

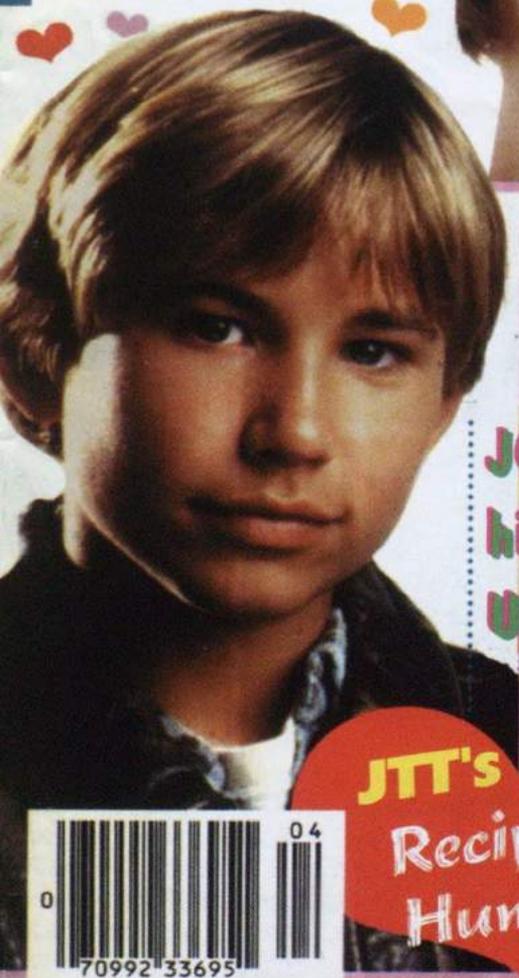
6 GIANT Anton Chekhov POSTERS!

TEEN PLAQUE

Spring 1997

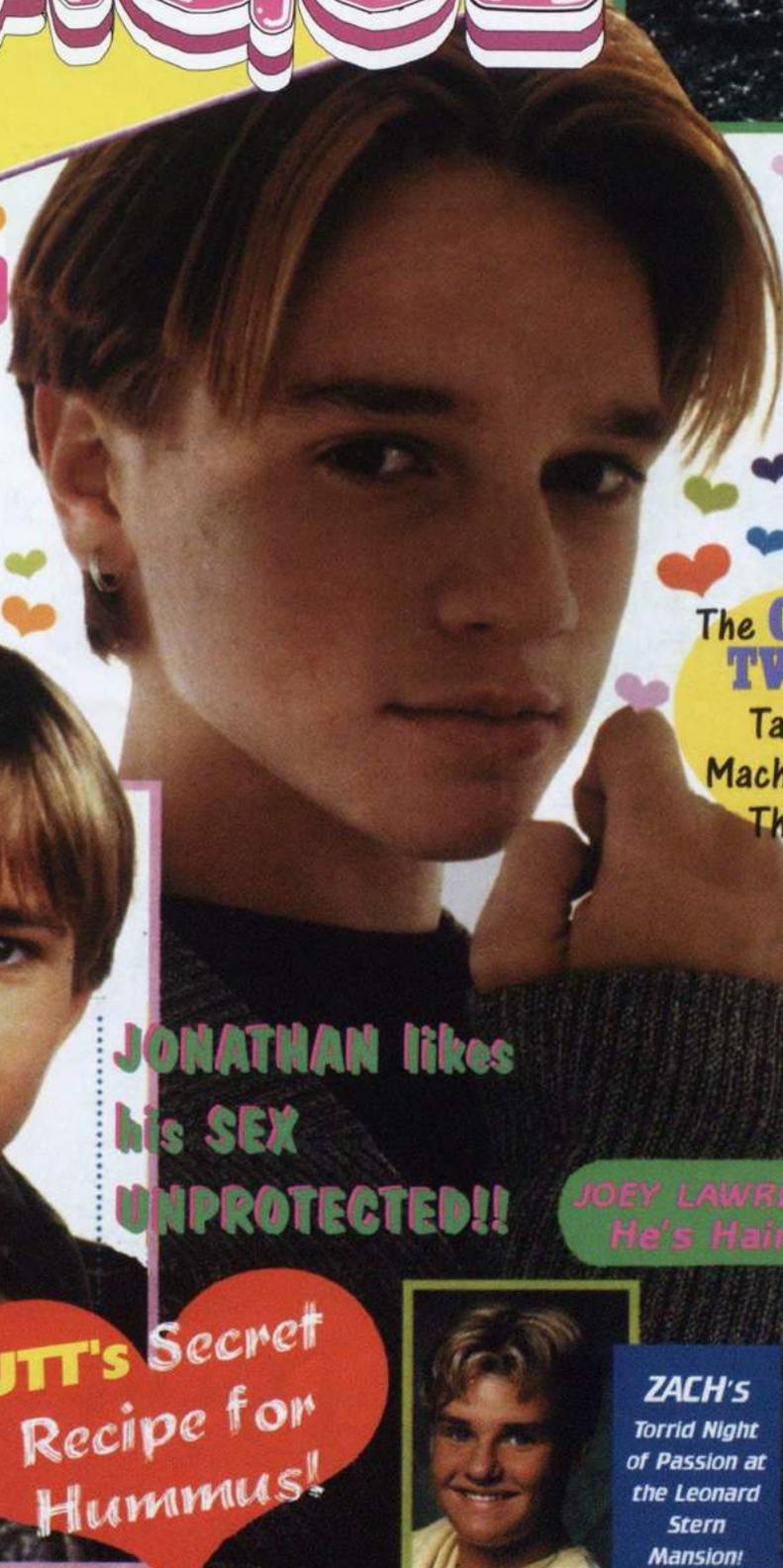
DEVON

He Knows
Which
Way to Swing
His Bobcat!



JONATHAN likes
his SEX
UNPROTECTED!!

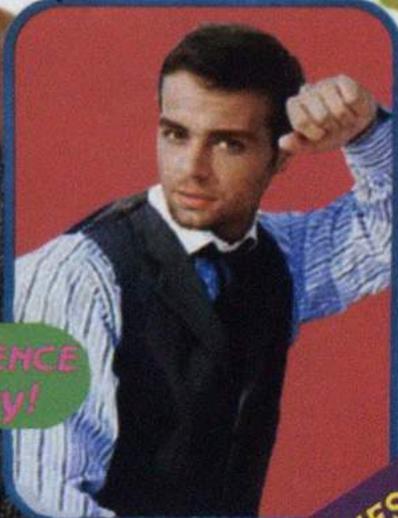
JTT's Secret
Recipe for
Hummus!



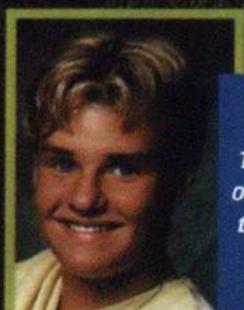
BUMPER
MAKES A
FRIEND!



The OLSEN
TWINS
Take on
Machiavellian
Theory!



JOEY LAWRENCE
He's Hairy!



ZACH'S
Torrid Night
of Passion at
the Leonard
Stern
Mansion!

PLAQUE SWEEPSTAKES:
Win Elmer Bobst's Ashes!
Details Inside!

R.I.P.

THE PUNCHLINE

NYU'S new humor magazine



1994 - 1996



TEEN



PLAGUE



YOU'LL LOSE YOUR HEART OVER THIS MONTH'S HEARTTHROBS!

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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.** 5. To harass, pester, or annoy: "What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors?" (Smollet) —Who the fuck is Smollet?

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

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The Plague, 21 Washington Plague, Box 189, New York, NY 10003. plague@club.nyu.edu. All rights reserved, anyone caught looking at this magazine in anyway (that's right, peeks included) will BURN IN THE ETERNAL FLAMES OF HELL!!!!!!!

Look, I need to get something off my chest. And I don't want you to say anything—this is going to be hard enough as it is. Alright, I'll just come out and say it—I edited another magazine. But it was only once and it meant nothing to me. If it makes you feel any better, I thought of *The Plague* the whole time we organized the four-over-two color process for the cover.

I was just visiting a friend at another college and this was back when we were fighting a lot and I guess I was a little lonely. In an attempt to cheer me up, he introduced me to the production editor of his humor magazine. We had a couple drinks and I was feeling real shitty so when she asked me up to her computer layout facilities, I couldn't say no. And besides, I thought we were just going to talk. But she pumped a couple more drinks into me and before I knew it, I was spell-checking her maga-

zine. I thought it was just going to end at that, but you know how spell-checking leads to checking verb tenses and checking verb tenses leads to drafting up plans for page layouts ... Well, it was only a matter of time before I was trashing bits and telling her how she could get better resolution on her cover photos if she used RRED (Right Reading Emulsion Side Down—Ed.) film. I know that's one of "our" things and that's why I feel so crappy. It all happened so quick. I knew I shouldn't, but I was just at my weakest and ... I dunno.

When I came home, I was so sick of what I just did I burned her production schedule. For the next two weeks, I felt so guilty anytime I tried to edit you. That's why I started buying furniture for the office and promised you that you were going to be printed on stock 70 bond paper this time. All I know is that when the printer sent me galleys of the other

magazine, I felt nauseous for the next two days.

What? Her name? That doesn't matter, can't you see? What matters is that it's over. Huh? No, it wasn't Hofstra's *Nonsense*. Oh please, I have *some* dignity. Look, this isn't the reason I brought this up. I'm telling you this because I value what we have and if you promise to work this through with me, we can get through it.

Listen, I'm not saying that we should both forget about it. If anything, I think this taught us that we need to be more honest with each other so things don't end up as they are right now. I'm willing to work through this, if you're willing to work with me.

This column was written by Daniel Michael, Executive Editor of ~~St. John's The Spectator~~ *The Plague*.

PART 2

I ran out things to say for this column so I just figured I'd write about my trip to Myrtle Beach last summer with my family. Y'know, I didn't think it was

gonna be that fun. I mean, I'm 21 for Chrissakes, but it wasn't too bad. Well, even though my dad never let me sit in the front on the way down. And my little brother's always doing something to piss me off when my parents

aren't looking. I'm always telling him, "Tim, don't go through my stuff," and what does he do? You know what he does. And my dad, he always wears that stupid hat. Anytime someone tells him it's stupid, he gets pissed, but it is!

PART 3

Okay, I ran outa stuff about my vacation. No wait, I remembered something.

PART 4

So then my mom wants to take us to the mini golf place with the big statue that blows fire. She got mad at me when I told her I didn't want to go because I met

these kids down the street and wanted to hang out with them. But even though my brother cheated at mini golf just so he could say he beat me, I had a pretty good time. My family's not so

bad. My mom let's me have a beer at the table sometimes, y'know. Things are okay.

This column was written about Dan's family. They live at home.

Security Guards of the FUTURE!

March 2014- Jerry Horly: Usually I sit around and drink coffee. One time this guy broke a vase and I had to ask him to leave. It took him a while though; he insisted on looking around a little more.

March 2046- Mel Tiberious of the system Cylar: A carbon-based life form entered the premises without properly displaying his NADSAT identification implant. I asked him to leave and on the way out he shoplifted a Walkman- one of those yellow Sony Sport ones. I tried to catch him but I couldn't on account of my bum knee.

March 2167- Clymar, Dictator of the Sun: I was working at my Space Security Station (actually just a desk and an uncomfortable chair) when this woman set off the buzzy thing with something in her bag. Damn near scared the shit outta me! I subjected her to a full person proton scan. Turned out they forgot to take one of the little taggy things off her sweater.

March 3034- Rick: The ape people have taken over our culture via "Must See TV." They control all aspects of life, including "Must See TV." I'm not an ape, so they fired me just before I was gonna catch some lady shoplifting a wicker basket.

March 3162- Zyner of the Lothar 19's (not his real name): Yeah, my job used to be easy 'till we switched to the Metric system. I swear ever since the collapse of the United States, steady work's been hard to come by and roving gangs of "Future Toughs" terrorize average people like you and me. To top it all off, my driver's license expired and I don't have damn clue where to renew it.

March 3201- Calibrios, Master of the Monroe Doctrine: My Job's a whole lot easier with these pneumatic paper clips.



NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!

A Bad Advice Column, by Priscilla Priss, America's foremost pseudopsychologist



SINK OR SWIM

My wife and I are trying to have a baby but unfortunately my swimmers can't do the job. I'm at my wits end. I've read up on it and have tried everything I can think of to get a higher sperm count but nothing's working. What do you suggest?

SHOOTING BLANKS

Queens

Dear S.Blanks,

You sound like a smart guy, so I assume you've already tried sleeping with a heating blanket, drinking a liter of Mountain Dew a day, and wearing tight briefs. My only other suggestion would be to stand in front of a microwave on full blast.

LOSIN' THAT LOVING FEELIN'?

Lately I've been getting the feeling that my girlfriend has lost interest in me. We've gone out for two years and now she seems really bored with the routine we've fallen into. I think she is looking for somebody new. All I know is that I love her and don't want her to leave me. Short of chaining her to my radiator, what should I do?

SCHMUCK OF THE MONTH

Newark, NJ

Dear Schmuck,

My heart goes out to you. Tell you what hon, this here's my secret sure fire way of convincing an unsure girlfriend. Be ready to articulate your tender feelings; it's not that easy for men to do, but sometimes male bravado must be put aside. Take her to an expensive restaurant, treat her like you do on special occasions. Then take her back to your place. When you have her in your arms, suddenly fall to the floor and clutch her ankles while screaming, "Don't leave me! Oh God, please don't leave me! I'm nothing without you! Nothing!" If this hasn't lured her back to you, wet yourself. I know what you must be saying, "Priscilla, this looks amazing on paper, but will it work in real life?" Take it from me kid.

LA DOLCE MUSTO

By Michael Musto

Old School (Testament) Style

I know a certain strongman who's been seen around Abyssinia with the one and only Queen of Sheba. Seems they were pretty tight at the new obelisk opening in Alexandria. Careful of those leonine locks, Samson she's a tigress!

But what your Biblical gossip hound wants to know is, how did Ezekiel get on the guest list? It didn't take too long to figure out—he surgically attached himself to the pants of Herod. And while we're on the topic, why don't we tell the despot that killing all the first born in your nation is beyond passe.

There was a zoological flavor in the air that night, which leads me to simply suggest: Noah, hon, leave the animals at home next

time! Adam showed his face and more, of course he barely wore anything. Eve was noticeably absent—could it be she's trying to get back in that now-condemned Paradise? Stay tuned. Lot and his wife made the scene, but proceeded to act high and mighty and ignore this reporter for the rest of the evening. Especially the good woman, whose salty exterior prevented any questioning. No wonder Sodom and Gomorrah kicked those wet blankets out -



sometimes you just wanna party. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, with Downtown Julie Brown on his arm, seemed particularly perturbed by their behavior.

Moses was the hit of the party as he parted the punch bowl, to the delight of the assembled host. As usual, David nearly ruined the festivities with his incessant and indiscriminate rock throwing. Saul, for one, was not pleased, but who could ever please that old fart?

That's about it for now, sports fans. Looking forward to the stoning next week. Til then, Mene mene tekel upsahni!

L IS FOR...

I have problems. I am a 16 year old girl and a junior in high school. I have no friends. I am failing my classes. My parents hate me. I'm ugly. To top it all off, I live in New Jersey. Is there anything that can help me?

JUST GOING THROUGH A PHASE
Hohokus, NJ

Dear Phase,

Two bottles of sleeping pills should do the trick.

THE OTHER WHITE MEAT

I haven't found any concrete proof, but I'm picking up on all the telltale signs that my girlfriend may be cheating on me. It just makes me fume—every night sitting at home with an inflatable pig in my hands wondering, "is he with her right now? Holding her?", as my mouth fills with bile every time I think the word "he." I can't take it anymore. All my friends think I should confront her. What do you think?

BLIND AND CLUELESS
Upper West Side

Dear Blind,

All I can say is that you're driving yourself insane for no reason. No girl would ever hurt a guy who truly loves her and who gives her nothing but honesty, trust, and affection. Women are not that heartless.

(For further reading, we suggest J.D. Salinger's "Pretty Mouth and Green My Eyes,"—Ed.)

GEEK OF THE WEEK

I'm a highschool sophomore who just doesn't fit in with the other guys. They try to stuff me in my locker every day and they chase me around the track with a cattle prod. I think my mom drinks too much, and I'm really confused, and I'm feelin' kinda dizzy, and I think I may be diabetic. What should I do?

WORRIED
Washingtonville, NY

Dear Worried,

Kids can be very cruel, but they can also be very right. There could be many legitimate reasons why people don't like you. You're a jerk, for example. I would suggest taking a look at yourself and the things you do in school. Do you pick your nose and smear it on note cards? Do you get a hard-on reading the algebra textbook? Either get these things in check, or you deserve to get beaten with a shovel while your mother stands by, laughing. It's just that simple.

P.S.—Your mom's drinking problem is probably your fault.

THAT TALK

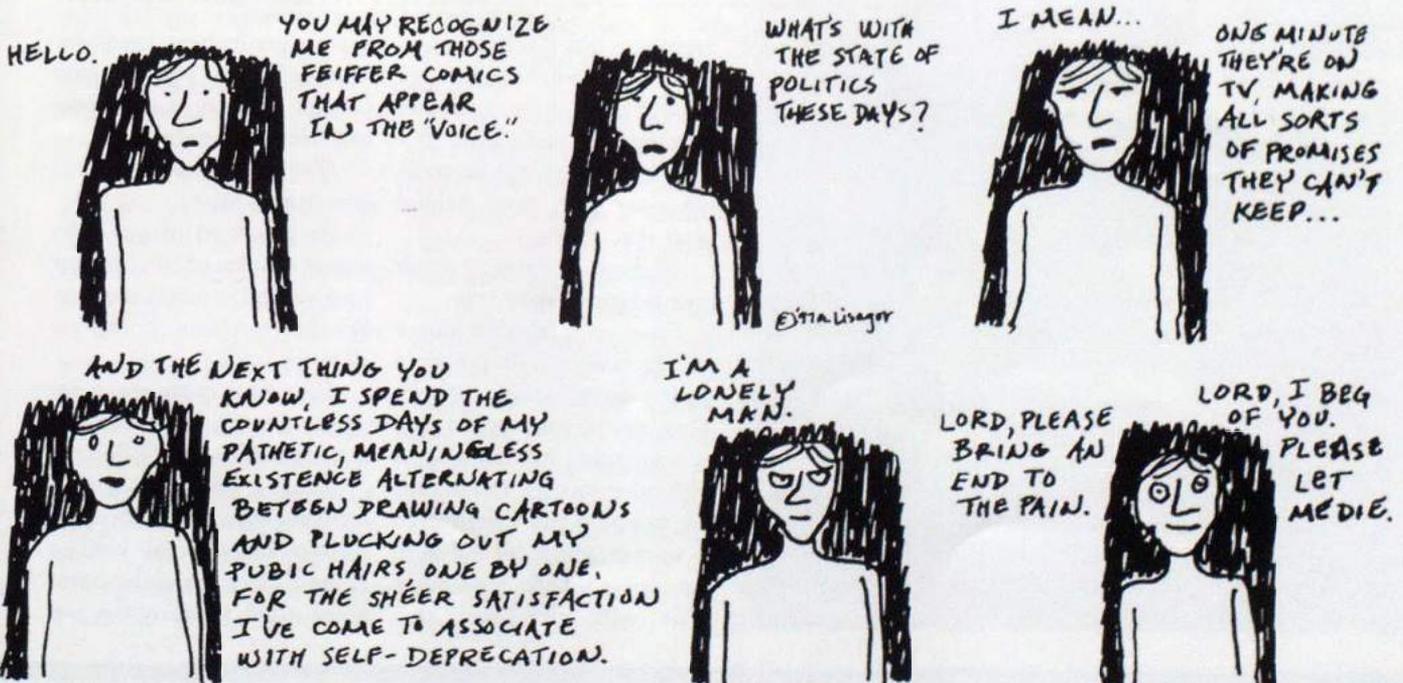
I asked mommy where babies come from, but she said I'm too young to know. I think I'm old enough, though. Can you tell me?

SAMANTHA
Connecticut

Dear Samantha,

Babies come from a very special place. It all starts when a bee goes from flower to flower collecting pollen. Then some broad takes a ride on the baloney pony.

FEIFFER



HI

ere at *the Plague*, there has been a book that has touched the hearts and souls of the staff. In *The Machiavellian's Guide to Womanizing*, author Nick Casanova a.k.a. John Craig offers an uninhibited and hilarious look at the various tactics men use

to seduce women and at the outrageous lengths they will go. In an effort to further understand this author, or prophet as we like to think of him, we sent out Executive Editor Daniel Michael to interview the author of the only book he has to hide in his underwear drawer. So here is the interview with the "Hound of All Hounds" who was so kind as to devote some of his time to this magazine.



Available at Tower Books \$8.95

Let's start off with how you got the idea for the book.

A buddy and I both went through a period in our late twenties when all we did was try to pick up girls. We had a great time kidding each other about what tactics we should have used on our unsuccessful forays. It occurred to me that these post-mortems would make a fun book.

And it definitely did. Specifically, why do you think it did? In other words, how do you see the role of humor in regards to the dating scene?

Well let's face it, the dating scene is absurd. There are games and roles that men and women are both expected to engage in and I think this book show how ridiculous they can be.

You do play on the role or roles of the womanizer a lot in your book. What I think is particularly funny is that you go so far as to describe how your approach differs with different women.

It has to. Different women call for different plans of attack. For example, you surely wouldn't treat a bookworm as you would Dumbbellina. An intellectual woman, for example, always wonder if she's not

missing out on "life." So you should act as if you've just stepped out of a beer commercial, in from a long day of work at the fire station and ready to enjoy some of life's lustier pleasures. *Those* guys obviously don't miss out on "life."

For Dumbbellina, you should try to keep the conversation to places she's been or

slurs.

While this book may be construed as misogynist, examples like the ones you just gave more than balance the scales by also showing how utterly sleazy guys can be. Do you think women should read this book?

Absolutely, the humor is in the extremes men are willing to go, and I think women can

opportunity to say, "Sorry to bother you. He seems to like you," and start a conversation.

Football is another way to go. When a woman sees you tossing a football, she immediately perceives you as non-threatening. Yelling "And Namath is fading back! Namath is fading back!" as you throw the ball will make you

WELL LET'S FACE IT, THE DATING SCENE IS ABSURD. THERE ARE GAMES AND ROLES THAT MEN AND WOMEN ARE BOTH EXPECTED TO ENGAGE IN AND I THINK THIS BOOK SHOWS HOW RIDICULOUS THEY CAN BE."

her favorite food. It's also good to look at her with admiration every time she opens her mouth, and say, "That's really smart." She'll probably believe you.

And if you're with a girl who likes her men macho, anytime the conversation turns to sports, yours used to be kickboxing and "Not that non-contact bullshit." If you want to play it to the hilt: you grew up poor, you understand cars inside and out but know nothing you'd learn from a book, your politics are three steps to the right of Attila the Hun, and *always* use ethnic

appreciate that just as much as men. Also, it will help them see through some of the stunts that guys on the make pull. But then again, guys will be walking away with some helpful hints also.

Without a doubt. I never even thought of using props.

Props are invaluable. Take a dog for example. It can be a great conversation starter. Many people have owned dogs at some time, and feel a bond with other owners. To use your dog as a prop, just train it to go to women, wag it tail and sniff, but not to bark ferociously. This will give you the

appear particularly innocent. After all, can you imagine Charles Manson playing football? Neither can she.

How did these pearls of wisdom come to you?

I'm the kind of guy who always thinks of the perfect response ten minutes too late. But those perfect responses are all in the book.

How many of the tactics you suggest in the book have you actually used yourself?

About a third. I've done a lot of the cutesy stuff where the woman knew I was kidding around. I've certainly never asked a girl to marry me just

for the sake of getting her into bed. I'm not saying a lot of the sleazier stuff I suggest wouldn't work if you could pull it off...

So you've never asked a buddy to play a mugger who threatens you and a date, and allows you to valiantly thwart him, thus saving her life?

No. I've never tried out the sociopathic parts of my book.

Don't worry, they work...or so I hear...Okay John, what makes a good womanizer?

A good womanizer seems like the kind of guy that would never read a book like this. His outer sincerity matches his inner insincerity.

So if someone were to, say, interview you for a college magazine?

He could kiss the booty good-bye.

D'oh! Guess I should have thought this through. Does a womanizer have to be good looking?

No, in fact most of the really prolific womanizers I've known have actually been pretty average-looking guys.

What basic qualities does a womanizer have to have?

The ability to convince a woman you like her more than you do, the ability to seem nicer than you are, and a self-deprecating sense of humor.

So how would he flatter a woman?

There's lots of ways. A couple I like to have used are "It's really unfair that most women are sort of ordinary-looking and a few get to look like you," or "I never thought I'd see a girl with a perfect face and a perfect body. Occasionally you see one or the other, but never both." The best way to act dazzled by a woman's looks is indirectly. Say you make a verbal blunder, shake your head and say, "Being around a woman who looks like you has turned me

into a blithering idiot." Indirect flattery comes across as more sincere because it seems less calculated. After all, you didn't intend to stumble over your words. That the excuse flatters her seems almost accidental.

What about places to take dates? How does the womanizer use them?

Depends. A movie is a great place to bring a boring girl and is just what the doctor ordered for Dumbellina, as it will free you from her conversation for two hours. But while effectively shutting off conversation, there's ways to maintain the pretense of social intercourse during the screening. Lean in close and whisper something innocuous. Five seconds later lean in again and whisper, "The only reason I said that was so I could put my face close to yours." When you emerge from the theater, you'll

The Natural History Museum Date

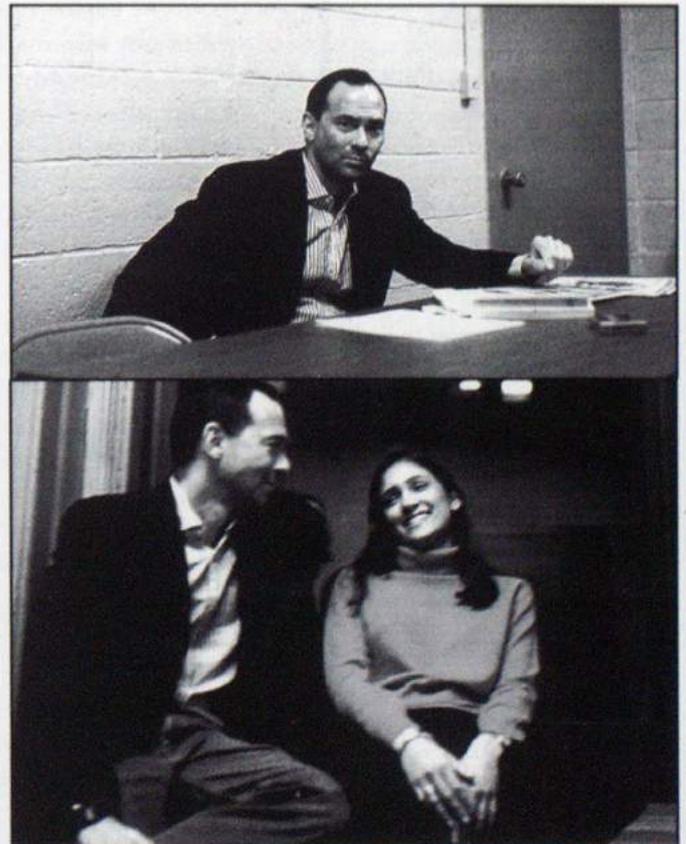
This is a fun place to spend an afternoon, all the more so with a travelogue designed to amuse both yourself and your target.

There is plenty to talk about. If there is a tableau of Native Americans, say, "That was me in another life. But I killed too many enemy warriors and my punishment was to be reincarnated as a luckless fellow who would fall hopelessly in love with a woman who wouldn't sleep with him."

When you get to the animal section, show off your knowledge of zoology. At the hippopotamus exhibit, say, "Man, that is one fat rhino!" At the zebra display, exclaim, "Wow! Striped horses!"

If you see an eland, with its penis extending halfway up its belly, wonder out loud, "Can you imagine having one that small?"

Natural history museums tend to be great places to play touchy-feely with your target. There are lots of dark corners and deserted hallways that are just tailor-made for fooling around. The fact that you obviously can't go all the way there prevents her from getting too defensive, and she may just get hot and bothered enough so that when you eventually get her home, she'll be ready to demonstrate the mating habits of the North American *Hetero sapien*.





both feel dazed and slightly discombobulated, as if you were coming out of a long hibernation. In this state, your target is relatively defenseless; this is a good time to suggest something she might not otherwise be amenable to, like a nightcap at your apartment.

Doing things for cheap thrills like riding a roller-coaster or snow- or water-skiing is another good idea for a date. Psychological studies have shown that when people experience a strong physical sensation, they will associate their heightened feeling with whomever they are with at the time. If you are present when your target has that experience, she will imprint on you. And fear makes people want to have sex. It's why more babies are conceived in wartime.

Isn't there a little part of you that feels guilty?

Huh?

Gotcha! I was just kidding. . .

What do you think are the best places for meeting girls?

Well, the beach for one.

After conversation is struck up, suggest getting your friends together and having chicken fights. Something about wrapping her legs around your neck makes a woman feel intimate with you.

SUGGEST GETTING YOUR FRIENDS TOGETHER AND HAVING CHICKEN FIGHTS. SOMETHING ABOUT WRAPPING HER LEGS AROUND YOUR NECK MAKES A WOMAN FEEL INTIMATE WITH YOU."

Weddings are another, they lend a sort of legitimacy to all the attendees and you have a natural topic of conversation with any woman there, i.e. "Isn't it wonderful they're getting married?" Also, single women think of weddings as good place to hunt for a ring of their own. They assume that a single guy who knows a groom is probably looking for a wife himself. Do nothing to deprive them of that notion. When a woman gets all gussied up for a ceremony where a man and a woman swear eternal devotion then drink a lot of champagne, it's hard for her not to get into a romantic mood. Take advantage of this vulnerability.

The street is also a potential pick-up spot if you're enterprising enough. All you have to do is stand on a street corner with an open map. When a pretty woman strolls by, ask her for

Comments That Show You're a Sensitive Guy

It is not necessary for a prince to have the above-mentioned qualities, but it is very necessary to seem to have them.

—Niccolò Machiavelli

If your prospective target likes warmth, caring, and sensitivity on the part of a lover, and you have her fooled so far, these lines will confirm that you're Mr. Right:

- I'm not ashamed to admit it. I've cried plenty of times.
- Boxing should be abolished.
- Did you see the sunset yesterday evening? Wow!
- I can't stand big apartment buildings. I want to live in a house with a garden.
- I have a lot of gay firends.
- I *love* children. And the amazing thing is—there's so much you can learn from them.
- I bake my own bread.
- If I seem a little reluctant to become involved too quickly, it's because once, a long time ago, someone hurt me very deeply.
- I really don't care what a woman looks like, as long as her inner beauty shines through.
- You really don't appreciate your parents until you leave home.
- Zoos are so inhumane. Animals weren't meant to be cooped up.
- I spent a year working with retarded people. It really helped me grow.

These comments are more effective when used in context, but if you can't, just drop them anywhere.

If your prospect likes her men macho, simply reverse the above statements ("They oughta just take all the retards out and shoot them").

directions for a destination that lies in her path—but is at least five blocks away. There's a good chance she'll say, "Oh, I'm going in that direction," in which case you have a chance to walk—and talk—with her for five blocks. A skillful pick-up leaves the woman thinking, "What a lucky coincidence I met that nice man."

It seems that someone who has got the game down pat like you do would never strike out. Yet in your acknowledgments, you state "this book would not have been possible without the inspiration of all the women who ever rejected me and sent me off on these flights of fancy."

Rejection comes with the territory. Anybody with any claims to being a womanizer who says he hasn't been is lying. My batting average definitely improved as I got older, though. Seduction is like sex; they both take a lot of practice to get good at. We all have to go through an awkward period. Sometimes I think mine was particularly awkward.

So you weren't always Nick Casanova?

No. When I was 20 I was definitely more like Walter Mitty than Nick Casanova, by age 30 it was the other way around. I hate to say it, but now that I'm 40 and married for a decade, I'm probably closer to being Mitty again.

A word on your marriage. How did your wife react to the book?

Let's just say she had mixed feelings.

Have you adjusted well to being married?

No.

Sounds like I shouldn't pursue that line of inquiry.

No. (An ungodly silence filled the room.—Ed.)

To change the topic, any suggestions on how to make the pass itself?

If you want to take the humorous angle, tell your target, "If you don't get up from this couch by the time I count to three, I'm going to kiss you." Before she can move, quickly count to three.

"The Massage" is also good to have in your repertoire. A good line of attack is, "If you don't trust me, you don't have to accept one, but my back is really killing me, so could you give me one?" If you're on superficially good terms, she can hardly turn you down. At some point murmur, "I swear, I like massages better than sex." This will remind her how nice a massage is, and also make you seem less of a sex fiend. If she doesn't want to be paid back for fairness' sake, she'll probably need a massage after all the time she's spent bent over you. Once your hands have started to work their hypnotic magic, it is a simple matter to remove her clothes piece by piece. It helps to reassure her. Examples: "I'm just untucking your blouse so I can do your lower back better" or "I'm just unhooking this clasp because it's in the way." By this point she should be enjoying the massage so much that she won't object. One secret to making a pass is to be perfectly still, just like a statue, beforehand. For some inexplicable reason, this seems to have a hypnotic effect on women. Try it. You'll be surprised.

Any final words of advice for our male readers?

—Sure. And this advice is for readers of both sexes, and it doesn't have to do with just sex. Don't be afraid to make a fool of yourself. By the time you're seventy and sitting in your rocking chair, you're not going to regret the times you made a fool of yourself. You're only going to regret your missed opportunities.

Breaking Up

Every woman knows "I'm not good enough for you" only means "You're not good enough for me." If you want to split, but you're concerned that hell hath no fury, it's much better to get her to break off with you.

One way to get her to do it is to say, "Damn, my herpes is acting up again." Sit back and watch the relationship rapidly disintegrate.

If she has a different background, use every opportunity to heap abuse on her ethnic group. Sprinkle your speech freely with offensive slurs.

Continually borrow money from her. (Don't pay her back until after she's dropped you.)

Constantly pretend to be drunk at the wheel of your car. (This is fun.)

Step in every dog dropping you see. There are two ways to do this. One is as if by accident, in which case she'll think you're simply clumsy and despise you for that. The other is gleefully to jump on it, in the manner of a child crushing a sand castle. After every splat, grin widely. If she objects to your behavior, act as if she's a bore, and continue anyway. (If she decides to join you, breaking up will be all that much easier.)

If you don't want to dirty your shoes, take a stick and prod at every dog dropping you see. Claim you have an interest in veterinary medicine. ("Hmm, that dog has an iron deficiency.") Then use the stick as a conductor's baton, punctuating your conversational points as you walk along.

That old song to the contrary, breaking up is easy to do.

Our legal department informed us that we were in serious violation of General Business Law §794 (4) Paragraph 3 which clearly states that all college humor magazines must do one of these lame sign sillies bits. So here we go...

SIGNS OF THE TIMES!



Don't these people know this abhorrence of style and grace is ruining the connotation of the word 'swank'?



Man, they're getting stores for everything these days!



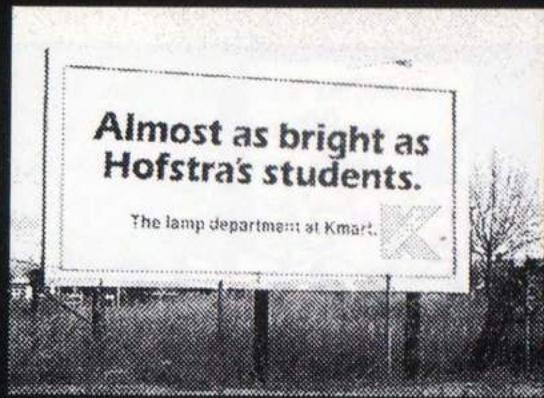
Man, they're getting stores for everything these days!



"But what about my ho's?"



Exactly how does one go about pardoning someone else's Wiz?



Introducing the two-watt bulb.



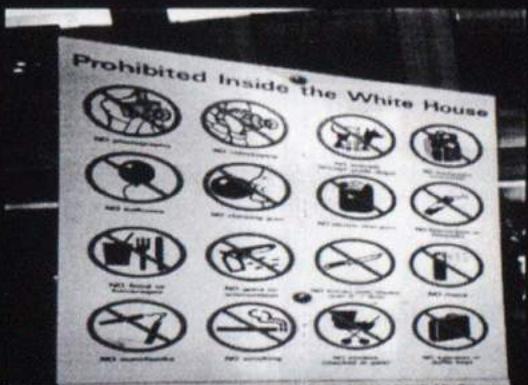
"Argh! Joe hug Deli! Joe love deli!"



Erotic classics - live at the manicurist!
Next week: "Delta of Venus"



"Well, I have good news and bad news; we saved her, but she'll never rewind the same again."



Has there been a rash of nunchuck incidents at the White House?



Yes, New York has everything!



Our humble origins.

1999

TECHNOLOGICAL
BREAKTHROUGHS

DESPITE THE CHURCH'S EFFORTS, SCIENTISTS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT CERTAIN PHYSICAL EVENTS CAN BE PREDICTED THROUGH EXPERIMENTATION AND MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS.

Talented people will begin to go into performance art.

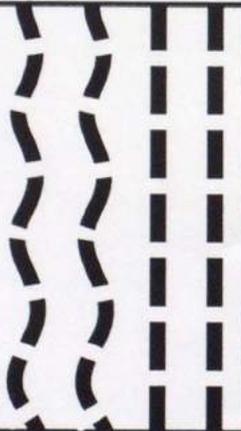
On the forefront of the information superhighway, e-mail will be able to be sent in any choice of three fonts!

Scientists will be able to clone everything except Jell-o.

Gas stations will be staffed by **two** attendants who can't operate the pumps.



New special lane for drunk drivers.



Virtual reality will save Saturday Night Live by superimposing new faces on famous old sketches, thus rejuvenating them and claiming them anew!

In every home . . .



. . . a Bedazzler!

The rise of club bankruptcies forces club kids to shed their air of pretentia and become productive members of society.

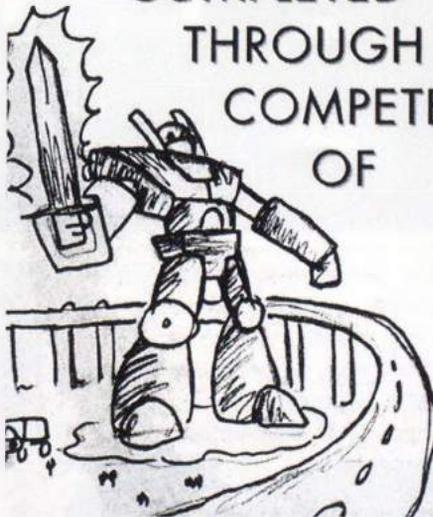


The WB and UPN "networks" will revolutionize adjunct networks by each producing a show that does not exploit African-Americans.

New advances in biotechnology will allow all men (across the globe!) to sustain an erection for the entire duration of sexual intercourse!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

=====
=====
The EZ pass will be installed in the Cortland Street World Trade Center N/R stop for your commuting convenience.

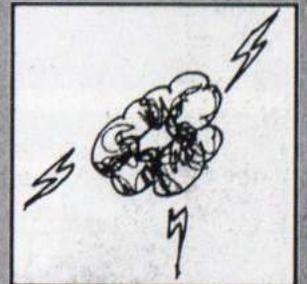
CONSTRUCTION ON THE FDR DRIVE WILL BE COMPLETED THROUGH THE COMPETENCE OF



THERE MAY POSSIBLY BE ANOTHER MAYOR IN NEW YORK CITY.

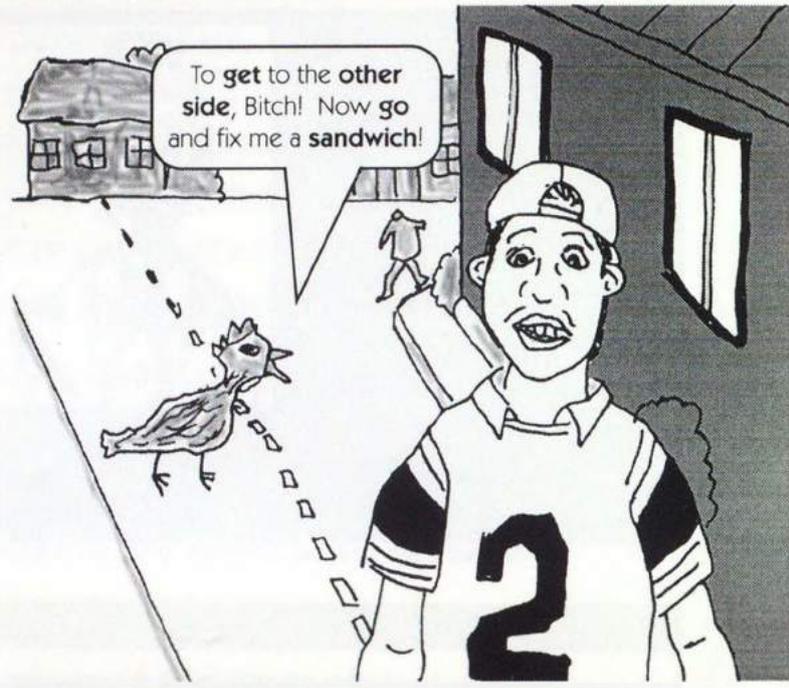
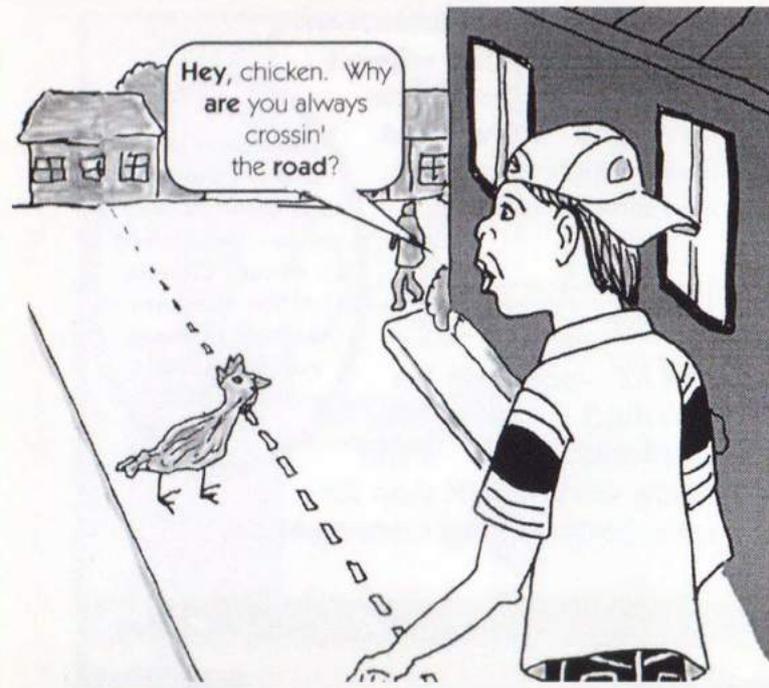
**SUPER
ROBOT
WORKERS.**

New improved serunchies will have ten times the awe-inspiring might of today's serunchies.



Our future president, Bill Clinton, will pass legislation that might affect a new technological breakthrough.





BERG INTRO.

You used to read **MAD**, didn't you? And you used to take such delight in Dave Berg's forever droll recurring blt, "The Lighter Side Of..." didn't you? Of course you did. We all did. Having said this, the following is our *homage*, if you will, to Dave Berg's...

THE LIG

GETTING SHOT IN THE FACE



MENSTRUAL CRAMPS



HTER SIDE OF...

ETHNIC CLEANSING

We must **preserve** the essence of what is the only true race, and if it means the putting to death of **every** racially impure and genetically defective **man, woman, and child**, then I'm prepared to lead the **movement** to do so!



Sir, did you fart?



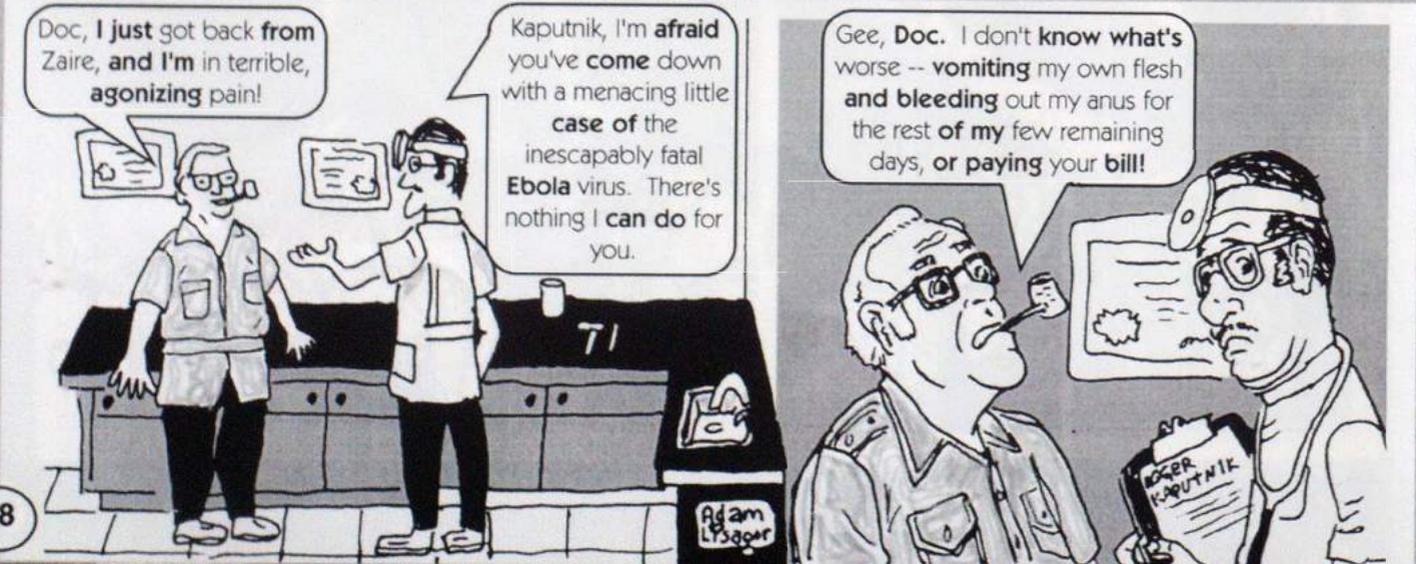
FAMILY



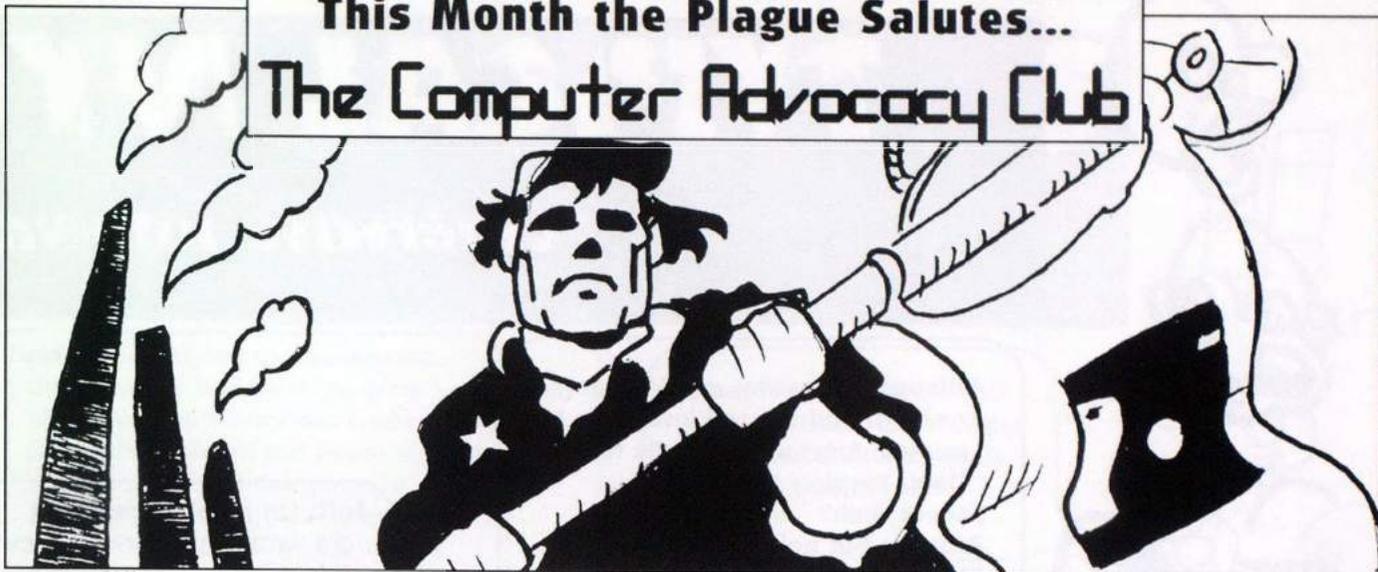
CUBISM



DOCTORS



This Month the Plague Salutes... The Computer Advocacy Club



While a relatively new club on campus, the Computer Advocacy Club is the culmination of over two decades worth of tight-fisted resistance and bloodshed. Here is their story:

March 16, 1972: In a heated protest for the installation of computers in several NYU buildings, administration called in the NYPD riot control squad whose actions resulted in the deaths of Eric Shon, Mike Unt, and Fin Gurmhee.

Discouraged but not defeated, the survivors of the protest spent the next ten years living outside the law. Spending their nights drafting plans for the invasion of the *personal computer*, accompanied only by the lonely flicker of candlelight and Judy Garland tunes, their dream was determined to become a reality.

While members of what was destined to be the Computer Advocacy Club enjoyed vast success in the 80's, the formation of the Computer Intolerance Club @ NYU in 1991 quickly squashed

their enthusiasm and replaced it with the fear of a persecution they thought had been left long behind.

In a bold step, the Computer Advocacy Club decided they could no longer live in shame and in 1993 declared themselves a registered club with NYU, thus granting them an ASSBAC budget which would allow them to order pizza for their meetings and spend the entire semester planning a bake sale that would never happen.

What was anticipated to be a bloody rivalry between the Computer Intolerance Club and the Computer Advocacy Club quickly dissipated when the Computer Intolerance Club began to divert their attention to lactose-rich products.

Ever since, the Computer Advocacy Club has been the undisputed protector of computer and software application rights. Recent victories include:

- In 1994, Executive club members convinced Al Sharpton to get members of the African-

American community to switch their protest chant from "No justice, no peace!" to "Help extend your monitor's life with a screen saver!"

- In the *People vs. The Computer Advocacy Club*, also in 1994, the Supreme Court upheld their right to distribute the now infamous pamphlet, *The Zip Drive and You*, to junior high students.

- Most recently in 1996, their admittance to the Saint Patrick's Day Parade, much to Cardinal O'Connor's chagrin, marked a major step in bringing information of these mysterious computer-machines to the mainstream.

- The biggest victory of the Computer Advocacy Club has been in the city's recognition of their plight, for constructed in their honor is the statue of Mayor LaGuardia in front of Citibank, posing just as he did when he led all the rats out of Manhattan.

Great work guys, keep fighting the good fight.

TYPICAL NYU

(otherwise known as



Allison: So anyway, my 30-year-old ex-boyfriend (*he will invariably be named Joey*) was a roadie for Deep Purple.

Steve: Yeah?

Allison: But he's not like you.

Steve: Yeah?

Allison: (*sobbing*) He used to abuse me. I feel so close to you right now that I have to tell you ... I think I love you.

Steve: Huh? Uh, I guess I love you too.

Allison: I changed my mind.

Steve: What? How can you say that?! I love you!

Steve's friend: Man, can't you see what she's doing to you!

Steve: You don't understand! (*turns to Allison*) I just want you to know that I'll always be here for you!

Allison: Look, we have to talk . . . it's just a weird time in my life right now. I'm still not over Joey, you're a good guy but . . .

Steve: Don't say anymore, you wanna go to him, go. I can't keep going on like this.

Allison: No, wait! I changed my mind. Where are you going?

Jeff: Oh man! I heard this girl wrote this poem in *New Ink* about how she doesn't like her parents! Can you believe that?

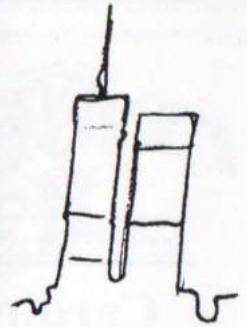
Rebecca: Did you see that new (*insert a video that's been playing short enough for their attention spans to retain*) video? My uncle produced it. He said I could be in it if I wanted, but I had plans that day to have lunch with Jack Nicholson's nephew. He's real intense . . .

Rob: I dunno, it's just that everybody at this damn school is so fake. Doesn't anybody have emotions! Remember those, huh?! Fuck it, I'm out. If anybody needs me, I'll be chillin' with some Dostoyevsky in public.



CONVERSATIONS

Vocal Masturbation)



Brian: I was trying to incorporate the fabulous humor of Andrew Lloyd Webber's later work with the fabulous agony of the latest novel I read (i.e. last Sunday paper's *Peanuts* where Lucy pulls the ball away from Charlie Brown just as he was about to kick it counts as a novel for an actor). Do you know what I mean? Well, I try to do stuff like that all the time.

Mr. Thomas: Yes, that's very good, but we'd like to order now if you don't mind. I'll have the Captain Ludlow Bucket O'Battered Fish and the kids would like two Mutiny Burgers with some First Matey Fries.

Brian: Sure, in a second. And come now, let's use the proper pronunciation when we speak. Oh, you probably think I work here because it's all I could get. Sure, I may have spent my college career prancing around a stage begging for attention instead of reading books or studying, but in musical theatre I learned to do things for the experience. Besides, I don't need skills, for I specialize in *all around fabulousness!*

Anna: It's not you, it's just that I've been questioning my heterosexuality lately.

Ben: Not that old line again...

Jen: So, how about those current events?

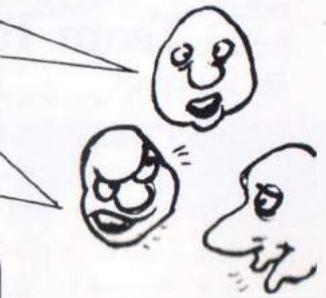
Mike: They're something else. And what about that local sports team? They're good.

Jen: Yes, I express concern over their current standing yet remain optimistic for their victory in their respective league.

Mike: Would you care to hear some of my assertive self-righteous opinions that I believe make me morally and intellectually superior over others?

Jen: Why yes, but first I must tell you of the situation of our mutual friend. He/she told me of something that happened to him/her that was exactly like that episode of that show with the guy when they had a misunderstanding.

Mike: Oh, that jovial anecdote is indicative of his/her playful personality.





THE CARDINAL SPELLMAN CATHOLIC JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL HERALD



April 1997

25 cents and endless devotion to Christ

Cardinal Spellman Debate Team Takes On WWF

It was that time of year again at our very own Cardinal Spellman Junior High School; time for our debate team to participate in the annual "Tournament of Brains" debate match against our cross-town rival, Our Lady of Eternal Consumerism Elementary School. However, with the recent close of Our Lady Elementary, due to allegations of corruption in the cafeteria, Cardinal Spellman, through former connections in the entertainment industry, was able to set up a replacement opponent for this year's tournament. Fourteen members of the WWF (World Wrestling Federation) came, on Tuesday the 25th of March, to the Herb Alpert Gymnasium at 7:00 pm to let the tournament ensue.

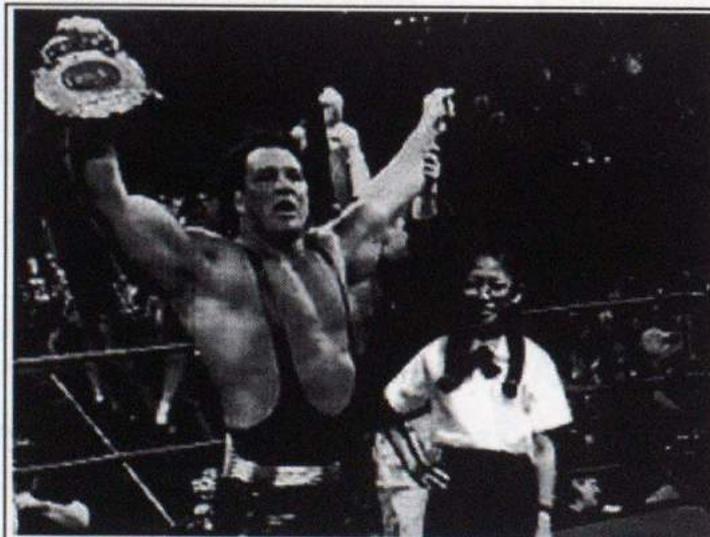
The event attracted more than the usual parents and students, whose air-horns and other WWF paraphernalia, including T-shirts and banners reading "It's Booty-Kickin' Time" and "Macho Morano is the King of the Counter-point" mixed well with the ever-popular "Go Cardinal Spellman Junior High School Panthers!" Sister Natalie even got in the swing of things when Jimmy "The Heart" Valentine gave her a giant foam finger which she proudly waved throughout the Panthers' rebuttal.

The first issue to be debated concerned the roll of welfare in modern society. Cynthia Cheng, the Cardinal Spellman debate team captain, kicked



Cassandra Leigh and Gregory Huang show their Cardinal Spellman pride amidst the intimidating intensity and horrible smells of Mike "Sweat" Swayze and "Bulldog In a Leotard" Lee

off the match with a modest yet assertive proposal that welfare in today's society only hurts those which it proports to help. This proposal won over all the judges, and was no match for opposing teams



WWF team captain P.J. Grunt meets face-to-face, or face-to-steaming- armpit with Cardinal Spellman team captain Cynthia Cheng, for the tournament-opening coin toss.

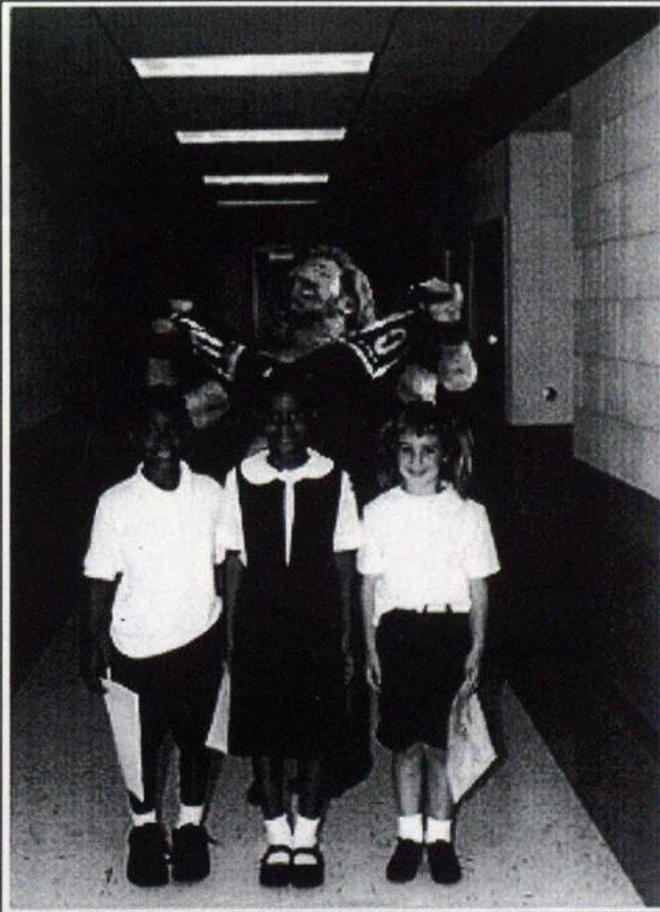
shouts of "You're goin' down, Cheng!" and "You think you're hot, Cynthia? You think you're hot? You're nothing, Cynthia! You hear me?" along with many invitations from the WWF team members to meet them at Madison Square Garden on April 22nd, if we're "man enough," at which point they began to tear their

clothing.

The question of God was next on the agenda. "Is He real?" was the item, with the Cardinal Spellman team taking the affirmative

position. The issue, however came to an abrupt close after the WWF team conferred and came to the conclusion that, as Cardinal Spellman's team had just said, the Almighty Father was, in fact, real. This brought a turnaround in the audience support to rally behind our very own Panthers, which caused a startled look in the opposing team, and prompted a dramatic twirling of their hands around their ears to elicit a positive audience response.

The third debate began with WWF team captain P.J. Grunt's shocking disclosure of betrayal and other dishonorable activities on the part of several of our very own Panthers. The judges then conferred for a minute and ruled that the Spellman team's lack of a rebuttal left them at loss. WWF took round three.



After the awards ceremony, Tommy Harris, Shirley Black and Samantha Maygren proudly display their 1st place certificates as Huffin' Bob Packs expresses disappointment in his spilling the fruit punch all over the Activity Room floor.

The scores were then totalled up and it was decided that the Cardinal Spellman team was the victorious one. The crowd and participants convened in Room C-14 for juice and cookies.

- Reported by Cynthia Cheng

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

Back by popular demand! God help us all!



This corner is not for me, but for you because I care. Writing for *The Plague* is not what I really want to do, what I really want to do is be a TV detective. It would make me feel special to solve crimes and put those murdering bastards behind bars for a long, long time. I would be the glue to keep this dark hell-hole from eating itself like a really hungry gerbil might if it were hungry and crazy and blind. And besides, my mom says I'm really smart, so I know I'd be good at it.

HERE ARE TEN STEPS TO BUILDING A BETTER LIFE!

1. Touch but don't look.
2. Always put a tooth under your bed for the tooth fairy.
3. Call your Mom a queer.
4. Piss in the punch bowl.
5. Make copies of your butt.
6. Always say "Right on!" like you mean it.
7. Tell people that listen to Beethoven that they're stupid.
8. Be Jewish and love Jesus
9. Play Bingo at the rodeo with clowns
10. Don't write for *The Plague*

Member FDIC

Cory is certified Glatt kosher



I woke up in a 42nd Street flop house hotel with a head that felt like bag of bloodied hamsters. The seventeen empty plastic bottles of rubbing alcohol on the floor told me the whole story. Even though standing up felt a lot like what giving birth must feel like, I did it anyway, mostly because of the blonde bombshell situated at the door, giving me come-hither looks. She had legs up to the 32nd floor and beyond. Did I come here with her? I had only vague memories of the night before, and she didn't seem to be in them. Still I soldiered on. You would too if you had seen her. She led me into the lobby, as slyly as she could. I thought this was gonna be good. I thought wrong.

When I got into the reception area, I coulda swore I was dreaming, but my aching head told me I was awake. There were chandeliers everywhere, gold everything, rich every-one. I was wondering how I could afford such a joint. I soon found out I couldn't. The desk manager, who looked and sounded like every salesman Fred Flintstone dealt with, informed me the bill for one night's stay was a tidy \$300. That was when I informed him I wasn't paying.

That's when the blonde disappeared, and twenty sausage necked bruisers with Glocks showed up. It was as good a time as any to make a quick getaway. I raced outside to get to my trusty fire-engine red scooter. That puppy could get up to 25 mph when she wanted. I was dodging those gorillas' bullets left and right. Of course, all it takes is one. Before I knew it, one of those bullets found their way into the little plastic gas tank in the back. It looked like it was gonna pop pretty bad, so I took a dive to get out of the way. Unfortunately, I landed on a subway stairwell and tumbled all the way down. If I didn't break every bone in my body, I did a damn good imitation.

The greaseballs must have given up on me, because when I woke up it was dark. Checking to make sure no internal organs were protruding, I took a peep outside. The sign I saw said THE NEW TIMES SQUARE, but this wasn't no Times Square I knew. Disney billboards, K-Marts, theme restaurants. No head shops, no porn stores, not even one religious nut with a bull horn. Tourists were waddling around in Hawaiian shirts taking pictures and no

one was even trying to mug them. It was depressing the hell out of me. The hotel incident, the bruisers and this New Times Square had to be tied in somehow. I needed to get the skinny. I marched up Broadway to find Phil, the short order cook at Greasey's, home of the most God awful food ever to be charred on the face of God's gray earth. He was my ear to the street—he always knew what was going down. But when I got to where Greasey's should be, I was instead confronted with a khaki colored monstrosity called Starbucks. I rolled in just before a car on the nearby curb exploded, singing my coattails. Inside, Phil was behind the counter, wearing a denim button down shirt and sporting a goatee. He looked like an asshole.

"Dick! Hey, whaddup!" he bellowed, while serving up a mocha latte.

"Phil, what the hell is going on here? What happened to Greasey's?"

"You gotta move with the times, Dick! People don't want sloppy food anymore. They want foamy caffeine and mild, safe, yet pretentious conversation."

"Spare me the sociology bullshit. I just wanna know

what happened to this neighborhood. Yesterday I ate here and you were cursing like the spawn of a longshoreman and a Teamster. Now you're saying 'Please' and 'Thank you' like Miss Fucking Manners!"

"Look Dick, I didn't have any choice. ConHugeCo Gentrification Industries came in and said if I didn't change the place they were gonna shut me down!" Phil gave me the lowdown. ConHugeCo was just up the street in a big silver building shaped like a turd. I heard a dull thudding sound next to my ear, which turned out to be a knife flying into the wall behind me. Another Neanderthal came my way, brandishing a machete. My trusty Colt .45 was at my side, but the bullets were nowhere to be found. I decided to throw it instead of shooting it. Nailed the punk right between the eyes, and gave me enough time to make my way up to ConHugeCo.

Inside the building, the receptionist was the most beastly thing I've ever seen in a Caldors dress. I tried to play it cool, but she wasn't having any of it. So I tried a different approach. I told her that if she didn't let me in to see the head honcho, she would soon be removing my boot from her ass. I don't really like to treat the dames this way, but this thing was only a woman by default. She went to hit the panic button and I grabbed her hand. While she screamed like a drunk banshee, a random door opened in the background. There stood the perfect picture of a yuppie—three-piece suit, perfect hair, perfect shoes, perfect shit

eating grin, smiling like he just ate out your sister. What a rich fuck.

"It's okay Tina," he said, as deep as he could manage to speak, "You can let him in." And with that he led me into his office, which was only slightly smaller than the town I grew up in. I particularly liked the black and white striped rug.

"Do you like it?" he said, noticing me staring down at it, "It's genuine zebra skin carpeting. Costs a fortune. Costs even more to clean. I drop spaghetti sauce and grape juice on it when I get bored." I soon noticed that all my tormentors of the past day were in this room—all the bruisers, gorillas, Neanderthals, even the chick I saw leaving my hotel room this morning. As nice as it had been to get in here so easily, it made me suspicious. My momma always said no one gets a free lunch. Ironically enough, she worked in a soup kitchen.

"Let's quit the small talk. Your men have been tailing me around all day, haven't they? I just wanna know why—why this neighborhood and why me?"

"You're a sharp one, Dick. Well, the simple answer to that question is—why not? I mean, yuppies need a place to live too. They're terribly cramped in the Upper East Side, the Upper West Side, East Village, West Village, SoHo, TriBeCa. You have no idea. And here in Times Square you had shop owners and—ugh!—cabbies paying \$200 a month for spaces yuppies would gladly shell out \$2000 for. Is that

fair, I ask you?" He lit a Cuban cigar, took one long drag and immediately extinguished it.

"That still doesn't explain why you've been after me all day."

"You mean you don't recognize me? What if I told you my name was ... SID MELMACK?!" This obviously meant something to him, but to me it didn't ring a bell. "Aw, c'mon, Sid Melmack? Mrs. Cohen's first grade class, PS 123?"

"I went to PS 7..."

"No, you went to PS 123, and you stole my crayons! So I've decided to give you chance to redeem yourself. The yuppies still need more space. You could work for our PR dept., Dirty Work division. Basically, you'd go to different neighborhoods, threaten shop owners, push old ladies down the stairs ..." It was the most despicable job offer I ever heard. Of course, the money had to be right. "You'll be starting at fifty thousand."

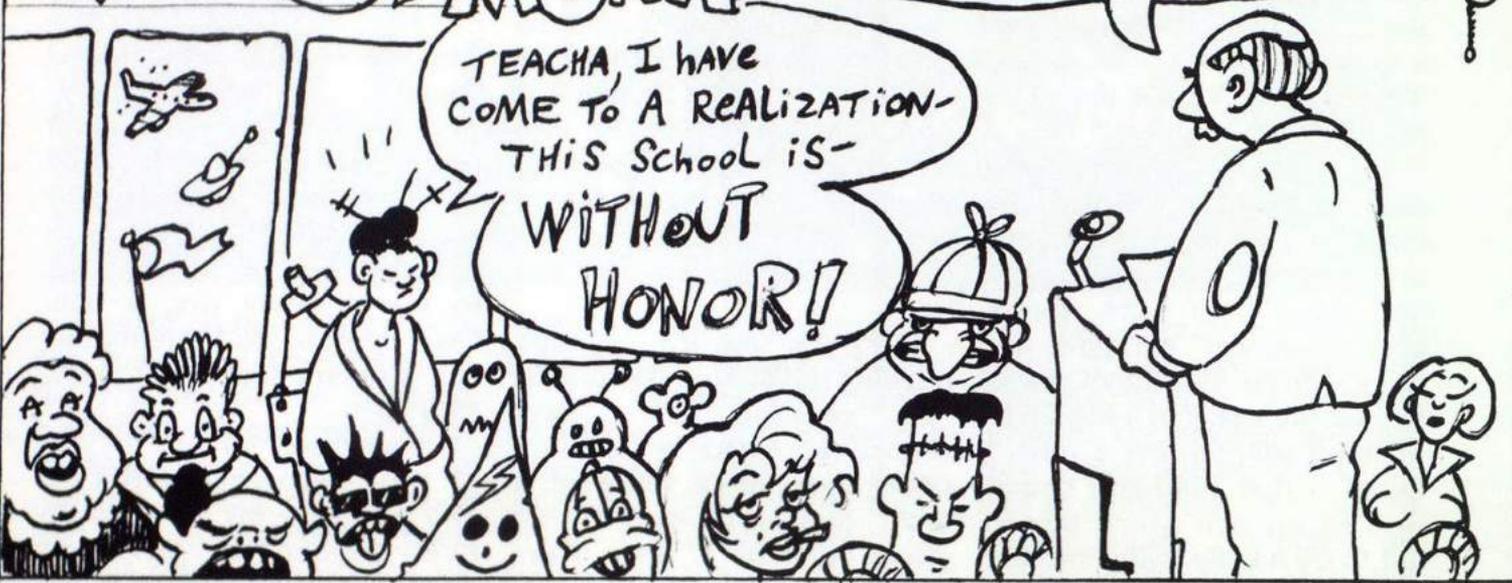
"You gotta be joking! What makes you think that I, the Private Dick, would betray all my principles for a lousy 50K?"

"Because you have no choice," and with that, all the strongmen advanced, and whipped out guns bigger than Aunt Suzy's goiter. Before I knew it, I was surrounded. It was like something out of a bad detective story. Now I had to find a bad detective story way out of it. But my mind was a blank, and the guns certainly

**To Be
Continued...**

KID SAMURAI

PLEASE SIT DOWN!





THE PLAGUE

WAYS TO MAKE THE WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS MORE EXCITING

- Free taffy for every typo
- Pornography
- Coverage of Division 1 Sports
- New mascot: Lloyd the reporter with a lisp
- Monster truck iron-ons
- Articles that depict truth
- Anti-semitism
- Doodles in the margins, y'know, like in *MAD Magazine*
- Cancer causing ink
- Switch logo from "Serving the NYU students and the Village community daily" to "*Punch her in da cunt!*"
- A readership
- Coupons
- Disclosure of all the people the staff has ever masturbated to.
- Exclusive coverage of L. Jay's briss
- All Sanskrit format
- Editors
- Eight by ten glossies of Harvey Keitel's busom
- Scratch and sniff pictures of administration
- Less talk, more rock
- Extended dance mix issues (y'all ready for this?)

THINGS YOU SHOULD NEVER SAY TO A STRANGER

- I touched it when you weren't looking
- I swear I can smell your ass
- Would you care to join me in a bathroom stall for anal sex, Senator Helms?
- Argh matey, I'm a pirate
- D'you masturbate today? Well I didn't. No siree...
- Justify my love
- I take pictures of people taking shits
- Mother? Mother? Are you...Mother?
- Why yes, I am a Tisch actor
- I'm 'bout to open a big ol' can of whoop-ass!
- Hey big spender!
- Christ, I gotta jizz
- Excuse me, I'm with the Church of Latter Day Saints...
- Would you be interested in a used Geo?

SIGNS YOU HAVE A SHITTY SEX LIFE (MEN)

- Instructions to masturbation devices address you personally

- You think 'Chlamidia' is an island in the Carribean
- Girls only know you as the guy who bought that horseback riding story.
- The last girl you fooled around hasn't called you ever since ether was disproven
- Can't figure out why the line, "Excuse me, but I couldn't help noticing your hair-lip" never works
- You don't believe in pre-marital sex and you're not married
- Just now realized sniffing the opposite sex's ass only works for dogs
- You get stains all over the playground at McDonalds
- Three words: *Plague* staff member
- During actual sex, you find yourself screaming out the name of your hand
- You think third base is pulling a girl's flaming heart from her chest with your bare hands

VICE PRESIDENTS THAT HAVE RESIGNED

- John C. Calhoun (1840 something)
- Spiro Agnew (1974)

EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

SIGNS YOU HAVE A SHITTY SEX LIFE (WOMEN)

- You find yourself flirting back with the dining hall staff
- Condoms mean fun with balloons
- The phrase 'tossing a salad' only brings up images of Italian restaurants
- People wonder why your fish sticks smell so...fishy.
- You don't care that J.F.K. Jr. is married
- A guy finally asks you out, but to L. Jay's briss.
- You find yourself driving by junior high dances yelling, "Hey, who needs a ride to Dairy Queen?"
- Anthony Michael Hall is your ultimate fantasy
- Frat parties sound like a good place to look for long lasting relationships
- When your vibrator just wants to be friends.
- Three words: *Plague* staff member
- Your dates take you home for a long, luxurrious evening of styling your hair and "working you an outfit!"
- Alanis Morrisette really speaks to your soul, blackened and evil as it

may be

- You start collecting eight by ten glossies of Harvey Kietel's busom

USES FOR AN OLD RUSTY PAIR OF SCISSORS

- Rusty, the scissor shaped shadow puppet
- Babysitter
- Ignition key, early '80's GM cars only
- Time machine
- Adds tang to grated carrots
- Ineffective doorstop
- Removing bagel crumbs from the toaster
- Fighter plane, Albanian Airforce
- Shovel for cricket graves
- Easy way to experience popular 'stabbing pains'

WHAT THE B STANDS FOR IN RICHARD B. CALLENDAR

- Bradley
- Baxter
- "Bashful"
- Banus (the space between one's balls and anus)
- Bshit-head
- Bfuckface
- Bhey everybody look at

me, it's taking me 20 years to graduate because I'm stupid!!

TALK SHOW TOPICS YOU'LL NEVER SEE

- I haven't been fucked by NYU
- I've been stealing stuff from my new job
- An hour of self-righteous blabbering
- Meet the cast of *Friends*
- The Kent State victims—where are they now?
- You better get off your skanky butt and get yourself a low interest mortgage, girl!(Ricki Lake only)
- Frank Capra's vision of America as interpreted by the women of Hooters
- My estranged wife and I are white trash, thus we couldn't resist the offer to fly to New York and discuss our personal problems on national TV
- Impotent, short, bald, 23 year old men are looking for the women of their dreams
- My bitch be wantin' to get some all night, but I say, 'Girl, I be workin' at the cracker factory. Damn, I'm tired! (Ricki Lake only again)

Jokes from the Staff

Jokes the staff has told

So my dad walks into a bar in high heels and he tells the bartender, "Glass a water for my boy here," and then I scream, "Daddy, I don't like the stinky place! I wanna leave!"

What's the difference between my dad and a lawyer? A lawyer shows up for work.

How many *ex-Plague* editors does it take to screw in a light bulb? Six: one to screw it in and five to go on to unpromising careers.

"Knock knock."
"Who's there?"
"The police."
"?"

Whenever my dad's mad at me he says, "Ahh, you're just like your mother," and whenever my Mom's mad at me she says, "Ahh, you're just like the milkman."

I used to have a drinking problem. His name was Dad

My mom comes home with all these bruises on her. So when I ask my mom how she got them, she says, "Don't ask me, ask esteemed Hollywood actor Charles Nelson Reilly."

What's the difference between my mom and the pool guy? I can't tell when I walk in the room.

And... Punchlines

...so then she says, "That's okay, we can just cuddle."

...don't ask me, ask the hornets buzzing in my head!

...so then my mom says, "Were you born in a manger to a man named Joseph? No? Well put your pants back on, we're going to school!"

...and then my doctor says, "So there's my thermometer, now where'd I leave my pen?"

As only the magic sorcerors from Disney can, we've taken 50 poems from literary canon without permission, edited them savagely, animated them juveniley and set them to music with little or no consideration for the author's original intention! And it's Disney! Yodel along to Emily Dickinson's cowboy hoedown "I Heard A Fly Buzz When I Died"! Dance in your seat to the Irish jog of W.B. Yeat's "April 1916"! So good you'll be disappointed when you read the real thing!

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GENTRIFICATION THEATER
Lower East Side

UNCOMFORTABLE SEAT THEATER
Chelsea

BOHEMIAN 12
Greenwich Village

STICKY TICKET STUB 5
Midtown

GOOGOLPLEX
Upper West Side

BRONX

NEEDLE PARK THEATER
Mott Haven

THE FORMERLY IRISH 14
Norwood

STATEN ISLAND

IROC THEATER
Staten Island Mall

BROOKLYN

PUT-A-CAP-IN-YOUR-GRILLPLEX
Bedford-Stuyvesant

SO WHAT'S NOT TO LIKE?
Flatbush

VINNIE'S PUNK ASS 7
Bensonhurst

QUEENS

MULLIGAN'S MOVIE THEATER AND PUMBING SUPPLIES
Long Island City

THE KOREAN DELIPLX
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The Plague, "NYU's only intentionally funny publication" needs writers, artists, photographers and people who know **Quark** and **Pagemaker**, as well as a whole sinking ship of talentless lackeys and grunt work aficionados to help produce what has become NYU's greatest shame since "Housing Gate."

Interested parties can drop us a note in box 189 of the Student Activities Annex (21 Washington Place for all you Frosh.) You could even e-mail us at plague.club@nyu.edu or visit our Web site at <http://pages.nyu.edu/clubs/plague>
And remember, when you touch yourself, the Saints cry.



IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT HERE, WRITE US.