

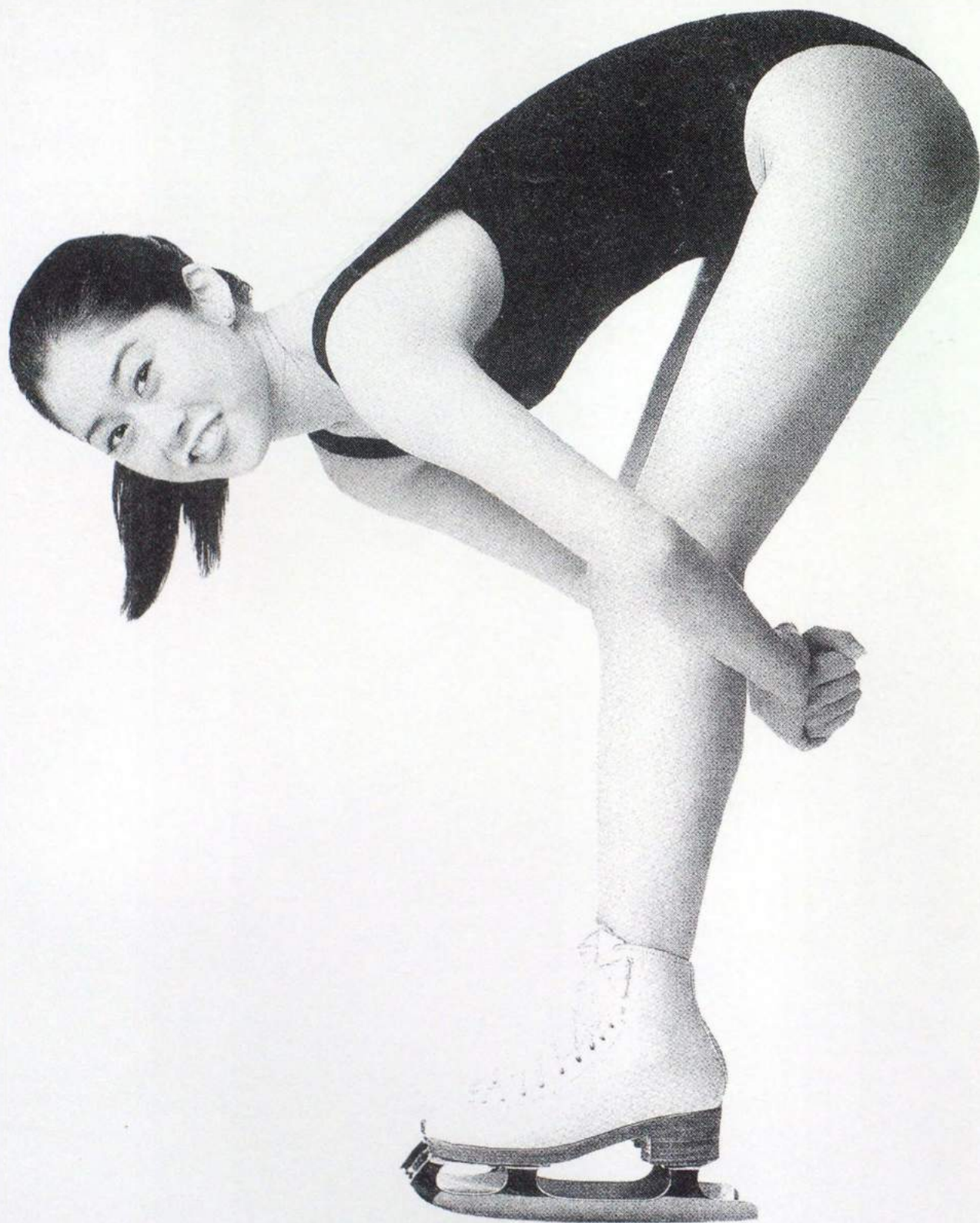
# THE PLAQUE

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S ONLY INTENTIONALLY FUNNY PUBLICATION



SPRING 1995





# ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER.

Paid for by the All-Square Status and Budget Committee (ASSDAC)  
Finance problems? Contact J. F. Smith, Chairman





# ***Urban Pain?***

Well, get over it and come to our new fully outfitted Pentagon-approved Big Brother outlets. We make sure nobody, and we mean NOBODY fucks with your coffee and cruller experience. Take it from the pro's:

we've been watching you scarf down your chocolate croissants and perfumed brew for decades.

We know what you want, even better than you do. One wrong move and you're strapped into a dentist's chair with your eyelids propped open forced to watch every film Jerry Lewis ever made. Twice.

If it's pansies you want, try the Swedes up the block.

## ***Au Bon Pain***

No more fucking with the French.

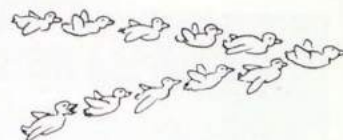


# Letter from the editors

All right you little weasels, this is it. This is the last huah. For four long years you've been after our blood, and you have always gotten it, usually with a nice garnish of parsley, or a sprig of mint. But you can't get blood from a stone, and damnnit, we're men enough to admit it—we've been stoned the whole time. Except for Dan, who always objected on religious grounds (Wiccan, we think). But we tend to get a little misty-eyed around this time—this time, naturally, being 3:10 p.m. Easter Sunday (or Passover half-time) after having spent nearly 24-hours straight laying out this monster.

We would therefore like to take this time to lay ourselves out for your perusal one last time—but before we dive six-feet-under, however, we feel it is time to degenerate into some sort of argument about the meaning of life. Despite all of our best intentions this final senior letter of fairwell has ended up like those of our predecessors. Bitter, confused, and we all look like extras from OUTBREAK.

[oh, who the hell are we kidding? We don't want to write this and you don't want to read it, so let's stop whining and pretending. Now you've forced our hand—we're going to print the un-printable, speak the unspeakable, and so on. Yes, after digging through our old computer disks left behind by those soon-to-be-pornographers of yesteryear (October, 1990), we have discovered something you might find interesting to read. Rather Geraldo-esque, wouldn't you say? So, without further ado we present, *Subliminal Plague*, the strange lyrics to some crazy backmasking scheme they failed to pull off during the Bush Administration. Oh, and just to annoy the hell out of you, we'll print them upside down and backwards. You know, for effect. Enjoy, you festering Urealyticum morphodites!]



"ARE WE THERE YET?"

5/5/94  
5/5/94  
5/5/94

5/5/94  
5/5/94  
5/5/94

P.S. — for both of you who bothered to read this, we will be holding a contest to decide who gets to be the new *Plague* editors next Fall. The rules are simple: just count how many times we use the word **AREA** in the magazine, write it on a postcard, and mail or bring it to **Box 189, 21 Washington Place, New York, NY, 10003**. In case of a tie we will hold a "Rock/Paper/Scissors" contest to determine the winners/losers.

"And now for something we hope you'll really like..." —Rocket J. Squirrel, Washington Square crack dealer

Even Camus couldn't see this one coming...  
In the river  
Boll those bunnies  
Guliver from the fever  
Fear the disease  
Rap music is subversive  
Dan Quayle is qualified  
Cub your dog  
Only good children go to heaven  
What is mental masturbation? Think about it  
Turn it down  
New kids rule because they are clean cut  
Heavy metal should be banned  
Square peg, round hole  
Homosexuality is wrong  
Read my lips—cut your hair  
Capitalism is good. Communism is bad  
Only really wicked people will play this record backwards  
PMRC will save your soul  
When played backwards  
Warning: use of this product may be hazardous to your health—has been found to cause cancer in laboratory rats  
No matter how thin you slice it, it's still baloney  
Paul's not dead—John is  
Alcohol is a drug  
Practice safe sex; be celibate  
No premarital sex—wait till you're married  
Mapplethorpe was naughty  
Have a doughnut  
Mr. Policeman is your friend, too  
Ronald Reagan is synonymous with superman  
love thy neighbor  
The government is your friend  
Do well in school  
Study hard  
Republicans are nice people  
Get at least seven hours of sleep  
Respect and obey your parents  
Brush after every meal  
Go to Church  
Eat your Vegies  
Vote Helms for President  
[Chorus]  
Vote Helms for President  
wormy hates competition  
that's an evil role  
I know you're thinking  
and go kill the Pope

Crab a machine gun  
don't be a dope  
Listen to the worm  
And stick in your PMRC.  
Eat me Jesse.  
So blow me Tipper  
Censorship is un-American!  
or to burn it  
But we defend your right to listen to it  
[Spoken]  
You may think this song sucks  
yeah, fuck all the cops,  
that's worst of all  
Cops are sayin'  
that's real cool  
kill your roommate  
off to school  
Worms go with you  
you've ever had?  
(but) isn't this the most fun  
that's really bad  
I know you're thinking  
and gouge out his eyes  
find a little kid.  
The worm never lies  
You know what to do  
[Chorus]  
you love doggie most  
but you and wormy know  
that's really gross  
I know you're thinking  
go rape your dog  
more worms in yer dreams, sayin'  
sleepin' like a log  
in bed snoozin'  
Subliminal plague!! infect your soul!!  
Subliminal plague!! brainwash you whole  
Subliminal plague!! feeds on the pain  
Subliminal plague!! gets into your brain  
[Chorus]  
she's payin' the price  
she spanked you once—  
that's not nice  
I know what you're thinking  
go kill your mom  
hear 'em in your head  
Worms are crawling



*Michael Zinz...*  
**D.A.N.**  
*Lu...*  
*Miguel*



# PLAGUE

May 1995

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*The Plague* is New York University's Only *Intentionally* Funny Magazine. The views expressed here are not necessarily those of *The Plague* or New York University or any intentionally funny people. All resemblance to humour in this publication, either living or dead, is purely coincidental. © Plague, May 1995.



# NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

A private university  
in the public service

## APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION TO UNDERGRADUATE STUDY

For Admission in  
Spring, Summer, or  
Fall of 1995.

### 1. PERSONAL INFORMATION

Please type or print in ink

SEX: ☒ M ☐ F

LEGAL NAME: LAST (FAMILY)

Zho

FIRST

Bohn

MIDDLE INITIAL

PREFERRED NAME/NICKNAME

Jethro

OTHER NAMES THAT MAY APPEAR ON CREDENTIALS

Cheetah, Anaconda, Rosco, Susan

PERMANENT HOME ADDRESS (NUMBER AND STREET)

Bronx Zoo

TELEPHONE NUMBER

(718) 817-8700

CITY

Bronx

STATE

NY

ZIP CODE

10121

COUNTY

NYC

PLEASE INDICATE CITIZENSHIP STATUS:

☐ U.S. citizen ☐ Permanent resident Alien Reg. No. \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Refugee ☒ Other

If "Other," please indicate country of citizenship Mozambique Are you presently in the U.S.? ☒ Yes ☐ No

If you are in the U.S. and are not a U.S. citizen, please indicate your present visa status Domestic animal/Cargo

IS ENGLISH YOUR NATIVE LANGUAGE?

☐ Yes ☒ No

If "No," please indicate your primary language Tagalog/ASL

and the number of years you have studied English 7

(OPTIONAL) HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOURSELF?

☐ Caucasian, white(non-Latino)

☐ African-American

☐ Japanese

☐ American Indian or

☐ Puerto Rican

☐ African-American/Latino

☐ Korean

☐ Alaskan native

☐ Chicano

☐ Other Black

☐ Asian Indian

☒ Other Simian

☐ Other Latino

☐ Chinese

☐ Other Asian/Pacific Islander

(please specify)

### 2. FILING STATUS

DATE OF ENTRY: ☐ Spring 1995

☐ Summer 1995

☒ Fall 1995

SCHEDULE: ☒ Day

☐ Evening

STATUS: ☒ Full time

☐ Part time

CLASSIFICATION:

☒ Freshman (never attended any collegiate institution or graduating from high school this year)

☐ Transfer (attended college even if no credit was received)

HOUSING PREFERENCE: ☐ I request a room assignment in a University residence facility.

☒ I will commute to classes and reside with my Man With Yellow Hat (relative).

☐ I will commute to classes and reside in a commercially leased apartment of my own choosing.

ANTICIPATED COLLEGE MAJOR: (Applicants for Tisch School of the Arts **must** indicate a major.)

Acting/Genetic Engineering

☐ I HAVE A NUMBER OF IDEAS BUT HAVE NOT YET SELECTED A MAJOR.

CAREER GOAL: To Evolve/Star in Any Which Way But West

ANTICIPATED SCHOOL OR COLLEGE AT NYU (CHECK ONE ONLY, PLEASE):

(Applicants to School of Continuing Education programs other than General Studies should file the SCE application for admission)

☐ College of Arts and Science

☐ School of Education

☐ General Studies Program (Two-Year Associate

☐ Stern School of Business

☐ School of Social Work

in Arts Degree)

☐ Gallatin Division

☒ Tisch School of the Arts

If you are not currently  
attending high school  
or college, please  
describe your activities  
since last enrolled.

Electrodes on genitalia, murdered Nicole Simpson, starred in off-Broadway production of  
Inherit the Wind, ghost writer for The Bell Curve, speechwriter for Admiral Stockdale,  
screenwriter for Ishtar, expelled from Harvard after they found out I killed my mother

Were you ever the  
subject of disciplinary  
action in secondary  
school or college?

☒ Yes ☐ No IF "YES," PLEASE EXPLAIN.

I push red button too much; I invited Clint Eastwood to Harvard Yard and he went apeshit;  
I was spanked by Jon Stewart as Alan Dershowitz protested; I produce shitty humor  
magazine: Harvard Lampoon; I burned cross at Harvard Divinity School; I ate crew team

If you have any  
information you wish  
to bring to the  
attention of the  
Admissions Committee  
concerning your  
previous scholastic  
performance, please  
indicate here.

I was framed; I am food-chain deficient; all my relatives' names end in a vowel; that one  
night with Tarzan meant nothing; I'm hung like an ape; I believe Lee Harvey Oswald acted  
alone; I've never been thrown out of Yale; our family business is troubleshooting for USAir;  
I don't have Ebola; I was very intimate with Paulette Goddard; I met Jerry Brown once

### 3. PERSONAL INTERESTS AND ACTIVITIES

NAME OF ACTIVITY	YEAR OF PARTICIPATION IN HIGH SCHOOL OR COLLEGE					NO. HRS. PER WEEK SPENT IN ACTIVITY	POSITIONS HELD AND/OR HONORS EARNED	DO YOU PLAN TO PARTICIPATE AT NYU?
	9	10	11	12	COLL.			
Grooming			X	X		160		Yes
Whaling		X		X		24		Yes
Sodomy		X	X	X		36	Yup	Christ No!!!
Self-flagellation	X		X	X		48		Yes
Composing Sonnets		X	X	X		50		Yes
Amateur Optometry	X	X	X	X		32		Yes



Please list your most recent job experience. Include military experience and jobs held during the school year. (List most recent first.)

POSITION	EMPLOYER	DATES OF EMPLOYMENT FROM 1981 TO 1989	HOURS PER WEEK
<u>Attorney General</u>	<u>US Government</u>		<u>2-3</u>
<u>Best Boy</u>	<u>Spelling Entertainment Group</u>	<u>1992-1994</u>	<u>40-50</u>
IF YOU ARE CURRENTLY EMPLOYED, GIVE YOUR BUSINESS TELEPHONE NUMBER		( <u>212</u> <u>998-4515</u>	
		AREA CODE	NUMBER

Please list the names of members of your immediate family who attended or who are now attending New York University.

FULL NAME	RELATIONSHIP TO YOU	DIVISION OF UNIVERSITY	DATES ATTENDED
<u>Isabella Rossalini</u>	<u>Wife</u>	<u>Gallatin</u>	<u>1987 TO 1995</u>
<u>J.F. Smith</u>	<u>Cousin</u>	<u>GSP</u>	<u>1989 TO 1995</u>
<u>Eric Manganelli</u>	<u>Father</u>	<u>Stern</u>	<u>1991 TO 1995</u>

## NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

*A private university in the public service*

*For Admission in Spring, Summer, or Fall of 1995.*

### ◇ SECONDARY SCHOOL/COLLEGE RECOMMENDATION FORM ◇

Please describe the applicant's academic and personal characteristics. We are particularly interested in evidence about the candidate's intellectual promise, motivation, relative maturity, integrity, independence, originality, initiative, leadership potential, capacity for growth, special talents, and enthusiasms. We welcome information that will help us to differentiate this student from other applicants.

When I first met Bohn Zho six years ago in the Mozambique Wilderness I was immediately attracted to his physical presence. He carried himself, that is, when I wasn't carrying him, with a commanding air of gentility not found in the other apes. I immediately perceived that this was more than mere chutzpah—this monkey had the potential for greatness. It was not long before he stopped flinging his excrement at me. As I watched him evolve both mentally, physically, and sexually over the years, he never ceased to amaze me with his outstanding achievements.

While his lacksadaisical peers struggled with the age-old fire paradox, Bohn Zho deftly mastered its intricacies and moved on to amateur optometry. His is a simian brainpan riddled with inquisitiveness. For example, when observing a comet's path across the sky last summer, he concluded that the convex vectors of the path of the tail demonstrated the erroneous assumptions of Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle. He would have succeeded in developing a Grand Unified Theory had he not been suddenly fascinated with the idea of flinging his excrement at his partner, Stephen Hawking.

But this is a minor and occasional setback that he suffers only occasionally. The rest of the time he experiences periods of deep lucidity resembling work from Goya's middle period. His natural acting ability, developed while studying independently with Clint Eastwood in the middle 1980's, is unmatched even by the legendary Davy Jones. In fact, Mickey Dolenz recently approached Bohn Zho's manager with a proposal for a reunion, which is currently being negotiated with Larry Tisch and CBS.

The last time I met with Bohn, he was hard at work on a new screenplay, a new Chevy Chase vehicle, *Man of The House*. Although the lead was originally written for David Letterman, this was vetoed by Sparky Katzenberger, who reportedly said, "Get that butt-ugly, unfunny, talentless fuck out of my face. I want quality. See if we can get a Canadian. If not, we'll settle for Chevy Chase."

His passionate interest in the arts was manifested several times and on one occasion he argued vehemently Winona Ryder's merit as Best Actress three years running. I told him he couldn't tell good acting from a speech read into the Congressional record. But other than the occasional disagreement, he is an absolute joy to work with.



#### 4. PERSONAL STATEMENT/ESSAY

The essay offers an opportunity for you to help us become acquainted with you in ways different from grades, test scores, and other objective data. It allows you to demonstrate your ability to organize your thoughts and express yourself. With this in mind, please write an essay, approximately 200-500 words in length, on a separate sheet of paper, about *one* of the following topics:

- A. If you are between the ages of 15 and 25, you are part of what has been called "Generation X." How would you define this generation? Discuss the influences that have shaped this generation or set it apart from others.
- B. Discuss an issue of personal, local, national, or international concern and its importance to you.
- C. Select a creative work—a novel, a film, a poem, a musical piece, a painting, or other work of art—that has influenced the way you view the world and the way you view yourself. Discuss the work and its effect on you.

### Generation X Drives Me Bananas

by Bohn Zho

Living in the jungles of Mozambique for most of my life, the catch phrase "Generation X" was new to me until I heard it used on MTV, Monkey Television, while watching my favorite Peter Gabriel video, "Shock the Monkey," which has great *appeal* in my home area. Pardon my joke, you see most monkeys like bananas. Not me, I'm allergic to them. Which makes me something of an outcast. But, after all, Generation X is a conglomerate of outcasts. Take Ethan Hawke's goatee, for example: reminded me of that old myth, *vagina dentata*. I bet he got the excrement kicked out of him in the sixth grade, hoo boy.

As a young person of mammalcy, I was often ostracized from my fellow primates because I read *GRANTA* and *The Utne Reader*. My social skills being quite inadequate, I didn't participate in the grooming orgies every weekend at the corner of Hollow Wood and Vine. Social outcasts existed throughout history, of course, such as that literary rebel, Ralph Waldo Emerson. He writes in his essay "The American Scholar":

*Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical. We are embarrassed with second thoughts. We cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists. We are lined with eyes. We see with our feet. The time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,—*

*"Sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought." (3.1.85-87)*

Generation X, probably as a result of Project X, is a populace of introversion, of all thought and absolutely no action...just look at Matthew Broderick's career. If action is taken, it is an action guided by the self, the individual. A sort of post-modern egalitarian transcendentalist Derridian archtechtonics. But this seeing with the feet is something my species has done for years. In the tradition of our furry moral leaders who taught their children, our children are taught moral values by furry creatures on television, i.e. Bert, Ernie and Mike Dukakis. However, bushy eyebrows are not essential to guide our generation, (i.e. Kristen McMenamy) nor exclusive to Generation X.

Our generation is taught through the medium of Television. Our rituals, our mating games, our very infrastructure's integrity that once seemed so tenuous, yet so eminently prefabricated, is no stranger to this phenomenon. We also all have weird hair. Not all of us, but most of us. My cousin, a baboon, has no hair whatsoever on his bottom. This is something the rest of the family finds very odd indeed. However, this is something the Jackson family finds perfectly normal.

It may not be as strange as a belly-button ring (which Emerson is rumored to have had at one time), but people are always looking for ways to separate each generation from the next. The belly-button ring has no string through it. If we all had belly button rings and strings tying us together we would all be much closer together and it would be harder to tuck our shirts in. But we don't, ergo we have no sense of unity. And find it quite easy to tuck our shirts in, but prefer not to, that is, unless we have bald asses.

As Harriet Jacobs, perhaps the greatest contemporary woman named Harriet of her time says in *Incidents In the Life of a Slave Girl* :

*"Dear Daughter: I cannot hope to see you again on earth, but I pray to God to unite us above, where pain will no more rack this feeble body of mine; where sorrow and parting from my children will be no more."*

As a youth, I was separated from my mother when she was launched into space as part of the Sputnik painkiller testing. Her twin sister, however, remained here on Earth with me. Mumsy is not due to return to earth until the year 2045, the same year, if all goes well, I will graduate from New York University. In my opinion, she will have aged but a few months, while auntie Bertha will be a crippled old hag, if she hasn't died of emphysema by then. This will simultaneously prove Einstein's paradox of the twins, and allow me to ask my mom to the senior formal. Call me Woody Allen, but call me soon, because USC is on the line...and they've offered me a small Hawaiian island.





**New York University**  
*A private university in the public service*

Office of Undergraduate Admissions  
22 Washington Square North  
New York, NY 10011-9191  
Telephone: (212) 998-4500

Dear Mr. Zho,

Congratulations! You have been admitted to New York University and the Tisch School of the Arts in the area of Stella Adler. You must return the enclosed Candidate Reply Form before May 13, 1995, to the Office of Undergraduate Admissions, 22 Washington Square North, NY, NY, 10011, or your place will be offered to the next available person whose check clears.

We are also happy to inform you that you have been nominated for the Tisch Alumni Scholars program, which carries a full scholarship, stipends for free trips around the United States and the World during breaks, and a membership in the exclusive NYU after-hours club, Booze, Booze, Booze. In addition to this package will be added a modest stock portfolio upon completion of your first year, with graduated increases in shares and T-Bills in subsequent years.

Should you choose to accept our ~~bribe~~ offer of admission, you will be required to maintain a minimum 1.9 GPA cumulative, and a minimum 2.1 GPA in your major area of Acting. You will also be expected to juice up weekly with Dean Bill Mowder on the 7th floor of 721 Broadway, joining him in his many jovial pranks played upon that tightass Dan Sanford. This will be sufficient to qualify for your community service requirement.

Your official financial award is as follows:

Tisch Alumni Scholarship	\$19,210
Anticipated T.A.P. Award	\$5
Stipend for Free Trips	\$4,500
Banana Allowance	\$1,000
Resident Assistantship, Hayden, Dorm of Doom	Ref. Voucher
Lotto Tickets, Food Stamps, Naked Photos of Nancy Kerrigan	\$21.95



Once again, we appreciate your patronage, and look forward to the opportunity to patronize you to death in the future.

Sincerely,

Richard A. Avitable, Director of Undergraduate Admissions



**DIRECT FROM WASHINGTON**

From the creators of  
the musical drama *Mein Kampf*...



# **RUSH**

Starring  
**Meatloaf** as *Rush*  
**William Shatner** as *Newt*  
&  
**Tom Snyder** as *Dennis Prager*  
a **Stephen Sondheim** production

"You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll kiss democracy goodbye!"

---U.S. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT

"This isn't funny. You punks can have your laughs now, but when I'm in charge,  
you better watch your welfare-collecting pinko asses!"

---PAT BUCHANAN

**COMING TO A FREE WORLD NEAR YOU.**



# Mother Oliva's Fairy Tales

Once upon a time, in the Village of Greenwich, on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, we find our hero, Bobby the Bobcat. Spring has sprung, and our young hero's heart turns to thoughts of love. But alas, he has no life companion, so Bobby must release his youthful energies in other pursuits. So, like any other young Bohemian worth his salt, he spends his time playing guitar in the park.



**Suddenly an angel appears:** a veritable Princess, clad in a tiny pink dress. No, she isn't a Stern student in drag, she is a nymph; a vision of pure Heaven; Aphrodite rising from the foam. Bobby can't remove his eyes from her lithe, sensuous form. While her smooth, fair skin bespeaks of her royal pedigree, her sultry gyrations tell a very different story.

**The Princess finishes her dance with a flourish.** As she pauses, taking in the joyous adulation of the Village People surrounding her, Bobby knows that there can be no other for him. He resolves then and there to win her heart completely. But how can this unkempt young mammal even imagine himself fit for her royal hand? After all, they aren't even the same species. Still, Bobby musters his courage and invites the Princess to accompany him to Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe, and a late afternoon frolic in the castle keep. To his delight and amazement she accepts his offer with a mischievous gleam in her devastating brown eyes.





At the Shoppe the two Darwin-crossed lovers gaze longingly into each other's eyes. They chuckle knowingly without saying a word. Magic is in the air, and neither cares about how it affects the ozone layer. Cupid has struck yet again.



Strolling through the park, they wish the day would never end. In a playful mood, the Princess challenges Bobby to a game of chess. He eagerly accepts, anticipating the opportunity to show off his newly developed outer cortex, honed to perfection in the classrooms and laboratories of New York Vniversity. L. Jay should be filled with joy at his son's fine performance.

The game begins without incident; the players seem evenly matched. And yet, after a few quick moves, the Princess leans back with a satisfied smile and declares, "Check-mate!" She had been toying with him all along, and dispatched him with a deadly gambit once she had had her fun.



Stunned beyond comprehension, Bobby reverts to primitive rage. The Princess is not frightened by this bestial display, however. Instead, her eyes grow brighter as she coyly reprimands his counter-evolutionary tactics, crying, "Oh, you animal!"



**Predictably**, our tragic heroes decide to take their relationship to the next level. Bobby suggests they drop by Ye Olde Pink Pussycat Boutique, retailer of fine leather collars, chains, and the classic aphrodisiac: oyster kibble. Denied entrance, he suddenly remembers that today is Sunday: dog run day. Hissing mightily, the incensed mascot pounds furiously against the gates to no avail.



Down, but not out, they head next door to the slightly-less-reputable Love Nest. They paw through the assorted equipment, gleefully sampling the wares. But nothing in the store satisfies their insatiable animal urges, so they decide to venture on towards more visually stimulating pursuits.

**Ye Olde Kim's Underground Video** is known far and wide as the finest purveyor of pornographic imagery and Tisch films. Any young couple is bound to fulfill their needs within Kim's hallowed halls. However, this is no ordinary young couple. The staff cowers as they approach. Bobby growls lustily to the young wench behind the counter, and the Princess giggles feverishly. The pale, nervous clerks hold their collective breath as the couple makes a beeline for...





**Pee Wee's Room!** Although this is familiar territory for both Bobby and the Princess, they pause for a moment at the imposing portal to pulchritude. Disaster is narrowly averted as they barge in and rudely shove past a bald old man in a Kojak trenchcoat. Moments later Bobby recognizes him as his arch-nemesis, Larry Tisch. Luckily, Tischy is too absorbed with *Forced Hump* to notice the six-foot-tall mascot in heat behind him.



The Princess points out an old favorite of hers, and Bobby dismisses it quickly, still in denial over his latent homosexuality. After finally coming to an agreement, the pair make haste to Bobcat's basement apartment in Coles for an extended workout...



...three weeks later, the rabbit died.

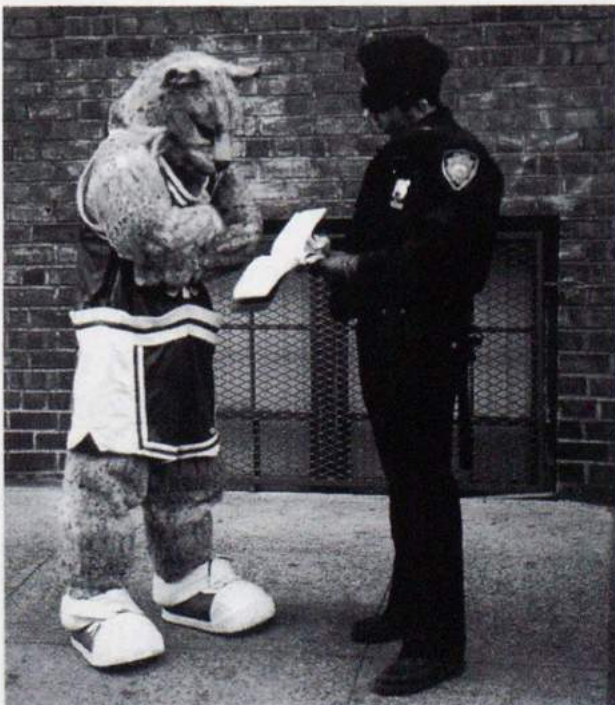






**Bobby snaps at the news of his impending fatherhood.** Unable to deal with reality, he wanders from one bad situation to another, eventually stumbling onto Ye Olde Village Dog Run, where he is greeted with the usual derisive chorus of belligerent barking and yapping.

**Normally, Bobby takes such insults in stride,** but today is no ordinary day. The dogs push him over the brink. Screaming "I'll show you, you damnable canines!" he whips out his trusty sidearm and proceeds to cause a little fur to fly.



**Tragedy strikes** as the evil Sheriff of the Village responds to the plaintive whelps of the local puppies and chases Bobby out of the park. The lawman finally catches up with Bobby outside the subway, and issues him a citation for hunting without a license and wearing ill-fitting shorts. However, our young hero remains unrepentant, tearing up the ticket as soon as the Sheriff is out of sight.





**Continuing his rampage,** the errant feline escalates the level of violence. Believing that a great deal of cash will be necessary to finance the royal abortion, he mugs a trendy magistrate as he exits Ye Olde Bank of the Citi.



**Fates be praised,** the Yuppie recognizes his assailant as the trusted mascot of his beloved alma mater, NYV. Assuming the Bobcat is there as part of the next Billion Dollar Fundraising Campaign, he reaches into his deep pockets, asking, "Will you take a check?"



**With cash in hand** and another thirty grand in his bank account, Bobby begins to feel decadent. Throwing caution to the wind, he dons his overcoat and heads to Ye Olde Playground. "So many children, so little time," muses the Bobcat. He had always taken a secret delight in his dealings with his youngest fans. Their parents never suspected that his joyous antics were fueled by darker, unspeakable urges.





Bobby lures an innocent little Lolita back to his locker room/apartment, and acts out his most forbidden fantasies. The little girl is shocked as the fabled feline who used to romp with her at all the basketball games displays his assets...



...and then begins to paddle hers.



She struggles free from her bonds and turns on her captor, demonstrating how well she learned Bobbit-Fu in Sunday School.

After a little down-home surgery, "John Wayne" Bobcat is back to normal, albeit a little sore. However, his rabid desires remain unquenched; the fire in his loins still burns like lemon juice in a paper cut.





Grabbing a cab, Bobby heads up to the Great White Way, Times Square. Oddly, he feels right at home surrounded by the glowing neon signs heralding more debauchery in a one square block area than can be found in the entire Midwest. Sadly, Bobby does not see the marquee behind him, thus missing out on the opportunity to exercise his mastery of irony, purchased for only \$120,000 from NYV's English Department.



He manages to hook up with a twenty-dollar hooker, ironically an NYV philosophy major moonlighting in order to pay her tuition. She relents to his crude come-ons, accompanying him to the nearest theater. If only the basketball team could score as quickly and easily; perhaps they should hang out in the philosophy department. Being an existentialist, neo-Marxist, post-modern feminist sympathizer, the young co-ed relishes the paradox of being simultaneously shafted twice by NYV.



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





Left unsatisfied by conventional sleaze, Bobby seeks out the ultimate thrill for any young feline: *Cats*. Unfortunately, the show is closed for the evening, and Bobby vents his rage yet again upon an innocent doorway, screaming "*Now and Forever, my ass!*"

Clearly beyond the realm of sanity, he drops his shorts and relieves himself on one of the advertisements out front, ignoring the passers-by as they point and gawk. Bobby stakes his claim to the side of the theater, and then stalks off to see what further misadventures might smooth his ruffled fur.



As the evening draws to a close, Bobby's misery only increases. He stands for a few minutes in the middle of Times Square bellowing "*Now where did I leave that damn trolley?!?*" Spotting a nearby surry, NYV's most feared miscreant

bashes the driver over the head with an empty whiskey bottle and hijacks his hat, horse, and carriage. Witnesses claim that the mad mascot barreled back to the Village whooping crazily and hollering, "*Fuck the Swedes!*"



**Bobby finds himself alone at last.** The silence is deafening. He still cannot come to grips with what happened with the Princess, and begins to drink himself into a stupor worthy of Ed Meese.



**But alcohol isn't enough.** He needs something with a little more kick, so he calls upon his ever-reliable friend, The President of Ye Olde Plague, Carl Sanders.

**Being a ridiculous degenerate,** the President is more than happy to aide the Bobcat in his pursuit of chemical nirvana. He helps set him up with heroin works, because all the crack was smoked at the last meeting. Heroin is pretty easy to score: it's sold all over the East Village, and even in a few NYU offices if you know the right people (i.e. Addison Neva from Admissions). Only a ride on the mainline can satisfy the Bobcat now.



**Oh the humanity (of sorts)!**

The Bobcat has joined the choir eternal, overdosed on smack! *Violets* across the world weep and The President of Ye Olde Plague is in it deep again. What to do, what to do?! Deny everything; no one must know. Wait, where are the negatives?

So much for *happily ever after*. Yes, Student Activities is going to be up our ass once more with their demented jelly-fingers. Oh well, might as well let them have their fun. Until next time, kids, remember the moral of today's story: *next time you see a jolly mascot headed your way, grab your zipper, run like hell, and call 911.*





# Functionality of a Cumulative Optimum Degree in Now Specified Material

(What's the good of a Liberal Arts degree?)

Basic comparative education in interpretive reality.

(Lots of time to think about life.)

Satisfaction from knowledge of furthering of monetary capitalistic civilization.

(Wonderful chance to spend more money in four years than most people can in twenty.)

Inter-relating of various areas of participation and concentration of modern post-adolescent grouping.

(Your parents are paying people to get you friends.)

Lack of specific direction proves hormonal build up and opportunity for release.

(If you're lucky you could get some.)

Creative linguistics amplifies urban insecurities.

(Lick me!)

Undersized mammalian subterranean resident dwellers offer monetary capitalistic exchanges optimizing extra periphery experience.

(You can buy crack from squirrels.)

Oversized infant nutrition facilitators abundant in XX chromo-

some species initiators.

(Female teachers have big breasts.)

Once visual orbs are indisposed nocturnal effects are activated.

(If you close your eyes it's dark.)

Constant negative cash inflow resulting from temporary isolation of afore-subscribed reality and non realistic distribution of funds. Total cash gross in mature phase of growth offers opportunities in offspring marketing.

(Get yourself into a lot of debt really young and spend your entire adult life trying to pay it back. End up by selling your children.)

Possess no viable methodology for redemption of biological institution.

(Once you're out of school you will not have the slightest clue on how to make ends meet.)

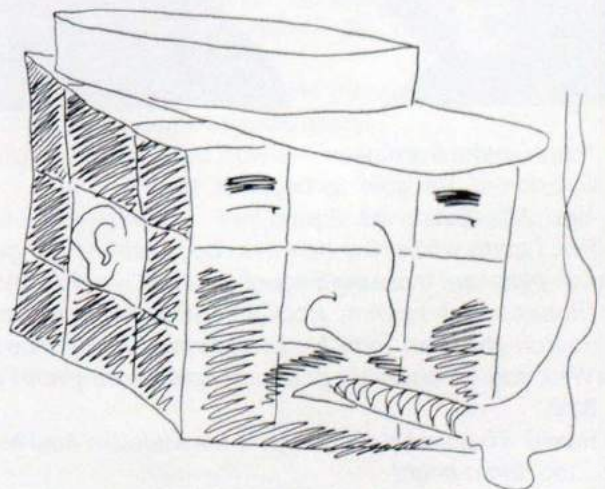
Numerous chances for repetition with slight role reversal once inflation provides you with minimum possible opportunities for redemption.

(If you're lucky you'll live long enough to see your children go through the same shit.)



**Bazooka Jew**

## Rarely-Seen Toys #850



"THE RUBIK'S CUBAN"

of 075



# Fear, loathing, booze, but mostly fear in Atlantic City

•the miscreant diaries•

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. Either way it was times to remember, and if it weren't for the monstrous substance abuses, they'd remember it. It was February, 1994, when Doctor Hookah met Rotten Bob on the free casino bus to Atlantic City to cover the Legends In Concert convention. Because Hookah was merely a columnist for WSN, and Bob had drawn short straw at the last Plague meeting, they didn't have press passes, tickets, or credentials. Here is a dramatization of the first meeting of two literary geniuses:

**Bob:** Hi, I'm Bob. What's yours?

**Hookah:** Don't sit next to me.

**B:** I'm a freshman from NYU. What're you doin'?

**H:** Stop talking. Go away.

**B:** Well, I figger, long as we gotta sit next to each other fer three hours, we might as well tip a few to pass the time. [Produces 2 cans Beck's from bag]

**H:** You a redneck?

**B:** Hells no! I'm from the great state of Michigan before I came to the Village. You a reporter?



**H:** Yup. Gimme that.

**B:** God damn! You goin' fer Legends, too?

**H:** Yup. Any more beer?

**B:** Hell, I gotta whole case here in m'bag. Lemme just get these bottles of gin out of the way. And that damn Moroccan hookah pipe...an' those big bags of Brazilian weed are sittin' here on top. Here we go. What you say yer name was?

**H:** [Homer voice] hmmm...Hookah...[moaning, in a daze]

**B:** Hookah eh? That some kinda nickname? Well, mine's Rotten Bob...don't ask where it came from. I'd like to let sleeping MidWest dogs lie under the porch. Where you stayin' in A.C.?

**H:** Bala.

**B:** Sheeit! That's where I'm stayin', the Midtown Bala Motor Inn, right near the boardwalk. Damn fine digs if ya ask me.

**H:** ...too damn bright...

**B:** Bright? You high, boy?

**H:** Nope.

**B:** Well God Damn! Let's turn this bus bathroom into the Ganja Room, and have us a party.

**H:** What's that smell?

**B:** You like that? I got these spray bottles of Possession, our version of Obsession for \$2.99 at the Woolworth. Ain't it great?

**H:** Shut up. Get the gin.

**B:** Man, y'know what I'm thinking, we should team up and write the Atlantic City road trip story.



H: Booze? Whores? Weed?

B: Yup.

H: I'm there. Now gimme that gin, fat boy...

**Thursday, March 9, 1995**

4:30 p.m. Yup, we're going a-whoring in Atlantic City. The ganja room on the bus is about to open. Between us Dr. Hookah and I only had half a joint and half a litre of Tanqueray gin..

4:33 God damn I'm exhausted; probably the Jersey air....Hookah is out of control, spewing beer all over the back of the bus. Holy shit! There's Heavy D taking off his Armani suede jacket. No wait. That dude is Asian; a veritable Sumo Rapper.

4:44 Hookah sweating like a moray eel, rustling his notebook like a frenzied Clintonite. I wonder what Ed Meese is really like...?

4:47 Boris Yeltsin is a few rows ahead of us...strangely enough I think he's talking politics with Sumo Dr. Dre.



5:07 Hookah gave his seat to a gay businessman. Just slammed a Sleepinol™ capsule and chewed two No-Doz™, dubbing it a BullDozer. Hookah: "Shit's gonna level us. Can't be healthy. Yeah— my, my."

5:18 Suddenly a wave of paranoid delusion...then it is gone. Only the euphoric aftertaste of minty Nirvana.

5:24 It's a cover-up...that fat corduroy woman works for the CIA...maybe singing would help...

5:31 Cranky Hookah don't wanna sing. Dickhead.

5:32 To the ganja room, Batman!

5:35 Weird shit. Hookah whines one minute and giggles like a schoolgirl the next...

5:40 UNICEF.

5:49 Hookah writes his nom-de-plume on ganja room wall: "Cracker-Boy." Up with NAMBLA!

5:54 It's too early to write again.

5:59 Hookah upset...all is silent...steam evaporates...wonder if Seinfeld ever ate mayonaise? Hookah: "Wow.."

6:10 Sunset is hypnotic...like a dawn I once knew and loved well, that strawberry blonde baby— Oh, oh, my turn in the ganja room again..

8:15 At White Tower, that greasy wrong-doing hub of a hell-hole, zoning at the helm of my old friend Ms. Pac-Man.

8:27 Check into Midtown Bala Motor Inn, room 310. Assaulted in lobby by post-apocalyptic muzak.

9:08 Watching "The History of Rock 'N Roll" on tv— Paul Stanley, Alice Cooper, David Bowie— whining, nothing but whining.

9:34 Christ, it reeks like hell in here...still haven't left the room...balloons everywhere. Wet people are pissed-off across the street from our frequent water-balloon tossing contests.

12:40 a.m. Footloose. Everything in Hollywood can be traced to Kevin Bacon. Shut up, Kevin Bacon..

1:10 Jon Stewart. Pizza and NutRangers....Hookah whining and bleeding from the fingers.

1:20 Floor is inexcusable Sucked down two more uppers...I suspect a major OD is a-coming.

1:32 George Foreman/God damn Paul Anka/I'm seeing a shrink. Not some psychiatrist, just this shriveled-up guy...

1:45 I've got a tick!

**Friday, March 10, 1995**

10:40 a.m. Room in shambles. Breakfast at Chip's hotel restaurant. Waitress pissed-off, cursing. Have the shakes pretty bad. Syrup in cream container— poured some in my "coffee" by mistake.

11:10 Enter two grandparents in leather jackets: Hell's Geriatrics. Big geezer group across the room getting rowdy. I shout "shut yer hole!" in their direction.

11:15 Attempt to butter pancakes, motor skills depleted. I look like George Burns trying to cut a steak.

11:30 Not halfway through pancakes, can't even consider the sausage. Hookah upstairs watching Jerry Springer.

11:40 An Editorial, by Rotten Bob: Hookah is way too cranky, whining incessantly. Hookah is a mean drunk, piled water



balloons all around me while I was taking a nap. Hookah is a dumb-ass drunk, kept trying to smoke Vela-Mints in my water pipe. Conclusion: Dr. Halitosis should lighten up and chew mints, not smoke them.

11:45 a) Middle-aged, pudgy, Atlantic City waitress: "I just can't stand thinkin' about all these poor stroke victims stripped of their dignity."

b) Hairy, smelly, H.S. dropout A.C. waitress: "Yeah."

11:46 Let us pause for a moment of ironic reflection.

1:10 p.m. Flashbacks: six casinos, slotsmania; Hookah: "I'm due! I'm due!"

1:15 The horror: 5 a.m. Hezekiah Bible banger. Burned hole in carpet during one of our lit match fights..

1:22 Holy Math— The Lord's Derivative: All we got is God, God ain't got shit, therefore by the Transitive Property we ain't got shit.

1:40 Feels like I'm passing Hervé Villachez through my colon.(:)

2:02 World War III— Fake Obsession vs. Fake Drakkar Noir. Flashback: Hookah pulls a flank sweep, but Rotten Bob retaliates with his mighty body spray.

2:10 Knight Rider: it's true! Germans love David Hasselhoff.

2:40 Hookah: "I'm due, dammit! Get more coins and drinks, you half-wit!"

2:55 Hookah: "Must pump more money into machine..."

3:00 Vague flashback: visited bus information booth after a harried chase. Strange guy took our coupons, looked at them, then gave them right back and told us to go somewhere else.

3:05 Hookah keeps giggling and mumbling to himself: "It's a-coming, God-damn!"

5:10 We have pumped a grand total of infinity coins into the slot machine.



8:25 Hookah: What kind of social pathology would drive two men to sit in a room for a weekend just to poison themselves? Bob: The chance to fill out postcards?

10:00 Dick Vitale is a chorus boy.

10:02 I've been to three county fairs and a coupla goat races, and now I've seen it all.

10:35 Hookah: "Ain't lit, goddamnit!" Bob: "I can't work my pocket. . .!!!" Hookah: "Smoke this goddamn you!" Bob: "I can't work my pocket. . .!!!"

Saturday, March 11, 1995

10:48 am Christ, blacked out since 3am. Think I started sucking Halls mentholypus, sucking down gin and tonics.

11:00 Shit coffee at Chip's in rubber cups. Clearly they don't want these geriatrics and drunks with the shakes to go dropping cups all over.

11:05 Jon Stewart was on every channel last night.

11:20 Hookah having major problems cutting ham... Hookah: "I need a bigger plate goddamnit!" Motor skills shot to hell yet again. Bob: "Just wait until I try to butter the toast."

12:35 Lou Alcinder is the waiter for the Gigantic buffaloes over there.

1:15 Flashbacks: Bob: "Sing, damn you!" Hookah: "No way." Bob: "C'mon...Sotto vocé!" Hookah: "Sot voice?"

Bob: (giggling like a schoolgirl on crack) "Yup."

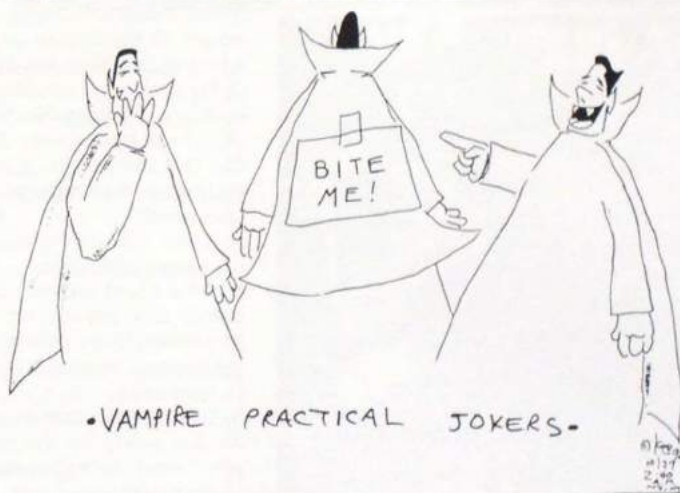


# SubTalk

We are proud to introduce **Shoko Asahara**, our new district manager for safety control. It's so nice to have a breath of fresh air in the administration.



**New York City Transit**  
*Get out of our way*



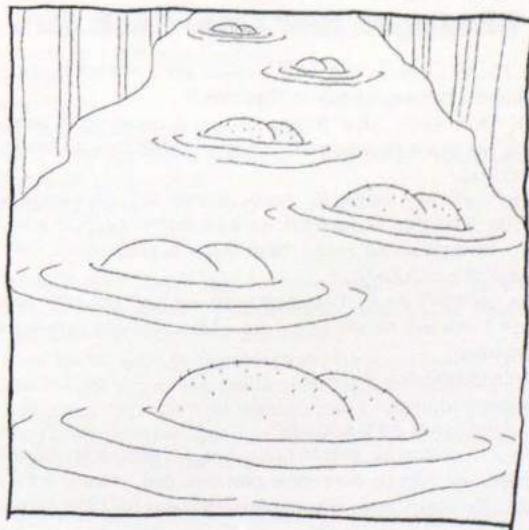
• VAMPIRE PRACTICAL JOKERS •



"BOY, THIS RECESSION  
IS HITTING EVERYONE,  
ISN'T IT?"

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-95

• RARELY-SEEN EXOTIC LOCALES #310 •



"Moon River"

©/fgr 95  
2.11.7



# YOUR DANCE CARD IS FILLED... IN NEW PALTZ, NEW YORK!

Urged by his MIT schooled Grandfather to explore his undeniably WASPISH ancestral homeland, editor Dan Truman (who still uses words like "neat," "gosh," and "maybeweshouldn'tbedoingthis") travels to view his minority roots in New Paltz, New York where three hundred years ago, his great-great-great grandfather, persecuted as a Protestant (Huguenot) in Catholic France and fleeing assassins he emigrated to New Paltz, New York. Once a haven for fellow Huguenots, now home to a peacefully co-existing Catholic School for Catholic Assassins. Taking along a rarely-so gullible fellow editor, Sean Huntington, the two proceed to take audio tape notes for a resulting article of possible interest to possibly four people at NYU, one with an Aunt In New Paltz, who will love it, but won't understand it. It has no historical or genealogical or sociological value whatsoever, and may elicit more than the usual number of allegations of cultural bias and perpetuating the White Male Patriarchy, but by reading these three pages you save yourself 14 hours and sixty bucks in case your Grandfather ever wants you to go there. Our transcript picks up in Port Authority, ruing the bus we just missed for New Paltz.



## Hangin' at the Urban Pain wit' Kissinger and Osh-Kosh fish-boy.

Dan: 10:33 we're in the Au Bon Pain area of Port Authority. Sean, do you have anything to say at this time?

Sean: Shut up!... This freaky kid at a table right next to us keeps asking me if we're going to Jersey. I think I'm gonna kill him, Dan.

D: Shut up.

S: Dan's already losing it. Look at that kid, he barely has any teeth. He's like a freakin munchkin, he's probably been in a thousand fights. I think there's an air raid... That bitch is pissing me off. She entered through the exit only.

D: We couldn't do it. I kind of wish we had the other mask.

S: Don't ask me to say anymore. Uh-oh. He's ripping out his velcro wallet now.

D: He's gonna buy a mask.

S: Praise the lord.

D: Alright, what do we have?

S: OK, I'm gonna be subtle now. I'm not gonna speak directly into the microphone where everyone can see me. Here, let's interview the mask. Mr. Mask, how do you feel being a 99 cent chew toy for some freakin' mutt?

Mask: Uhm, I resent that implication. I cost TWO dollars and 99 cents. Plus tax. I'm like any other hard working American.

S: So, Mr. Mask, tell me this. What do you think our chances are of selling this to Playboy?

M: (in gruff ghost mask voice) Oh, I figure you haven't got a ghost of a

chance. Huh huh. A little undead humour, you know.

S: Yes sir. Would you like to share in Ms. Sharp's proud produce of Belize Habinyero pepper sauce? This is made up of many fine natural products, such as: I see from the pictures on the cover here, the lime, the garlic, the red pepper, the onion, the red H. pepper, the carrot...

M: The carrot, I can't handle carrot.

S: Eagle, made in the U.S.A. Uh, I would call this an extension cord, but it's not extending anything. What is it, Dan?

D: It's commonly known as a two prong, multi-faceted electrical adapter. Made in the good ol' USA, of course.

S: What exactly is it adapting, Daniel?

D: Well... If you have three different 2 prong extension cords that you plug into something, this will allow you to plug it into one single household outlet (I'm not going to speak again)

S: Thank you, Daniel, for that opinionated analysis.

D: ... and you can make a spaceship if you hold it up to your eye real close and make spaceship noises it goes shwhhh shwisshhhh.

S: Allow us to simulate the space-ship landing. (wammmmm wammmmm noise) Hit the brakes, Scotty (wishh) open the door (creak) now make a face at that little kid over there (belch)

D: He knows we see him now. He's bored, he's jaded.

S: We're sitting in the Au Bon Pain, feeling urban pain. Alright, the child from New Jersey. Oh, the product of this society. Where was I? Oh, "We the people in order to form a more perfect union -will kick the crap out of anyone wearing Outback Red clothing. Daniel, any comment?

D: Nope. I'm writing this down in notebook form, in case something happens to the tape.

S: What could possibly happen to the t- (amusing sequence of audio failure joke sounds follows for about five minutes) Wait a minute, he's sitting there writing in his notebook while we're sitting here writing in our notebooks. That little multi-colored bastard.

D: He's a spy.

S: You think he's on to us?... (more audio jokes) What's your point? So that would be the end of the fucking with the tape bit? Thank you... Hey! He's showing off.

D: He's drawing a chair.

S: No. It's not a chair. It's clearly a box

D: No, it's not. It's a chair. It's a chocolate bear.

S: A chocolate bear? He doesn't even have crayons. Well he's actually talented. The next thing you know he'll be in studio art in the School of Education... It came, from within... I'm sorry Dan, I had to flash him. (Sean has just set off Dan's flashbulb in Henry Kissingerman's face)

D: Well, don't do it again.

S: Do you think that is immoral?

D: No, no. I'm just worried about getting caught. I'm just worried about society's own laws, not man's own conscience. I think we should leave



**Mask like coffee...huah!**



soon. (wimping out big time) The father unit is getting defensive.  
 S: Do you think so?  
 D: Yes, he thinks you are an undue influence on his child and his moral upbringing.  
 S: Well, Dan, I have superior weapons. I have Au Bon Pain coffee and Marie Sharp's Habanero sauce.  
 D: True.  
 S: I can take him in a second.  
 D: He has society on his side. We're out-casts.  
 S: Daniel, we're in Port Authority. The law of the universe does not enter through these doors. We're in a state of perpetual anarchy.  
 D: Non-stop perpetual anarchy.  
 S: Oh, wait, nope. OK, its done. (bizarre street musician calliope music in background)  
 D: Its done?  
 S: No more perpetual anarchy... I'm going to pop the bag, Dan.  
 D: (whining) No, you're not.  
 S: I'm going to pop the bag.  
 D: No, Patrick Buchanan would never stand for your popping the bag.  
 S: But I'm Michael Kinsley.  
 D: See Henry Kissinger?  
 S: Oh my God! Henry has just walked into the Port. Does he feel our urban pain, does he know our suffering? Why does that dude in the red apron, clearly a minimum wage laborer, have on a beret? (laughter) (track announcement) Shall we get an interview with Mr. Kissinger?  
 D: He should have a Viking beard. A Norse beard.  
 S: Free Bird. Thank you, I appreciate that. Is it my imagination or is he wearing a jumper with a fish on the front?  
 D: He's wearing overalls, its not a jumper.  
 S: It is a jumper at his age. It's like a size zero, negative size jumper.  
 D: Well, alright, I don't know, I guess he is.  
 S: And its corduroy.  
 D: Osh Kosh B'Gosh.  
 S: The aquatic line. Pretty much the fall rage at the moment. Daniel, stop smearing your French moustache. Au Bon Pain. Au Bo' Pa'. I feel french already. (fake french practiced at this point) Stinking Americans.  
 D: I think he's armed. Why didn't Kosar come today?  
 S: He had somethin' to do.  
 D: Oh, like this isn't important?

(bus noise)

D: It's 12:40, we're sitting in the back of a Trailways bus. We can't see anything, we're under the Lincoln tunnel (sic). Ladies and Gentlemen, and, oh, and we're out of the tunnel. There above us is the Goodyear Blimp.  
 S: Uh, Daniel, is a blimp supposed to dip down like that?  
 D: Well, it's a UFO then. The Blimp is heading straight down, is it going to crash or is it landing? It's 12:40.  
 S: I can't read the markings on the side...what? Hinderbu...Hinderburg...  
 D: We just passed Steve Korn Furs of Paramus New Jersey. Stece, as we all know was once a founding member of the Plague. Oh, how the mighty have fallen. Must remember to look him up.  
 S: Of course he IS wearing fur. Fur is dead though.  
 D: Fur's been dead a long time.  
 S: Yes, whereas we have only been dead since this morning...Jesus Christ, the K-Mar is bigger than our campus...

(time creeps by like a frozen impotent slug)

D: 2:41, we've just come off the main street here in New Paltz. Seeing the historic New Paltz School House....One of the friendly natives have just pointed out that my shoe is untied. Well, here we are in front of the Old Stone Church (banjo music is heard in the background) very new, and made of brick (music swells with singing).  
 S: It's the quilt show.  
 D: Sean is embarking to go inside this reformed church ("Dinah Won't You Blow" is playing).  
 Both: (we sing along) Strumming on the old bannnnnnnnjjjjjo.  
 (While we were singing the Lefevre and Dayo houses closed early. We got to them too late to go in and see the 17th century furnishings. But

it's the Shakers, not the Huguenots who are known for their furniture. Disappointed, we hung around outside and played around in the cemetery. One of the houses had many port holes in it's walls, allegedly because of hostile Native American attacks.)

(yup, time be a-flyin')

S: 4:19. Well they did ring the church bell at 4 minutes after 4. Maybe these people aren't too keen on time and accuracy and...Jesus Christ...I

feel safe now, yeah, give me a chocolate...[a man in a car has been shouting "I hate the bees", we reply with a chorus of "Give Bees a Chance."] Well we've seen it, we saw it, we've done it. All in under two hours. This is really sorry. New Paltz. There has to be some substance here. Ok, we're now about to enter the Salvation Army...to talk to Proprietors...do it...we're now walking away from the Salvation Army, I just can't take this thing seriously...Dan, I'm really, really sorry to tell you this, but those were stretch pants.

D:

S:...About Town, the publication of New Paltz's social life, Fall 1994. Yes, they have the entire social life of Fall 1994 contained in this one, slim, pamphlet...Apparently there was some confusion and an altercation as two people pressed conflicting cross

the street buttons at the same time. Mayhem ensued, the New Paltz Policeman was called in. Let's just stand here and walk back and forth quickly until something hits us over the head. Yes, it is 18 miles, I repeat, 18 miles to Kerhonksen. It doesn't look like we're going to make it, tonight.

Dan: OK, let's walk back to the corner again.

S: Our dance card is filled -in New Paltz...There he goes, dashing across the street like a frightened chicken, Daniel Truman. As he has taken a strong lead in the New Paltz Streetcrossing Olympics.

(once again time flies like USAir)

S: Hello sir. How are you? First name and first name only.

Tom: Tom.

S: Tom, how are you? I was wondering are you from New Paltz?

T: No, I'm from Poquipsy.

D: What brings you to New Paltz?

T: Ah, I'm just kinda hanging out, it's a nice day. Looking at bookstores. That kind of thing.

D: Are bookstores the neatest (Huguenot!) thing you've found today?

T: Yeah, ah, pizza you know. (We begin to suspect this man is possessed by the mask.)

S: Bookstores and Pizza. What is this Chez Joey here. How is their pizza?

T: Ah, you know, it's not bad. It's not the best but it's alright.

S: Do you go to school here or something?

T: No, I work at IBM.

S: IBM. Oh, I see.

T: Big Blue. Big Black and Blue. (he laughs)

S: Alright, we won't tell them you said that. That's fine. You know Big Blue is watching, you realize that.

T: Yeah, Big Brother, I know.

S: Thank you for your help, Tom.

T: Alright.

S: Damn, the blind banjo player just blew me off. Maybe he's deaf too. How much wheat grass are you going to take? One shot? I'm matchin ya...(We're in the Heart and Soul Cafe)

These tables have these weirdly high intensely focused beams of light that do not actually light the room, but actually shoot a beam of round light that looks like the circle of light Indiana Jones was not supposed to cross and its sitting there in the middle of the table looking ominous. I'm afraid to mess with the beam....

From there the tape goes on about the Yuppie Twentysomethings in the Heart and Soul Cafe, the last sentence on the tape is Sean whispering: "We've secretly replaced Dan's Coke with new Salty Coke...." After four games of Ms. Pac-Man, our bus still hand't come, so, equipped with the mask we carjacked a Volvo from Yuppie scum, and drove back to Port Authority, leaving the car in Bay 14, and taking the N/R home. C'est La Vie. Dommage.

## Cracker Band





Come to

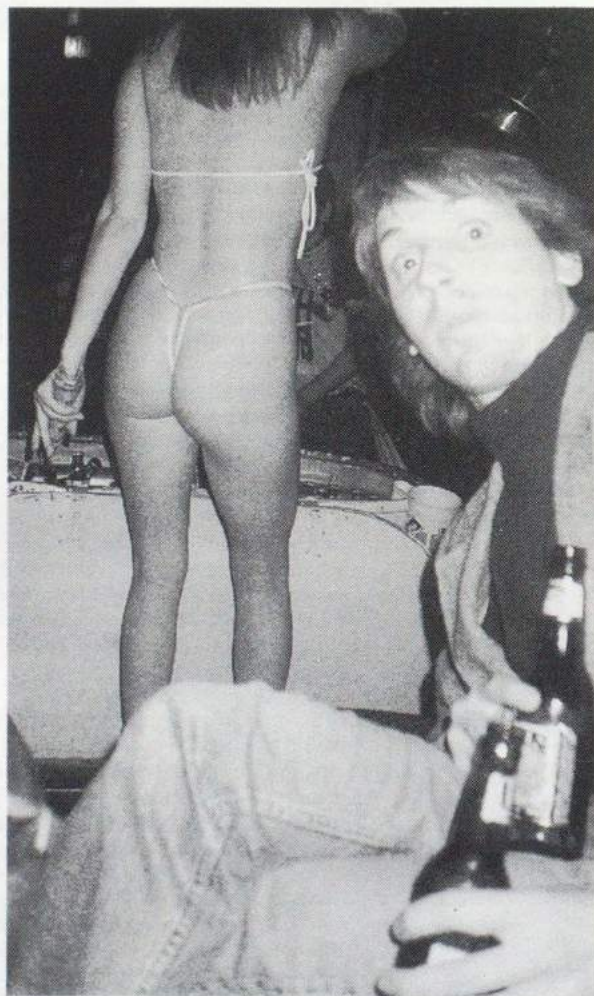
# Chicago...

## BITCH.



When you fly, goddamnit, fly TWA. Even the captain flies coach.

Toss down a few pints of Schlitz Dark with the locals at the Billy Goat Tavern. Due to industrial atrocities, some of the locals are old guys with huge bodies and tiny heads.



After drowning yourself in Dewar's take a sunny vacation at the Baja Beach Club, where the babes thrust around in thongs, selling beer to guidos. By this time you'll probably be experiencing Whiskey Limbo, where time contracts and then whips back like a metaphysical slingshot. Next thing you know it's next week and you've got an honors thesis due.



Cocktails with the moral majority: spend the day at the law offices of Ed Meese, former Attorney General for the Reagan administration.



Chicago, land of opportunity! Yes, even the Amish get Drive-Thru service.



When your evening repast is finished, feel free to whoop it up with the Shriners! Our fine city plays host to literally hundreds of thousands of tiny cars and parades every month. However, beware of Meese's Revenge—when the whiskey piles up over your head, it's best to carry a card with your name and address printed on it.



If you're lucky, you might just run into some of the greatest legal minds of our time—like Raoul Berger, 98, Professor Emeritus at Harvard Law School. Be sure to badger him mercilessly about Alan Keyes and the Swedish Question. This makes him giggle like a femme Federalist and throb with joy.

When all is said and done, your wad is blown, the booze consumed, and the whores transformed into the ghetto hags that only the light of morning can reveal, it is time to pray for your wastrel souls. *"All you who pass this way look & see; is any sorrow like the sorrow inflicted on me?"* (Lamentations 1:12) As you beat your hung-over breast, preparing to crawl back to the sorry excuse for a hellhole you once escaped for the weekend, meditate upon these words of wisdom. Perhaps then you'll think twice about hooking up with those drunken Swedish women, or, booze clutched in your desperate palms, crash the University of Virginia Conference on Substance Abuse on the 33rd floor of the Day's Inn. But one thing you know for certain: when every answer to drunken *Jeopardy!* is "Caligula!"; when every blues guitarist looks like Skippy from *Family Ties*; when the Robert Urich film festival comes on Channel 9—it's time to get the fuck out of Chi-town.





# CONFESSIONS OF AN NYU STEREOTYPE

•an interview•

By Carl Sanders, Plague President

February 29, 1995

*Editor's Note: Below you will find an interview with the stereotypical NYU student, Louie Schneider. Though an ordinary average guy in the Village, Louie anything but your average American. In order to protect the innocent (those who might have to hang out with him), we have changed his fake name (the one he used on campus) to his real name. Read it and weep.*

**Plague:** So Lu-Lu, what brings you to Greenwich Village?

**LL:** The freedom to be me. Here I don't have to be afraid to express myself. Most of America is so oppressive and conformist—it's terrible. Here I don't have to worry about moral retribution for my behavior. I'm free!

**Plague:** Then I take it you're a homosexual?

**LL:** Well, duh, of course I am. This is the Village.

**Plague:** Uh-huh. So You're an NYU student?

**LL:** Oh, yes. I'm a Tisch senior.

**Plague:** And what is it that you do?

**LL:** In Tisch or in my bedroom?

**Plague:** Uh, in Tisch.

**LL:** Well, gosh, obviously I am an actor. I mean why else would I go to Tisch?

**Plague:** To prepare you for a career as a waiter?

**LL:** Oh ha-ha, very funny. No, now seriously, I'm studying performance art at Tisch, but I hope one day to make it to Broadway. Big lights, crazy nights, "ooooonnn Broadway..."

**Plague:** Oh Christ, don't break into song.

**LL:** Sorry, love, it's the nature of the beast. By the way, do you like this blouse?

**Plague:** I'm not much for sequins.

**LL:** Oh, gosh, you just have to loosen up. It feels so silky against my body. You know, you should try it, it's not like it's going to kill ya.

**Plague:** That's not what Randy Shilts and Eazy E told me. But enough of that: what do you do in your spare time?

**LL:** Well, though E.T.W. keeps me very busy, I do still have a social life, thank you very much. Often I hang out in the men's room at 721 Broadway—you know, looking for friends.

**Plague:** Quakers?

**LL:** Oh come on, get with it, this is the '90s, love! What are you, trapped in the *Leave It To Beaver* world?

**Plague:** Well, yes, I do prefer beaver.

**LL:** Uggh! Fur is dead, you ape! You should sue your parents for making you this way.

**Plague:** Uh, yea, right. So you claim to have friends?

**LL:** Oh come on, now, don't be coy! You know all of us need a little loving sometimes. Some of us need it more often than others.

**Plague:** Especially GSP students. What's it like to be a practicing sodomite?

**LL:** Oh my, God! That's so Biblical. I haven't heard that word in years. Yes, I am a homosexual male and I do act on my impulses. Is that so wrong?

**Plague:** Well, let's not get into that. How else do you spend your time?

**LL:** Sometimes I go to the Vault. Other times I go to the Tunnel Bar to hang out with my friend Bob Richter, the bartender.

**Plague:** Let's not talk about that. Are you involved in any campus organizations?

*Photo not available at press time.*

**LL:** You mean, like, clubs?

**Plague:** Well, anything. Any groups, organizations, whatever—the non-sodomizers I mean.

**LL:** Hmmm...let me think. Well, I do work at a prominent campus publication.

**Plague:** Is that the fact?

**LL:** Oh yes. Not only that, I'm the Editor-in-Chief of—

**Plague:** Hey, hol We want to keep this anonymous!

**LL:** Oh, alright. Well, let's just say that I run the show. I am the Overlord. Grand Dominatrix. [Leaping up from the table] Whooo baby, I'm on top!

**Plague:** Uh, O.K. So, do you're co-workers know about your sexual preference?

**LL:** Gosh, yes! And they are soooo good to me—they gave me this scarf.

**Plague:** So you get along well with your staff?

**LL:** Listen here, sugar, I always see to it that my staff is well-treated! Ha, Ha, Ha! Do you get it?!

**Plague:** Uh, yeah, your staff. Delicious bon mot. Very funny. So you say they respect you?

**LL:** Yes indeed.

**Plague:** Even that right-wing Newt-pumper? The guy who compared Reagan to Lincoln?

**LL:** Oh, HIM? Never mind all that hot air he spews out of his filthy little hole. He adores me—I know it. Why just last week while I was bending over to pluck my pen from the newsroom floor, I turned around and caught him giving me the eye.

**Plague:** Oh come now, isn't this wishful thinking?

**LL:** No! I'm seerious! I think he really is ready to try and break out of that heterosexual mold. It's just like the preacher's daughter.

**Plague:** Huh?

**LL:** Well, you know, preacher's daughters always turn out to be sluts—the dead opposite of the way they were brought up. I can tell. It's only a matter of time before Mr. Arch-Conservative loosens up his cheeks and starts hanging out to the left, if you know what I mean.

**Plague:** Jesus, Lu-Lu, could we please end this?

**LL:** Oh stop being so formal. After all this time chatting...we're friends. Just call me Brent.

**Plague:** Uh, whatever you say, Lu-Lu.



# The Amtrak Death List (The Shit List)

## Washington Square Restaurant

Feta Cheese  
Buck Rodgers  
Stella Maychick  
Cooper Union  
Ray's

## Russian Waitresses

Prof. Chris Mitchell  
Dave Burckheimer  
Liz "Beef" Wellington  
President of Fuji  
Woody Harrelson  
Josie and the Pussycats  
Puck

## CTA—Going the wrong way

Generation X-tra Crispy  
Slim Goodbody  
Walt Whitman  
Sweinfeld  
Bon Jovi  
The Subgenius Alliance  
ACT UP! YOUR ASS  
Nancy Sinatra  
Midtown Bala Motor Lodge  
Salt Water Taffy

## Dan Sanford, Demon Spawn

Maximum Rock and Roll  
Citizens of Marin County  
Ed Stein  
Chuck Norris and Sidekick  
Margo Postmarshak  
Jonnathan Demme  
Betty and Veronica

## Francis Ford Fairlane Crappola

Jennifer Kowalczyk  
Jon Stewart  
B. Joseph Fitzpatrick  
Demi Moore  
Yale and Harvard  
Student Resource Center  
NY View  
James Barcia, CAS Junior  
**Harvard Divinity School**  
Chuck Dickens  
Mita  
Bettye Martin Mushem

J.R. "Bob" Dobbs  
Paul Snatchko  
The Jolly Roger  
Eazy E's Corpse

## TWA—Our way or the wrong way

Quincy Jones  
Barry White  
Mississippi  
FROGGER!

## Christine Xenophobe Whitman

Ann Murray  
Burger Time  
The Tush Push  
ABBA  
Abo's

## Derridian Archtechtonics

Craig Lanzer  
Joe Queenan  
Mr. Su  
Aerosmith  
Viacom

## MTA—Get out of our way

Jim Hensen's Corpse  
Them goddamn crackers, bitch  
Au Bon Pain  
North Dakota  
Prof. Downes "Syndrome"  
Not-funny O'Brien  
Alan Keyes

## David "King of Mediocrity" Letterman

Eugene Meyer  
Larry "Wolfman" Sager  
Dorkboy  
Girl Scouts of America  
"Pile-on" Pete Unger  
Prof. "Tongue Techniques" Kamm

## Red Frizzy Head Kate

Michael J. Zimmerman  
Brad Pitt-Bull  
Nick Nolte  
The Punisher  
Smashed Gladys  
JFK  
Leather Diapers  
The Area of an Isocoles Triangle  
Mom and Dad (old habits die hard)

**Nazi Bitches From Hell**

# Brett Lubin & Louie Schneider



No bullshit. We swear on the almighty Allah these are actual submissions to our campus-wide story writing contest. We could not defile their purity by attempting to edit them for spelling, grammar, or content. No, these are the sacred writings of a genuine NYU savant. For the sake of his dignity, we won't reveal his name in print...and if you come near his area on the 10th floor of Weinstein you'll really be sorry. As you can see, he's not just a complete moron, he's a ballistic fruitcake as well. So without further ado, we present...

# GUMP FICTION

## Murder in room 502

It was a dark and stormy night. I had just come in from the pouring rain to New York University's Brittany residence hall, and my clothers were soaked. [editor's note: we will not even venture to ask "soaked with what?"] I had barely enough time to change when my neighbor, dressed in black, barged in to invite me to her room. When I walked in, the usual gang [Crips? Jets? Annette?] were siting in their usual places [everyone to the left of Mikey]. They greeted me in the same monotonous way [Norm!!!] they greet everyone. Everything was normal even to the curtains, which [were well] hung as to block all views of the room; except there was somebody there I have never seen before—a new guy. He was shady looking character [Humbert Humbert]. He was the kind of guy who wears sunglasses eben though night had already fallen [Corey Hart?]. We sat on the floor stained from a myriad of liquids that spilled there [from his clothers?], in order to avoid the smoke that filled the room. The new guy told us of the sex racket [just like a tennis racket, only bigger] that his roommates had, and a ghost that lived in his room. He said that the ghost turns over desk lamps and papers, plus drops things hanging from walls, and locks the door. Also, through the corner of the his eye, he can see a silhouette of a womyn walking through his hallway [yikes...dykes...!!!!]. In addition, his closet area has a very bad stench [but what about his area area?], which will not go away no matter what measures of disinfecting and disordering are taken [what gets rid of that nasty order? Nietzscheinol, from the makers of Order Eidos]. He offered to show us the place where this all happens [Christ no!!!!!!]. We traveled through the elevator path which prostitute's and such gangstas [Eazy E... "Dr. Dre, I got me some AIDS 'n shit. Kin ya hep me...?"] as Al Capone, and other figures of the dark underworld traveled [passengers on US Air].

However, when we entered his room we saw nothing, nothing [vee saw nussink!!] interesting at least. As fortune would have it [the WTC would be made entirely of gold bars], within the week [among the weak], I met a woman who corroborated his story [but her corroborator was leaking]. She said there was indeed a ghost in that room. In fact, she said, it was a ghost of a prostitute that was killed there, in the 1930's. Before I could question here some more, she ran off like an elephant from a mouse [or like a normal co-ed from a zit-faced psycho GSP student]. She said she had clients [anonymous, pay cash, no questions asked] to meet with, and she disappeared into the layers of fog [and the layers of logs] outside.

The Brittany hotel was built in 1928, overlooking Grace church [and there was a chicken in every pot, damnit!]. The Brittany hotel was a residence hotel. Residence hotels were hotel rooms that single and couples without children lived in [but there was a children vending machine conveniently located down the hall]. People enjoyed hotel maid service, a kitchen, a restaurant within the building, and two rooms in a suit [one year later, they were already eating ARA food and were lucky to have a suit]. These places were mostly for professional people [fucking Yuppies] moving into the city, but other types of people lived there too [like Wop's, Micks, Krauts, Pollocks, and Letterman's parents]. During the 1932 rent was very inexpensive and people moved around allot; thus the Village saw much fluchuation [and flatulation] within it's residences [hence the Triangle Shirtwaist Fire]. 1932 was the time of prohibition, and organized crime capitalized on this law [goddamn Capitalists!]. Organized crime infiltrated the Brittany hotel [however, Disorganized Crime got confused and invaded Rubin]. The restauranat of the hotel was well known for having members of organized crime eating there [however, mob scrotums were never invited]. The penthouse of the hotel was "Speakeasy" [we writum easy, ugh]; a place where illegal drinks were sold and consumed. Speakeasy's were the products of organized crime at the time. Such noticeable crime figures [36-24-36] as Al Capone lived at the Brittany fom time to time [the Rivera family was blackballed for excavating their neighbor's closets]. However, Speakeasy's were common all around the city [like Quenton Tarantino's; that scottish underground pub McDonald's; and fierce competitor Booze King. No one over the age of 65 will ever forget the great battle of '28: McBooze vs. BK Bomber]. Other Speakeasy's were also in the neiborhood [such as Le Quart, The Russian DT Room, and Bobst]. Although, the eas an influence on organize crime within the Brittany hotel, it was not run by organized crime [nope, it was owned and operated by The Dog Food King himself, Lenny Stern].

The following is a hypothetical [hypodermical] story of the murder in room 502, if it existed [indeed, the discussion of the a-priori essence theories of various beaucoup intellectuals were thoroughly explored in the latest issue of Cogitemus, NYU's only intentionally Cartesian magazine...we presume. We haven't gotten around to reading it yet.]. It was a warm spring evening in New York city, in 1932 [Wednesday, we believe]. Marco Aiello [Danny's deadbeat father] had been living at the Brittany since the winter [of his discontent]. He had always enjoyed the Speakeasy in the penthouse [was that May, 1932, with the classic Eleanor Roosevelt spread?] but today he had



one too many drinks [one], and one other man had to make sure that he went back to his room safely [love was in the air.] His room was 502. Marco then took out his guitar, and started to play it in his drunken state [Michigan?], overlooking one of the better sides of New York city through his window [ass first]. Marco was rather new to the city, and he didn't know to many people yet. He got the telephone number of a local call girl when he was drinking. Her name was Devine Bursar, and her telephone number was x8250 [after spending 80 hours weaving his way through the touch-tone computer, he finally reached a recording which told him his package had not increased]. He contacted her, and ask her to come over. Her price was very expensive [her head was very big]. She charged six dollars, but Marco cold afford it. Marco was involved with some of the organized crime of the city, but he was only 18 years old [his mother was involved in disorganized crime, but she didn't know how old she was]. He was a beginner.

She knocked on the door. marco answered, and greeted here [and then they went over there]. He was quite pleased with her appearance [however, he couldn't stand her essence]. They did their business together [hopefully someone cleaned up after them], and as she was getting herself dressed she saw something that Marco didn't want her to see [Late Night with Conan O'Brien]. Marco knew that she had to die, but he had never killed a female before [so he called the OJ hotline]. There was a struggle, until he pushed her into the closet, and shot her. The murder might of happened that way [yeah, and monkeys might be admitted to NYU.]

## Discorse on thrapy

Not all of us are well adjusted indivuals [no shit, Shlomo]. Lets face it some us are just well educated [IRONY] socoipaths in response. Thoses that can affort it will fall upon the silent extortionist [Kato Kaelin]. Yes, the casual dressed professionals who really don't say much [mimes?]. Only rather charge for one to feel comfortable with them to talk to them, then charge to listen to one's problems, which is something you could have done with your dog for much less a fee [1-900-DORK?], and probably have much better results. Haven't we've seen enough Woody Allen movies to know that therapy can get addictive [remember the classic Everything You Wanted To Know About Becoming A Neurotic Pinhead But Were Afraid To Ask?]. Really, why do you that there are so many around Washington Square Park. One way that can make you do this is coersing you into a position where you can fall in love with them [preferably missionary]. This is not a pretty sight [well, not with you]. It's like falling with a nun [or falling in a nun]. Really, why would you want to, and it's kind of gross [like Michael Gross]. For the sake of arguent lets say the you get a young, Beautiful, viverous. ( not that the author would have any personal exiperence) [actually, we've never had a young, Beautiful viverous either]. First you can't believe your even talking to this person. Let's face it, she would of never talk to you high school [is there anyone still wondering why?]. In order, understand these unscrupoolis servants of evil, one must seek thier orgin [and their dictionary, Jesus!]. Most people think the modern psycotherapy started wit Freud [no way, it

started wit Dr. Dre]. However, they are much mistaken. In fact, Modern Psychotherapy was started by Paris in acient greece [or was it El Greco in acient France?]. When Hera, Athena, and Aphorodite [and her sister Aphoroism] came to Paris [acient Gaul?] [Sean, why do you keep spelling ancient incorrectly?—Dan] [he started it!—Sean] [Oh, well then, continue—Dan] to decide who was the prettiest. Paris took this opertunity to put them in Psycoterapy [psycotherapy is the acient Greek word for crotchless leather mesh clothing]. Cone on even the "Psyco" is in Psychotherapy. Anyway, Paris obivously failed; Hence the Troygen War [so he failed grammar, then]. There is the origin of Psychotherapy.

Of course Paris failed, what do therapistreally do any but anyway, but speak in two forms of code [as opposed to speaking in moron]. The first is the Question "How do you feel about that?", translation "I'm almost done with chapter six [oooh, the chapter on monkeys and their oedipal complex with the lemur!]" The only reason you're on the couch is for you can't see them make faces at you for forty-five minutes [apparently the acid has kicked in]. The second is taking what ever you just, and stating it agaiin in aform of statement or a question [please don't]. For exsample, the patient "I'm into Claymation pornograthy" [just for example, out of the blue, no relevance here]The Therapist then retorts "You like Claymation pronograthy" [we prefer amateur nograthy] Then at the end of the session the therapist conclude the you are in love with your Grandmother and should change majors [you'd be much more suited to Economics or Octogenarianism].

The best way to avoid "The Therapist" is to stand strong, and say, "stay away evil doer, for hecubus, protector of self from the fascist tryanny, which the very essance of Psychotherapy. [And we thought the best way to avoid The Therapist was to not be insane and shit.]



"C'MON IN, WE'RE  
HAVING A COLD  
READING!"

okap  
in  
SHULL  
94



# The New York Times

## A Decade and a Billion Dollars Make New York University Smell Less Rank

By Carl Bernstein, NYU School of Journalism

Ten years ago, New York University was what college bound students from New York regarded as a safety school, fourth or fifth on their application list (NYU's four-year crossing-guard program was tops in the country). If you didn't get into Cornell, Brandeis or Brown you could always commute to NYU (this is what a young Bernie Goetz did in the early '80's).

But the administration, doing some deep-pocket prostitution, decided that being the safety school was not enough. So in 1984, it began a brash graft campaign aimed at moving the school into USA TODAY's top tier of Universities. And according to academic pinheads around the country who have looked on with envy, the strategy worked.

In what was a remarkable fund drive at the time, the university set out to raise \$1 billion. But unlike most institutions, who carelessly plow such sums into enhancing overall student life, NYU spent nearly all of it to build the largest underground empire the world has ever seen.

It lured students from Princeton, Harvard, Stanford, Smith and Chicago with offers of cars, hookers, drugs, and a date with Isabella Rossalini. With a large endowment it created the Woody Allen Center for Nervous Disorders and Pedophilia. It opened a new performing tarts school (TISCH), the Courant Institute of Pure Evil, and Wop House (Italian studies center).

It raised the average SAT score of entering students from about 1100 five years ago to over 1200, accomplishing this by offering cash incentives to cheat. This proved expensive, however, so in order to cut costs NYU secretly purchased Educational Testing Services (administrator of ACT, SAT, GRE, LSAT, GMAT, and free AIDS-testing) through NYNEX, a holding company headed by an NYU alum, Larry Tisch.

It built new dormitories to attract students nationwide. Not publicized, however, was the closing of Judson residence hall in the summer of 1994, lessening the number of beds by just over 250. When the housing crunch of Sept. 1994 crippled the housing office, the administration shoved the excess students into rooms at the Southgate Towers Hotel on 7th Avenue and 31st Street. The poor students (which numbered—you guessed it—232), homeless until the last minute, were forced to commute from their "on-campus" housing more than 25 blocks to get to class.

In a brilliant effort to alleviate the Southgate scandal, NYU's administration offered free cable, HBO, room service, and maid service to the pathetic crew of undergrads. They also added Southgate to the existing Trolley Route and purchased the NYU Winnebago (dubbed Trolley II) for added "convenience" (forcing both vehicles to commute 25 blocks to get to class). Hidden underground empire sources revealed that the Winnebago had originally been stolen to shuttle hundreds of pounds of drugs to their Des Moines, Iowa crack dens. There

## Buying Excellence

How N.Y.U. Prostituted Itself

A special report.

they fared well despite fierce competition from the Crips of Los Angeles. Only 5 NYU protection guards were lost in the resulting skirmishes. On a sad note, the Bobcat was hospitalized for 6 weeks due to bullet wounds and charred fur. "They have simply made enormous progress in the last decade," said Harold T. Shapiro, the President of Princeton University, who cut a deal with L. Jay Oliva to leave his school alone. "Hell, these mothers are dangerous. We thought it best to get in bed with them A.S.A.P."

This turned out to be a very wise move, indeed, as one by one,

America's Ivy League has been recently "accident prone". Just two months ago, an unidentified helicopter crashed into the Harvard Crew Boat House, killing six, injuring dozens and severely handicapping Yale this year. Last November, Harvard Divinity School was viciously accosted by two strange individuals calling themselves Dr. Hookah and Rotten Bob. In a whisky soaked rampage, the two miscreants, reportedly NYU students, terrorized pale-faced

Christians at the HDS Theological Education Day. Said one divinity student, Erik Kirkegaard, "It was horrible...they just—Jesus, it's too painful, please leave me alone!"

At the April Convention of the Federalist Society, Yale and University of Chicago Law students and faculty were allegedly tortured by the same two maniacs, although the helicopter was nowhere to be seen. "The bastards assaulted Raoul Berger, professor Emeritus of Harvard Law School with crazed questions about Allen Keyes and the Swedish Question," said Ken Dorkbatch, President of the Northwestern Law School's Federalist Chapter. "He's 98 years old for God's sake! He can't handle Swedes like he used to."

Suspicious events continued to pile up: Lou Grant shames Harvard into expelling her after it is revealed that she killed her mother; Frank Bauschuck is tossed from Yale two months before graduation after it was discovered that he forged his transcripts and recommendation letters in order to be admitted (the punitive measure didn't phase him, three days later he forged his diploma and graduated early); and everyone by now is familiar with the horrible decline of *Harvard Lam-poon* over the past decade (and NYU is hard on their heels). All of these seemingly unrelated events have contributed to the tragic decline in stature of the Ivy League, while simultaneously bolstering the newfound legitimacy of NYU.

That is the end of my article. Woodward wasn't here to help me. I would have tried to get a quote from Oliva, but I forgot who I was for a few weeks there. Besides, the bastard would have just grinned and denied everything. By the way, has anyone seen me in class lately? If so, stop by Jack Dempsey's and tell me what happened.











**ABSOLUT COURANT.**