft, nude scenes (especially in Arctic exteriors), the destruction of the Bastille, or Civil War reenactments. Marshall Brickman (the co-author of *Annie Hall*) sums this idea up nicely:

"It's easy to sit at your desk and write in the script, 'The desert. Dawn.' But five months later, you're waking up at 3 a.m. in a motel outside Flagstaff, wondering what the hell you're doing there."

Of course, the reports from the TSOA shoots are hearsay, and may be rightfully contested. But this is a short series of excerpts from an actual day-by-day Production Report filed and logged in April 1988. The report is from a film shot entirely on location in northern Massachusetts for nine days.

**Avoid exotic locations
if at all possible.**



Of course, now we're almost at the end of the issue.

Production Report Excerpts

March 26 [Saturday] "The Towering Inferno"

Due to inclement weather, the last scene (sc. 16) was shot first because it was our only interior set-up. Lighting was delayed due to insufficient power, so we resorted to candles in the shot. The candles ignited some of the props, however, and mayhem ensued...

March 30 [Wednesday] "Fate Lends A Hand"

Feeling in an adventurous spirit, we went to do the underwater sequence today, only to discover at the last minute that the actor can't swim... Sequence in the cemetery revised due to actress' religious convictions regarding the dead... We consumed large quantities of beer at Jim's place that night.

March 31 [Thursday] "What Seems To Be The Problem, Officer?"

Filmed the ending of the car chase sequence by six p.m. Just as we were about to call for a wrap, the police arrived and arrested us. The charges: Obstructing a roadway; filming without a permit; speeding; reckless driving; disturbing the peace. It

took two hours and an endless repetition of logic to extricate myself and my crew from the hands of the law. My crew made me atone by buying everyone dinner. I hate these guys.

April 1 [Friday] "The Nature Trail To Hell"

We finished filming the reaction shots for sc. 16, and the cast and crew left to meet at the "cast party," which I got to buy the liquor for. We snuck into our local forest park, and built a small fire in one of the pavilions. We were having a great time until the park rangers arrived out of nowhere in trucks with searchlights. We scattered into the woods, trudged through a knee-deep mud field, and slipped down the embankment to the river. We found ourselves trapped, separated, and the objects of law enforcement pursuit. Consequent events became exponentially more ridiculous.

It was April Fool's Day. Why does this not surprise me?

As you can see, shooting in remote locations is not always easy. But a whole new set of difficulties awaits the student who stays in New York to shoot his/her film.

Location Shooting In New York

You have no doubt taken more than your fair share of abuse if you have ever tried to shoot your student films anywhere on campus. Students throughout the university will grumble and complain that you are blocking the sidewalk, invading their privacy, or guilty of guerilla filmmaking. Don't be fooled by their protests, however. They're upset because you didn't ask *them* to be in the production. To placate them, point the camera at them, pretend to roll film, and call "action." Persist for a minute or so, and they are usually satisfied. If you want them to go away, just begin a long technical conversation with your crew about the new film stock from Kodak. This has a boredom factor of about ten on the Richter scale.

When shooting off-campus, these techniques work equally well on bums. But your biggest problem will be the police. Instead of arresting drug dealers, stopping murderers, or investigating felony thefts, they choose to harass film students. They will pull up, run over your equipment, and ask for your permit. If you have one, present it humbly, and get ready for a battery of questions. If you don't have one, pretend to comply when they ask you to leave. This is an excellent time to call lunch. Walk around the block and go back to work.

Dealing with taxi drivers is always fun, but never easy. If you want to hire a cabby to pull up in a shot, pick up a character, and drive away, it will cost you about \$10 a take. If you want to get in the taxi and film while he drives, that will cost you double his normal rate if he sees the camera. Be prepared to see some shaky shots in the screening room, though. I defy anyone to hold a camera still (without a Steadicam®) in a moving New York taxi. And don't be surprised if the driver asks when the movie will be on cable. In this case, it's usually best to answer "Next

summer," "Christmas," or "Sorry, that information is classified, sir." This usually shuts them up, and enables you to say things like "follow that car" with a certain measure of authority. If that fails, ask to see his Green Card. And get out of the cab before he shoots you with the snub-nosed .38 under his seat.

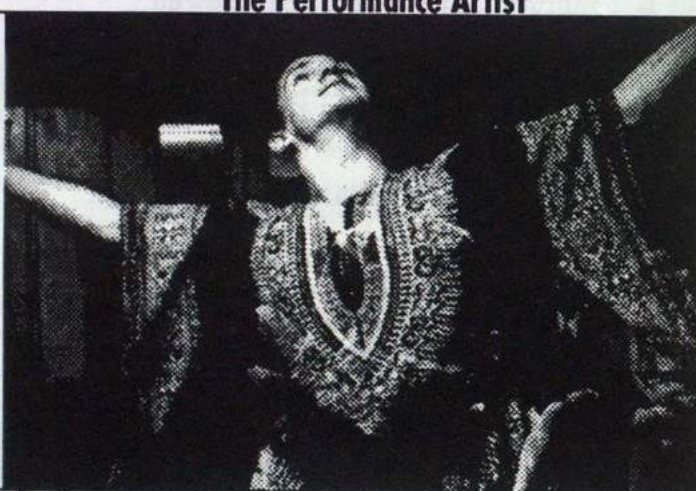
Filming in the subways poses special problems. Transit Authority Police are very militant (what else do they have to do?) They will forcibly evict you from the station if they catch you. Trains themselves are another matter. If you want to film a train entering the station, you will have to wait twenty minutes between takes; thirty or more if you're stupid enough to film the L train, and double that if the shot calls for an actor to be seen getting on and leaving. If you shoot on a train, be aware that the train is a great place to get mugged for five thousand dollars worth of equipment. Also, it's very easy to lose track of where you are when you shoot on a moving train. If you're not careful, you could be in the Bronx before you realize that you're surrounded by the Overlords. This is an excellent time to sell your ex-girlfriend into slavery in return for passage downtown.

Actors: A User's Manual

Actors



The Performance Artist



Actors vs. Performance Artists: Don't get them confused!

These are the most aggravating people you will ever deal with at this school. They need to be handled with care and tact lest they turn on you and ask for their motivation. In professional films, their motivation is the check that the director will sign at the end of the week. Student filmmakers usually have less to offer than money. They will usually work for food, credit, and a copy of the film. But since almost nobody at this school ever finishes their projects, most actors will have to face the fact that their performance will be lost in the same toilet with everything else produced here.

Some actors will ask about "sub-text." When this happens, scribble the words "read the lines" under the dialogue, and tell them that is their subtext. This will usually shut them up, although they will pout for the rest of the shoot. Other actors will spend a lot of time "finding their focus." They have never been able to adequately explain to any director what this means or involves, but they usually waste about 50% of the shoot doing it.

Always pretend that you are interested in your actors' input. They have deep-rooted insecurities, and need to have their egos stroked in order to perform (kind of like directors). Feed them for better results. Food is a primal need, and when they equate you with sustenance, you will get more cooperation.

Avoid seducing actors or actresses; they're usually great in bed, but will never let you live in peace from that

moment on. You'll get hysterical phone calls at 4:16 a.m. to hear them cry about their lack of focus. No orgasm is worth that. Also, you can never tell when the actresses fake orgasm. They're too good.

Another important note: Do not confuse actors with "Performance Artists." Actors read lines and (usually) take direction. "Performance artists" rub gravel in their hair, count out loud to three billion, and say things like "What about my needs? Squawk!" Actors are in TSOA. "Performance Artists" are in SEHNAP and Gallatin.

When speaking to actors, do not use words with more than three syllables. Reasons will be self-evident.

Do not just assume that your actors will show up. The most common complaint TSOA directors have of their actors is their absence. Always try to have back-up actors on stand by, if possible.

As a final point of etiquette, never ask your actors/actresses to carry anything, or bring you anything. They wait tables enough at night without waiting on you, too. This is the only time they will be treated like Prima Donnas, and they will bleed you for all you're worth.

Avoid using child actors. Avoid using animals as characters. And no matter how angry you get, do not decapitate your actors. It's bad for continuity. ("Didn't she have a head in the last shot?" "Y'know, I think you're right.")

How To Take Criticism

a.k.a. Dealing With The Cinema Studies Dept.

At some point during your stay at TSOA, someone will offer you constructive criticism on your work. Many of the comments you will receive will be valid, either on a technical or aesthetic level. But be warned that there will always be that one person who annoys you with some absolutely hair-brained Freudian interpretation of your film. This person is a **Cinema Studies major**.

Cinema Studies Majors are pretentious, effete snobs who are incapable of making their own films, so they sit around drinking *espresso* and criticizing other peoples' work. Ninety percent of what they say is contrived bullshit, and the other ten percent is just plain wrong. They will tell you what you intended when you chose the framing on your opening shot, and they will write entire histories of your main character that no one ever told you about. In short, these are the ultimate posers of the film industry.

They should be ignored without exception, and beaten when time permits.

TSOA UGF/TV Administration & Faculty

a.k.a., the Figureheads

Charles Milne is presently the Chairman of our department. You will only see him at Freshman Orientation and Graduation. Larry Londino is our current Area Film Head, and is also on sabbatical (read: Gets blamed for everything in absentia). Elena Pinto Simon is the dean of TSOA. Sheryl is the "Dark Goddess." Mark is the skinny guy in 901 who stamps your registration forms. Lamar Sanders is the really cool instructor whose classes close within five minutes of the beginning of advisement. Boris Frumin is the Russian self-styled genius (read: snob) who pioneered a Narrative I section run like Sight & Sound. This new section is commonly known as "Sight and Sync." Lorie Loeb is the Ally Sheedy look-a-like in the Animation Department. Doug is the miracle worker who fixes the cameras. Morton Parker is the professor of a thousand stories ("I remember I was in the ancient city of Angkor-Watt in Cambodia, and I stepped in a pit of red fire ants..."; "I remember this one Production Manager who was a pathological liar..."; "When we stepped off the plane, we discovered that a revolution had occurred while we were in flight, and the military police arrested us for having film cameras..."). Bob Sacco is the prick who runs Advanced Equipment Check-Out. He will personally see to it that everybody in this school gets fucked out of their equipment at least once. Susan Sussman is the instructor who smiles at everything. Julia Keydel is the video instructor who looks ready for embalming. Daniel Kazimierski is the instructor every film student should take at least one class with. He is possibly one of the few decent instructors in the university. Susan Steinberg is an editing instructor who means well, but was not cut out for a teaching job. Arnold Basov is the unintelligible Russian instructor who teaches Camera I and Tech Theory. Ed Nusbaum is the Gomer Pyle clone who runs the 12th floor video studios. Beau Kennedy is the anal-retentive Stage Manager at Todman Soundstage, 5th fl., 35 W. 4th street. (Mr. Kennedy is not actually UGF/TV faculty, but he is someone you will have to deal with eventually.)

All other UGF/TV faculty are superfluous.

Fashion and Style In The Film School

(isn't that a contradiction?)

Let's face it. No matter how good or bad your films are, regardless of whether or not you really know the difference between CTO and Tuftspun, there will come a time when your choice of clothes will make a difference. You will have to decide whether to be trendy, nostalgic, Goth, conservative, casual, "individual", punk, metalhead, Californian or a business-school wanna-be in regards to your choice of apparel. You will have to realize that other film people will come to associate you with something which will become your "trademark." This may be an article of clothing, a specific item, or perhaps a mannerism. I suggest mannerisms. They're usually cheaper. (See "How to be Pretentious in Fifteen Easy Steps" earlier in this issue.)

Many film students adopt habits like smoking foreign cigarettes, drinking Perrier or Evian, or saying "dude" in every sentence. Others have more idiosyncratic habits: smoking without inhaling, getting pissed off for no reason, talking out loud during movies (especially about tracking shots, lighting, framing, or the director's other films); taking porno films seriously; carrying gaffer's tape everywhere they go; making incessant metaphors to life as film (Examples: "Life is one long tracking shot with horrible background music," "My life needs editing," or, "I got so drunk that the ride home was one big swish-pan.").

A vain habit that many film students share is the desire to overdo the ending credits to their films.



Forrest Lawford Swisher
Screenwriter-Director
Extraordinaire
(212) 970-FILM
(213) SELLOUT

Exhibit "A"

The Film Major Business Card

They will try to make the production look far more elaborate than it really was. They will list themselves four times as Writer, Producer, Director, and Editor. Freshman often list themselves as Camera Operator as well. Upperclassmen occasionally have more restraint, and will simply say "a film by." Among all film students exists the habit to name themselves as a production company, whether or not they are truly incorporated. A few of the Renegade Companies presently at work within the film school are: Ananda

Okay, next page for sure.

What Is Wrong With This Picture?

This man has obviously forgotten several cardinal rules of the film school:

1. *He's wearing a sleeveless shirt. They're "out."*
2. *He wore those socks two days in a row.*
3. *He decapitated an actress.*
4. *He's standing in the DP's light.*
5. *He's setting the focus. No one in TSOA ever worries about focus. It just happens.*
6. *He thinks he's a director.*
7. *He takes himself too goddamn seriously.*
8. *He thought he was posing for Premiere. Sucker.*



Pictures, Mean Business Productions, Omega Productions, Damn Good Pictures, Mad Dog Films, Deus Ex Machina Productions Ltd., Royal Flush Films, Friction Blister Pictures, Misogyny Inc., and Straight-Jacket and Tie Productions. Some film students go so far as to get business cards printed, even though there isn't a professional organization on the East Coast that will hire non-union personnel. It is, however, an excellent example of another way in which film majors piss away their money. (See exhibit "A" for the persecution.) A single word of advice regarding business cards: Avoid making a card that looks like a slate. That's been used more often than Kelly Bundy.

Your primary concern will always be conduct. If you want to be perceived as a capitalistic oppressor seeking to sell out to Hollywood (read: one who has realized the financial complexities of paying back student loans), go for the simple look: blue jeans, t-shirt, sneakers, jacket, and a scarf when it gets cold. You are allowed to choose from a variety of colors and patterns. Flexibility is your strength. Suit and tie is allowed when necessary. If you wish to be regarded as an intense artistic type (read: Eurotrash Art Fag), always wear black, shun coats in the dead of winter and wear trendy overcoats in the blaze of summer. Never be seen without a cigarette, cross your legs when you sit (unless female), and make rude faces at anything which might be remotely commercial. If you want to be seen as someone who is just at film school to waste four years and \$80,000 of your parents' money, wear sandals and beads, always wear psychedelic magical-musicland-mirror-shaded sunglasses, and never let the high wear off. Don't shave, bathe, cut your hair, or observe any western hygiene practices. Metalheads, Business Student wanna-be's, posers, and punks are all self-explanatory.

Let me close by passing along a few pieces of advice that all film students would be wise to heed. First of all, *don't ever date other film people*. You will eventually discover

that you are working on the same project, and will either alienate your crew with your hopelessly cute flirting, or will tear out one another's hearts and both wish you were dead. Even worse, you may discover that you are really in love, get married, graduate from college, and discover that you are both unemployed. At least *one* spouse in any marriage should be working.

Second, don't ever assume that anyone else wants to see your films. Or hear you talk about your films. Or have anything to do with your films except coerce you into spending your profits—on them. A good 90% of the people you meet couldn't care less. Do you want to hear about their day as a Data Entry Clerk? Same thing.

My last piece of advice is captured best in the words of Lex Luthor (played by Gene Hackman in *Superman*, written by Mario Puzo): "People are no damn good." This goes double for film students. Never tell anyone your next script idea, never let anyone borrow your equipment, and don't ever offer to pick up the check. Never tell a film person anything that you can't risk seeing at a theater near you in 70mm Dolby.

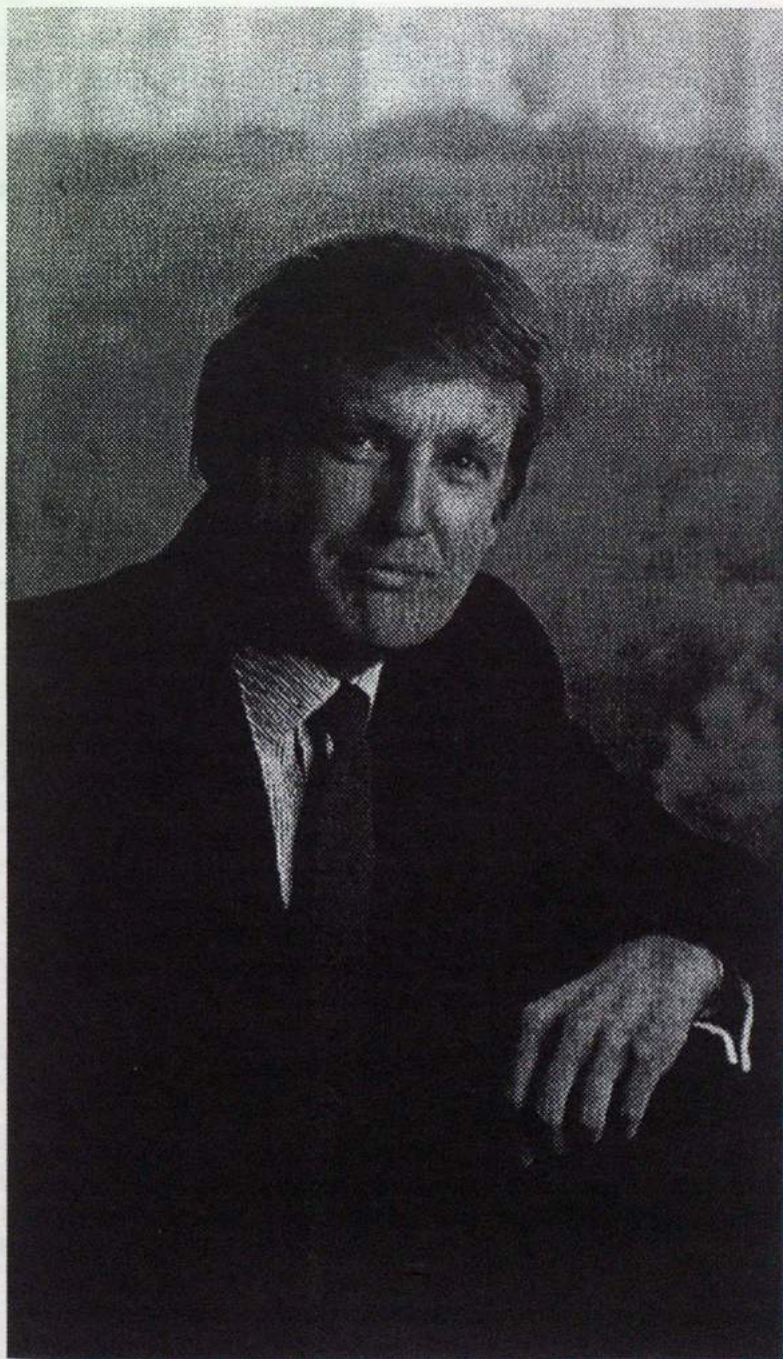
IN CONCLUSION...

(about fucking time, man)

That should be everything you will need to know to survive four years at TSOA film school—except, of course, how to blackmail your student loan officer to avoid paying back your loans, and how to stay awake for four years. (Sleep? Who *sleeps*!) But since a film major's DNA is composed of caffeine, protein, and nicotine (with a chemical binder of C_2H_5OH on the rocks—like every other college student) this should not be a problem. Good night, and may the powers that be protect you from censors, Cinema Studies Majors, and repo men. See you at the movies—throwing popcorn at Siskel and Ebert.

Fade Out.

Damn!



"Yeah, right."

Donald J. Trump

**NEW YORK
LOTTO**

All you need is a dollar, a dream, and a really good pre-nuptial agreement.

Is there no end to these pages?

HELP WANTED

TRENDY, PRETENTIOUS, "ALTERNATIVE" BAND currently heard only on college radio seeks trendy, pretentious college students and/or Tower Records employees to act as free advertising. Send \$10 for stark, arty XL t-shirt. PO Box 721, Cooper Station, NY.

COLLEGE STUDENTS! AN UNTIDY PARCEL SERVICE seeks students interested in lifting heavy boxes and wearing brown. \$8.00/hr, graveyard shift only. We're in the Yellow Pages.

CHRONIC MASTURBATOR recently lost hands in traffic accident. Desperate. Will pay \$\$\$ Must have hands-on experience. Knowledge of digital manipulation essential. Call 555-9034.

NYU STUDENTS WANTED for work-study/tuition remission conducting extensive employee research. Work out of your own ~~dom~~ residence hall! Contact NYU Protection Services 998-2222.

SORORITY SEEKS MALE LOVE SLAVE. Will train. Light housekeeping. No girlie men, Corey Feldman look-alikes, or film majors. Bring own handcuffs, candles, and economy size WD40. No freaks.

ARTIST WANTS nude female model to paint on. Must not be ticklish. 718-197-2871.

WANTED: Individual w/ extensive military background, specializing in demolitions and latest anti-personnel tactics, for medium level public relations work. All expenses paid, asylum provided if necessary. Contact J. C. O'Connor, St. Pat's, 5th Ave (or McSorley's after 6 pm.)

PSYCH. DEPT. looking for students to participate in gullibility experiment. \$100/hr. 4 Washington Place, 47th floor.

SUICIDE HOTLINE looking for workers for graveyard shift. Must have good sense of humor. 555-2317. (If you get put on hold, just call back later.)

SERVICES AND INSTRUCTION

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NAME BRAND PRIVATE EDUCATION for Half the Price? It really exists! Interested overachievers contact: Rice University, Houston, Texas 77204.

NYU WOMYN'S CENTER Lecture Series: "Help Men Deal With Sexual Inferiority for Fun & Profit." Mistress Cynthia. Basement of Main Building, 8 pm. Men \$99.95, women free.

FOR RENT

SWANKHIGH SOCIETY STUDENT PAD—42nd St/Times Square area. Close to inexpensive cinemas, live entertainment, Port Authority Bus Terminal, controlled substances, Tisch drama studios, and much neon. Short stays (3 hr. minimum) OK. Take "A" train to 42nd. Get out, and ask for "Stick".

FIFTH AVENUE PARADISE—spacious 2 bdrm apt at 1 5th Ave. Sunny, breathtaking views, 1 minute from NYU. Student? Don't even bother calling—this is the "great" apartment you'll never be able to afford.

FOR SALE

EVERYTHING I REALLY NEEDED TO KNOW I LEARNED AT NYU—a new treatise on the importance of income above all else. Published by Random House/Pantheon Book, specialists in the field. \$49.95 hardcover. Special N.Y.U. Bookstore student/faculty price, \$59.95

INFLATABLE COMPANION for sale. Slightly used, minor chocolate stains. Minimal leakage. Any reasonable offer. Contact Semper Fi Epsilon.

Car Stereos • Furniture • CD Players • Cigarettes • Spare Auto Parts • Name Brand Appliances at discount prices. See Issac and

Leroy, the truck in Great Jones Alley, next Wednesday. Cash only.

"NAGASAKI" — the new Japanese rap band. Featuring the smash hit single "Miso Horny." CD, tape, 8-track. P.O. Box 1435, Grand Central Station, N.Y.

WE DELIVER! Mushrooms, oregano... even pizzas! Discreet clientele, please. NYU Student Photo ID only. 353-3100.

TUTORING BY NYU TENURED FACULTY. Nighttime hours available, private study space provided. Improve your grades in just one night! Come once, and be at the head of your class! Hey, how did you think we got tenure?

"PLAGUE" T-SHIRTS! Be the first on your floor to own one of these superclever and very, very hip 100% cotton shirts. They (closely) resemble used 1988 and 1989 NYU orientation tees - a wacky, satirical fashion motif. Send at least \$10 to Box 189, "21" Annex.

PERSONALS

GWMBIJSEHNAPBF 24 DENTAL Materials Science Grad student/Jordan (New Kids on the Block) look-alike seeks similarly-minded female Asian/Jon (New Kids on the Block) look-alike who lives for Goth poetry, "The Simpsons," Francophilia, 12-string acoustic, and "A-Team" reruns. My turn-ons include long walks, Ed Asner flicks, S&M, Bondage, starting worldwide interfaith peace fellowships, 70's disco, and treading water. M I hot E-nuf 4 U? P.S. I am from Israel. Box 269

FURRY MASCOT of a large, private, northeastern ivy-league want-to-be university desperately seeking swinging couple (PhD's preferred) for beastial workouts in the Coles sauna. Box 666

DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN! The mesmerized blonde, you know who you are. Contact us immediately. A guy's looking for you and he's driving us nuts pestering us! —The Editors.

The *Plague* will not be responsible for any statements or promises made in its classified section, no matter how blatantly fraudulent they may be. All ads must be paid for in cash, preferably small unmarked bills. Drop the money off under a bench in the northwest corner of Washington Square Park at midnight. Come alone.

WOODY ALLEN CLONE (High School aged) looking for— hell, anybody. Contact Marshall, box ABC.

LOOKING FOR ONE motherly, caring, housecleaning, pampering, non-neurotic June Cleaver type with Christy Brinkley face/body and an exceptional sexual appetite for fun, frolicking, moral support, and light housecleaning. Ability to satisfy a handful of poor slobs on a constant basis a must. Apply at the *PLAGUE*, 21 Annex, Rm. 504.

SEX APPEAL • GIVE GENEROUSLY

Easily agitated Film Senior who likes Spielberg, violence, Christina Applegate, Traci Lords films, and who hasn't been laid since Halloween needs a blonde, nymphomaniac cocaine connection with a Ferrari dealership who enjoys rough, kinky sex. Will supply trampoline, sprinklers, two IBM Selectric typewriters, two albino typists, two armed Apache helicopters, eight pygmies in white tuxedos on a leash, the London Symphony Orchestra (for Bolero background), four raging pachyderms, and loaded camcorder with Tisch film crew, so you don't have to worry about being in focus. Contact Dave. Please. Box 721.

SWM 33 into S&M, B&D, K-9, T&A, Q&A, AT&T, & GSP seeks initial contact w/WF for an acrynomious relationship. Letters only from B.S. students. RSVP ASAP w/ SASE.

TRAVEL

THIS SUMMER, get away to JAMAICA! From NYU, fly south 2000 miles. Don't have the cash? There is an alternative: take the E train to 179th Street, Queens.

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK! Fly as a courier to select destinations in Central and South America. Serve your country, make a few bucks, and learn the essentials of marketing and distributing a popular stateside commodity. Passport and identity papers provided. Write: Recruitment Activity Officer, Central Intelligence Agency, P.O. Box 1925, Washington, D.C. 20013

HELL— It's closer and much, much cheaper than you think. From Washington Square, walk east to 23 West 4th Street. Don't forget to sign the sheet!

MISCELLANEOUS

VISA OR MASTERCARD! Even if you are bankrupt, have a bad credit rating, and/or go to New York University! We guarantee you a card, or double your money back! Yearly fee of only \$530. Finance charge 35% A.P.R. Call 1-900-NEW-DEBT. (\$2.00 the first minute, \$.90 each additional)

Attention, Members of the Conspiracy:
FNORD.
Watch this space.

1921 NEVER HAPPENED! Neither did 1867, 1904, 12 B.C. or 1974 through 1977 inclusive! Learn the shocking truth about this massive hoax! Foundation for Time Control, Banzai Institute.

SUPPORT THE WOMEN'S CENTER fight against Sexual Stereotyping! Come to our fundraising Tupperware™ Party! Tuesday, Room 310 in Loeb right after "Days Of Our Lives."

ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

I hate that movie and I'm willing to pay 8 cents a word to spread the message.

S.E.T.R. at N.Y.U.— Students for the Ethical Treatment of Republicans at N.Y.U. invites the liberal/leftist university community to join in a national "Flame Out" on May Day. For more information, contact any Stern student.

THIS IS NOT AN AD! SEND NO MONEY!

Details \$1
PO Box 140306, Dallas TX 75214

LOST! ONE GORILLA of avarage size and shape. Misses mommy, and left its teddy-bear at home. Has not been fed since lost. (11/04/89) He is tame (only killed one postman last time he got loose) and answers to the name of Fred. Owners miss him. Please call Jane @ (718) 165-9442.

WOMEN!

Has your rotten boyfriend stood you up again? Pissed off? Wouldn't you love to talk to a guy you can totally humiliate and feel superior to? A guy that takes abuse and comes back for more? A man who presents no threat to you *in any way whatsoever?*

Then call

970-GEEK

and talk to a real loser!

He doesn't even have the balls to get mad; he'll just snivel and maybe adjust his eyeglasses a bit.

Call now!

Who **wrote** that extra-long film piece, anyway?

HOROSCOPE FOR NYU STUDENTS

by Chris What's-her-name

Jean Dixon, Schmene Dixon! Who are you, a poor and directionless college student, going to go to for advice? The Post? Elle? Your academic adviser? What does some asshole (or Ph.D.) in a thousand square foot office (or converted closet in Main) overlooking the East River (or Washington Square) know about life at NYU? I guarantee you he's never seen your \$6,000-a-year-hole at Third Ave. North. Or counted the odds of getting what you ordered at Loeb. Or met that acid-dropping work-study at Financial Aid. Or been "taught" statistics by a teaching assistant's teaching assistant.

No, NYU students are best advised by other NYU students. Especially those, like Chris What-the-hell-is-her-last-name, familiar with the constellations above a certain garbage ridden park in lower Manhattan....



ARIES (MARCH 21-APRIL 19)

The likelihood of you being successful in your major is so remote it's funny. The department has a pool going that you won't even graduate. Laugh it up! \$21,000 a year is a drop in the bucket when you really look at it, so hunt down that calling you've needed all your life and make a change this month! Sell jewelry on a velvet cloth down in the Time Square subway station! Make puppets out of condoms and show them to the Dean! Take a shower without your shoes this month. Be daring! Be insane! Be someone else.



TAURUS (APRIL 20-MAY 20)

You are the luckiest person in the solar system this month! **Jupiter** and **Venus** have crossed and sprinkled gold dust into your life. On the **19th**, you are going to find \$700 in unmarked bills in the Port Authority Bus Terminal! At 2:30 a.m., wear your best clothes 'cause you'll finally have enough greenbacks to take your date someplace other than Tekk Billiards. Look under the **second** large fat gentleman sleeping in his feces.



GEMINI (MAY 21-JUNE 20)

Liz heard what you said about her behind her back and you've **really** fucked with the wrong person. She's going to make sure you pay for this one with every dance on your dance card. Plan on not having a date and having to scam Loeb for the next few weeks in reference to your social planner. Also, you've forgotten to do something immensely important last month and I know what it is. Think hard. It involves money and your entire future.



CANCER (JUNE 21-JULY 22)

I'm afraid your sign suits you because someone at Health Services has a flash for you about those lumps. Don't fret though — medical costs won't be a burden. The malignancy is too far along for surgery to be of any use.



LEO (JULY 23-AUGUST 22)

You looked utterly foolish at aerobics all last week. The thin girl with the gray danskins said you had the rhythm of a "Dance Party USA" regular. Also, your jokes were stale last Saturday, so don't be surprised if this month turns out to be the one where you'll actually have the time every weekend to attend those club meetings you've been putting off. Perhaps they'll like your schtick on Dinkins at AHANA.



VIRGO (AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22)

Something went wrong with Mercury and the decreasing ozone layer so, unfortunately, no one in the world likes you at all this month.



LIBRA (SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22)

A genuinely romantic month for you, big spender! And why not? You deserve it after that long bout with facial herpes. So sprinkle on a little fragrance and watch Channel J for details. However, if you don't have cable, you might as well hit ACU's Third Annual Country and Western Hoe-Down and try your luck there.



SCORPIO (OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 21)

The kitten you were unable to adopt last month had an unfortunate encounter with three tons of steel and a drunken violet trolley operator last weekend. Don't feel guilty, though — not even the ASPCA can feel sympathy for any sentient being unable to get out of the way such a conspicuous vehicle. Your mind should be focused on other things, like how you're going to tell your roommate about that rat problem you discovered. Remember, if you don't tell her about the traps, she may be getting an even bigger shock than you were predicting.



SAGITTARIUS (NOVEMBER 22-DECEMBER 21)

That nagging sensation you've been feeling has perfect cause. You haven't done crack in **weeks**! Dig up that old pipe and hit Tompkins Square on the **2nd, 3rd, or 5th** because Stymie is sporting a student discount. Also, that ridiculous crystal is the truest form of a sign reading "sucker" around your neck. Get a grip. You're trying too hard. New York is not as hip as the opening sequence to Saturday Night Live would have you believe.



CAPRICORN (DECEMBER 22-JANUARY 19)

The suitemate you've been sodomizing since orientation is getting a little antsy about the trip to Boston you've been lying about. The **15th** would be a good day to make up that story about needing space to enhance your relationship. Also, look carefully at that cruise to Tibet this week because, frankly, you don't have a shot at passing Philosophy I this semester. The professor saw those Cliffs Notes to Sartre's "No Exit" in your backpack.



AQUARIUS (JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 18)

Enough! Go with your feelings, Aquarius! You've stifled your true emotions for long enough. Go right into the Office of Financial Aid and bring your .32 caliber. Start with the first person to ask you to have a seat on those tacky purple chairs and work your way up to the lady who says that all the financial data has been sent to your old address in Peoria. Pistol whippings are hip for you this season and you can liven it up with a set of first degree homicides. Don't fret though, there isn't a sign under the zodiac you wouldn't be doing a favor for and no jury in the land will convict you for killing an employee at NYU Financial Aid.



PISCES (FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 20)

Take a look around you. There isn't a person in your life that you won't be able to blackmail this month. Haven't you noticed that everyone seems to have told you a juicy secret that just can't get back to someone else this month? Where's that clever side you Pisces kids are so famous for? A trip to the old bureaucrats at housing could cash in for around \$50! Loose lips around your roommate's 15 year old girl friend: a flat \$30 at least! Come on! Get on it! You aren't going to be around these morons for much longer, so let NYU work for you!

All right, I promise the next page is the last one.

THE 33 BIGGEST LIES IN NEW YORK UNIVERSITY:

"ALL THE MEMBERS OF MY FRATERNITY ARE ALL WELL-ADJUSTED, SOCIALLY CONSCIOUS PEOPLE."

"COMPUTER REGISTRATION WAS WELL WORTH THE WAIT."

"I ALWAYS ATTEND FLOOR MEETINGS."

"I BELIEVE MY TUITION DOLLARS WERE WELL SPENT."

"I BOUGHT A COPY OF THE YEARBOOK."

"I ENJOYED FRESHMAN ORIENTATION."

"I GET ALONG WITH ALL MY ROOMMATES."

"I GO TO ALL THE VIOLETS' GAMES."

"I HAVE NO SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES. REALLY."

"I NEVER DRINK COFFEE IN BOBST."

"I REALLY LOOK UP TO MY PROFESSOR."

"I THINK THE TROLLEY IS A GOOD IDEA."

"I VOTED IN THE STUDENT ELECTIONS."

"I'LL NEVER SELL OUT."

"I'M NEVER LATE PAYING MY PHONE BILL."

"I'M SAVING ALL MY BOOKS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE."

"I'VE GOT A JOB WAITING IN HOLLYWOOD."

"MINORITY JOURNALISM STUDENTS CAN GET JOBS AT THE POST."

"MY FINANCIAL AID PACKAGE WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH."

"MY SCREENPLAY'S ALMOST DONE."

"MY T.A. WAS COURTEOUS, HELPFUL, AND SPOKE ENGLISH."

"OF COURSE I DID THE ASSIGNED READING."

"ONLY MISSED MY 8:30 CLASS ONCE THIS SEMESTER."

"SURE, I'LL COME BY DURING PLEDGE WEEK."

"THE ELEVATOR MONITORS IN MAIN ARE REALLY HELPFUL."

"THERE ARE A LOT OF STRAIGHT PEOPLE ON CAMPUS."

"THERE ISN'T ANY DRUG ABUSE ON CAMPUS."

"THERE'S A BOMB INSIDE THE BUILDING."

"THIS IS THE ONLY COLLEGE I APPLIED TO."

"THIS ISN'T A FIRE DRILL— THIS ONE'S FOR REAL."

"TISCH STUDENTS ARE REALLY MISUNDERSTOOD GENIUSES."

"WE HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP."

"I READ THE WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS."

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