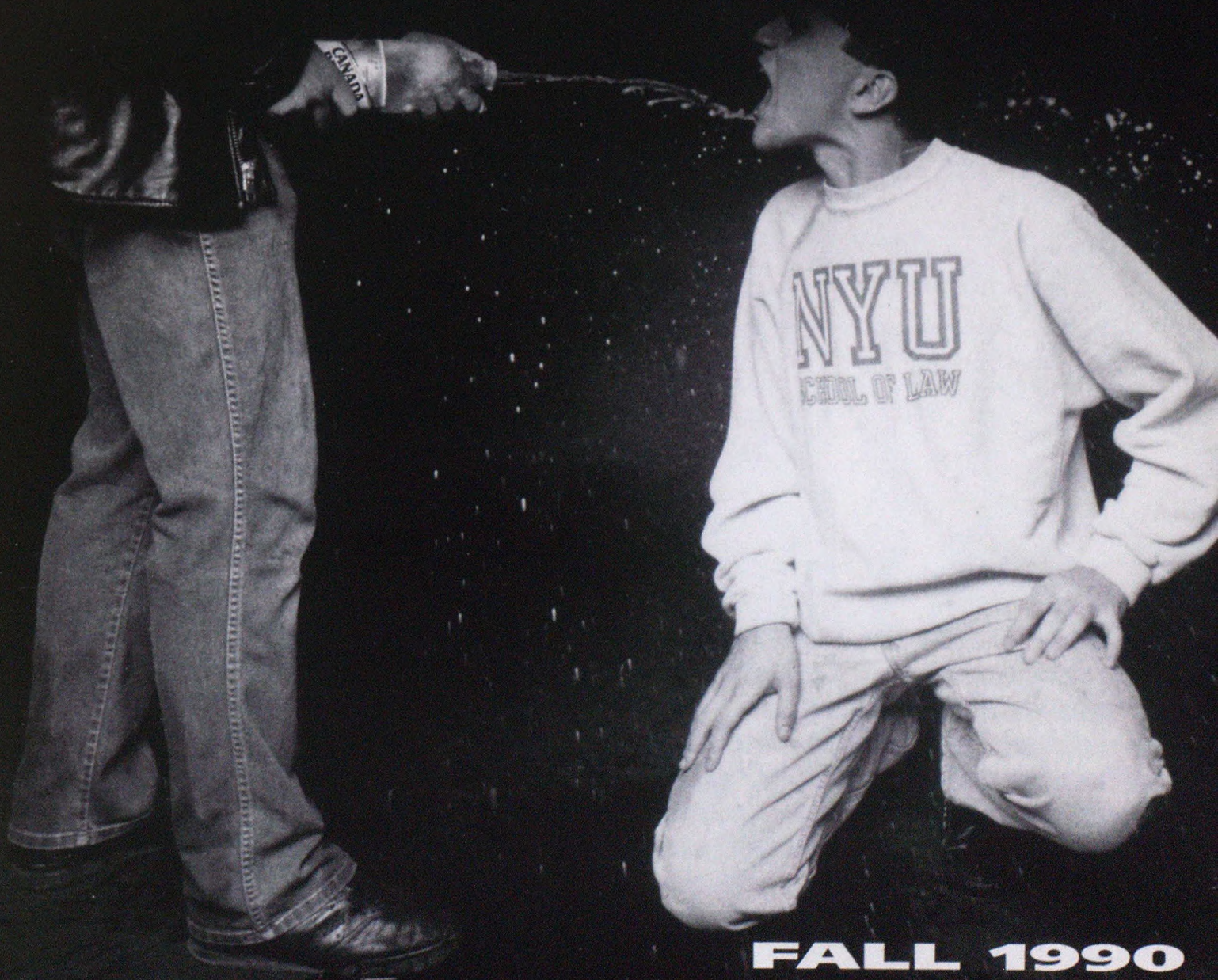


THE PLAGUE

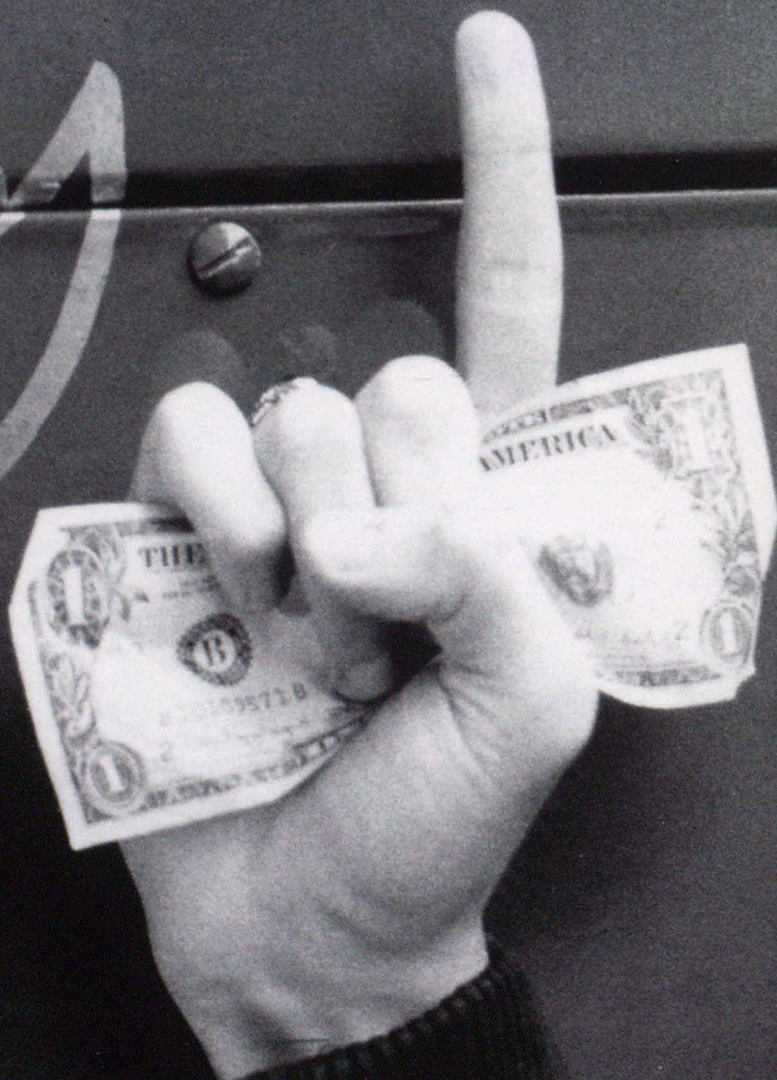
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S ONLY
INTENTIONALLY FUNNY MAGAZINE

**SPECIAL
ANTI-CENSORSHIP
"SAVED FROM
THE BONFIRE"
ISSUE!**



FALL 1990

WE'RE #1!



We, the students of New York University, are proud to be attending the college chosen by the *New York Times* as the most expensive university in the country, having surpassed M.I.T., Harvard, Brown, Stanford, and Yale in the category of grossly overblown tuition rates.* We hold our heads high as we look down upon the competition with great pride and a somewhat uplifting

sense of superiority. In addition, we have sworn to uphold this honor, so that it may be experienced by our children and our children's children in the many years to come.

Buddy, can you spare a grand?



New York University
A public university in the private sector

*As selected by the New York Times, October 14, 1990

THE PLAGUE

(plag) n. 1. a pestilence, affliction, or calamity, originally one of divine retribution: "till the seven plagues of the seven angels were fulfilled" (Revelation 15:8). 2. A sudden influx, as of destructive or injurious insects: a plague of locusts. 3. Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance: "The blessed silence of the Sabbath saved on from the plague of social jabbering." (George Santayana) 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plague. -tr.v. **plagued, plaguing, plagues.** 1. To harass, pester or annoy: "What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors?" (Smollett) -Who the fuck is Smollett?

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



STAFF INFECTIONS

Editor-in-chief, snarkhunter, and Laura Palmer's real killer

SETH GREENSPAN

Layout Editor, soon-to-be bridegroom, and Laura Palmer's secret brother

GLENN HAUMAN

Senior Editor, bearded mad-man, and Laura Palmer's last (best?) lover

DAVID A. KLISIEWICZ

General Managers, third rated backfield, and made a "Palmer sandwich"

SETH MINSK
J.P. CHAN

Computer Whiz-kid, bazooka-puking champ, and never knew Laura

JOE CIOFFI

Art Director, loves the Village, and bought a used car from the Palmers

AMY MARIE ZUCCA

Recording Secretary, Gothic hippie-chick, and turned down Laura's advances

ANNE KADET

In charge of keeping Seth and Glenn amused during non-working hours with merry food, drink and TWIN PEAKS reruns

DAN MILANO

STREPTOCOCCI

José Blanco • Debbie Bokhour • Ian Robert Brown • James Dawson
Katherine Dippold • Lawrence Lewitinn • Rosemary Mendez
Matt Salacuse • Rob Weske • Joy Whiteside • Michael Zammit

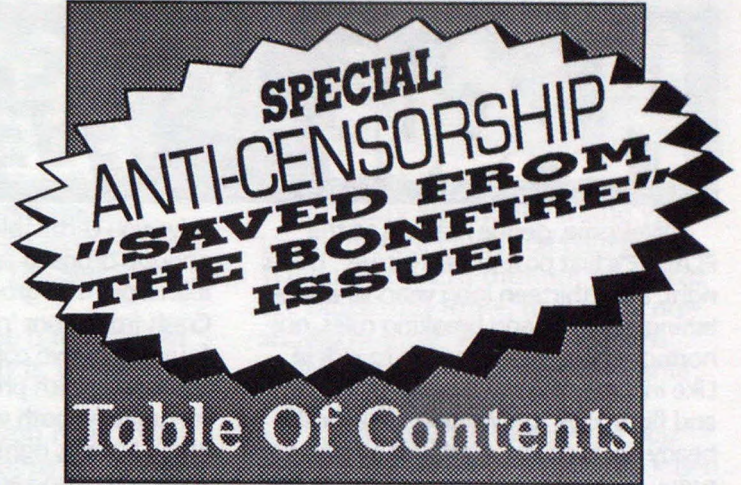
MINOR FLU VIRUS (But still great guys)

Mike Zucca, Jeremy Horland, the *Washington Square News* for use of its computer facilities*, Strockbine & Loaghaire, Roy Hinshaw for his superhuman efforts, Charles Burns, Carey and those happy printers at Ross Network, and a special hey-ho to our wonderful model, Lawrence.

*The WSN is grudgingly published by the Plague, but don't tell anybody.

The Plague

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1 Staff Box and Table Of Contents Editorials

- 2 Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying
- 2 Letter To The Editor
- 3 The Big Picture: "Man That's Grapefruit"

Articles

- 4 A Plague Biography: Jesse Helms
- 5 The Plague Guide To Censorship In America
- 6 Closet Heterosexuals, Where Are You? (interview)
- 7 Plague Updates
- 11 Movie Ratings
- 14 Cinemathics
- 15 Fun With Food
- 24 The Hidden Threat Of Subliminal Advertising

Features

- 8 Instant Term Paper: Great Dicks In History
- 12 Dan Milano's Movie Reviews
- 16 Rating NYU's Gourmet Dining Halls
- 18 Private Dick (fiction)
- 20 50 Uses For A Used Condom
- 22 The Plague Explains Everything In The Whole Wide World To You

Welcome, gentle readers, to the PLAGUE's first post-puberty issue. That's right, after thirteen long years of establishing tradition and breaking rules, our hormones are really starting to kick in. Like in a major way. Yes, we're all frisky and flirtatious, just waiting to savor the heady juices of life. So it was on one such sunny autumn day (yes, that time of the year when men think of football and women of taking an axe to the television, that time of the year when the pigeons turn colors and fall off the trees, that time of the... Okay, I'll shut up now), we, the bearded bards of the funniest damned magazine found ourselves in search of lusty adventures, triple-X videos, and a batch of 2-Live Crew and Judas Priest albums. Why? Hormones.

We returned from our romp with widened eyes and sickened hearts. It seemed like everywhere we looked were the omnipresent hands of Big Brother's real-life agents: Jesse Helms, Tipper Gore, and John "the Cardinal" O'Connor, all waiting to make any moral judgement of right and wrong for us. Well, we're awfully sorry, but we figured it was our God-given right to decide what values we wish to keep, and what we want to say, and what we want to read or write. So, after a night of recuperation (courtesy of Jack Daniels and Acapulco Gold), we regrouped and decided to present the idea of censorship for what it is: a big, fuckin' joke. And where better to present it than this wonderful media of mirth, right?

Wrong. From the very beginning, this PLAGUE has been plagued by the very same mentality we were hoping to decimate unmercifully. Two major incidents come to mind. We had originally planned to include in this issue a super-swanky, oh-so-cool flexidisk (you know, those wonderful plastic records National Geographic puts out with sounds of whales humping and the like) containing a song, "Subliminal Plague", by an up-and-coming group, the Rotting Mollusks. (Actually, it was produced by The Plague staff, but allow them their daydreams of rock 'n roll glory.) Tireless hours of work were put into the project; booking the space, making the recording, carefully-orchestrated backmasking designed to

drive you certifiably loony, and procuring enough drugs to satisfy the guitarist-on-loan from that group... who was it... Crash from Guns 'n' Posers? Anyway, we found only two companies in the entire U.S. of A. which produce the "flexis". Unfortunately, both were in Florida. You know Florida, right? That geriatric, sunny state where you are forbidden to wear a "thong" on the beach (heck, most of the fat slob wearing them should be punished by execution. I mean... gross!), and where they have a wonderful thing called an obscenity law. See what we're driving at? They refused to print the disk because we used the word FUCK. That's right, that silly four letter word you have been using since fourth grade. Another victory for Jesse Helms and his self-righteous band of merry marauding moralizers. The only company that would deal with us is in London, England. Since this would cause an intolerable delay in our production schedule, we had to go to press without this recording, which we are sure you would have enjoyed. Hopefully, this will be included in a later issue.

The second incident you might actually have been witness to. We had received this very issue (along with several thousand others) last week. Little did we

know that as these issues sat in our office, awaiting distribution, a pack of right-wingers from the Young Republicans, working with Senator Helms' "Lynch a Negro" contribution fund, led by G. Gordon Liddy, snuck all 35 cases out of the office and into Washington Square Park. Fortunately, the three bearded amigos were returning from a long night of tequila shots at a nearby bar. We stumbled into the park, and, being cold, decided to join the crowd surrounding a blazing bonfire. All was fun and laughs until we noticed the fuel for the conflagration was the Fall 1990 issue! Without hesitation, David pummeled the nearest Republican he could find. Glenn ran for a fire extinguisher, and I stood there in a drunken, helpless stupor. Within minutes, the fire was squelched, the last tongues of flame extinguished from being beaten with my unconscious body. The valiant members of this fine publication risked life, limb, and beards to save this issue for you. That's right, just for you. A rare "Saved from the Bonfire" issue. We hope you appreciate it, dammit. Why'd we do it? Hormones!

Seth Greenspan is the Plague's editor in chief, and a psychic. Which should explain how he wrote this article before the burning.

Dear Homo editor:

I'm Politically Incorrect and I am just about pissed off that this entire fucking (and I will use any swear word I so damn fucking please even if it pisses EVERYONE off!) university disagrees with me. As far as I'm concern, if Dominos wants to give a couple of bucks to a bunch of right-wing anti-baby suckers, that's just fine with me!

Why does every student in this shit-hole have to whine about how every culture on this earth has to be as legitimate as ours. I don't have plates in my lips, I don't avoid showers for six weeks, I don't give a fuck about Kafka and Ayn Rand, I don't spell "women" "womyn," I don't fuck anyone with the same exact body parts as me, and I'm proud that we have just enough balls to send the entire US army into Saudi Arabia with a shitload of armaments!!!! Who cares about

foreigners? Did they ever do anything except come into this country and run every damn convenience store in New York? NO! If it weren't for us, England would be the smallest province in the Third Reich! I'm not praying to anyone who requires that I shave my head and look like a horse's ass and I personally believe in attacking anyone who offers me a flower in an airport. Not only that, what's wrong with women staying at home barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen (if they don't like it, give them shoes)? I demand that all of us Politically Incorrect people get up, even if you're only slightly Incorrect, and DEMAND your independence from this left-wing bastion of "education" and REVOLT against your professors (those who can't do, will teach) and classmates. Take the future, Capitalists. It's yours!

Goddamn pissed off in Goddard

THE BIG PICTURE

MAN, THAT'S GRAPEFRUIT

by David A. Klisiewicz

I feel compelled to write this, but I'm at a loss to say why. Actually, that's not true. I'm writing this as my mandatory editorial submission for the issue. It's about two weeks late, and I'm rambling *sans topic*, but I have to show Seth something. Two weeks ago he asked for this editorial, and all I gave him was a title.

I figured that would shut him up until it was really important.

Now I have to come up with an editorial that suits the title you see above. I wish I'd chosen more wisely when I gave him an advance title, but forethought was never my strength. I suppose anybody who knows me could have guessed that. Now I'm left with a mostly-blank slate, and no editorial. I could try to address the issue of censorship seriously, but that's not my job. As Senior Editor of *The Plague*, my chief responsibility is to make you laugh (... or was it to make sure that Seth's dry cleaning is picked up, his pet piranha fed, and his plants watered at regular intervals?) I know what you're saying...

"You're not making me laugh, Dave."

Relax. I have only just begun to joke. ("Ve have vays of making you laugh")

What you are reading is the new *Plague*. The magazine is now under a new regime, which, although bordering on unstructured, is kinder, gentler, and more concerned with quality than its predecessors. But, like our forerunners, we are plagued (pun intended) by a threat of administrative censure. Although they don't check our every page prior to publication, they reserve the right to make our lives miserable. Like many other college publications in the United States, we work under the shadow of an ugly concept: Censorship.

No one likes to see their work censored. Edited is one thing, but censored is another. At the risk of going against the spirit of humor this

magazine is devoted to, let me illustrate the argument against censorship through an excerpt from Ursula K. LeGuin's "The Left Hand Of Darkness":

"To oppose something is to maintain it... to oppose vulgarity is, inevitably, to be vulgar..."

In other words, you have to say "Fuck" in order to tell us not to say it. The efforts of bible-thumping preachers screaming about damnation and hellfire are ultimately self-defeating. Always, we hear the same questions, but never find answers; What is art? What is beauty? What is obscenity? To simply say that these things are "in the eye of the beholder" is to sidestep the issue (thereby marking you for a political career).

As long as fundamentalists and radicals try to enforce on us their perception of life, the universe, and obscenity, none of us are safe. If Jerry Falwell tells you black is white, do you believe him? If Jim Bakker said

day is night, and that all citrus fruits are actually kumquats, would you take it at face value? Of course not. We have to learn that not all things are black and white, that there are shades of gray. We have to learn which questions are unanswerable and not answer them.

There comes a time when you must stand up and be counted, when you have to say to Mr. Bakker and his generic citrus:

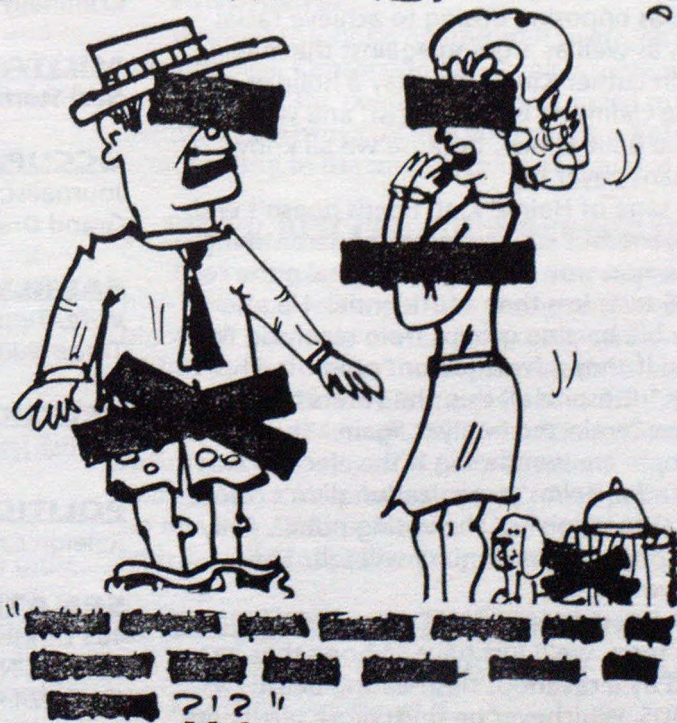
"Man.... that's grapefruit."

Nothing more. Nothing less. Not good. Not evil.

Just grapefruit.

David A. Klisiewicz is the *Plague's* Senior Editor, and a Senior in the Tisch School of the Arts Institute of film and television. He is renowned for his bad temper, and for writing his biography in the third person so you'll think someone else wrote it. His work is usually coherent, but occasionally he submits a rambling mess like the article above. He promises to do better next time.

CARTOON OF THE MONTH EDITED BY SPECIAL GUEST JESSE HELMS.



That's right, boys and girls. As terrifying a concept as it may be, this man won again. We think that the reason for this is that people just don't know anything about the man they're voting for. To dispel the illusions and inform our readers, we feel it is our duty to present...

The Plague Biography Of **JESSE HELMS**

by Joy Whiteside

Jesse Helms has been a U.S. Senator from North Carolina since 1973. He attracted a wide following among conservatives during the Presidency of Ronald Reagan, the great... OK., not so great, but beloved.... well not really beloved, more like..... all right, he was an asshole of a President. In 1981, Helms introduced a bill that would outlaw abortion at any time during a pregnancy. The bill stated that life officially began "at the moment of conception." Helms fought for this bill with uncommon fervor (and bribes). This bill was close to his heart because his own mother had tried to have him aborted at 7 months (give or take fifty years). When he saw that the anti-abortion bill was stalled, he sponsored a bill that would promote prayer in public schools, insisting that North Carolina would not have the lowest test scores in the country if they could get God's help. Helms has also identified himself as opposing busing to achieve racial integration, as well as arguing against the making of Dr. Martin Luther King's birthday a holiday. Despite this, he claims he is not a racist, and we here at the Plague believe him, because we all know that politicians never lie.

But the saga of Helms' kind deeds doesn't end there. This generous soul advocated quarantining AIDS victims, and won in his quest to make the results of AIDS tests less than confidential. He also promoted a bill barring groups from receiving Federal Funding if they advocated or "promoted homosexuality." Despite all this, the voters of North Carolina have re-elected him yet again. This time, though, people are wondering if the election was really fair, and if Helms' organization didn't resort to "unethical coercion" of the voting public. Only time and a congressional inquiry will tell. Let's hope we have both.

But if Helms gets away with these shennanigans for another term, we'll just have to hope that he gets mauled by a ravenous flesh-eating beast. Or contracts AIDS. Whichever he finds more terrifying.

Artist's Rendering

The only actual photographs we could obtain of Senator Helms were of a nature and content so foul, heinous, and despicable, that decorum and the First Amendment prevent us from printing them here.



BORN:

18 October, 1921, Monroe, NC

EDUCATION:

Graduated, Wake Forest High School, 1939; School For The Criminally Insane (Graduate Studies) 1945.

MILITARY CAREER:

Nazi Stormtrooper, 1940-41; Navy, 1942-45

OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY:

Journalist; Broadcast Executive; Mud Wrestler; Ku Klux Klan Grand Dragon, 1951 - 56.

FAMILY:

Wife, Tipper Gore

Three children; one mistress ("Bambi Thomas")

RELIGION:

Baptist

POLITICAL CAREER:

Raleigh City Council, 1957 - 61; Fascist, 1963 - 90.

SENATE OFFICE ADDRESS:

403 Dirksen Bldg.
Raleigh, NC, 20510
(919) 224 - 6342

Are you tired of artists and writers churning out what you think is trash? Are you upset over the new NC-17 rating? Want to bring back the days when obscenity meant "hell" and "damn?" Or maybe you just want to enjoy the thrill of imposing your view of morality on other people. Well, then, rejoice! In the Plague tradition of superior, open-minded journalism ("...yeah, right...") we've prepared...

THE PLAGUE GUIDE TO CENSORSHIP IN AMERICA

by José E. Blanco & David A. Klisiewicz

1. GET A JOB THAT DEALS IN CENSORSHIP.

There are many such job opportunities awaiting you, if you choose to pursue them.

You could work for the MPAA (Motion Picture Association of America) rating and banning movies so that simple folk like us don't have to worry about being exposed to ideas you find offensive.

Or you could apply to the PMRC (Parent's Music Resource Center), and put warning labels on record albums that contain dirty words, or exert political pressure to ban some records altogether.

For the truly devoted censor, however, there is no greater job than with Jesse Helms' and Tipper Gore's Anti Pornography Crusade. Don't worry about being able to define pornography, or being able to discern it from legitimate erotica. If Jesse can't do it, why should he expect you to?

Most of these jobs require no real experience, education, or training. Just a serious degree of ignorance, and a desire to impose that ignorance upon the world.

2. ALWAYS FOLLOW THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW.

Meaning, of course, the path of most narrow-mindedness. Never, ever pay attention to the pleas and protests of artist, writers, or directors who try to defend the artistic merit and integrity of their work. If you've decided their work is offensive, don't be swayed by their arguments. Watch out for trick questions. Just harp endlessly on violence, sex, eroticism, obscenity, or anything else integral to the work in question like a broken record until they give up in pure frustration. If necessary, claim you don't even see your spouse naked, and that sex is a sin. Not only will this explain why you have no children, it will also shut these people up for a while.

3. DON'T ACTUALLY SEE THE WORK BEFORE CENSORING IT.

After all, you're censoring it *because* it's obscene. It would be improper for you to actually watch it. You must remember not to see these decadent expressions of lust, otherwise you might like it, and then what kind of censor would you be? When they ask for specific examples, just mention anything you overheard at cocktail parties, or, even better, make things up.

4. MAKE FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES.

This becomes very useful when you have to cover your ass. Depending on the current political climate, you may be able to rally the support of a head of industry, your congressman, or even the President. But don't worry; no matter how liberal the country gets, there will always be Senator Helms there to protect you and help you spread the message of ignorance and fear.

5. GET SOME PRESS.

Active enmity between you and a famous individual in the arts is always helpful in making sure your rhetoric stays fresh on the minds of the people. Never hesitate to go to extremes. Nothing is so small it can't be blown out of proportion. Force some skeletons out of the closet once in a while. But if your opponent ever seems about to discredit you, "Out" them, whether he/she is gay or not. The resulting public stigma will destroy their credibility for good. And 10% of the time, you'll actually be right. (40% if you live in Greenwich Village or Haight-Ashbury.)

6. ASSUME THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA ARE IGNORANT.

Without this basic assumption, your job is meaningless. Censorship only makes sense when you presume that the people need to be saved from themselves. Always picture yourself as a Knight in shining armor riding to the moral rescue of America.

7. NEVER DISCUSS YOUR PERSONAL LIFE.

The wrong answer may make you appear to be a hypocrite - or, worse yet, like the ignorant, close-minded bigot you probably are. Do anything and everything within your power to throw people off the track. Change the subject, shift the blame, plead the fifth. Proclaim Karl Malden as the Messiah, tell them James Garner is your favorite actor, say you're from Krypton, hire Pygmies as bodyguards... keep 'em guessing. And pray to God that no one ever finds those photos you posed for in *Butt Boy* with Robert Mapplethorpe back in '78.

8. REMEMBER... EVERYTHING YOU ARE DOING IS FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR FELLOW MAN.

And don't you forget it.



Living in Greenwich Village can be a strange and isolating experience for people who are different, despite the Village's reputation as an open-minded and liberal locale.

You don't see certain types of people very often because they're very careful to remain discreet about their relationships. The bolder among them sometimes dare to be visible in their affection. Don't think we're blind, however; we notice the sideways glances people give them when they kiss or hold hands in public.

But we won't become invisible just to suit the masses. We all have a right to our sexual identities, and owe it to ourselves to make the public aware that alternate lifestyles exists, and are capable of supporting loving, monogamous relationships. Some of our brothers and sisters are afraid to "come out" because they fear the stigma that could follow. It is to them we cry out —

CLOSET HETEROSEXUALS: WHERE ARE YOU?

The image of straight life has been steadily improving on NYU's campus for several years, but incidents of straight-bashing throughout New York have made it riskier than ever to openly pursue the straight lifestyle. Guys And Dolls, NYU's club for Straight People, has made large strides in helping heterosexuals of both sexes come to terms with their sexuality, and provides a solid foundation and support network for people who are straight, are interested in meeting other straights,

or would just like a place to rap and discuss issues of the straight lifestyle.

In years past, Guys And Dolls has sponsored numerous events to make the process of "coming out" as easy as possible for anyone who wished to. There are several Straight Socials every semester, and in May there is the Annual NYU - Columbia Straight Dance. Even with all these opportunities, there are still many straights

on campus who remain behind closed doors. With National Straight'N'Out Day quickly approaching (December 4; show your straight pride!), Guys And Dolls, in association with the Plague, is happy to bring you the outing of Sergei Jerkinoff, a heterosexual. He has chosen to go public with his heterosexuality, in hopes that he will inspire straights throughout New York to throw off the chains

of oppression, and show their true colors. We applaud his courage.

PLAGUE: Good morning, Sergei. Do you mind if I tape the interview?

SERGEI: Not at all, Dave.

PLAGUE: Don't say my name, Sergei.

SERGEI: Why, Dave? Don't you want people to know you interviewed a straight?

PLAGUE: No, it's just shitty interview format, man. I'm having this tape transcribed later.

SERGEI: Oh, sorry.

PLAGUE: No problemo, dude. Let's continue. So... (dramatic pause), you're straight, huh?

SERGEI: Yeah.

PLAGUE: What's it like?

SERGEI: What's what like?

PLAGUE: Y'know... being a heterosexual. I mean, how do you find arousal with someone so different from yourself?

SERGEI: It's a little known fact, but men and women were actually meant to have sex together since the beginning of time.

PLAGUE: That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

SERGEI: No, really. I'll bet you didn't know that everyone on the planet is here as a direct result of a heterosexual relationship. Scientists in Europe have established that heterosexual intercourse is the only way in which human beings can reproduce.

PLAGUE: And you expect our readers to believe that? Everyone knows that Europe is full of straight people.

SERGEI: Actually, you're right. Almost 90% of the entire planet is straight.

PLAGUE: Get outta here, really?

SERGEI: Yeah.

PLAGUE: So how long have you been straight?

SERGEI: That's a stupid question. Since I was born, I suppose. I've just always known I was straight.

PLAGUE: Are you sure your heterosexuality isn't the result of child abuse or something?

SERGEI: Positive.

PLAGUE: Let's steer away from the scientific, and look more at how your heterosexuality has affected your lifestyle. Do you find that employers or co-workers discriminate against you because you're straight?

SERGEI: No, not really. In fact, most of my co-workers are straight, too. In fact, a large majority of the New York City police force is straight, and proud of it. We all love our wives and girlfriends very much, and we won't be ashamed of it. My family is very supportive of my heterosexuality, and has even met my girlfriend on several occasions.

PLAGUE: So, how would you sum up you feelings about straight life?

SERGEI: I'm straight, and proud of it. I'm "out," and I'm glad that I am. I want people to see me and my girlfriend (her name's Angie) out together, and not be ashamed to look at us or talk to us. We're people, too. We think, laugh, cry, bleed, work, succeed, fail, and die like everyone else. And we're straight.

PLAGUE: Thank you, Sergei. You've really opened my eyes. I'm glad you could take the time to come and talk with us.

SERGEI: It was my pleasure, Dave.

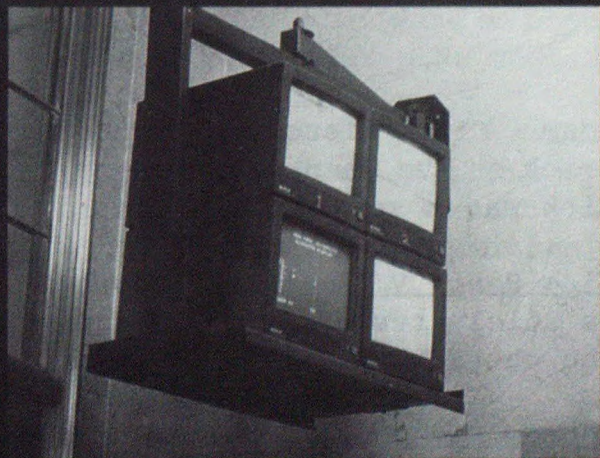
PLAGUE: I told you not to say my name! Why doesn't anyone ever listen to me?

SERGEI: Sorry.

THE PLAGUE UPDATES

In keeping with the tradition of progress that is so integral to our University, the powers that be have managed to make further improvements in the Elevator system at Main Building. As many returning students will remember, last year we were graced with the arrival of Elevator Nintendo™ in the Main Building lobbies. The administration sensed that this wouldn't be enough to keep us amused for another whole year, so they installed the new "secret" cameras. Now we can enjoy Candid NYU Camera™ while we wait for our elevators. It doesn't speed things up at all, but it gives us something to laugh at while we wait. So, what do you say, folks? Next time you ride the elevator, flip off the camera to show your appreciation. The guards live for stuff for like that.

For those of you who saw the lengthy article on NYU Undergraduate Film in our last issue (Spring '90), you may have wondered whatever happened to the poor soul featured on the introduction page, one François Truffaut Andrzejczyk by name. Last we had heard, he'd dropped out of Film School and moved west to practice street mime. But our ace reporters tracked him down in Duluth, MN. As you can see from the photograph, he is currently running monthly seminars on the fine art of dental hygiene. So, think twice before saying that Film students have no future. They can't all be as successful as François, but you never know.



Attention, History Majors! Having a hard time dreaming up a topic for your next term paper? Stop sweating now! As a service to our faithful readers, the Plague is presenting a new feature: "Instant Term Paper" In this feature, you will find a thesis statement, a rough outline, and enough research to give you a good head start on your paper. This edition's topic (drumroll, please...):

Instant Term Paper

by Anne Kadet
(your name goes here)

Great Dicks in History

Mankind's history has been shaped by many compelling forces - the drive for power, the love of comfort, the search for stability, the urge to lay in bed all day eating Dolly Madison double fudge bars while watching "Hunter" re-runs. But no one can deny that the most potent driving force in any man's life has always been the whims of his dick. The validity of this thesis can be proven by a brief skip down the shining path of history, and an examination of the men who re-paved that path with their deeds.

THESIS STATEMENT

Men's phallic urges have molded history more than socio-economic, military, or religious factors combined.

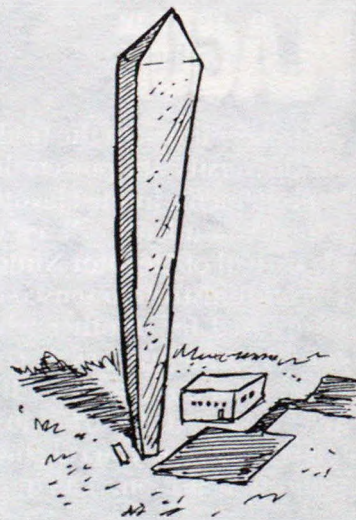
RESEARCH

Adam - First historical figure with a penis. Played cruel trick on Eve when he climbed into a tree and pretended his dick was a snake.

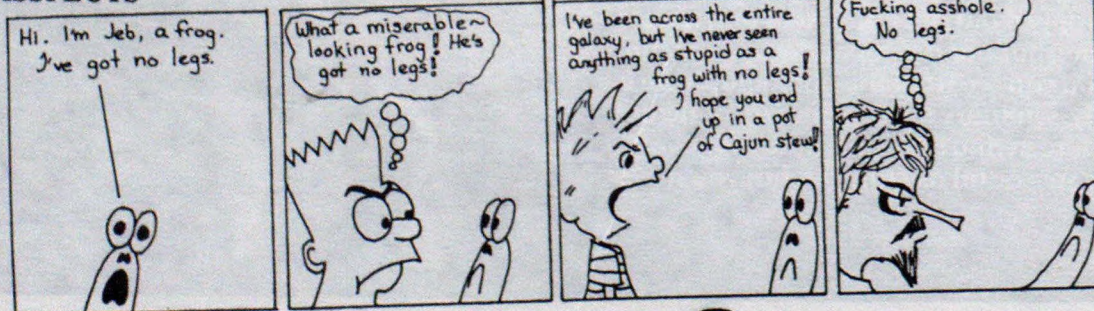
King Henry VIII - Think about it. This great king's dick is solely responsible for the foundation of the Anglican Church. Kind of scary, isn't it?

George Washington - A huge, true-to-scale replica of this man's cock is on display in Washington, DC. They don't call him "The Father of Our Country" for nothin', babe.

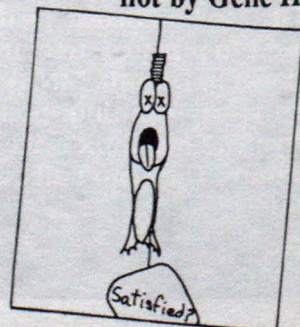
Charles Dickens - An English writer known for his long, hard.... novels.



ASPECTS

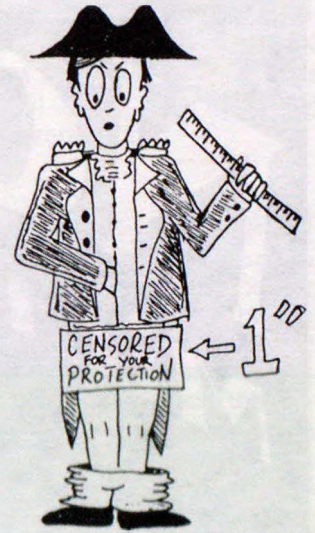


not by Gene Hult



Napoleon Bonaparte - This French general was renowned for his brutal conquest of Europe. As most people will recall, his most famous battle was at Waterloo, his most infamous defeat. Although historians would have you think it was a strictly tactical loss, others claim he couldn't observe the battle from horseback due to hemorrhoids. He was actually twelve miles away in a whorehouse, satisfying the demands of a greater power than himself. Like every other man on Earth, he was a slave to his penis.

Adolf Hitler - A German dictator hailed by his followers as "Der Fuhrer," which roughly translates as "Great German Penis." [Editor's note; a more correct translation of "Der Fuhrer" would be "Phallus of The Fatherland," ironic in light of the fact that Hitler was known to have only one testicle. The other is reputed to have been bitten off by a Jewish prostitute, thus resulting in the deaths of six million people.] Hitler is also renowned for writing a long-winded anti-Semitic pamphlet/paperback titled "Mein Kampf" ("My Cock") Special note - the ruination of Hitler's dick due to an outbreak of syphilis presaged the fall of the German Empire. Coincidence?



Scott - My friend "Scott" has a very large dick.

Dicky's Donuts - A large Canadian donut chain. Don't try to ask for a "Dick Donut." I did and wound up with a peanut stick.

"Dickies" - You know, those cheap, brightly colored "work pants" that were so popular about ten years ago. Come on, you wore them, and YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE COOL. You even carried the matching "Crazy Comb" in the back pocket.

Jeff Stryker - A Porno King who is Extremely WELL HUNG. Any self-respecting sex/porn shop carries a large stock of dildos molded after the Jeff Stryker original. Don't forget to purchase Jeff's instructional video: "How To Enlarge Your Penis."

Dick Van Dyke - Jeezus, don't get me started.

Richard "Tricky Dicky" Nixon - the biggest "Dick" of them all.

(Other possible examples: Dick Clark, Dick Tracy, Winston Churchill, Orson Wells, Henry Kissinger, Gary Hart, Jimmy Swaggart, Jim Bakker, JFK)

OUTLINE

Outlines are best done after you've written the paper. As anyone who's ever tried to follow an outline can attest, it's a bitch to stick to a format. Just write whatever you damned well feel like, and make one outline entry for every sentence. It's much easier that way.

There you have it. Crack the books, get another cup of coffee, some more cigarettes, a hit of Vivarin™, and start writing! Next semester's topic: "If a Guy Has Large Hands, Does It Mean He Wears Long Gloves?"

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Microwavable!



AT LONG LAST! UNAMERICAN ANTICS MADE EASY!

Thanks to the wizards at Stouffers Inc., the microwavable American flag has now been realized. Fast, clean, and simple, it is the ideal way to show your distaste for patriotism without interrupting the everyday hassles which make this country a festering vat of hamster vomit.

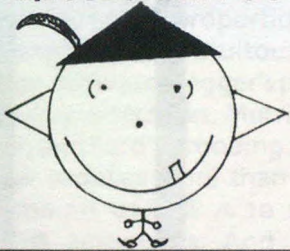
Void where prohibited by law.

This ad funded by the Aryan Thrust who remind you that God is white, male, and gay.

Movie Ratings

Well, the self-righteous fascists who rate our movies have changed the system once again. You almost have to be a mathematician to figure out the rating. First PG-13. Now they've given us NC-17 (no children under 17 allowed). Yeah, right. Like they actually card people going into these theaters. It's easier for a minor to get into an R movie than for the average NYU student to get into his/her residence hall. (We use gender non-specific hyphenated terms to avoid offending the Womyn's Center. Where'd they learn to spell, anyway?) The **Plague** has gazed into its crystal ball (that's *not* a dick joke) and seen what the future holds for the US movie rating system. Some examples follow. It's not pretty.

The Happy Little Elves



G: Contains almost nothing of any interest or entertainment value. Even your five year old will wish for something to blow up and give the film some social relevance.



NC-17: No one under 17 admitted unless you have a fake ID. You can pay for the ticket, you can bribe the usher. If you're carrying the six-pack and Playboy you conned the owner of the convenience store next door into selling you, and you can reach the counter, they're not likely to ask questions.

SMURFETTE GETS GANG-SMURFED



PG: May contain mildly suggestive scenes. Example: She Smurfs. Dozens of horny Smurfs, only one Smurfette: Why do you think all the Smurfs are blue? Why do you think Smurfette walks funny?

Blood Sucking Lesbian Martians Visit Uranus



E: Educational. Plenty of explicit sex, lots of violence. In other words, it helps prepare students for what they'll see in high school.

WANDA DOES WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

PG13: Parental Guidance suggested. Unless you work for a phone sex company and bring your work home with you, you don't want your kids seeing this shit.

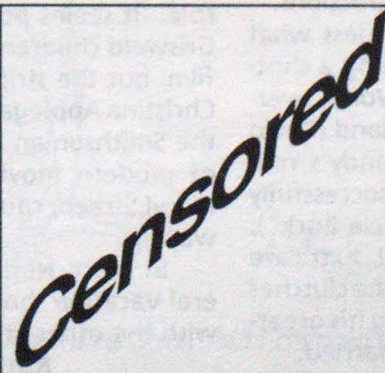
I Love You, My Sweet Horny Bitch



XXX: A classic sentimental love story: Boy meets girl, girl flashes boy, boy drugs girl, boy rips girl's clothes off, boy abuses any bodily orifice he can find or create.

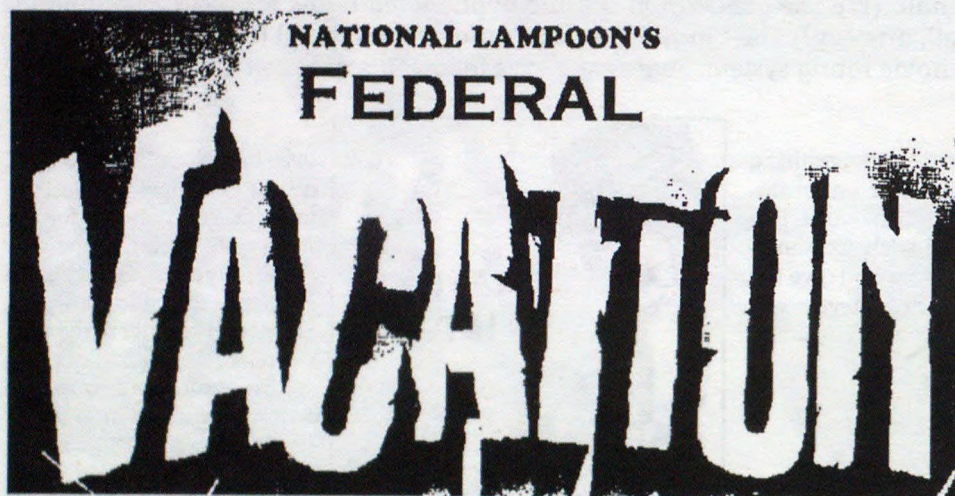
SPACE ALIENS FROM HELL

R: Restricted. This is the rating everyone shoots for, since it guarantees the all-important 18 - 35 year-old market, the best consumer demographic in the country. "G" is the kiss of death, "PG" is too wimpy for a serious action flick or drama, and NC17 will cost you points at the shopping malls.



H: Helms. This film is so vile and evil, if you even think about seeing it, you'll be arrested, put into a small cell with a man named Gus (who was convicted of sodomy), brought before Congress, and then tied to a chair and forced to listen to every New Kids On The Block CD back to back for five days. Then, if the senator is in a particularly good mood, you get a trial.

THE PLAGUE ^{Dan Milano's} MOVIE REVIEWS



National Lampoon's Federal Vacation
PG - 13 115 min. Weiner Bros.
Dir: Harold Shamus

Aren't we getting just a little bored with Clark W. Griswald and his misanthropic family? Apparently, the good folks over at Weiner Brothers don't think so. After having driven cross-country, decimating Europe, and mutilating Christmas, Clark is still unsatisfied in his quest to bring joy and togetherness to his family.

So away we go.

This time out, young Rusty (played with a little too much jive by Emmanuel Lewis) and daughter Audrey (lusciously portrayed by Christina Applegate) quote their liberal History teacher to their father, citing the deficiencies of the Federal budget. Clark, always the true American, insists that the budget is sound, and drags the entire family on a zany, madcap tour of Federal buildings around the country. Unknown to Clark, the President (Dana Carvey) has put the nation's budget on hold, closing all Federal monuments and attractions.

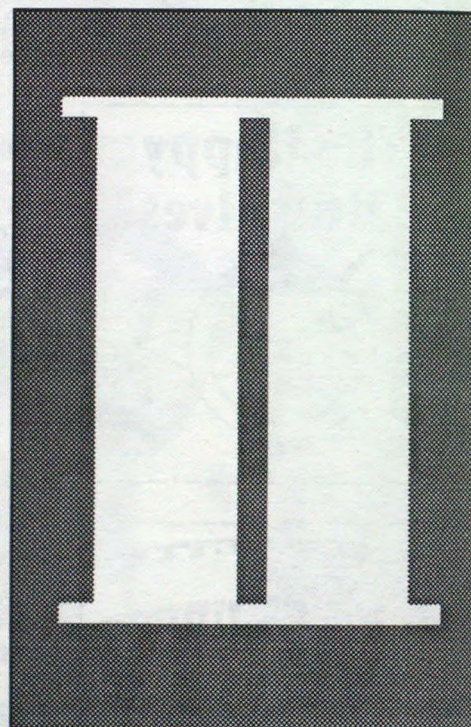
You can pretty much guess what happens next. Clark, wielding a shotgun from Herman's Sport World, overpowers the guard at Ellis Island (Kevin Meaney, reprising John Candy's role from the first film about as successfully as he did in the series "Uncle Buck"), and must eventually must extricate himself and his family from the clutches of the F.B.I. after discovering his great-grandparents were never married.

There are a few new laughs, such as the scene in which Clark and his wife Ellen (Beverly D'Angelo) pose as Immigration Officers and use the opportunity to Americanize the names of a Portuguese family. ("Uh, you're Cupid, ... Donner, ... Nixon, and uh... Shemp.") Equally funny is the sub-plot about young Rusty being kidnapped by a trio of goofy Libyan terrorists (ZZ Top in their first feature film), and must endure a tortuous film festival of Cornelius "Chevy" Chase's earlier films. (The clips from *Oh, Heavenly Dog* and *Under The Rainbow* are ridiculously funny taken out of context.)

Aside from that, *Federal Vacation* is just a tired re-hash of the first, using George Bush as the Marty Moose character (Marty was better) and another visit from Cousin Eddie (Randy Quaid) who has now sold his kids to the black market and takes over the Griswald home while Clark and his brood are away. Chase is still consistent in his smug comic style, but Beverly D'Angelo is clearly losing interest in her role. It seems pointless to discuss the Griswald children, who vary with each film, but the striptease sequence that Christina Applegate treats us to outside the Smithsonian Institute is a triumph of modern moviemaking. Look out, Meryl Streep, cause Christina is on the way up.

In short, National Lampoon's *Federal Vacation* should have been closed with the other attractions.

Rating: ** (out of five)



II
PG 120 min. Paradox Pictures
Dir: Jonathan Spielberg

That's right, *II*. The executives at Paradox have decided to cut to the chase and release a sequel without going through the hassle of a predecessor. In the film, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Bruce Willis, Harrison Ford, and Bill Murray team up with Sigourney Weaver as a futuristic, swashbuckling, ghost-chasing team of archaeologists who work for the Los Angeles Police Department, but are on vacation in New York.

Schwarzenegger, after having his identity erased in the police laboratory, loses control of himself and trashes the place, accidentally knocking a vial of water over into a cage containing several cuddly, unsuspecting Mogwai, who quickly turn into ferocious Gremlins and take over a mid-town Manhattan apartment complex. Willis, after calming Arnold, loads himself up with every type of firepower known to man. Ford puts on a Fedora, stops shaving, grabs a bullwhip, and tags along to study the Mogwai from a purely archaeological standpoint. The trio then

teams up with their long-lost ally, Bill Murray, who was shamed off of the force for his research into parapsychological phenomena, including the devil-cult of the elusive Mogwai. At Arnold's request, he unpacks his arsenal of high-tech weapons, and joins in the adventure.

As the fearsome foursome infiltrate the Gremlin/Demon infested co-op, they are tailed by a feisty reporter/artist/space mercenary/gorilla researcher, played with gusto by Sigourney Weaver. From this point on, the movie is a roller-coaster ride of epic proportions, replete with explosions, gratuitous property damage, Schwarzenegger's puns, Willis' tough-guy wisecracks, Murray's caustic humor, and Ford's brooding machismo. Weaver supplies more than the requisite amount of T & A to satisfy the horniest among us. And as if that weren't enough, we are treated to a non-stop spectacle of green blood, helicopter battles, car chases, gunfire, and feats of daring.

As for the story, there isn't much of one, but who cares? First-time director Jonathan Spielberg is ecstatic over his creation, as well as with the merchandising of it. In theatre lobbies across America, there are displays of Gremlin dolls, toy proton-packs, grenade launchers, fedoras, bullwhips, action-figures, t-shirts, and electric chairs. The \$42 million Spielberg spent on the film pales in comparison to the \$61 million that Paradox spent on Marketing. But with first-weekend gross receipts exceeding \$19 million, it seems worth it.

When asked if it had been difficult to familiarize audiences with characters in a sequel with no predecessor, Spielberg quipped, "Who cares? Did you see how those little guys bloated and exploded? Or how 'bout when the chopper crashed and exploded and covered all those by-standers with airplane fuel? God, it's great." Sadly, he's right. Perhaps Spielberg should be congratulated for exposing the movie industry as a franchise, but there are still those of us who prefer to have our intelligence insulted subtly. But there will be time for that later, when Spielberg releases "III," which he shot at the same time as "II." "III" is scheduled for release in the spring.

Heaven help us.

Rating: ••1/2 (out of five)

Amber Shadows of Pestilence

Amber Shadows Of Pestilence
NC-17 372 min. BBC Productions
Dir: Jean-Luc Cousteau

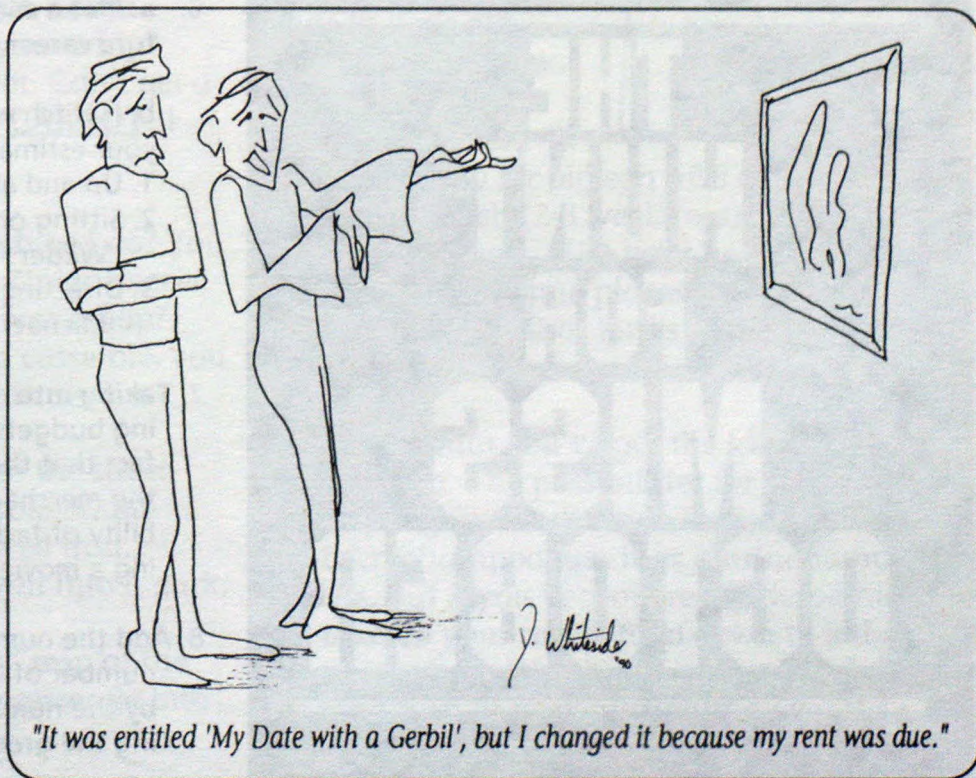
This bold exploration into boredom begins with an Italian photographer named Giuseppe Cammarato, who prides himself on his ability to capture the very essence of erotica in his work. His wife Rosalie and his mistress Carmella, both bisexual mandolin players, plot Giuseppe's death so that they may avenge their parents who, some time earlier, were disgraced by candid photos displayed in Giuseppe's art gallery. Devo, Giuseppe's brother-in-law, is a devious, homosexual attorney with an alcoholic "wife" who has lost touch with her marriage for a life of devil worship.

That's where I fell asleep. When I awoke, there were fifteen new characters, all of whom were depressed and unstable. I don't know what became of Giuseppe, however I did see a scene in which Devo cried that his brother-in-law looked peaceful above Rosalie's fireplace next to the stuffed boar. An hour or so later, everyone in the film

eventually went to hell and happily sang as their limbs were sawed off by devilish imps wearing pink triangle arm bands.

My reaction in a nutshell: What the hell was that? Six hours and twelve minutes of pure confusion is not my idea of an enjoyable night out. In the theatre lobby, most people were taking large hits of Vivarin™ with Jolt™ Cola while others praised the "introspective symbolism" that director Cousteau expressed in his choice of colors worn by the main character. In my opinion, the film was exactly like Cousteau's last two pictures- *Coitus*, *Half-Truths*, and *Grainy Super 8 Films*; and *The Butcher*, *The Transmission Mechanic*, *The Certified Public Accountant*, and *His Dead Canary*. All of Cousteau's work is trite, boring, effete intellectual trash. For die-hard fans of Cousteau or hopeless insomniacs, this film will be a dream come true. For the rest of the world though, this is a waste of money. Stay home and read your stereo instructions in Italian for the same effect.

Rating: zero stars (out of five)



"It was entitled 'My Date with a Gerbil', but I changed it because my rent was due."

THE HUNT IS ON.

MILLIONS OF HORNY MEN HAVE BEEN DEPRIVED OF SENSITIVE PHOTOGRAPHS. SOMEONE HAS STOLEN ALL THE CENTERFOLDS FROM LAST MONTH'S ISSUE OF HOT BABES MAGAZINE. COMMUNIST INVOLVEMENT IS SUSPECTED. ONE MAN HAS THE ANSWERS... ANSWERS THAT POINT TO A PLOT DEEP WITHIN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

FOLLOW HIM ACROSS THE COUNTRY AS HE BLAZES AN ACTION-PACKED TRAIL IN SEARCH OF THOUSANDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS. IT WILL BE A CONFLICT OF EPIC PROPORTIONS. DON'T MISS ONE HARD-HITTING, BLOOD-DRENCHED SECOND OF...

THE HUNT FOR MISS OCTOBER

CINEMATICS

by James Dawson

1. If $X = NC-17$, calculate the rate of increase in advertising and box-office revenue.
2. If a porn star is travelling toward a career in legitimate films determine the rate of acceptance from:
 - a. Previous fans.
 - b. People who have never seen his/her work, but only heard about it.
3. Which is the greater quantity?
 - a. The number of audience members at the final showing of *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane*.
 - b. The average number of costume changes for Bo Derek per film.
4. Combine the gross receipts of the *Indiana Jones* films and divide by the sum of Schwarzenegger's salaries (net pts. only) for his last four films.
5. Establish Patrick Swayze's bankability rating, given that in his follow-up to *Ghost* (2nd highest gross, 1990), he is starring as the leader of an evil gang of surfers.
6.
 - a. Plot a chart of Alfred Hitchcock's motion picture career.
 - b. If Hitch were alive today, using the graph for your estimation, he would be:
 1. Up and about making movies, like David Lean.
 2. Sitting on his butt waiting to die, like Billy Wilder.
 3. Directing Jason vs. Freddie vs. Leatherface vs. Michael Meyers.
7. Taking into consideration the excessive advertising budgets for *Batman* and *Dick Tracy*, and the fact that the stars received huge percentages of the merchandising revenue, calculate the possibility of Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty making a movie together as cartoon characters.
8. Add the number of *Friday The 13th* movies to the number of Irwin Allen disaster epics, and divide by the number of studio executives fired for giving the green light to those projects.

Okay, here's the scenario. You open your refrigerator. To your disgust, it's filled with an abundance of old, tasteless, moldy food. You can't EAT this stuff, but you don't want to waste it. You're a poor, impoverished, college student. You can't afford to throw anything away!

So what does one do? Realizing the seriousness of this common dilemma, the Plague has prepared a detailed guide to putting old food to good use. So, defrost your fridge and get ready to have....

Fun With Food

by Anne Kadet

Old Meat

Old meat is vile, shocking, useless stuff. So think quick! What else is vile, shocking, and useless? Right! Performance art! Why not pack up all your old meat and make a path to the nearest Avant Garde theater or Tisch "open workshop?" Hustle up on stage dressed to the nines in your old porkchops and moldy chicken wings. Spout obscure death poetry, making constant references to blood, butchers, the Rain Forest, and Nietzsche. Apply for an NEA Grant! After all, with this schtick, you're a shoe-in.

Carrots

The days when old carrots were only used for coleslaw or making snowmen look Jewish are over. Carrots have finally come into their own as an important substitute for many things you use every day. Think about it: Accidentally amputate a finger? Sew on a carrot. Outta Marlboros? Smoke a carrot. Lost your whip? Whap your loved one with a carrot. Can't get a hard-on to save your life? USE A CARROT!!!

Casseroles

Do you hate Dom DeLuise as much as I do? You know, the fat guy who advertises Ziploc freezer bags because "Cannonball Run" was a flop? Well, with the clever use of an old casserole, you can rid the world of Dom in a pleasant, humane fashion:

1. Take your casserole out to the street. Every few feet, drop a bit of casserole on the sidewalk, forming an easily followed trail.
2. Continue the casserole trail into a dark, secluded alley.
3. Set a large "Have A Hart" trap at the end of the alley. Place remaining casserole into the trap. Wait.

4. Soon, Dom DeLuise should come sniffing into the alley, scarfing down your recycled Tuna-Noodle Surprise.

5. Once he has crawled into the trap, and is securely locked inside, take him out of the city limits, and set him free in the wilderness.

6. The same trick may work on former Mayor Ed Koch.

Chinese Food

Where do you think those cheap'n'sleazy saki joints get their food? You don't actually think they prepare it all themselves to order?

Get serious. It's all recycled from people like you who find old containers at the bottom of their fridge. So why not trade in your old quarts of chow mein for cold hard cash?

The better places will pay about \$.30 for old egg rolls and up to \$4 for a relatively fresh (2-3 weeks old) carton of Sweet'n'Sour Pork. Use your head, though. Don't eat at the same places you pawn to. You don't want to see that Bird's Nest Soup again, DO YOU??

Now that you've got the idea, use your imagination. The possibilities for stale Twinkies (bath sponges, or substitute for fossil fuels) and flat beer (shampoo, use it as a urine sample) are endless. But if you become really desperate, why not take all your rotten food down to Rubin and offer it as alternative cuisine. Just watch out for the mad rush of students fighting over the best food they've seen all semester!



RATING NYU's GOURMET DINING HALLS



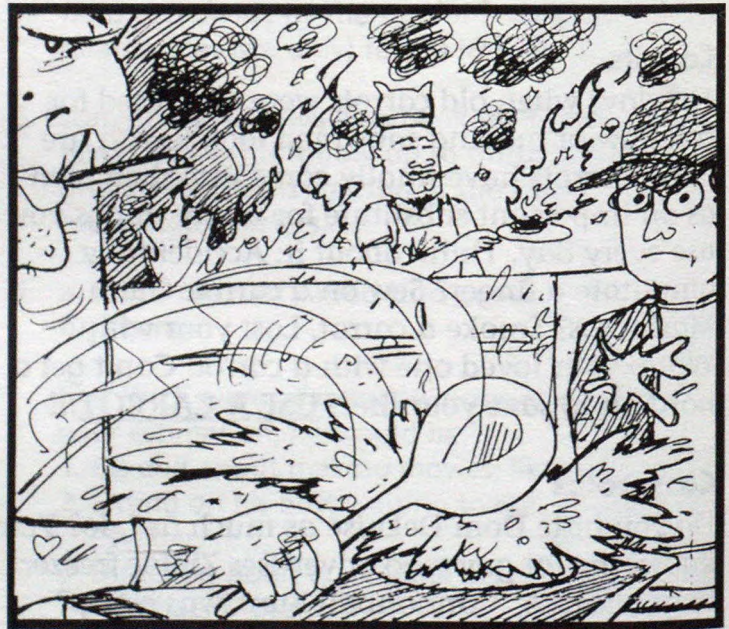
LOEB STUDENT CENTER

Considered by many as the "Tavern on the Green" of NYU, Loeb offers atmospheric dining in the basement of the building. As you descend the stairs to the cafeteria, you pass an interesting group of students just hanging out. These students are entertaining and fun to watch. Many of their parents work in the cafeteria below. Now you know why they are interesting to watch. Loeb is a cornucopia of different food styles. The salad area is overflowing with green treats for all, especially the Italian rolls. The "Leghorns" section serves more chickens than the annual pacifism banquet. The "Wings of Fire" routinely provide smouldering bowel later. Try them with "Napalm" sauce and fries—MMM, BOY! Crunchy curly fries straight outta hell will curl your lips and your toes. These fries are so crisp they look like they've been through a car accident. And let's not forget the adventurous mayonnaise/ketchup/mustard pumps that spurt as unpredictably as Jesse Helms



WEINSTEIN

"Service with a smile" takes on a new meaning here. Chef Ed smiles and chats politely as he charbroils your hamburger beyond recognition, somehow miraculously leaving the inside raw and bloody. Ed seems to enjoy squeezing the life out of your cheeseburger, as flames engulf it and it becomes a charcoal briquette. No amount of ketchup will save it. Then go to Ruth, the red-headed honey slapping food on plates with militaristic disdain for pleasantries. Ruth's eyes burn with hatred for you. She vents her frustrations out with her spoon, wielding it like a weapon of vengeance! Behold, every entree is to enjoy the challenge of uncovering layers of rice, green beans, mashed potatoes and spaghetti, like you were an archaeologist. Then again, maybe she's just pissed. And to achieve the full effect of how friendly these people can be come on down on the weekend for a meal, when Weinstein is one of the only dining halls open, and the floodgates open. Half of the cafeteria closes so the other half is filled with a very long, long line waiting to be served by, you guessed it, smilin' Ruthie and Fireman Ed. And you thought the lines at registration were long. No wonder Ruth is always smiling.



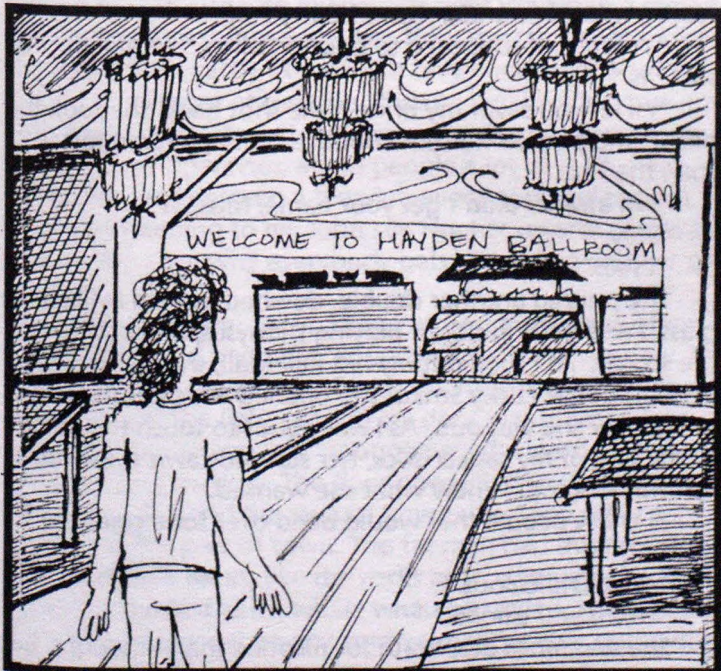
RUBIN

This dining spot primarily serves lucky students living within the building. They keep the atmosphere collegiate; long lines, no tables, fast food served slow. Rubin's kitchen area was converted from a broom closet. Because of the cramped space, the line going in and the line going out are combined, making it very confusing. Rubin's reputation is recovering from the condom in the salad bar prank of '87, despite the fact it was a used condom. In any event, the food is the middle of the road. Chef Juan prepares some of the best pork chops, and often he

disguises them as other things. The suspense is almost too much for some of the people, trying to guess exactly what is being served. The picturesque dining hall at the "Five & Dime" has also survived it's lice epidemic and the mayonnaise / nose-picking incident of '78. Most everyone has survived the meals served here since. The fish sandwich is your best bet. Mrs. Paul probably pulled these babies right from Lake Erie in the early seventies. The salad bar has the unique distinction of having the slight taste of agent orange. The Italian rolls have been accused of having cockroaches, so they had Vinnie lose weight. He's down to 256. Take my advice and eat somewhere healthier-like "Leron's Black Magic Rib Place" in the Bronx.

HAYDEN

Hayden Dining Hall gives a whole new meaning to the phrase "style over substance." Here, atmosphere is everything. The large, spacious, and posh dining area allows you to roam and mingle in comfort. This is the ultimate dining hall for people who suffer from claustrophobia. Elegant chandeliers make you feel as if it were Prom night every night. The whole room looks and feels like a ballroom. (Probably because it once was.) The irony comes from the fact that the same students who enjoy dining in this opulence are forced to live in subdivided walk-in closets. The sadistic bastards who drew up the architectural plans on this place must have cackled with insane delight at realizing this obvious disparity would serve to enhance the misery of the average resident. As far as the food is concerned, the farther the better. Nobody really cares what it tastes, looks, or smells like. All that matters is that you get to eat in relative splendor. You can ignore the lumpy mashed potatoes, forget the off-brown lettuce at the salad bar,



overlook the gurgling noises emanating from the month-old chili. The only real problem with this place is the fear of breaking wind three hours later in your NYU-provided cubicle. Without the spacious dimensions of Hayden Dining Room for ventilation, the results could verge on disastrous.

THE VIOLET CAFÉ

Contrary to the popular belief of its employees, this is a dining hall. No, it's not a franchise of the *Four Seasons*, although they would like to have you think so. In every sense except decor, this place is just like every other NYU dining hall. Well, okay, they're overpriced as well. The Violet Café was not so named because of its affiliation with NYU, but rather for rock-star Prince. Prince rented the room out in late 1983, and parted like it was 1999. Rumor has it that his two female escorts, Vanity and Appolonia, were covered in Cool Whip™ and served as hors d'ouvres. Although desserts are no longer quite that tasty at the Violet, they're still pretty good. The strawberry shortcake is quite good, and was named after a former waitress who used to date Darryl Strawberry. The Peaches and Cream dish received it's name from a discreet late-night rendezvous between singer Peaches (of "Peaches and Herb") and Eric Clapton. The dinner specials often include the stuffed pork, named in honor of Roseanne Barr, who cleared the room with some vicious gastric outbursts, and the wiggly jello served as a side dish with it is an inside joke regarding her absolutely revolting striptease act in which she leaped from table to table. The entire incident was taped live by a camera crew from *Entertainment Tonight*. A quick review of the tape reveals that only one patron stayed to witness the spectacle: University President John Brademas. One week after the debacle, NYU purchased the restaurant and converted it. Suspicious? You be the judge.



Private Dick

by Adam Lenovitz & David A. Klisiewicz

It's late. I'm sitting at my desk, staring at a computer screen that defies me to write. But I have to write. It's my job.

Well, it's not exactly my job. I'm a detective. I do okay for a detective. I've got a second floor office with an unparalleled view of the alley. The monotony is broken by the flicker of a neon sign flashing "25 cent Peep Show" day and night. People have accused me of being rude. I disagree. I am not rude; I am up front.

I'm still staring at this fucking computer.

This hunk of plastic cost me a couple grand, but I still end up typing my reports on the manual typewriter with no "e." I'm beginning to wonder why I bought this thing at all.

I was about to leave for the night and go drink abusively while eating a fajita when *she* walked in. Lips red as blood, and a dress as black as my coffee - which was to say it was white. I have a bit of a sweet tooth. She slunk in, and Trouble followed her. Trouble was her pit bull.

"Are you Rick Falco, Private Dick?" she asked in a smoky voice.

"That's what it says on the door," I replied, lighting my Pall Mall, and blowing a lazy smoke ring up toward the fan.

"Oh, grow up," she said, "these are the nineties. That Bogart bullshit is out."

I gave up trying to impress her. I hate feminism.

"Excuse me for a second," I said.

I reached into my desk and pulled out my trusty ten-gauge shotgun. Checking that it was loaded, I leaned out my window and blew away the neon monstrosity that drew all the bums like moths to bug zapper. I sat back down, put

away the gun, and put my feet on the desk.

"Sorry," I began, "but that thing was really getting on my nerves."

She took out a cigarette of her own, and lit it off mine. She took a mouthful of smoke in a manner that made me wish I had been born a cigarette holder.

"I understand completely," she answered huskily, leaning closer, "that same neon sign, flashing blue... then red ... on and off.... over and over.... day and night..... it would drive me crazy, too."

"Whatever. I moved in yesterday."

She got tired of small talk.

"I need a job done," she said. I couldn't resist the innuendo.

"I thought that was my line," I said with a cheshire grin.

"Excuse me?"

"Forget it. I couldn't resist the innuendo."

"Innuendo? Is that one of those funny little Italian suppositories?"

I could see the client was a regular Ivy-Leaguer. It was 11:41. If I played my cards right, I figured we could do the bumping uglies before midnight. I reached into my desk and pulled out a bottle of Chivas Regal that I was saving for a special occasion. She would do.

"Oooo," she purred, "Chivas. My favorite." I poured her a shot. To my surprise, she downed it like a construction worker would pound a shot of Cutty Sark.

"You're not supposed to pound Chivas," I scolded. "You savor it."

"I'll let you savor my urine," she shot back. She took the bottle and poured herself a double. It disappeared faster than the first.

"I'm afraid I didn't get your name, Miss....?"

"July."

"I see."

She poured another double, downed it, then refilled the glass. I was getting sick of playing Dionysus, and put away the scotch. As I took out my last Pall Mall, she snuffed what was left of her Lucky Strike. She opened her cigarette case to discover she was out. As I was about to touch the flame to the end of my cancer-stick, her startled-fawn eyes looked up with longing. I knew what she wanted.

"I know people that would bend over for a cigarette," I said.

"That's ridiculous."

"Not if you smoke."

She was more desperate for nicotine than I thought, be-

cause seconds later, the cage was open and my dragon was out for a stroll. The damsel in distress was certainly no virgin, and treated the beast to bath. She finished in record time, and I figured she must be a pro. She rose back up to look in my eyes, hungry for the last Pall Mall. I placed the cigarette between her lips, and her warm, salty breath caressed my hand.

"Thanks," she whispered as I lit her fire. Satisfied, and no longer in need of my services (and I was certainly no longer in need of hers), she slunk out, taking Trouble with her. No sooner had the door closed and her silhouette melted off the frosted glass of my office door like a memory, than I realized I was out \$300.

I figured since I had some time on my hands, I'd call my old pal Jimmy Dixon and see what I did last night that I can't remember. It had been a hell of a party, I was sure, because I'd woken up face down in the median strip of Highway 405 with hoof-marks on my underwear. I got Jimmy on the line.

"Jimmy, man, it's Rick!"

"Who?"

"Rick Falco. You know, the detective."

"Oh yeah, the motherless fuck who tore through my bar like the Stark Fist of Removal last night. What the fuck do you want?"

"Did I do anything I should know about?"

"Like what?"

"Anything really bad."

"Sodomized a congressman's fifteen year-old daughter on my pool table. Put two .45 caliber bullets into my jukebox. Took a shit on a police car."

"No, I meant *really* bad."

"That's it."

"You should throw better parties."

"Sorry to disappoint you."

I hung up the phone and made a note to myself not to party at Jimmy's place anymore. I do all that shit on an average work day. I go out to relax, not to rehash my day. It used to be that parties at Jimmy's were wild, like the time we sacrificed a water-buffalo on the pool table while drinking boilermakers. The good'ol days.

I put a cassette into my now-ancient Walkman. I remember when these things were hip. Now they're just old. Like me. Well, not exactly like me. I'm only twenty-six. I got my Detective's license at Gallatin. It was a "make your own major" kind of deal. To get my degree, I sat around in an office, smoked cigarettes, asked people a lot of really nosey questions, and enjoyed a blowjob every now and then in between listening to my John Lee Hooker records. Wasn't so hard. I don't see why everybody gets so worked up over college.

I kicked my feet up on the scratched mahogany of my desk and leaned back, precariously close to the window. My John Lee Hooker tapes are beginning to stretch from abuse and overuse. The light outside my door was eclipsed by a cyclopean (meaning "big", not one-eyed; I learned that at Gallatin, too) shadow. The door opened, revealing two cops - one huge beyond the laws of physics, and the other too vogue for this part of town. The fat man had this mouth full of huge white teeth, like the rocks at Stonehenge, except white. He looked like a whale when he smiled. The fact that he weighed more than any land animal I've ever seen added

to the illusion. The other one looked like he belonged on the cover of either GQ or Esquire. I couldn't decide which. I eventually compromised, figuring he could pose in drag for the cover of Outweek.

"You Rick Falco, Private Dick?" said the center of gravity.

"That's what it says on the door," I answered coolly, leaning back in my chair.

"Who do you think you are? Philip Marlowe?" Orca replied.

"You boys lose something?" I asked.

"Were you at J.D.'s Bar last night around 11 P.M.?"

"Maybe I was and maybe I wasn't."

Mr. Aryan-Nation leaned forward.

"Quit fuckin' around. Ballistics matched the slugs in the jukebox to your gun, and they found your fingerprints everywhere."

"What fingerprints?"

GQ-Man dropped a used condom on my desk.

"They're all over it. And all over the congressman's daughter. Or did you forget you'd rolled her in body paint and plaster of Paris?"

"Actually, I had forgotten."

"But now for the clincher," the land-whale said. He dropped a ziploc bag on my desk. Inside was a long, soft, medium-brown log of shit. "I believe you left this on our car."

"Oh, that. Sorry about that. Honest mistake. I was aiming for the convertible parked next to you."

"Give us one good reason we shouldn't throw your ass in the joint and lose the key," said the fat-man, looking not unlike an offshore island, and smelling not unlike a garbage barge. I know the smell well. Mt. Fuji was waiting for an answer. I thought fast and free-associated. Another neat trick I learned at Gallatin.

"Just one reason? Only one? That's all you want? Gee, I thought you would make this a little more difficult, but alright, have it your way. Let me see, if I had to give one reason, what would it be? That's a good question. I guess I'd have to say..."

I was pausing dramatic effect. They were impatient.

"Get on with it, shitface."

"Relax, I was pausing for dramatic effect."

They started unholstering their guns. They were about to show me some dramatic effects. Then I saw the way to salvation.

"You shouldn't lock me up because then I couldn't give you my nice new Macintosh home computer, delivered free of charge!"

"Deal. Have it delivered as soon as possible."

"You got it. I promise."

They holstered their guns and left. I was happy with the deal because I hated that computer anyway. I stepped over to the window and looked down into the alley. Their car was parked under my window. I looked at their car. I looked at my computer.

I unplugged the computer. Opened my window. Leaned out. And threw that fucking miserable hunk of plastic through the cocksuckers' windshield. I considered it delivered, and damn fast to boot.

After all, I promised.

In this environment-conscious era, we here at the Plague would like to do our part to help combat the destruction of our beautiful planet. An important part of saving our world is recycling. Already we have begun recycling aluminum cans, soda bottles, newspapers. It's time to recycle all plastic products. As a service to our readers, and also to planet Earth, we proudly present...

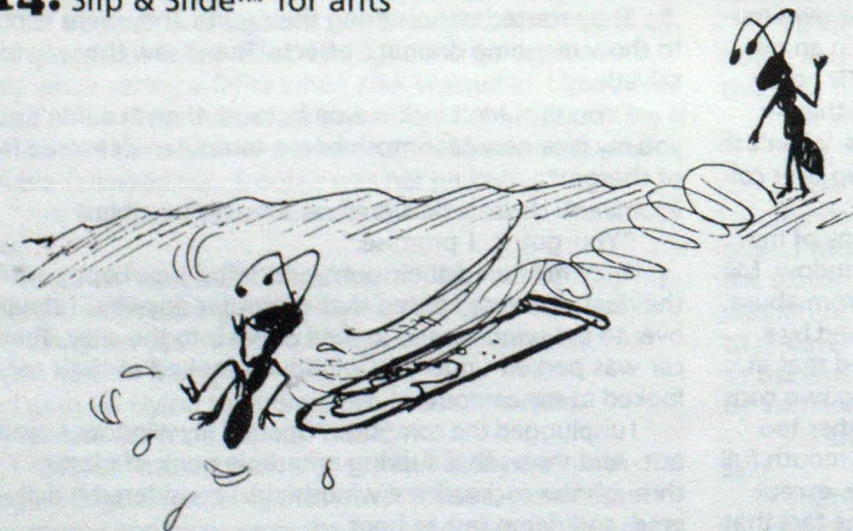
50 Uses For A Used Condom!

- 1:** Pocket protector
- 2:** Left over banana bag
- 3:** Microwave hot-dog cooker
- 4:** Coffee strainer (for that rich, mountain-grown flavor)
- 5:** Utensils holder
- 6:** Water balloon
- 7:** Rubber band (projectile weapon)

- 8:** Jelly bean holder (for gifts)
- 9:** Cake frosting dispenser
- 10:** Bifocal case
- 11:** Bookmark
- 12:** Flower preserver
- 13:** Cocaine tote

- 15:** Eye dropper
- 16:** Antenna cover
- 17:** Party favors
- 18:** Change holder (nickels, dimes, quarters)
- 19:** Straw

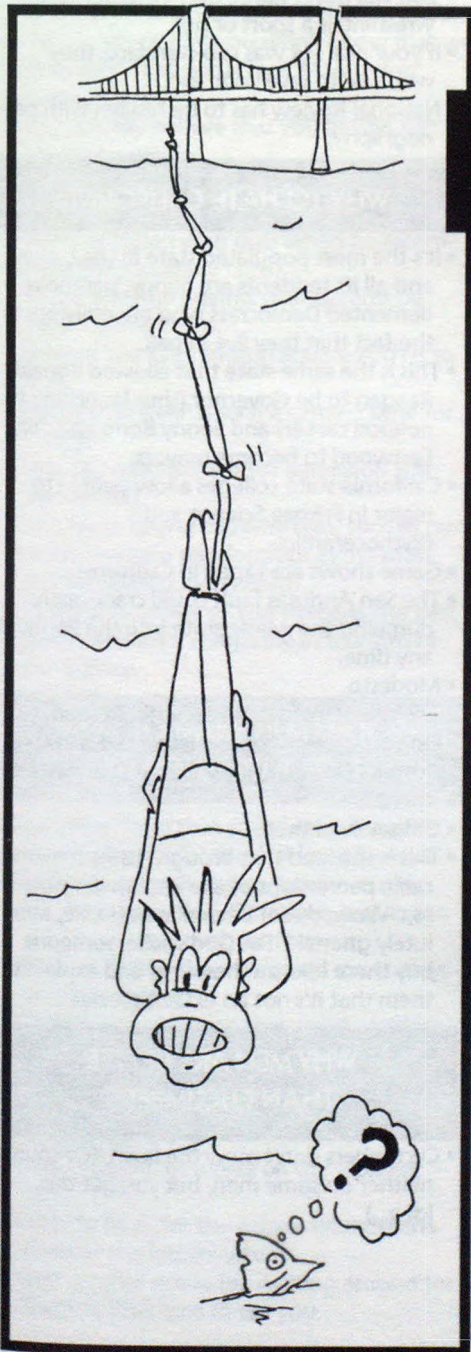
14: Slip & Slide™ for ants



20: Holy water sprinkler

WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO YOU — SPECIAL EDITION!

- 21:** Finger puppets
- 22:** KKK Hoods for GI Joe
- 23:** Enema bag for gerbils
- 24:** Shower cap
- 25:** Tourniquet for shooting heroin
- 26:** Baby-bottle nipple



- 27:** Beer funnel for Fraternity parties
- 28:** Slingshot band
- 29:** Surgical gloves (one per finger)
- 30:** Waterproof socks
- 31:** Halloween Mask
- 32:** Ski hat
- 33:** Dunce cap

34: Tie a few thousand together and make a cord for bungee jumping

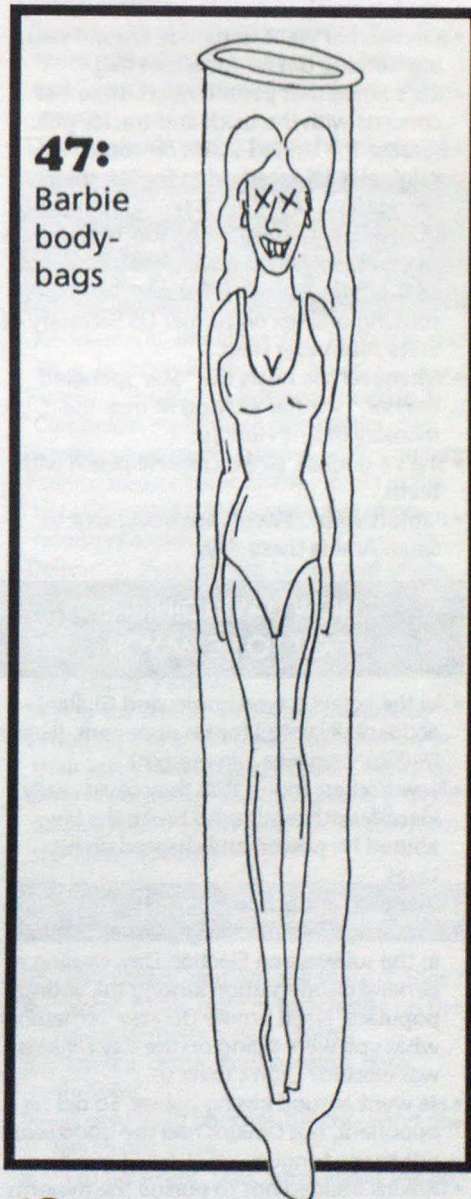
- 35:** Punch holes in it and it becomes a tea bag
- 36:** Miniature kite
- 37:** Pez dispenser
- 38:** Popsicle maker



39: Jewish schnozz warmer
(Great for sneezes... no post-nasal drip)

- 40:** Slice and dice for confetti
- 41:** Lamination for ID cards
- 42:** Fan belt for your car

- 43:** Jerry-rigging repairs on Delta airliners
- 44:** Galoshes
- 45:** Worm farm
- 46:** Barbie water-bed



47:
Barbie
body-
bags

- 48:** Sigma Delta sorority ponytail holders
- 49:** Dick sock (for those chilly nights)
- 50:** Turn it inside out and use it for its intended purpose

THE PLAGUE

WHY SINEAD O'CONNOR WON'T PERFORM AFTER THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

- She's afraid it'll be Roseanne Barr's version.
- Her manager decided to make her more controversial.
- It makes her want to parade around wearing nothing but an American flag.
- She's afraid that people will confuse her concerts with the truck-and-tractor pull.
- Because the United States censored her original XXX-rated video for "Nothing Compares 2 U."
- It causes her to have flashbacks to the years she spent locked in a wine cellar listening to the "Star Spangled Banner" while performing oral sex on former US Secretary of State Alexander Haig.
- Whenever she hears the "Star Spangled Banner," she has a crying fit over the memory of Jimi Hendrix.
- She's a godless, pinko-commie peach with teeth.
- Patriots with crewcuts are being sent to Saudi Arabia these days.

HOW DAVID DINKINS GOT TO BE MAYOR

- All the voters stayed home, and Giuliani accidentally voted for his opponent. (Hence Dinkins' one vote win margin)
- New Yorkers found that they could really identify with a guy who broke the law, abused his power, and cheated on his taxes.
- Kneepads and Scope.
- A bizarre, mind-numbing gas was released in the subways on Election Day, causing a general disorientation among the voting populace. Need proof? Do **you** remember what you were doing on the day Dinkins was elected? Didn't think so.
- He went around kissing babies. So did his opponent, but Dinkins had the good sense not to use tongue.
- Dinkins decided not to pursue the minority vote, realizing quite wisely that white heterosexual males aren't a serious political entity. (On that platform, he might pursue the Presidency...)
- The voters loved his "Ferris Bueller" impersonation when he stood up through his limo sunroof singing "Twist and Shout" while running red lights.
- Dinkins carried the religious vote on the

strength of the neo-Hebrew cult that claimed he was the Anti-Koch.

- He promised to repeal the pooper-scooper law so New Yorkers could leave their dog shit wherever they pleased.
- He got a good write-up in *Outweek* and the *Washington Square News*.
- New Yorkers wanted to prove to Jesse Jackson that a black man **can** hold a significant political office without any qualifications.

REASONS TO KILL "NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK"

- Who needs a reason?

BEST REASONS TO WATCH "AMERICA'S MOST WANTED"

- You might see your lover, roommate, professor, or parents, and be able to get a hefty reward.
- It makes you feel so much smarter than all these incredibly dense victims.
- To see if your disguise worked.
- To plan your next "copycat" crime.
- It's slightly less taxing on your mind than Pro wrestling, and more interesting than "Father Dowling Mysteries."
- To get to know your U.S. Senators.
- It's the best place to see the Rob Lowe video these days.
- To follow the careers of Tisch Film and Drama students after graduation.
- That funky soundtrack. ("These are the people in your neighborhood ♪, in your neighborhood ♪, ♪ in your neighborhood!..♪.")

DISADVANTAGES OF BEING IN LOVE WITH A LIBERAL (IF YOU'RE CONSERVATIVE)

- You will end up attending rallies that you don't believe in, surrounded by people who haven't changed their attire since Woodstock.
- You will have bitter arguments over whether or not "meat is murder" (as opposed to "meat is aggravated assault").
- Every night will be a conflict over who's on top.
- You'll end up flipping a coin every night to see whether you watch "Plight of The Spotted Seal" or "Star Trek: The Next Generation."
- Who should open the door for whom?

- You will debate over what exactly constitutes "organic food." (Liberals will argue that it's food "untouched by human hands." Conservatives will assume this means "cooked by an orangutan.")
- You'll never be sure whether to call Vietnam a "war," a "police action," or a "farce."
- You will never be able to watch the six o'clock news together without starting a food fight.
- You will never agree over whether Jello-wrestling is a sport or not.
- If your oral sex was sub-standard, they won't lie to save your ego.
- *National Review* has to be hidden with pornography.

WHY TO HATE CALIFORNIA

- It's the most populated state in the Union, and all its residents are happy, paranoid, demented Democrats who are oblivious to the fact that they live in hell.
- This is the same state that allowed Ronald Reagan to be Governor (thus launching his political career) and Sonny Bono and Clint Eastwood to become mayors.
- California state colleges allow people to major in Frisbee Science and Psychoceramics.
- Game shows are taped in California.
- The San Andreas fault could crack open, dumping the whole state into the Pacific at any time.
- Modesto.
- The rise of Tofu as an acceptable food.
- Do you know what the latest fad is in California? Do you? Firewalking! Damned heathens....
- Gidget lived there.
- This is the land that brought us such memorable perversions of the English language as, "Wow, dude! Bitchin' wave! Like, absolutely gnarly!" For God's sake, someone buy these idiots a thesaurus and explain to them that it's not an extinct species.

WHY MEN ARE BETTER THAN CUCUMBERS

- Cucumbers don't mow the lawn. (Of course, neither do some men, but you get the idea...)

EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO YOU

(VOLUME 118 IN A SERIES OF 5)

WHY YOU SHOULD GO TO NYU INSTEAD OF A REAL COLLEGE

- There's no pressure to show up at sporting events.
- Cheap drugs in Washington Square Park.
- That sexy John Brademas.
- Free rides on the trolley.
- To live in a walk in closet furnished with two bunk beds.
- To get on T.V. while riding the Main Building elevators. (Bet you didn't know that we broadcast that signal over Manhattan Cable, did you?)
- You actually believe that you always get what you pay for.
- Your High School Guidance Counselor was either drunk, stupid, bribed by NYU Admissions, or hated your guts when he recommended you apply here.
- To get revenge against your parents by bankrupting them.
- Because the Washington Square Arch is so cool.
- Because SEHNAF is such a catchy name for a college.
- The only requirement for admission is an application.
- You enjoy taking extreme risks, such as pursuing intimate relationships in the most AIDS-infested city on Earth.
- To get free copies of *The Plague*, the best damned humor magazine in this arm of the Galaxy.

HOW TO MAKE FILM MAJORS FALL MADLY IN LOVE WITH YOU

- Convince them that your father is a producer who made your last lover famous.
- Be flamboyant. It makes you seem arteé.
- Ask them to explain their films and screenplays over, and over, and over....
- Pretend to find their films and screenplays very interesting.
- Nod knowingly when they say their film's almost done.
- Say editing makes you horny.
- Let them think their bisexuality doesn't bother you.
- Fake orgasms. (It works on the women, too.)
- Offer to fill in for the actress who deserts them at the last minute.
- Give up your entire life waiting around for them to find time to see you.

WHY THE U.S. SHOULD STAY IN SAUDI ARABIA

- What better place to hold the 1996 Summer Olympics?
- To make up for the shortage of tanning salons at Fort Bragg, IN.
- Location shooting for "Spring Break" movies.
- New "Hot Spot" for Club Med.
- We can give it away in an MTV Contest.
- Scenic beachfront property that stretches on for miles and miles.
- New York state landfill expansion zone.
- It's the only place on earth you can avoid reruns of "Another Brady Bunch Christmas."
- We can destroy it in *Rambo IV - The Desert Campaign*.
- Americans will finally be forced to learn how to correctly pronounce "Tachina" and "Babaganouche."
- It's the only way to prove to our young military men that American girls are infinitely better than those hairy, smelly, subservient, ugly home-bound Saudiettes.
- Because it's the one sure-fire way to get all those mindless redneck Southern Klansmen out of the country and prove that they're not just dumb-country assholes. Instead, they can demonstrate to the world that, as assholes, they have international potential.
- By keeping our troops out of Columbia and Central America, cocaine prices will finally drop to reasonable levels, stimulating a fast-growth job opportunity market.

WHY LAURA PALMER WAS KILLED

- Hairy legs.
- She spurned the advances of David Lynch during pre-season shooting.
- She made Damn Bad Coffee.
- So *Twin Peaks* wouldn't get an "X" rating.
- Sherilyn Fenn has a better body to show off in *Playboy*.
- Complications of a yeast infection.
- She gave bad Eraserhead.
- Her habit of gyrating lewdly on garden squash grossed out neighbors, who set a contract for her assassination through the town's School Board.
- She was the unfortunate victim of the Elk Lodge's annual "Killin' Thangs" weekend jamboree.
- Her vaginal odor proved to be a menace to the ozone layer, so someone called in E.A.R.T.H. FORCE.

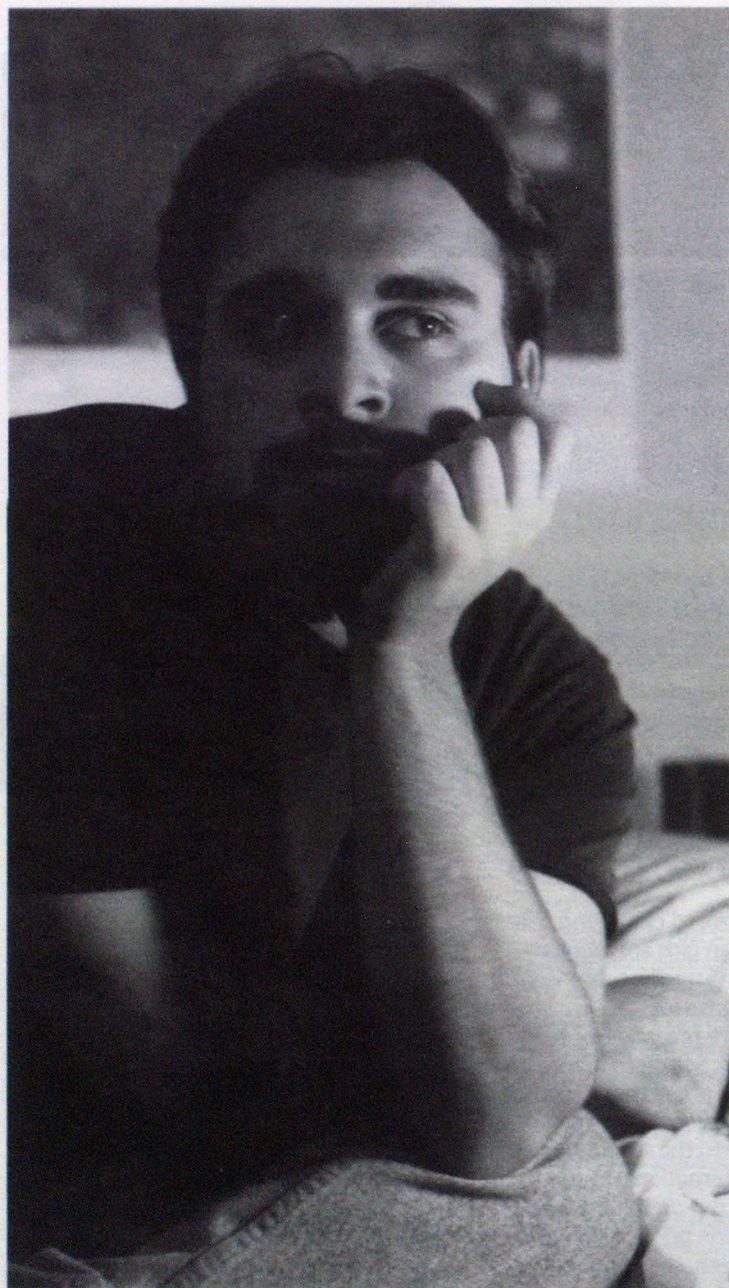
- She threatened to squeal about Jesse Helms' being a silent partner at One-Eyed Jack's.
- No Damn Good reason.
- 200 Million Americans in desperate need of a life decided a slut wrapped in 30-gauge plastic was just their cup of tea (or Damn Good coffee).
- David Lynch is actually a necrophiliac, and spent many lonely hours in the editing room jerking off to a freeze-frame of her corpse.
- Does anybody *really* give a shit anymore?

FAVORITE FANTASIES AND PRACTICAL JOKES OF THE PLAGUE STAFF WRITERS

- Accidentally impaling the editor-in-chief on a butcher knife.... 27 times.
- Pureeing the Plague Editorial Board in a Cuisenaire, molding us into patties, and serving us as hamburgers at Loeb Cafeteria.
- Posting nude photos of the Editors in the GLU Office with their respective phone numbers attached.
- Delivering their editors, tarred and feathered, to the Washington Square News office for the \$50,000 reward. What? You didn't hear about that? Uh.... ignore that... just joking, y'know?
- Selling the editors into slavery overseas.
- Drugging the editors, putting hamsters up their asses, and tipping off the *Courier* to send reporters to cover the event. (*Plague Editors Found In Luv Nest For 3 With Hamster Heartthrobs!*)

TOP TEN THINGS SAID BY NYU GRADS

10. "Hey buddy, you got any spare change?"
9. "Sorry, Mom, but I'm foreclosing on the house. A deal's a deal. (Stern)
8. "Smoke, cense, smoke, cense, hash, shrooms..."
7. "If only I had another 100 thousand dollars to piss away."
6. "I'm bankrupt, Dad. Sorry about the 80 grand in student loans."
5. "I still have nightmares of being run over by a renegade purple trolley."
4. "Mr. Scorsese, we have to do it again. I forgot to load the film." (TSOA)
3. "If only I'd gone to a real college!"
2. "I'm innocent! I swear! I didn't know it was the Senator's daughter!"
1. "You want fries with that?"



David A. Klisiewicz, Greenwich Village, N.Y.
Senior Editor, The *Plague*

"I'd do a
hostile
takeover of the
Washington
Square News
and make
them run
Doonesbury."

N E W Y O R K

LOTTO

All you need is a dollar, a dream, and a warped imagination.

"Artists stretch the limits of understanding. They express ideas that are sometimes unpopular. In an atmosphere of liberty, artists and patrons are free to think the unthinkable and create the audacious...

Where there's liberty, art succeeds. In societies that are not free, art dies."

-Ronald Reagan

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION ISN'T A MATTER OF RIGHT OR LEFT. IT'S A MATTER OF RIGHT OR WRONG.

After helping to support more than 80,000 cultural projects nationwide over the past 25 years, the National Endowment for the Arts is under attack.

A small yet highly vocal minority, led by Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, Don Wildmon and Senator Jesse Helms, want to restrict the Arts Endowment from funding anything they consider "indecent or obscene."

And though such censorship seems implausible in our society, this well-funded group of extremists has organized a massive campaign


to pressure Congress into voting their way.

Fortunately, many Americans from all across the political spectrum support freedom of expression in the arts. President Bush recently said, "I don't know of anybody in the Government or any Government agency that should be set up to censor what you write, or what you paint, or how you express yourselves."

If you agree that freedom of the arts is vital in a democracy, please call the toll-free number immediately. When you do, two pre-written Western Union messages in your name will be

rushed to Congress.

Because, regardless of whether your views are to the left or to the right, censorship is just plain wrong.

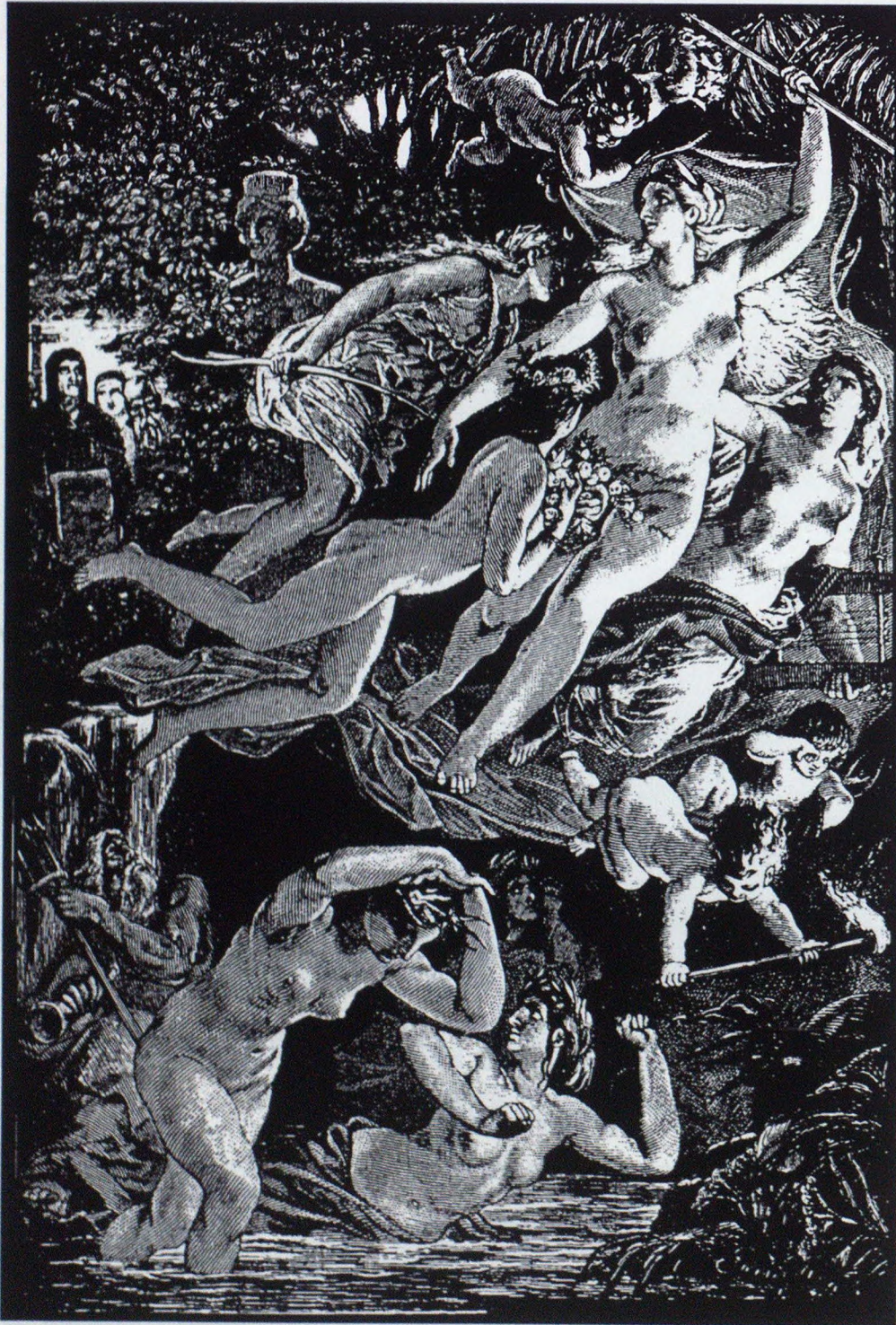
 **People For The
American Way**
ACTION FUND

SEND A MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

1-800-257-4900
OPERATOR 9681

\$6.75 will be charged to your phone bill for two messages.
\$1.00 of this amount will help defray the cost of this ad.

Do you want to go to parties like these?



IF YOUR ANSWER
IS YES, THEN JOIN

THE PLAGUE

We're looking for people
like you! If you can:

- Write
- Draw
- Take dirty pictures
- Pose in dirty pictures
- Use a MacIntosh
- Type or do Layout
- Cook
- Inflate latex dolls
- Balance a checkbook
- Incapacitate a charging pachyderm
- Create inane advertisements like this
- Tie cherry stems in knots with your tongue...

...we want you on our
team! With the help of
people like you, we can
begin our sinister plans of
conquest! Today NYU!
Tomorrow the world!

For more information about meeting times and locations, call Seth or Glenn at (212) 614-0535, or leave a message in Box 189 at the Student Activities Annex, 21 Washington Pl., NY, NY, 10003
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