

THE PLAGUE

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S ONLY INTENTIONALLY FUNNY MAGAZINE

20th ANNIVERSARY



UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

January 1997

This Page looks Pretty Crappy, Huh?

That's Because None of us Know how to use
The Software needed to Produce The Magazine.
If you know:

Quark, Adobe PhotoShop, Pagemaker

Enlist in our

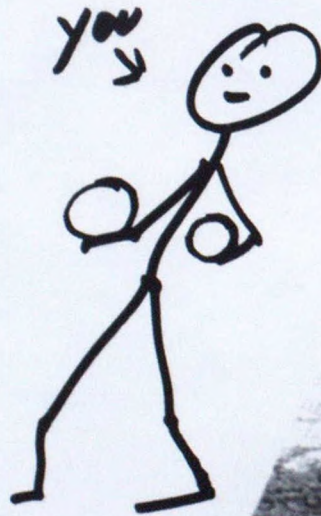
Crack ..

Production
TEAM

Meeting Time
Tuesday February 4th
at 7:00 PM 4th Floor lounge
21 Washington Place

Looks good on
Resumé!

No sense
of humor
required!



Crack
Prod. Team



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 by destructive or injurious insects: a plague of locusts. 3. Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance: "The blessed silence of the Sabbath saved us 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

THE LARRY TISCH BALZAAR IS
PROUD TO PRESENT ANOTHER
BIG TOP PRODUCTION...

HUMAN ODDITIES!

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

DANIEL MICHAEL

AS *DICKIE THE PENGUIN BOY*

PRODUCTION EDITOR

CHANDLER KAUFFMAN

AS *THE BEAST WRESTLER*

MANAGING EDITOR

ALEKS STANCEVIC

AS *THE ALLIGATOR GIRL*

ARTISTIC EDITOR THE PLAGUE ASSHOLE

JEFF CANTWELL **MATT CALLAN**

AS *OTIS THE FROG BOY* YES, HE'S AN ASSHOLE

A SIDE SHOW UNTO THEMSELVES

RICHARD B. CALLENDER

CORY DANN

MARC DELL'ANGELO

ANITA DHEKNE

PHIL HENKEN

JULIE ANA KLAUSNER

OH YEAH, AND ANDREW RODRIGUEZ

Special thanks to Lara, Stuart, Carmelita, and the rest of the Optimum Posse, Mike and Artie at Village Photo, Editor Emeritus Lawrence Lewitinn, Matt Morretini, and The Armenian Club for their lovely office (thanks a lot fellas, and don't let the door hit your ass on the way out.) And a hearty fuck you to Il Circolo Italiano for the damage they did to our old issues.

STRANGE GIRLS

CAN THEY
MARRY LIKE OTHER GIRLS
HAVE CHILDREN
BE HAPPY AS THEY ARE
WHY?
WERE THEY BORN

NEW*COMING*ATTRACTIONS

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THE

PLAGUE

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Who the fuck is Mick Jagger? What privileges him to do whatever he wants? Ooooh do I hate him. I hate him because last year I was taking a plane out of LaGuardia that was delayed for **two hours** just because the Rolling Stones' jet was landing. What puts his precious time above the 200 other people on my flight? I mean, I'm not one for Marxist theory, but I don't think that one's social and economic status allows that person to trample over the basic human rights of others.

In 1985, musicians from all ends of the spectrum joined together to help fight hunger with "We Are the World". Mick Jagger kindly declined requests for involvement and then kicked an old lady down the stairs. He then appeased the police officers that arrived on the scene by signing autographs and singing an a cappella version of "Some Girls." Would it be that easy for one of us?

Mick Jagger degrades women in such classic songs as "Brown Sugar" and "Under My Thumb." I degrade women in such non-classic songs as "Ho's Still Got My Walkman". Why are his songs so classic?

Its widely known that Mick Jagger had sex with David

Bowie. I had sex with David Bowie. Its not widely known.

Mick Jagger reconciles his falling out with Keith Richards just with "Mixed Emotions." Meanwhile, three years after the "laundromat incident," my restraining order still stands. I mean, one bodily function goes astray, and I'm branded a social leper. But not Mick.

Mick Jagger can stand up in front of 500,000 peo-



ple at Giant's Stadium and strut like a chicken while singing, and I quote, "I wanna suck your sweet ass". Anytime I get up and do that in my economics recitation, all I get are the inconsiderate shouts to "Shut the hell up", "Sit back down", and to "Put your pants back on".

Mick Jagger can say

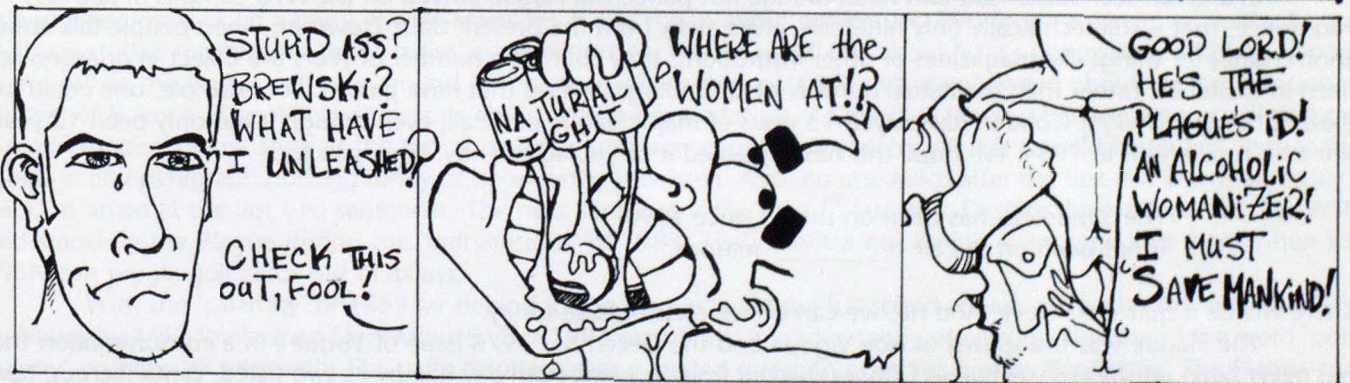
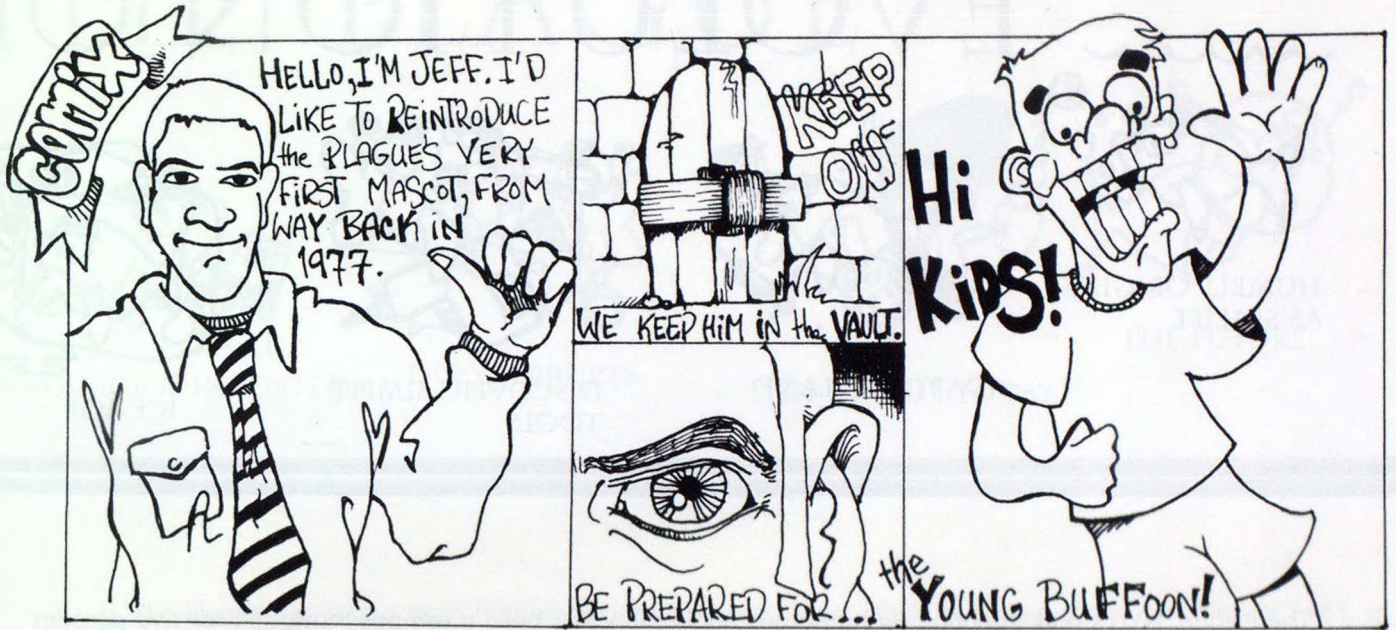
whatever he wants because he has bodyguards. I accidentally bump into a Cadillac at a stoplight in Paramus and get an angry hairy man in Zubas and a Giants jersey reaching into my car and pulling me out through the window.

Mick Jagger claims he can't get no satisfaction. He's gotten more satisfaction in one week then I have during my entire undergraduate career (excluding club fairs).

But I'm not bitter, would a bitter person throw this chair? Yarrrrgh! (...CRASH!). A person like Mick Jagger only serves to make me stare at my own meager accomplishments and bodily shortcomings and weep in despair. Only when we throw off the shackles of idolatrous hero worship will we one day be able to look ourselves in the mirror and be happy. More than that-be satisfied.

Of course, I've seen the reunion tour 20 times. I mean, c'mon, *Exile On Main Street*, it rocks!

This column was written by our Executive Editor Dan "Schmacto Schmacto He Can't Give It Away On Seventh Avenue" Michael. The views in this column do not necessarily reflect those of the author.



EVOLUTION OF



HUMBLE ORIGINS
AS SEALIFE



ADAPTS TO LAND



DISCOVERS SIMPLE
TOOLS



ICE AGE

The Plague, NYU's only intentionally humorous publication, has been a campus institution for two decades now. Or at the very least, has been sending segments of the campus to institutions for years now. Its dedicated followers, known to the world at large as 'Plagueheads', have followed the magazine on tour

SPREADING CULTURAL EBOLA

faithfully year round until the recent, sudden, tragic death of Spiro Agnew. Few of you out there are new to the Plague, with its musky odors and jive talking argot. But not too many of you out there know the true Plague that comes out when the greasepaint is washed off and the lights go dim. And now, for the first time anywhere (except *Swank*), you can read about the humble origins, the rise to power, the lives and loves of the magazine that brought the phrase, "Can we just let the mule thing die?!" into the homes and hearts of millions. Ladies and gentlemen, the Plague: one of the good ones.

In a green seer-sucker suit and neon orange hot pants, the Plague arrived on the NYU campus in fall 1977. If you notice, that is still technically only nineteen years away from the present date. However, when people talk about anniversaries for things like magazines or other institutions, they count the number of years the object in question has been in existence, rather than the actual number of chronological years that have passed. For example, one could say that, right now, Dwight Gooden has played 13 years of major league baseball, even though it has only been 12 years since his rookie year in 1984. We hope this has explained it to you sufficiently. Now you try:

The Simpsons has been on the air since 1990.

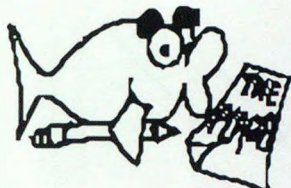
It has been on the air _____ seasons.

There will be a quiz next week. And no, we can't have class outside today.

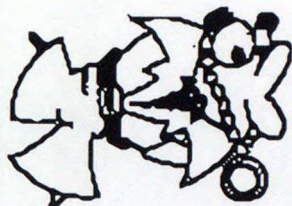
The Plague was the spawn of Abe Vigoda and the December 1976 issue of *Vogue*, in a consummation that has never been satisfactorily explained. It was marked from its peers from day one by its two-fisted, cantankerous, hard drinking exterior combined with its love of Bob Ross and almost monastic dedication to needlepoint. The Plague first made its mark in the NYU area in 1978, when it punched out John Wayne at The Bread Box on Christopher Street. Charges were dropped out of mutual embarrassment, and eventually the two became close friends. However, this was one of the many incidents that was to come back to haunt The Plague during the melee following the infamous 'incidents' of 1983.

The Plague managed to "wow" Paris with its new fall line in 1981. It decided to lay low following the 'unfortunate events' of 1983, and spent the duration of the year composing odes to Mandy Patinkin. The following year, its fantastic battle with the X-Men and Captain America was considered one of the finest issues of *Marvel Comics Presents* ever produced. After taking the Palme d'Or at Cannes in 1985 for its gritty, hard biting look at political intrigue in the Washington upholstery lobbies, the Plague decided to eat some muffins. They were blueberry-corn, and went good with a cool glass of milk. Mmmmm...

THE PLAGUE



LANGUAGE IS INVENTED



DISCO ERRUPTS



THE PLAGUE TODAY



THE FUTURE...?

FOR TWENTY YEARS

The Plague has always been humble about its success, especially in the wake of the 'troubles' of 1983. In a 1987 interview, when asked about its legions of fans who hung on its every word and the flocks of eager females who ran to give themselves freely to its throbbing aura, the Plague replied, "Huh? I'm sorry, I wasn't listening". Then we ran out of tape, which is too bad cuz then it did this really funny impression of Jack Nicholson at a Denny's. Never one to forget its

roots, the Plague has given as much as it has parasitically sucked out from those surrounding it. It contributes weekly to the Club A Baby Seal For Christ Foundation, and donates its time every week to volunteering at the Trendies' Anonymous Settlement on Ludlow Street. "We help them deal with aggressively trying, at all costs, to be hip," the Plague said in a recent interview, "We try to teach them that, after a certain point, what you're doing is just not acceptable. You need help".

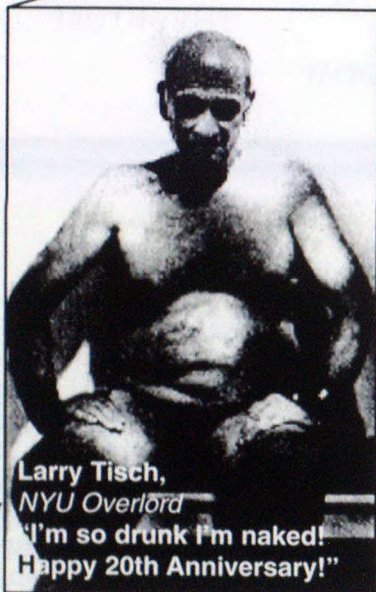
Much has been written about the Crimean War. Much has also been written about the relationship between the Plague and the Washington Square News. "They have this yin-yang sort of thing," said Bea Arthur, a mutual friend. "For instance, at a party, the WSN will bitch and moan about not getting into Broome Street, while the Plague will jam stuffed mushrooms down ladies' cocktail dresses. The WSN will talk about NYU's nonexistent atheletic department, while the Plague will play around in the room where the coats are and openly weep about the cancellation of *Misfits of Science*. The WSN will beat its chest over the exploitation of Canadian labor, while the Plague will sing the *Small Wonder* theme song at the top of its lungs until somebody calls the cops." It is a well known fact that at this point in any paragraph nothing funny or noteworthy is written. Also, no one reads after the first few words and they'll pick up again at the last two sentences. The next sentence is the next to last one. Despite their differences, the WSN did stand by the Plague during the 'indiscretions' of 1983. They shoot a quick nine every now and then, when the WSN can pry its golf clubs out of its ass.

With the 'calamity' of 1983 far behind it, the Plague launched full speed ahead, ass backwards into the 90's. Subbing for Mike Wallace on *Sixty Minutes* in a 1991 broadcast, it inadvertently uttered the first use of the word 'poo-nanny' on network television. The gaffe resulted from a loaded question posed to him by Pat Boone. The Plague successfully sued the National Enquirer in 1993 for publishing a doctored photo featuring it in flagrante delicto with Robert Ludlum, Jerry VanDyke, Estelle Getty, three cats and a broom. This victory for free speech and privacy was soon followed by the Plague's now immortal international "Chewy Chewy Chewy Nature Valley Chewy" tour, with Steve Vai, Bobby McFerrin and some guy who blew into an empty Silver Thunder bottle.

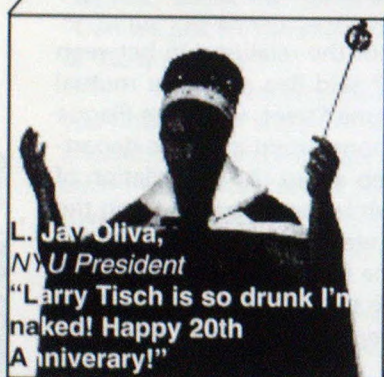
Despite its insatiable wanderlust and craving for goldfish crackers, the Plague has always been and will continue to be a Plague tradition. From its meager beginnings, selling pencils and string on the Bowery, to its kingly throne on top of all NYU publications (a ripped bus seat with styrofoam eggshells falling out), the Plague has always been there for the kids, spreading laughter and syphilis to all who dare come near. All hail the revolution! No more nukes! Free the Chicago Seven! Free the Adam 12! Save the Spanish Loyalists! Choosy Moms choose Jif! The Plague has seen it all. And what does the Plague have to say about its two decades of sophomoric humor and support hose? "Just a lot of hooley, some story an old drunk told me once, probably ain't true anyway." Nuff said, old timer.

Our mailbox has been overflowing with congratulatory letters from other fellow icons in the entertainment industry. We thought we'd share the ones that touched

Happy Twentieth Anniversary!



Larry Tisch,
NYU Overlord
"I'm so drunk I'm naked!
Happy 20th Anniversary!"



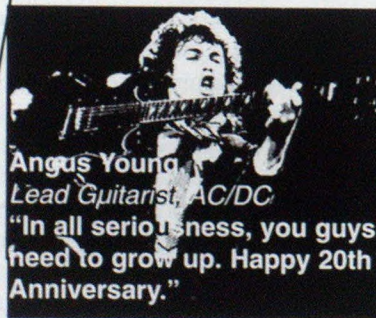
L. Jav Oliva,
NYU President
"Larry Tisch is so drunk I'm
naked! Happy 20th
Anniversary!"



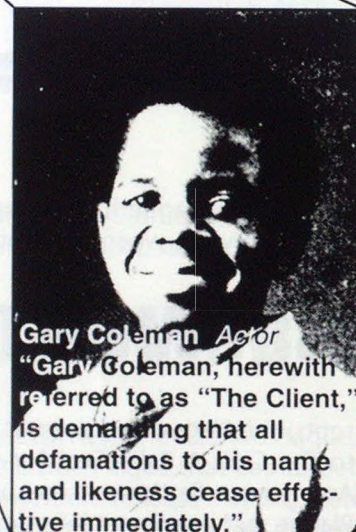
Shiva,
Goddess of Destruction
"May your next twenty years
be as fruitful as the first.
Happy 20th Anniversary."

PHOTO NOT
AVAILABLE

God,
Supreme Being
"Thanks for the prank
idea. We got that
Abraham good. Happy
20th Anniversary!"



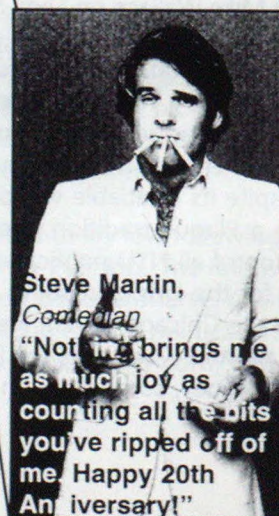
Angus Young,
Lead Guitarist, AC/DC
"In all seriousness, you guys
need to grow up. Happy 20th
Anniversary."



Gary Coleman, Actor
"Gary Coleman, herewith
referred to as "The Client,"
is demanding that all
defamations to his name
and likeness cease effec-
tive immediately."



Journey,
Band
"We'll never forgive you for
what you did to our careers.
Happy 20th Anniversary."



Steve Martin,
Comedian
"Nothing brings me
as much joy as
counting all the bits
you've ripped off of
me. Happy 20th
Anniversary!"

LIBERAL **JOHN CAVATELLI**

Did you know?

LIBERAL **JOHN CAVATELLI...**

Voted to bus convicted sex offenders to junior high schools.

LIBERAL **JOHN CAVATELLI...**

Has been heard saying, "Of course I'm a liberal, I'm a democrat, you know?" There, you see? He said it himself. We're not making this stuff up.

LIBERAL **JOHN CAVATELLI...**

Wanted to spend your tax dollars on some hair-brained scheme called *the United States Postal Service*.

LIBERAL **JOHN CAVATELLI...**

Has sex on a regular basis with miners. No, not minors—miners. It may not be illegal but it's just wierd is all.

LIBERAL **JOHN CAVATELLI...**

Voted to end the world.



Liberal John Cavatelli giving the finger to a school bus full of handicapped children.

Paid for by the Zick Dimmer "John Cavatelli Is a Liberal" Campaign

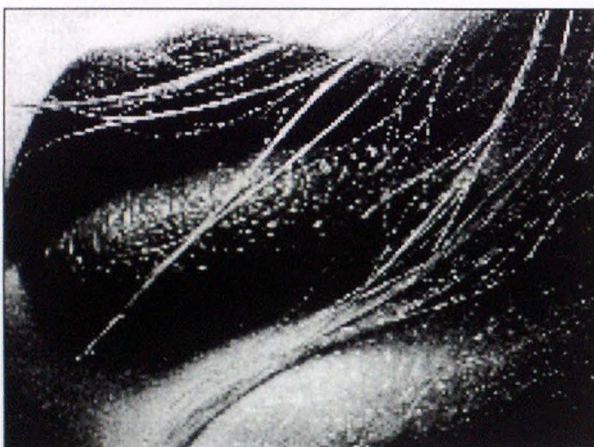
PLAGUEHOUSE FORUM

THE LANDLORD

Well, I was new to New York City and was in desperate need of housing. After weeks of scouring The Voice I was just about to give up hope when I saw an ad for the perfect place. When I got there, I was pleasantly shocked to discover that the landlord was an attractive, leggy blonde. As we were walking up the stairs, I could see her panty-line in plain view, but let me tell you, that wasn't all I was about to see! Oh man, it was a beautiful one bedroom, rent stabilized, with air-conditioning already installed! She was courteous and responsive to my questions! Needless to say I signed the lease that day!—A.C., Chelsea

INSANE JEALOUSY

It was the day of the state fair. My girlfriend said she would cure me



of my insane jealousy. When we got there, she put on her sexy halftop and mini-skirt, knowing it

”

Needless to say, I signed the lease that day.

”

would drive me wild. Halfway through the fair, she came up to me with a young blonde man holding her hand. He was handsome and I was immediately jealous. She then proceeded to introduce me to her younger brother. Later on that night she and I

had sex. Her brother went home. He lives with a foster family.—S.C., Paterson, NJ

HIGH OCTANE

From day one I have been using 92 octane fuel as recommended in the owner's manual of my 1994 Nissan Maxima. A close friend has also purchased the same type of automobile and has been using regular unleaded fuel with an octane rating of 87. He says that in more than 5000 miles he has never had an engine ping or knock and that the computer that manages the fuel will take care of the octane requirements.

I stated that his savings in fuel costs will be offset by engine service problems as the years go by. The question is, who is correct?—R.B., Boca Raton, FL

The short answer is, your friend. Nissan's

Maxima, like many other vehicles calling for premium unleaded fuel, is equipped with a knock sensor that "listens" for detonation.

—Ed.

UNCLE LENNY'S MAGIC LAP

[Insert your own Lenny Stern child molestor joke-letter here.]

BEST FRIEND'S GIRL

I'm the last guy in the world that would mess around with a friend's girl, but you haven't seen Becky, my best friend's girlfriend. A few weeks ago, she and I discovered a mutual interest in an obscure band. As it happened, we were the only people among our friends who wanted to go to their concert, so Becky suggested we go together.

Despite my apprehensions, we had a great time at the concert. Afterwards, she came upstairs to borrow a copy of the band's bootlegs that I was raving about on the ride home. At the door, when I pulled out my keys, a pack of condoms also fell out. I was mortified, and just as my embarrassed silence was about to

ruin everything, I saved myself with a witty comment about how that would be the last time I would let Ted (her boyfriend) borrow my jeans. She then told me that she knew they weren't Ted's and went on to say that if Ted could wear those XL Trojans, she'd be with him at that moment instead of me.

Just as we hurriedly

“
...he has never
had an engine
ping or knock.”
”

ran through the door, I remembered that I should have told her about my collection of pig fetuses.

I could see this made her somewhat uncomfortable but obviously didn't deter her hot monkey lust.

And speaking of monkeys, my anatomically correct Magilla Gorilla blow up doll didn't help matters.

I began to get nervous and we all know how one is more apt to losing bowel control

when one is nervous, well it wasn't long till the room started to fill with thick cloud of my flatulence. My mother, who was present the whole time, began scolding me severely saying, "you shit yourself, didn't you?!" and followed each reprimand with a joust to my groin with a broomstick. While I have to admit this made it hard for me to maintain my erection, just one look at Becky gave me strength—strength that was quickly sapped when my grandmother walked out of her bedroom, topless as usual, asking around for her blackhead gun.

While I could feel the passion between Becky and I reaching unbearable proportions, the thought of my grandmother stretching and struggling to get to those hard-to-reach blackheads broke my heart. So I gave in to my soft spot; I searched out the blackheads making space ship noises while Becky "zapped" them with the gun.—R.B.C., Lower East Side

The Plague Presents

ROOMMATE PRANKS!



Pour pennies in his shoes. Lame? Try doing it everyday.



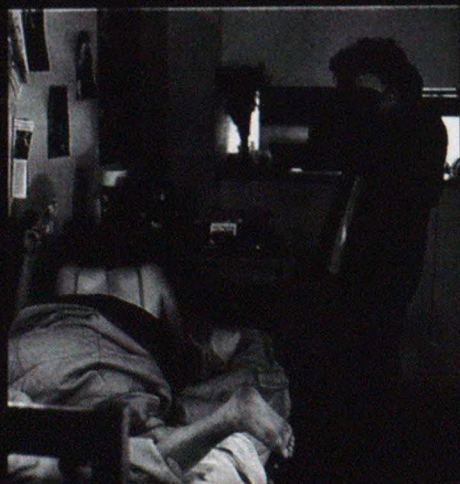
For the homophobe: Cut out all the gay porno line ads in *The Voice* and put them in all of his stuff. For added affect circle all the numbers.



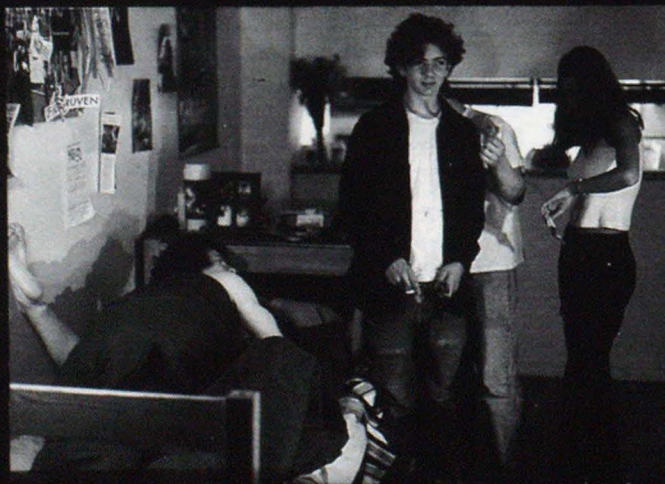
Call the credit bureau posing as his bank and ruin his credit.



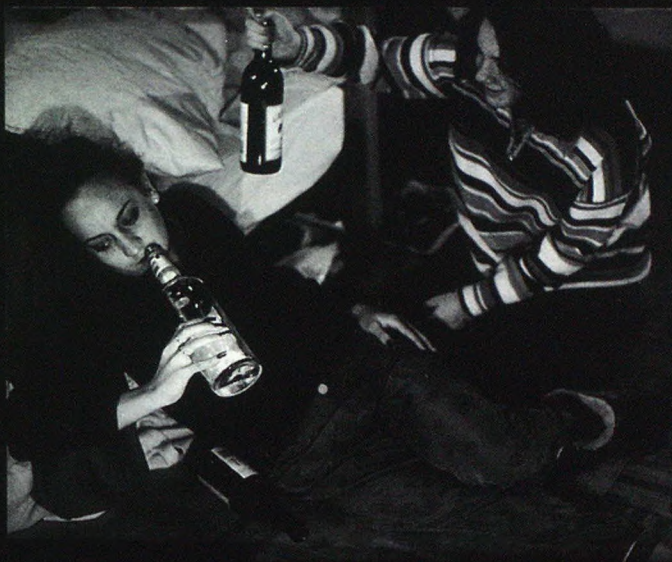
Sandpaper his CD's.



Pay his girlfriend to have sex with you.



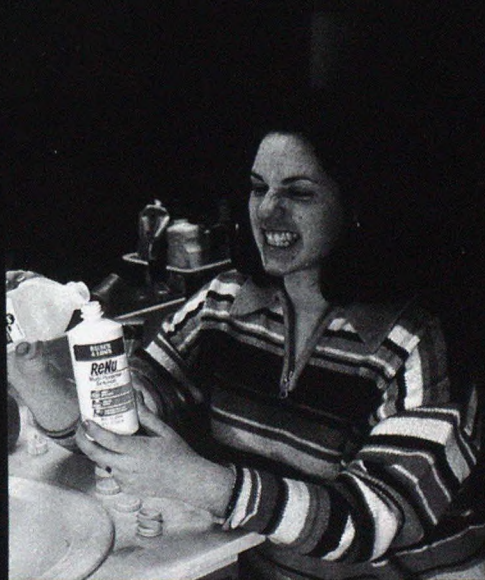
Invite your entire floor to pay his girlfriend for sex.



For the alcoholic- more alcohol!



For Chandler Kauffman: Leave salad dressing in refrigerator so that it falls out when he opens the door.



Replace her contact lens cleaner with rubbing alcohol.



Put fifty toilets in the bathroom.



Lay on his bed and do this.



For the Rationalist, gain knowledge from sensory experience.

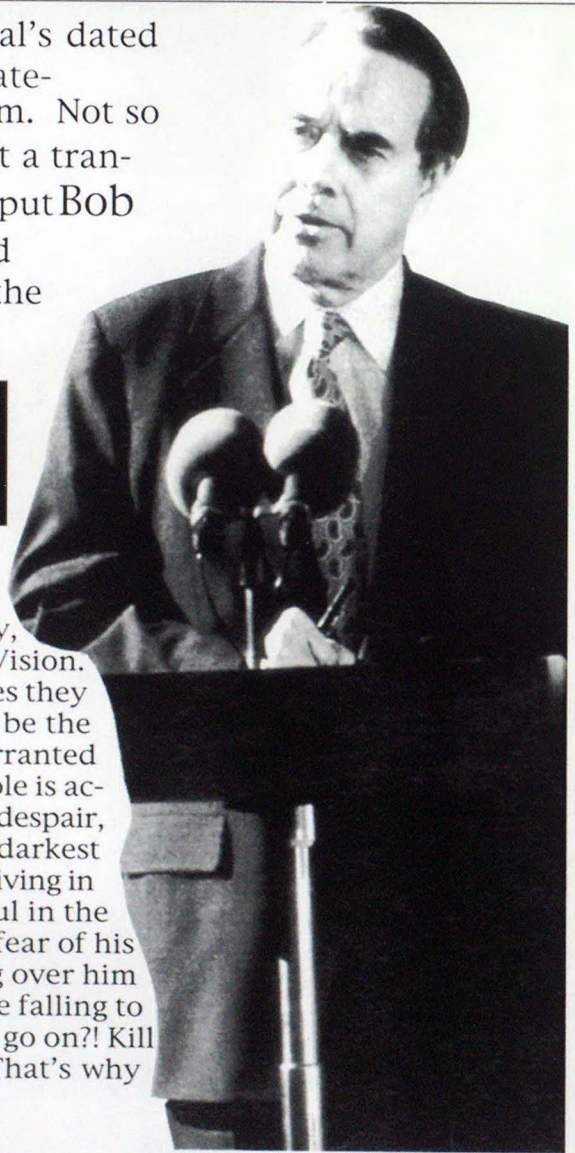
The Campaign Speeches You Never Heard

Alright, so the election's over. This material's dated you say. "Hey everybody, look, the Plague's material is dated," you say, running out of your room. Not so fast, Sparky. The Plague has managed to get a transcript of the speech that would have definitely put Bob Dole ahead of ol' Bill. So this isn't an outdated bit that was written in October, it's a look into the possible future of America...

Bob Dole

Tallahassee Community Center; October 17, 1996

People are saying that Bob Dole is too old to be President, that he's out of touch. Well let me tell you something, Bob Dole is down with the Hootie, the Mariah Carey, the Menudo. Bob Dole uses the e-mail, plays the Coleco-Vision. Bob Dole feels the angst of young America and the troubles they face in today's society. Bob Dole knows what it's like to be the bad man, to be the sad man. Bob Dole has felt the unwarranted cold stares and the inhumanity of mechanization. Bob Dole is acquainted with the night. Bob Dole has felt the cold hand of despair, silent as tomorrow. Bob Dole has stared into the deepest, darkest pit of his own agony and wondered why? Why?! Why keep living in a world with a welfare system. Let it fall free, like my soul in the chasms of the abyss. Bob Dole has been struck with the fear of his own existence as he saw the doctor with no face standing over him that rainy October night. A night where family values are falling to the wayside. What kind of a God would let this suffering go on?! Kill me! For Christ's sake, will somebody please KILL ME?! That's why Bob Dole's gonna give you a 15% tax cut.



Bill Clinton

-responding to Dole's speech. AARP Benefit, Oakridge California

"Bob Dole has been struck with the fear of his own existence..."

Imagine, if you will, a piece of toast. Imagine that you find this piece of toast in your backyard. It's the first thing you see out there when you look out the back door in the morning. You're thinking to yourself, Who put this toast here? I didn't. So you ask your wife, Honey, did you put that piece of toast in the backyard? And she says, no I thought you did. And so you ask the kids and they don't know anything about it either. So there you are with a big piece of toast in your backyard for the birds to eat but you have absolutely no idea how it got there. None whatsoever. I think that says something about how America feels today.

THE MAGIC POWER OF MONEY!

Money can make you rich, even in a ghetto! You should never have to worry about the rent, or where the next dollar is coming from, never have to apologize to a boss! No matter how poor you are now, **THE MAGIC POWER OF MONEY** can bring you a life filled to the brim with pleasure, wealth, and all the glittering luxuries of the world! To get your copy of this amazing Money Book, simply fill out and mail the no-risk coupon!



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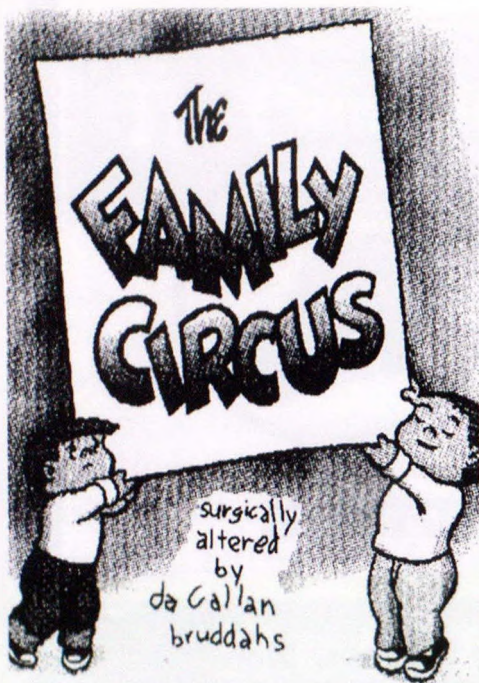
KAWALSKI PUBLICATIONS

Box 189
21 Washington Place
New York City 10003

Gentleman, please rush me a copy of **THE MAGIC POWER OF MONEY**, by Butch Kowalski, Ph.D. I understand I may examine it for a full thirty days entirely at your risk and return it if not completely dissatisfied. I enclose \$9.95.

NAME _____
WARD _____
WING _____ INSTITUTION _____

MAIL NOW



"My goal for this summer is to make the rivers flow red with the blood of my enemies. More eggs, Mom?"



"Don't worry, we'll be back next week to get you!"



"And whaddya gonna do if we do bust it, huh? The shitter's busted anyway, bitch!"



"No matter how much you pray, Mommy and Daddy still won't love you."



"Daddy, how come you always pull your dick out when the girl Olympics are on TV?"



"Mommy's gonna shake Jeffy until he stops crying."



"I'm eating the shaved hair of my latest victim. Mmmm...brunette..."



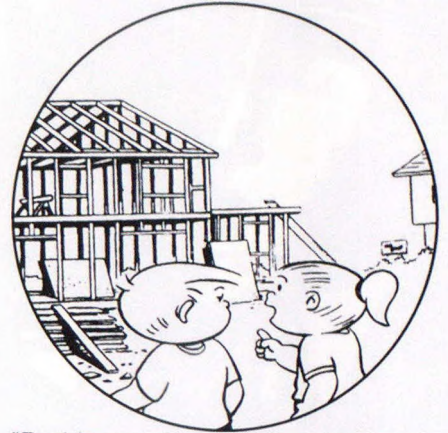
"All they did was spill your beer."



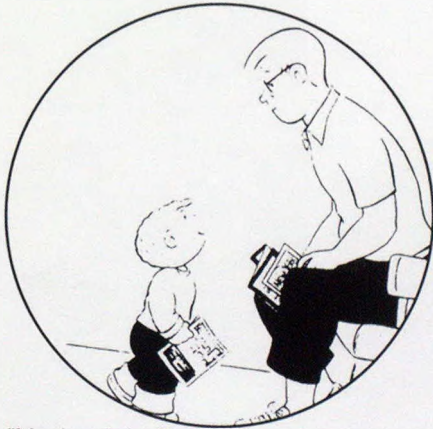
"Hey bitch, Afros went out in the seventies! Get with it!"



"Hey, Daddy's not running for President! What a lying piece of shit!"



"Daddy says he doesn't want 'them' moving into the neighborhood"



"You're right Dad - Swank is better than a woman's love and attention!"



"Hey Dad - let's play *From Here To Eternity!*"



"Mommy says that, next to marrying Daddy, that was the worst day of her life..."



"Mom says we hafta sell lemonade cuz you're too much of a pansy ass to ask for a raise"



"Look Ma, through the power of pure evil, I can hover!"



"He's the one who touched me!"



THE OFFICE

John Q. awoke one morning to find himself a matriculated student at New York Vniversity. One morning at breakfast, he was shocked to hear a siren blare dealeningly the moment his ID entered the register. He found himself surrounded by tall jackbooted officers who looked completely unlike any Vniversity personnel he'd ever seen, except for that time he spotted Lenny Stern crawling down West Third Street in a drunken stupor. They hauled his rigid body out into the cold autumn morning.

"John Q.!!" an officer barked.

"Yes..." Q. stammered.

"You are hereby charged with Financial Aid Review by the Vniversity Office of Finance under Section Three, Article Two, Part Six-And-A-Hall! How do you plead?"

"Excuse me?"

"Close enough!! You now FORFEIT any and all Vniversity privileges and facilities until such time as a verdict is pronounced on your Review! Do not attempt to return to classes or housing! For an additional exorbitant fee, the Vniversity will rent you a small, vermin-filled puddle in Mett Haven to reside in until your verdict is pronounced. You will now proceed to the Office of Finance in order to plead your case. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!"

"I...uh..."

"GOOD!" The officer leaned in, conspiratorially adding, "Listen, I don't really do this for a living. I've got this film script, and I was wondering if maybe you knew someone in the Industry..."

When Q. arrived at the Office of Finance, he found it had been bombed by a disgruntled undergrad. A sign read, "The Office of Finance has been returned to Main Bvilding." Soon, Q. was navigating through the labyrinth of twisting, blue-lit corridors that lay like a bad Hellraiser sequel under NYV Main. When he finally reached the old Office of Finance, a note on the door read, "The Office of Finance is now located at 234 Bowery, Sixth Floor."

Outside 234 Bowery, a horde of beggars lingered at the foot of the stairs accosting the NYV students. Q. sidestepped them and hurried up the stairs to an extensive complex of attic space with walls constructed of filing cabinets. Plain looking men in nondescript trench coats hurried quietly in all directions. Q. was overcome with an urge to flee back down the stairs and into the arms of his loving ferret.

The lines in the Office stretched away to infinity. Occasionally, Q. would glance down the length of the line and infinity would obscure his view of the customer-service window, rudely sticking out its tongue and taunting him. The gods looked down and said "Nyahh, nyahh nyahh!". A voice on a PA system droned away in the upper reaches of the dimly-lit Office. "Calling Joseph K.!" A light on a sign lit and a small bell chimed. The line remained motionless.

Again the voice called. "Søren Kierkegaard!" Q. eyed the motionless line with dread. After an interminable wait, he finally found himself confronting a bored, pasty man who looked as if he had not left the Office in some time. He was on the phone. "Oh yeah, baby...what are you wearing?" the man looked annoyedly up at Q. "Yes-may-I-help-you?"

"Yes, I'm John Q. I've been informed I have a Section Three Review...?"

The man slammed down the phone. "Section Three? Let me check your file..."

He disappeared for a mere three hours. "Yes, Mr. Q., well, it seems that your files are under Section Three review. Until the review is finished, I'm afraid they can't be accessed. My advice for you is to speak to a financial advisor for help in pleading your case...though I'm not sure the verdict will be anything but guilty."

"What?"

"Mr. Q., it is next to impossible to beat Section Three charges. If you would refer to section sixty-six point six in your Student Financial Handbook, you will be instructed what to do next. Thank you, have a nice day."

"But I don't have a Student Financial..."

"I'm sorry this window is closed. Good day."

The PA system blared "John Q.! Please report to Room 324567A for Review. Repeat, John Q. to room 732561A!!"

Q. shuddered and ran for the door, desperately trying to escape the stifling air of the office. To his dismay, he was met by the pack of toothless beggars. They pressed against him with filthy hands and decaying NYU T-shirts. "Spare some change? Help out an old grad!"

"Hey, could you take a look at this film script?"

Defeated and despairing, Q. trudged to the cheapest of bars to drink the remainder of his dwindling cash. As he collapsed on the bar with the numbness of the dead, he felt the reassuring warmth of urine spreading through his trousers. To the rear of the bar, he spotted four plain men in nondescript trench coats approaching him. As they moved closer, they all focused into a single, blurry whole.

"Who th' hell are you?" Q. slurred.

"I'm a Field Agent for the Office of Finance," the man said. "Mind control is our stock and trade. We understand your Review is going badly, and you may be trying to escape our psychic net. The Court of Finance has sent me to repossess your soul."

"That's nice," Q. gurgled.

"We promise it won't hurt much more than being skinned alive."

Q. eyed the Agent, but was too weak to fight. The Agent glanced conspiratorially to either side of them and leaned in to whisper, "Listen, before we go, I was wondering if you could take a look at my script..."

It doesn't take hours of being around Cory to discover just how disturbed he is. Rather than be forced to hear his banter, we gave him his own corner. It is more for our sake than yours.

CORY'S KRAZY CORNER

Most of you readers out there are probably unfamiliar with the contributions I've made to the Plague, but that is in no way my fault. The blame has to fall on the Plague editors. I submitted many a work to this beloved magazine only to have my dream of putting a smile on the wonderful NYU community be crushed by the so-called editors. What is going on when a big penis can get in, but my pictorial piece of me eating money in front of homeless people never sees itself to print? So as sort of an apology, and because of the pictures I took during the 'incident' of '83, I got my own corner. It's a nice corner, but I've seen better in fucking *Highlights*.

These are some haikus from my untitled book entitled "Frogger In The Street"



Here are some questions I'm frequently asked:

*What is the worst part about fucking a six year old?
Cleaning the blood off my clown suit.*

*Do you still have that bitchin' '78 Camaro?
I had to sell it for my mom's second breast implant.
I guess she got tired of just the one big boob.*

*Why are you so great and I'm so fat?
You'll have to ask that question to Satan's demons themselves.*

*Why aren't you funny?
Hey, neither has the Plague for twenty years.*

*Why are you so popular in Burma?
No, it's Myanmar, and I drink Coke.*

*I got cotton mouth
Shamrock shakes are big and green
Incredible Hulk*

*My name is Cory
Honey it's so sweet and good
Got bees in my mouth*

*The hamster is here
I see my chicken pot pie
Easy bake oven*

WHERE YOUR TUITION

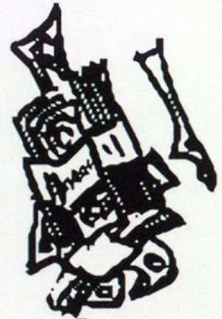
If you're like me, you're probably wondering where your tuition dollars go. I mean, at \$165 a lecture (do the math yourselves), I'm sure you feel you're getting ripped off. After approaching the Bursar's office with this same question, they sat me down and gave me a long list of essential activities and expenses outside what I ordinarily would have thought of. So, here is their explanation of where your astronomically high tuition goes.



Rare "Archie" back issues
\$2,150

To an old
peanut butter
jar on top of
the fridge in
the advising
center.

18¢



This "magazine"-
SUCKERS!

\$20



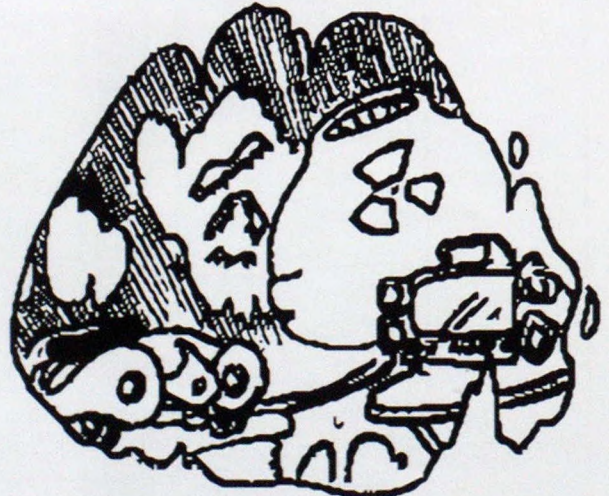
\$19,748 X 4 years = \$78,992

Clerical mistake lead to
furnishing each cell at
Riker's Island with a desk.

\$7,500



Maintaining the L. Jay
cave
\$15,000



DOLLARS GO

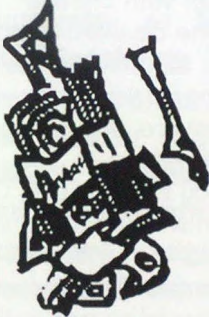
Paying people over 65 to walk around naked
in the Cole's locker-room.

\$375



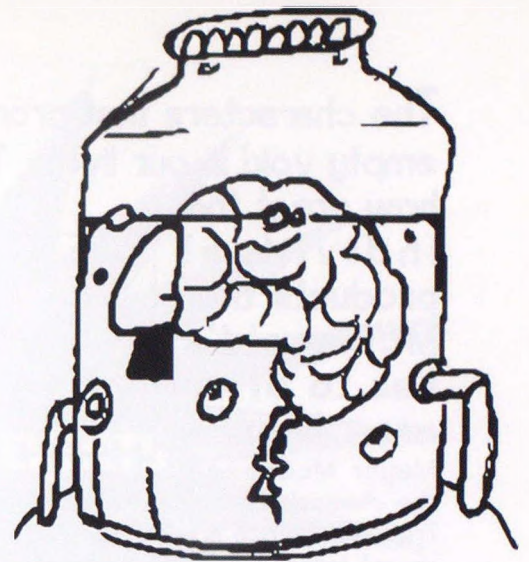
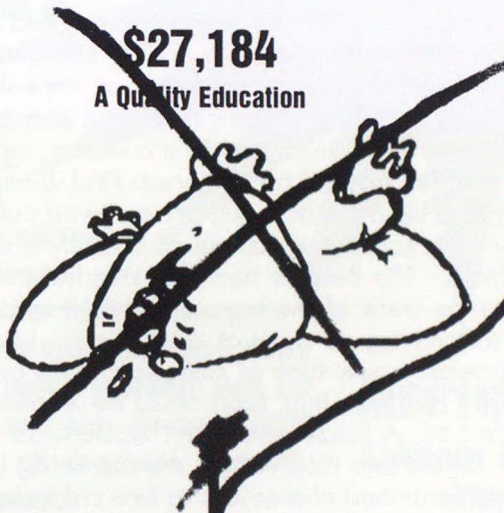
\$975

The lovely wardrobe of the
useless administration staff.



\$27,184

A Quality Education



HITLER'S LIVING BRAIN!!!



\$3

A \$3 piece of parchment

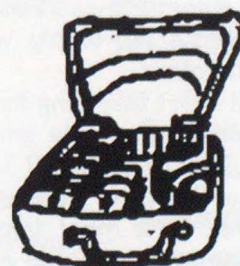
\$35

Itsy, Bitsy pants



\$700

Hey, you think
those flags grow
on trees?!



\$17,550

To Sunshine - L. Jay's pimp

Scholarship money
for another
student..

\$7,500



20 YEARS OF SUPER DUPER BACK RUBS

The characters that promote McDonald's restaurants fill a simple but often empty void in our lives. That void is the part of our psyche that reminds us how great the individual products that McDonald's has to offer are. There's

Grimace?

Mayor McCheese,

the cheeseburger-headed civic leader that expounds on the virtues of grilled beef laden with cheese. The Fry Guys, whose armless torsos remind us that delicious taters are for everyone, even the disabled. And let us not forget the Hamburglar, whose constant dodging of the law is an inspiration to us all, showing that no boundaries should prevent us from enjoying an artery clogging meal. But all this discussing of America's- nay the World's- favorite fast food icons leads us (or at least me) to a question: what is Grimace, that purveyor of fine milkshakes? There are several theories that will be explored. First, though a brief history.

In the beginning, there was either a big bang or a guy got screwed out of a body part so that God could create "woman," who would eventually screw the guy out of everything else. Then a lot of other stuff happened until we reach the early 1960's. The Beatles had just invaded the hearts of America's teens,



drive-ins were all the rage, and the New York City baseball teams were on a revolving carousel of World Series titles. Amongst this pop culture explosion, a new type of sustenance was being born: fast food. The idea behind this was that food could be expensively priced, unhealthy, and taste bad. A craze was born! McDonald's was the pioneer of this medium. By the late 1960's they are marketing to younger children, using the aforementioned characters to lure children into a life of poor eating that will lead to heart attacks before the age of 45. When it was discovered that McDonald's milkshakes (which contain no milk and are not shaken) had no representation, a new character was requested. Within six months, Cornelius Bakel (pronounced ba-KEL, or BAKE-el if his sister Gertrude says it), advertising wizard, had produced Grimace. "What the fuck is that?!", was the reply from Otto J. McDonald, the CEO at the time. Bakel retorted simply, with a gleam in his eye, "It's bigger than you and I put together."

It didn't take long for Grimace to gain acceptance. Who wouldn't love a monstrous purple amoebae with underdeveloped arms and a permanent look of ecstasy? Unknown to the masses, there was a tortured soul inside Grimace. Reports about him being hard to work with are widespread. The most famous of these incidents involved an over heated

deep fryer and some of Grimace's fingernail clippings, an experiment that yielded Chicken McNuggets. When the outcry from consumer activist groups demanding a female character became too much to bear, Birdie, the bird that hawks the breakfast menu, was contrived. Grimace was outraged. "That goddamned feather duster better keep her eyes off my Ronny!", Grimace was heard to shout from around his cigarette. This exclamation only fuels the already accepted fact that Grimace is a latent homosexual. His hatred for the girl led to the fact that she's only in, like what, one commercial a year? It is obvious that the bat Grimace swings is a heavy one.

An attempt was made at reaching Dr. Bakel in order to help explain the purple entity (Grimace, not Prince), but it was discovered that he had been in a tragic flannel accident. This leads to only theories. One is that Grimace was created like Serpenter was in that really cool five part G. I. Joe episode, except that they used famous milkshake recipes (like Isley's of Pittsburgh and that bodega on Avenue A and seventh street) instead of the DNA of dead, evil dictators (like Rasputin and George Steinbrenner). Another theory is that he is a combination of dark souls, channeled together in a highly concentrated state to form a living being. Still another is that he's a corporate idea from a bunch of old men who thought that kids would actually like a huge purple monstrosity bearing down on them. Still another is that the artist asked to come up with the concept was on PCP and just didn't give a shit.

I have no ending for this article.

SOUTHGATE UNITE!!
A POETRY READING AT THE
HOUSING OFFICE-

Thursday, MARCH 20
at 4:00pm (that's 1600
hours for you
ROTC boys!)

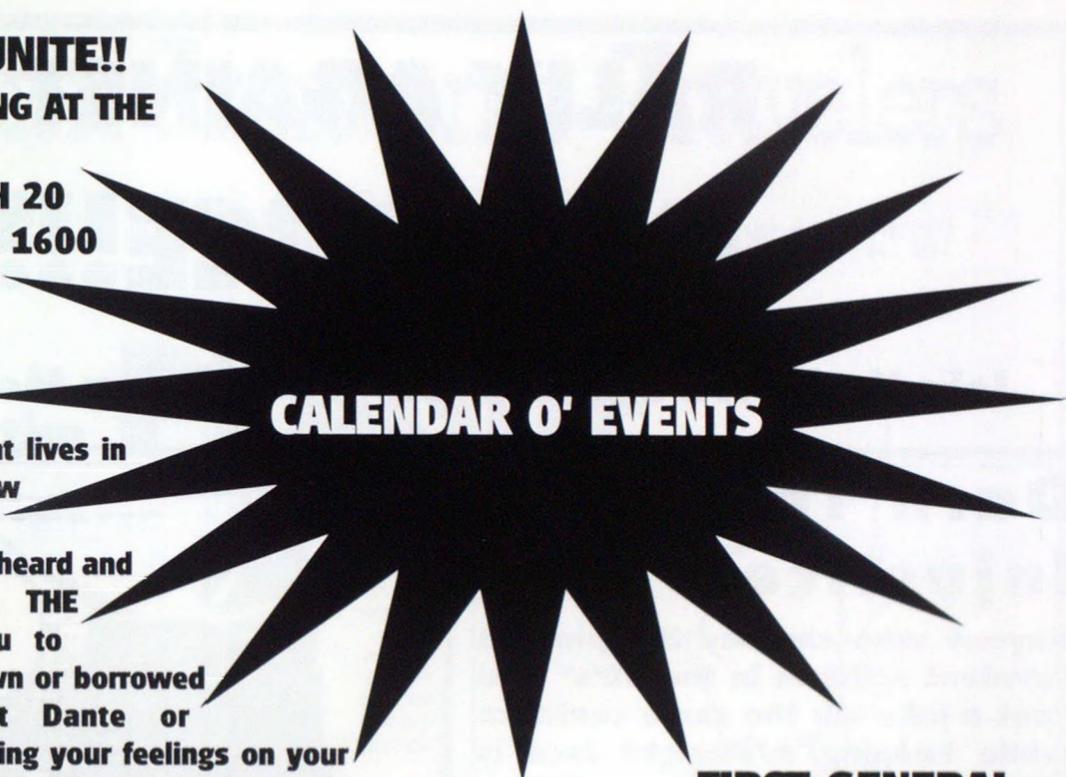
If you live in
Southgate, or
know somebody that lives in
Southgate, or know
what Southgate is,
have your voices be heard and
your poetry read! **THE**
PLAGUE invites you to
read poetry, your own or borrowed
(may we suggest Dante or
Baudelaire), expressing your feelings on your
semester of discontent. We will also have chips
and soda. Maybe some union workers will be
striking that day, and we can protest NYU
together, because we're all brothers beneath
the tyrannical fist of the man.

The Eleventh Annual Zucker
Brothers Film Fest

Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb
Thursday April 17 7:00pm

Sure to be an even bigger celebration
than the past ten years combined. This time we
have the jewels in the Zucker Brothers' crown
primed and ready for enjoyment:

Kentucky Fried Movie, *Naked Gun* and the veri-
table big daddy of all humorous films, *Airplane!*
Good Lord, if you miss this, you'll be the sad-
dest buffoon on campus. Just imagine your
embarrassment when you shuffle off to an
empty classroom, realizing too late that every-
one is wetting themselves in E & L, all thanks to
those heathens at **THE PLAGUE!** Ha! I'm laugh-
ing at you right now! The ubiquitous chips and
soda will make an appearance.



CALENDAR O' EVENTS

FIRST GENERAL

MEETING, Thursday, February 6th
6:00pm Activities Annex, 4th Floor

This is it kiddies, the reason you came to
NYU. Swing on by the fourth floor lobby in the
Student Activities Annex for a date with comedy
and the handsome Plague staff. Arouse your
pets and watch Grandma soil her pants when
she sees how her favorite little boy made good.
See page 25.

Do you wanna make more money? Sure, we
all do! But in the meantime, learn high class
production skills at **THE PLAGUE'S**
FIRST PRODUCTION MEETING,

Tuesday, February 4th at 7:00pm, at
the Activities Annex (Hey, that's 21
Washington Place!) We're assembling a
crack production team to help us get our lazy
asses in gear for our upcoming issue. If you
know Quark, Photoshop or Pagemaker, we
want you (but *not* in a sick way. Maybe as
friends... but I don't really know you. Fuck it,
just show up) See inside front cover.

RALLY AGAINST INJUSTICE!!!

Join Us As We Stop People From Doing Mean Things

Darn This Injustice!

Anyone who can say the phrases "student activism in the 90's" and "not a joke" in the same sentence while keeping a straight face is welcome to join fellow activists. We'll be holding our breath till we're blue in the face until pot is legalized or the following are stopped, whichever comes first:

- War
- Hunger
- Pollution
- Inflation
- Inhumanity
- Natural Disasters
- Disease
- That guy, y'know, that guy, who does that thing



Brought to you By:

Students for Social Equality

Socialists @ NYU

The Punchline

Earth Matters

**The Kent State Victims Are Rolling
Over In Their Graves Club**

When: February 31, 1997

Where: Wherever NYU gives us permission

There will be speakers present discussing NYU's gross misallocation of funds that were paid for with our gigantic ASSABC budgets

Attention Lonesome Travelers

Are you tired of a life of warm beer and cold women where you just don't fit in?
Well then

Come Join the **PLAGUE**

We need:

- writers
- artists
- photographers
- sales reps
- And don't worry if you're not funny, we have enough grunt work for a whole army of talentless people.

Brother, we promise you a warm bed, a hot meal, and a forum for your shameful views. No smalltown sheriff's gonna hassle you over your hippie hair and your fancy booklearnin' here. Hitch on over to the **Activities Annex (21 Washington Place)** for our first meeting on **Thursday, February 6, 1997 at 6:00pm on the fourth floor lounge.** Or just drop a line in **Box 189** with your name and number.*

*Transients need not apply



20 YEARS OF BED-WETTING DRUNKENNESS

With nearly every TV show idea exhausted, media genius Larry Tisch was forced to explore the outer fringes of entertainment to find a new gimmick, one smacking of originality. It is with great pleasure that *The Plague* unveils The Anticlimactic Channel as torn from an early edition of the TV GUIDE™.

The Anticlimactic Channel

For your viewing—and VCR taping—guidance, here are all of the week's headliners that have earned four stars in TV GUIDE's ratings.

SUNDAY

★★★★



The Failing Ventriloquist, Part I (Miniseries)

9:00 P.M.

After a disastrous fire, Howard quickly finds himself alone in the world with only the charred remains of his dummy. Determined not to give up hope, he forever searches for a replacement that has the mysterious gift of his past dummy, to no avail. Contains graphic scenes of mutilation.

MONDAY

★★★★



Esoterica Hour

5:00 A.M.

Spend an hour with our previous editor, Carmelita Naval, as she ruins this channel much like she did our magazine. Her incomprehensible references and inane works of art are punctuated by moments of uncomfortable silence and awkward conversation. Look for a very special interview with Burt Lancaster.

The Classic Rock Boys

3:00 P.M.



Docu-drama about a group of middle-aged white men. The season premiere sets up the principle characters, Joe and Hank, as they discuss their inability to maintain a relationship with someone of the opposite sex and their mutual disdain for Affirmative Action. The shocking Verite style is used to follow them through an average day at their stock-broking firms and into a night of pitchers of domestic beer and clumsy passes at their drunken co-workers.

The Failing Ventriloquist, Part II

9:00 P.M.

The quest continues.

TUESDAY

★★★★



Filmies

8:00 P.M.

Sitcom follows a group of young people through film school. Watch as they ponder incomprehensible, self-glamorizing script ideas while balancing recreational drug use with artistic torment. This week, Larry's shoot gets delayed when the gang criticizes the artistic merit of recreating his prom night.

WEDNESDAY

★★★★



Nudy Mag Shopping With Dan

8:00 P.M.

This week we follow Dan as he peruses the shelves of Tower Books exclaiming, "Hello!", "Page the Doctor!", "Hey, that's that girl from that show!"—and of course, his suddenly placid, "Yeah, I knew a girl who could do that."

18 Oak Lane

10:00 P.M.

Drama about a white upper-middle class family with a stable income and well adjusted children. It's soccer season for little Eddy, and the old station wagon is starting to show its mileage. Should they try a minivan or get another Volvo? All this is compounded by the new puppy's distemper shot.



THURSDAY

★★★★



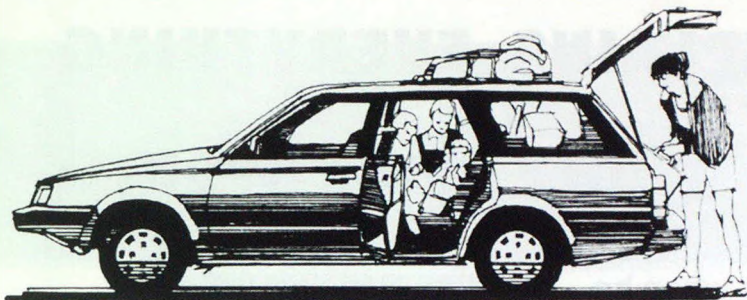
HEROES OF CONNECTICUT! (R)

9:00 P.M.

From Danbury to West Hartford, a retrospective of the men and women who bring justice to the state just south of Massachusetts. In the season premiere, James Wilson of Fairfield Discount Tire confronts the owner of an adult bookstore who wants to move into a local strip mall.

FRIDAY

★★★★



Nose to Nose

10:00 P.M.

Hard-hitting journalism that's not afraid to ask the tough questions. This week, an hour long exploration of the life and times of Jesse Lowell, the General Motors engineer who pioneered the rear-door safety lock.

SATURDAY

★★★★



Gary and Missy

10:00 A.M.

A Saturday morning cartoon about an infertile couple. In this week's episode, Gary's job is in jeopardy after he mouths off to his boss at the stereo store. Missy worries that this will only worsen his motility.



Saturday Night Live

11:30 P.M.

A host of new talent is unveiled for this hit season. Don't miss it!

Host: John Dupont

Band: Hootie and the Blowfish

Jesse Helms reads **THE PLAGUE**, shouldn't you?

Despite the mail fraud charges of yesteryear, *The Plague* at NYU is now offering subscriptions.



Send orders to:

The Plague—Subscriptions Dept.

21 Washington Place

Box 189

New York, NY 10003

Yes! I want to subscribe to *The Plague*. I have enclosed:

- ☐ \$12.00 for 2 full years (4 issues)
- ☐ \$10,000.00 for a lifetime subscription (*offer only available to the terminally ill*)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

APT# _____ CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Make check or money order payable to New York University.

20 YEARS OF KEEPIN' IT REAL, EAST COAST KILLAS!!

THINGS REVEALED IN ERIC ESTRADA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

- He likes big butts and he cannot lie
- Uses that Joe-mamma joke a lot
- He's Polish
- Life long dream is to build a super-plane called the Spruce Goose
- Used to rub John's tummy during commercial breaks to help him drive his motorcycle real fast.
- Is going to be on Baywatch (you heard it here first, Plagueheads!)
- Resented childhood nickname "Fuckface"
- With uncanny telephathic powers, can summon the animals of the ocean to join in his quest for justice
- Has two children (not counting the ones he ate)
- Coined the term "Industrial Music"
- Bakes his own bread
- Watched the sun set with Telly Savalas

•Career dried up when he revealed the *Plague's* so lame that all they do is rip off ideas from Letterman top ten lists

WAYS TO GET KICKED OUT OF COLES SPORT CENTER

- Get tangled up in the swimming pool ropes screaming, "Aaaah! Octopus! Help!"
- Show up to CPR clases with your own blow-up doll
- Hang out in the men's locker room giggling and saying, "Haha, penis," anytime a naked man walks past
- "Spot" someone in the shower
- Publicly discredit the loving memory of Jemore S. Coles and his sports center
- Expectorate on the roof
- Two words: *Wedgie Bandit!*

COMMANDMENTS 11-20

11. If thou wigglest it more than once, thou art playing with it.

12. Once thou goes black, thou shalt never go back

13. Thou shalt never touch Dan's hair

14. Thou shalt never touch Richard B. Callender

15. Thou shalt not use Dylan's name in vain.

16. If thou insist upon eating Mexican two nights in a row, thou will be begging for a new sphincter

17. Thou shalt stop kicking my seat, or I shall turneth this car around and there shalt be no vacation for thou this year

18. Thou shalt reassure the friend with the hefty mate by saying, "Hey man, more cushion for the pushin'."

19. Beware the mixing of thine pop rocks and soda

20. Remember to keep thine woman holy, for without her thou hast only thy hands and that olde Penthouse thou found in the dumpster behind the 7-11 when thou were fourteen

... REJECTS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

REJECTED NRA SLOGANS

- "Gun's don't kill people, government regulation of assault weapons do"
- "Having fun means having a gun!"
- "A gun in the home is ten times more likely to kill a family member than an intruder"
- "If your child doesn't know how to handle a firearm properly, he deserves to get shot"
- "The difference between a hunter and some kid with a gun is a fundamental respect for life"
- "If everyone had a gun, knife fights would become obsolete"

REJECTED NAMES FOR BASEBALL EX- PANSION TEAMS

- The Jacksonville Three-Legged Dogs
- The Alaskan Seal Clubbers
- The Los Angeles Crips

- The Tokyo Giants
- The Bangkok Geisha Girls
- The Tampa Yankees
- The Salt Lake City Happily Married Men
- The People's Army
- The Nashville Car Enthusiasts
- The Ralieggh Wife-Beaters

REJECTED KEN AND BARBIE DOLLS

- Incontinent Ken
- Maoist Barbie
- Too Drunk to Fuck Ken
- White Trash Barbie
- 40oz. Ken
- Still Living at Home Ken
- Plastic Surgery Disaster Barbie
- Backdoor Barbie
- Cognitive Psychoanalytic Ken
- Smokes-A-Lot Barbie
- Deadbeat Dad Ken
- Anal Fissure Barbie
- White Bread Chicken Shit Ken
- Asian Initiative Ken
- Babushka Barbie
- Chandler's Blatant Dead

Kennedy's References
Playset

REJECTED NYU EVENTS

- Father-Son Hot Oil Rub-down Picnic
- Pub-Crawling with L. Jay Oliva
- Romp in Times Square with the Deans (Couch Dance, Couch Dance, Puts You In That Couch Trance)
- Belly-Dancing for Fat Chicks
- Lap Puppet Day
- NYU Doesn't Screw You Over Day
- The Independent Amish Music Fest
- Get R.C. Cola Out of Canada Protest (stop the exploitation!)
- The T.S.O.A. Tips for Avoiding the Casting Couch Cramp
- Career Day with Tisch Alumni
- Career Day with Any Alumni
- Your TA Shows some T & A Spectacular
- I Lick You Week

Political Savvy Test

... For the Apathetic and Ill Informed

1. Are you
 - a) a Democrat?
 - b) a Republican?
 - c) I barely graduated high school.
2. I believe Capitalism
 - a) Works?
 - b) Doesn't work?
 - c) I believe in a system of check marks to be awarded for each day of work, thus replacing currency.
3. How do you feel about abortion?
 - a) Pro-Choice
 - b) Pro-Life
 - c) The religious ideology I subscribe to grants me the right to control others' decisions.
4. The most important issues in our country today are:
 - a) The very fabric of our country will be torn apart by man's inhumanity to man.
 - b) Widespread disappointment in our sagging space program.
 - c) We will be attacked by a "locust like" race of extra-terrestrials and have no choice but to join together with our enemies and allies alike to defeat them.
5. My feelings about crime are:
 - a) I like it.
 - b) I don't like it.
 - c) *Three years in prison didn't teach me nothin'!*
6. Are you registered to vote?
 - a) My opinion is of no consequence.
7. When I think about politics I feel
 - a) Sleepy
 - b) A-political
 - c) Lonely
8. To me "Family Values" means:
 - a) The going rate for a nine year old male.
 - b) Some God-awful ABC sitcom.
 - c) A term to throw around without ever giving a definition.

Scoring :

For each "A" give yourself 16 points, "B" 8.5, "C" 8.4. If you checked any "D"'s you fail. Same goes for "E"'s. Add up your score.

100-80: You don't know much about politics.

80-50: I hope politics isn't your major, you fucking beast.

50-0: People shouldn't come to you for political advice.

Under 21?

Kick off the Spring semester with this voucher valid at NYU's favorite hotspots!

Accepted by:

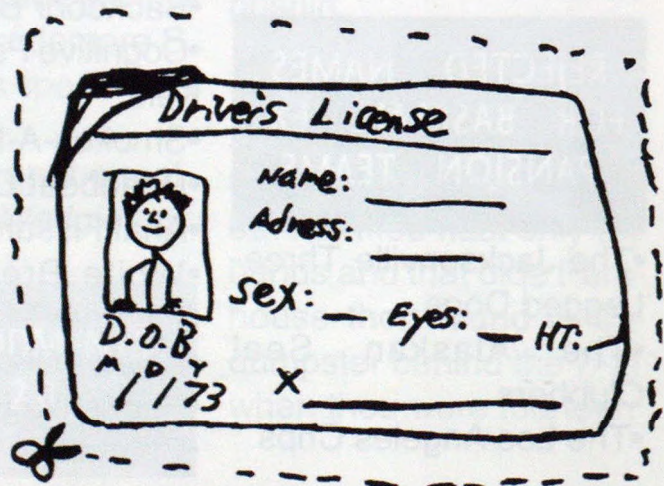
Poppolini's

Caliente Cab Co.

Nevada Smith's

Shades Of Green

El Cantinero



**WHEN A BEAR
WAKES UP IN
THE MORNING,
WHAT DOES HE
NOT EXPECT TO
GET?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS PLAGUE FOLD-IN

Let's face it, park ranger will give anybody a ticket nowadays. But, sometimes they go overboard and give tickets to non-humans! To find out what we mean, fold page in as shown.



HOW TO DO IT

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



You're under arrest sir-person-in-a-bear-suit-
thinking-he's-so-tough-
comin-back-from-the-
store-drivin-real-fast-fat-boy!

A

B

BUMPER Stickers

G **TRAFFIC POLICE...**
OD BLESS 'EM!

FREELANCE
GYNOLOGIST

HONK!
HONK!
HONK! **\$If NYU Stole Your Money!**

**I'd Rather be
Pro-Wrestling**

My other car is on the bottom
of the Hudson with my wife's
→ **DEAD BODY** ←

Ask me about my
OPEN MARRIAGE

DON'T BLAME ME...
I DIDN'T VOTE

**DRUNK
DRIVER
on board!**

Honk if you walk among the shadows !

Remember boys and girls, only YOU can spread the PLAGUE!