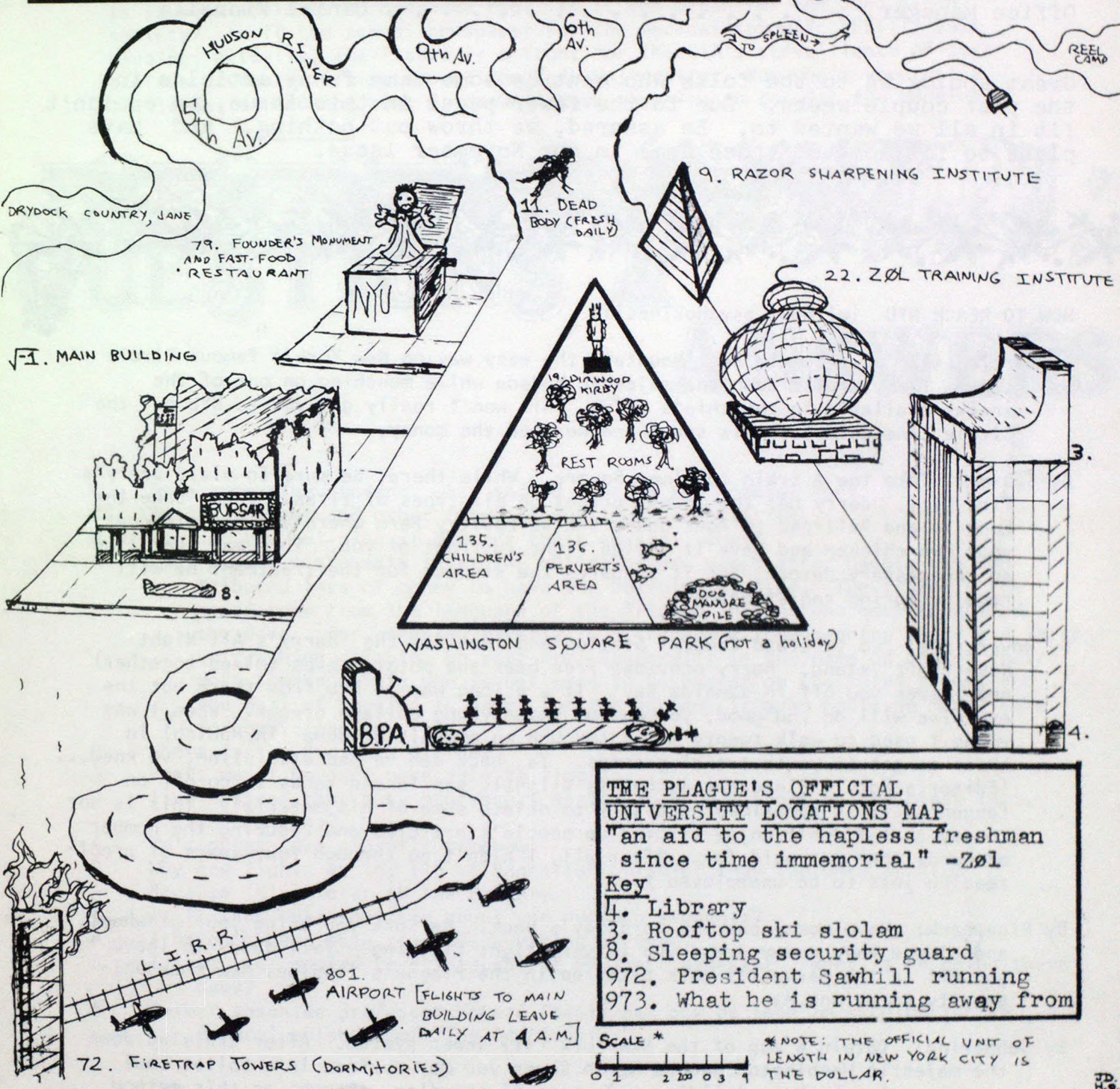
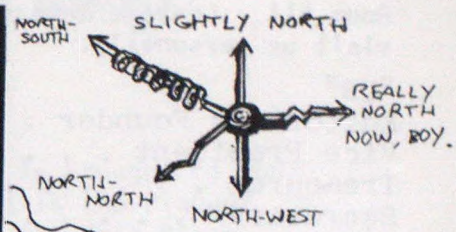


the PLAGUE

vol. 2 no. 1



**THE PLAGUE'S OFFICIAL
UNIVERSITY LOCATIONS MAP**
"an aid to the hapless freshman
since time immemorial" -Zøl

Key
4. Library
3. Rooftop ski slolam
8. Sleeping security guard
972. President Sawhill running
973. What he is running away from

SCALE *
0 1 2 3 4

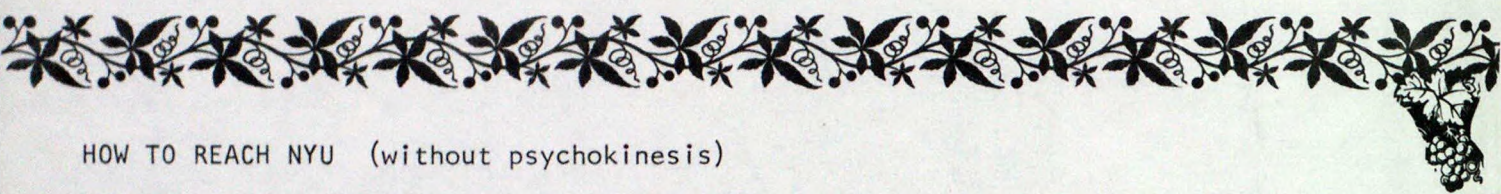
*NOTE: THE OFFICIAL UNIT OF
LENGTH IN NEW YORK CITY IS
THE DOLLAR.

If you would like to join the staff of The Plague, NYU's humor magazine, you can contact us at the Student Activities Center Annex, 21 Washington Place, Room 411. Leave a message in our mailbox in the lobby of the building or visit us personally.

"US"

Editor and Founder	Howard Ostrowsky
Vice President	Joe Pinto
Treasurer	John Rawlins
Secretary	Joseph DePillis
Office Manager.	Daniel Fiorella

Great apologies to the folks who sent us some damn funny articles in the past couple weeks. Due to the fewer pages in this issue, we couldn't fit in all we wanted to. Be assured, we throw out nothing, and have plans to fit some of those gems in our November issue.



HOW TO REACH NYU (without psychokinesis)

By Circle Line: See scenic Bear Mountain the easy way on New York's famous Circle Line. Then, cruise down the majestic Hudson while munching on one of the snacks available in the ship's cafe. This won't really get you to NYU but the Circle Line paid for this space and we need the money.

By Subway: Take the A train to Times Square. While there, be sure to visit Jerry's Tire City. Jerry has the lowest prices on all types of tires. Then, take the Long Island Railroad to Aunt Gussy's Live Poultry Farm where you can pick out your own chicken and have it killed right in front of you. This may seem like an unnecessary detour, but it prepares the student for the treatment he will receive during registration.

By Hovercraft: Go to Grand Central Station and look for the Harry's All-Night Hovercraft" stand. Harry provides free beer and potato chips (mixed together) and leaves you off in Jamaica Bay. It's a long way to NYU from there but the exercise will do you good, you out of shape young college creeps. When I was young I used to walk twenty miles through an ammunition dump (in Munich) in order to get to youth training corps. Ya, back den ve had discipline, ve knew... (Editor's Note: Since the author is slightly senile and tends to go off on tangents, it is sometimes necessary to delete some of his material. This is not to say that I don't enjoy slicing up people's articles and reducing the number of words they get paid for. After all, I didn't go through four years of proof-reading just to be unemployed.)

By Piggyback: Have mommy put you on daddy's back. Be sure you bring your pinwheel, and please have mommy dress you in very tight clothing. Tell daddy to leave you off in the pervert's park pictured in the Plague's fabulous New York University Locations Map.

By Submarine: Obtain a map of the New York City sewer system. After cruising down the majestic Washington Square North Sewer you may surface in a toilet bowl somewhere in the Main Building. Be ware of crowding, though, as this method of reaching NYU is very popular since it avoids the use of the Main Building's elevators.

INTRODUCTION

The following Freshman and new students orientation issue is brought to you by The Plague. Now, you may be asking yourself, just what is the Plague? Is it some socialist propaganda rag? Is it the organ for the John Birch society? Is it the school newspaper for the medical school? YES!!! Just kidding; actually, The Plague is a front for the CIA's surveillance of suspicious students lurking around New York University. Now won't you rest a little better knowing that it doesn't have anything to do with the Moonies.



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

- Q As a commuting student, what should I be on the lookout for?
A Buses, subways and other forms of public transportation.
- Q How did the building at NYU get their unusual names?
A Many people mistakenly think the buildings are named after people who contributed lots of money to have the building erected. The truth is the names come from the language of the Tripaho Indians who once inhabited the area. For example, Waverly is a Tripaho cliche meaning there's a large hairy thing climbing up your arm; Vanderbilt is the name of one of their more famous chiefs who is believed to be buried on the third floor; and the Hall of Physics is named for the ancient Tripaho medicine man's cure for constipation.
- Q Where is the Bursar's Office?
A Beats me, I haven't been able to find it.
- Q I've noticed that many professors assign their own books as the class text, why is that?
A He's gotta make a profit somehow.
- Q Why are lights at the tip of Manhattan brighter than the ones at NYU?
A Because it's closer to the Battery.
- Q Is it true what they say about the nursing students?
A I haven't been able to prove anything by them.
- Q I read that Howard Cosell taught at NYU last semester. What is he doing these days?
A Former absentee professor Howard Cosell can now be seen in syndication in several episodes of "The Odd Couple."

A Freshman's Guide To:

ALMOST EVERYTHING YOU MIGHT NEED TO KNOW IN AND AROUND NYU *

by joe pinto

This being the Freshman Orientation issue, a lot of you out there in Plague-land are probably new to the ways and systems of the city and the school. Well, we here at the school's best humor magazine realize what a traumatic experience being a freshman in a new environment can be, as most of us went through the same thing several times. Well, like everything in life, there are a few do's and don'ts that you should follow, and we have been kind enough to list some of them right here. Remember, The Plague likes you, mostly because all the rest of the school has gotten wise to us and has stopped wasting their time reading us.

RULE #1: DISREGARD HIGH SCHOOL

Although no one here is not quite sure why, nobody ever talks about the last four years of their lives once they arrive at college. Being cowardly conformists, we see no reason to argue with this. About the only thing you should remember that you learned in high school, apart from how to roll a joint, is...

RULE #2: IGNORE YOUR TEACHERS

Yes, most students fresh from high school are well versed in this idea and need no additional instruction. You know better than they do, so keep up the good work.

RULE #3: THOSE YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO

Listen to strangers on the street. Listen to guidance counselors (if you can find one) who tell you that you are wasting your time in college and that you should be out learning a useful trade, like needlepoint. Listen to Howard the Duck, Beetle Bailey and Mort Saul. Listen to the smiling-faced people selling the News World, especially if there is a full moon out. Most of all, listen to the editors of the Plague. We are your only voice in a sea of apathy and indifference. We have a callous disregard for Webster and grammar. We share an overwhelming concern for you in your fight against mental standardization by the administration. So send all the cash you have on hand and aid us in our fight for truth, justice, and the American way.

RULE #4: BRUSH YOUR TEETH BEFORE AND AFTER EVERY MEAL

Remember, personal hygiene is the most important thing in your life and that your body is a temple (or a church if you're Christian). Remember that. You'd better write that down, right now.

RULE #5: BE CAREFUL USING MIND-EXPANDING DRUGS

Now, we are not going to lay a heavy number on you about the morality of the use of drugs. (Most of us are heads anyway.) However, this town is a jungle, and there are a lot of people trying to get you to try something you would be better off without. Here are a few simple guidelines to follow: Never inject "space dust" into the bloodstream or snort "Pop Rocks." The former has been known to cause volatile diabetes and the latter has been fatal to those suffering from post-nasal drip, blowing their noses off their faces. Never try mainlining a joint. (Why do you think they call it dope?) Do not try snorting a line of cocaine from the top of an open-faced peanut butter sandwich. Lastly, do not try charcoal-grilling pot on a hibachi in months with an R in them.



*

and the new york metropolitan area.

RULE #6: EAT THE RIGHT FOODS

For those of you who are living on campus, food is going to be a primary concern of yours. The main thing to be said about eating at the campus cafeterias is don't. Unfortunately, since the Nathan's on 8th was closed, a passing that shall be mourned by countless scores of students (especially those products of the NY City school system) there is really no one particular place where one can eat cheaply. When searching for a place to eat, keep in mind that your nutrition is particularly important. A meal of a frank with onions and a C&C Cola contains all the vitamins and minerals you need, as well as a few you do not, for a completely balanced diet, together with the occasional piece of meat. Avoid the Zum-Zum. (Teachers eat there.) For those who have gone back to nature, Sally's Organic Tacos on 4th Street (positively) is heartily recommended. And for those of you S&M freaks, there is always the Chock-Full-of-Nuts. Lastly, one of New York's finest dining experiences are the thin pretzels available at McSorley's Ale House. These crisp Bachman's are the reason for many a tourist's trip to the Big Apple.

RULE #7: DO NOT CALL NEW YORK 'NY.'

The main point here is not to be a typical laid-back Californian. Although this might be appealing to some, in the city, it is almost as bad as being an Arab. Avoid East seminars and hot tubs at all costs. If you ever get the temptation to mellow out by going "tubing," we suggest taking a few diet pills and ironing all your socks. As you may know, being a New Yorker means being uptight and nervous. If you are new to the city and want to know how to act, we suggest drinking three quarts of coffee on an empty stomach and riding the subway to the South Bronx at three a.m.

RULE #8: LOOK YOUR BEST

Like they always say, you are what you look like. So, unless you really want to, do not wear your mother's clothes to school. Even though you can wear just about anything in New York and get away with it, there are a few things that are definitely *passee*. The Annie Hall look is definitely out. Mini skirts are in. The punk look is also definitely out, unless you have just been released from prison or are Stiv Bators. Never carry around the Daily News or Rolling Stone. The Soho Weekly is in, but everyone still carries a Voice. If you really want to impress people, carry the Plague. You will win the friendship and admiration of people you don't even want to know.

RULE #9: SUCCEEDING IN SCHOOL

Now that you're a healthy, popular and with-it student, it's time to start thinking about class. (Not for too long, though. We don't want to overtax ourselves, do we?) Now, if you are the average student, it should be about the midpoint of the first semester when you are socially integrated, and since you have been working so hard at this, you haven't had time for classes. Since you have to go eventually, though we're not quite sure why yet, your first step is introducing yourself to the teacher. Inform him of the fact that you had just come out of a coma when classes started and lost all sense of time. Your next goal is to catch up in your work and get good grades. Since the both of these are impossible to do, your only resort is cheating. (If you are a female student with an elderly male professor, crying "rape" is always a good alternative. See Guide to Affairs with Professors, Plague, Vol. I, #2.) Bribery is also a good alternative. If you need help along any of these lines, watch for the special report in next month's issue, "Cheating: How to do it and How to Get Away With it."

If all these rules are followed to the letter, you will be a contented person here at NYU. Remember, in Plague, there is strength. Good Night, and may God Bless.

NYU CALENDAR 1978-79

by John Rawlins

No doubt you've all been wondering why you didn't receive a school calendar in the mail this year. Rumor has it that, while laying out the calendar, nine administrators accidentally strangled each other in red tape, causing a delay in the completion of the schedule. As a service to our readers, the Plague prints here a copy of the 78-9 calendar.

1978

- Thurs., Sept. 21: Fall (as in "Summer goeth before a Fall") Term opens.
Mon., Sept. 25: Saint Swithin's Day - not a holiday.
Tues., Nov. 7: Election Day - Even though you don't get off Columbus Day, to honor the man who discovered our country, you do get off today, to vote for the people who'll help lose it again.
Thurs., Nov. 16: Administrator's Day - All classes taught in Brown Building are cancelled, with the exception of Organic Chemistry classes, which will be held in the fountain in Washington Square Park. Likewise, all classes normally ending after 8 p.m. and taught by professors whose names end in "K" and enjoy reading Updike, will be moved up three hours so that they may end after 5 PM. Consult displays in your local supermarket for complete rules and entry blanks.
Fri., Dec. 1: HOLIDAY, since most students don't have class on Friday anyway.
Wed., Dec. 20: Saint Swithin's Brother's Day - not a holiday.
Mon., Dec. 25: CHRISTMAS VACATION.
Tues., Dec. 26: Classes resume.

1979

- Mon., Jan. 1: Not a holiday, since most students have class on Monday anyway.
Thurs., Jan. 4: Saint Swithin's Next-Door Neighbor's Day--all classes begin one hour early.
Mon., Jan. 22: Fall Term Exams--Usually two weeks are given for exams, rather than only one day, but when administrators realized that by rejecting the 4-X-4 calendar, they were giving more time for students to study for finals, which is obviously too beneficial to the students to be permissible, it was decided to cut shorter the amount of time students had to take exams. Ingenious, huh?
Mon., Jan. 29 - Fri., Feb. 2: WEEK OFF TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR EXAMS WHICH YOU BOMBED ON BECAUSE CHRISTMAS VACATION WAS TOO SHORT.
Mon., Feb. 5: Spring Term opens--put a crocus in your lapel today, and try not to crush it when you put on your scarf.
Wed., Feb. 14: Valentine's Day - Only at NYU is it appropriate that one of the warmest holidays of the year lands in one of the coldest months. There are so few social events here, there's no contradiction. And no holiday.
Sat., Mar. 24: Apathy Day - the Activities Annex and the upper floors of Loeb will be closed. No one will care, since most of us never bother to go there any day at all, and also because most students don't have class on Saturday anyway.
Wed., Apr. 18: Hebrew Holiday - DAY OFF.
Thurs., Apr. 19: Afro-American Holiday - DAY OFF.
Fri., Apr. 20: Good Friday - not a holiday.
Mon., June 4: Summer vacation begins - Our initial "now the thumbscrews are off" feeling disappears when we realize we must spend all our free time working in order to earn tuition money for the privilege of coming back here next September.

Confessions Of A Staten Islander

or
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE FIFTH BOROUGH

by Daniel Fiorella

I was born and raised on Staten Island, something which I rarely admit in public. I do like it there, but it is the forgotten borough. Ask anyone in Manhattan to name the five boroughs and they'll say, "Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, Bronx, and the other one." Ask any of our mayors about us and they'll tell you, "Oh yeah, that's the one who voted for my opponent." The reason I don't generally speak of my birthplace is the reaction of others. People ask, "Oh, are you a native?" I tell them yes, but that I left my spear in my hut. I suppose next they'll ask me if I'm cannibalistic.

First a short history of the Island (to Staten Islanders, Staten Island is the Island). Staten Island was discovered and named by that great explorer, Henry Hudson. He was looking from the deck of his ship, the Half-Moon, at the tree-lined hills of a small body of land and asked, "S'tat an Island?" His first mate answered yes and the name stuck. Later the British would change the name to Richmond, thinking they were in Virginia. Later still, Abe Beame would officially change the name back to Staten Island to avoid bankruptcy. The Island was incorporated into Greater New York during the mid-1800's on a lark, but the joke was on them. There hasn't been a lark on Staten Island for years. But not to worry, because later New York would give us the bird.

Staten Island does have a lot to offer. We have a train. And a set of tracks for it. Really, we do. Rumor has it that we even have city buses running. There have been several sightings reported by the Air Force says it's only swamp gas. We have our own borough paper, the S.I. Advance. It is as pro-Staten Island as others are anti. Whenever a mayor announces all police patrols will be halted, the Advance will run a headline, "Potholes Plague Amboy Rd.," since we aren't given any police anyhow.

A little known fact is that Staten Island is the breeding spot for potholes. True. Before any other borough's streets are racked with potholes, they are mated and grown in Staten Island. It isn't until they are mature enough and have a good breeding line that they are shipped to other sections of the city. A well-bred pothole contains at least two mufflers and a small foreign car.

Staten Island also has something no other borough has--transplanted Brooklynites. These are people who hated Brooklyn, wanted to get away from Brooklyn, moved to Staten Island and brought with them Brooklyn.

Transplanted Brooklynites (T.B.'s as we call them) run in herds of 50 to 500 and tend to settle in building tracks known as "Xeroxed Homes, Inc." These are sections of the Island which have running blocks of houses which are almost identical. Complete duplicity is avoided by giving each house a different number.

These "cardboard ghettos," as they are lovingly referred to by real estate agents when their clients aren't around, were built by many less-than-trustworthy construction firms. Some have been found to be violating building codes. Others avoided criminal charges by declaring bankruptcy and fleeing the country.

A T.B. can be recognized by his lawn. Staten Islanders tend to let their lawns go fallow. After all they've lived with trees and grass all their lives. The T.B. becomes obsessed with growing the perfect lawn. When not watering it, raking it, mowing it, or chasing their kids off of it, the T.B. can be found sweeping it, re-seeding it or fencing it in.

Even if we are the forgotten borough, the city would miss us if we weren't there. Without us, the S.I. Ferry would leave South Ferry and keep going until it hit Jersey. Millions of people coming from Brooklyn would fall into the sea coming off the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. The Bronx wouldn't have anyplace to dump their garbage.

But living in Staten Island is interesting. I ask you, where else in the country can you live in New York City with all of the taxes, but none of the services? Like they say, it's a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to come here.



AN OSTROWSKY-RAWLINS
PRESENTATION

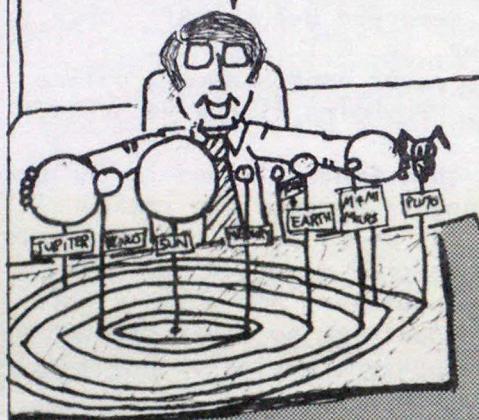
My fantastic tale begins on the day after I graduated from the School of Origami and Future Unemployment. I went in to Student Employment to see what jobs were available to me...



A little of what I found suited my own tastes and qualifications.

"Mr. Shanghai explained the job to me in detail."

"Like to travel? Of course you do. I'm sure you'll be pleased to hear the job you've chosen is — heh heh — out of this world!"



"Until..."

WANTED-SALES REPRESENTATIVE
work in interesting climate, travel, meet people, make good money. Salary plus commission. Sell high-quality products on local level. Ask at desk for details.

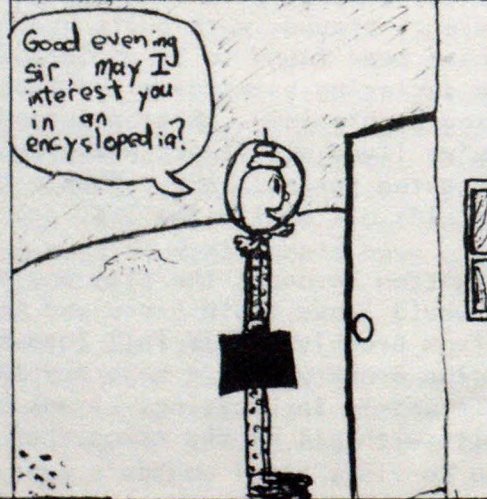
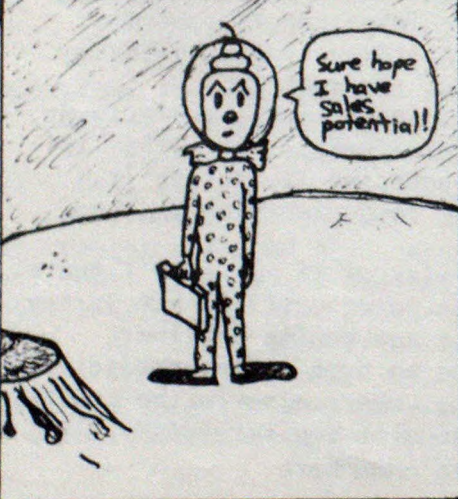
Ya! That sounds good!

"You'll be selling the ever-popular vacuum cleaner door-to-door, but with a new accessory. These vacuum cleaners come equipped with a 27-volume encyclopedia! See you in a month or two!"



Moments later, I stood on the territory chosen for me as a salesman — the moon.

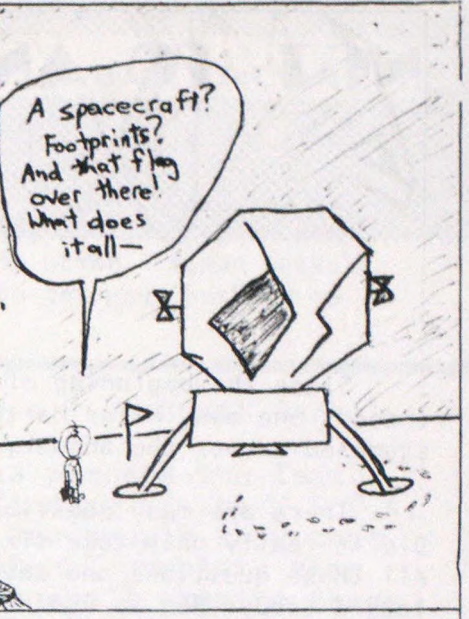
"I soon came upon a house situated nearby a small Space Dust factory..."



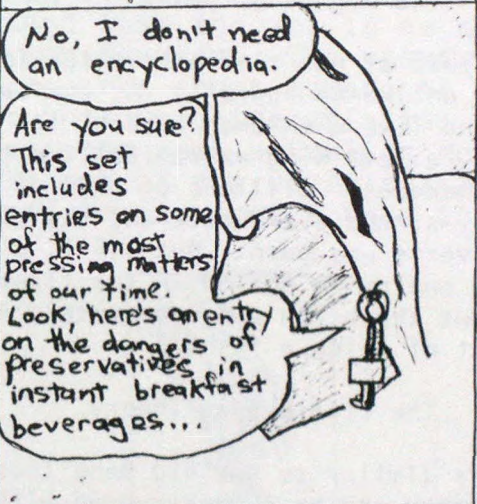
No thank you, but would you like to buy a newspaper? IT has 30 color photographs.



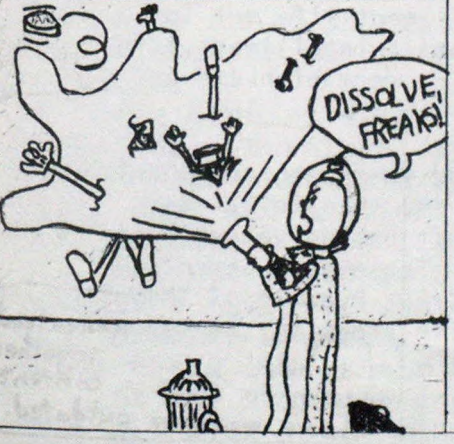
"Seconds later, I was a full-fledged member of the Moon-Myung-Sunites, but still hadn't made a sale."



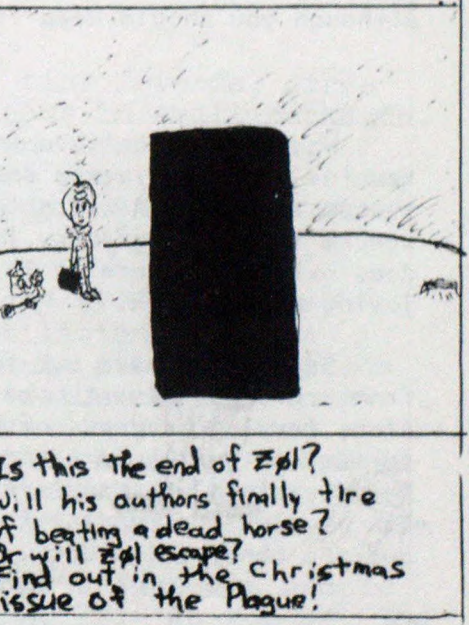
"Leaving this area as quickly as possible, I soon came upon another home."



"The vitamin C-enriched mutants chased me from crater to crater until I was lucky enough to find a fire hydrant..."



"Suddenly I felt I was being watched..."



NOT SO ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS

BY Eric Rubinton

Since the beginning of time man has been searching for the meaning of life. Indeed, one man, Niles Hartworm the sixteenth century poet, thought he had stumbled across the answer, but it turned out to be a rock. Such is life.

There are many questions being asked about life. Who created the universe? Did it really only take six days? If so, was there time and a half for overtime? All these questions and seven others are answered in Dr. Albert Blem's newly released study "Not So Ancient Astronauts." In this thesis Dr. Blem deals with the question of creation in a completely original way: he makes up his own answers.

The following are brief, but reasonable reproductions of Dr. Blem's study.

The Big Bang Theory

Many scientists believe that at one time all matter in the universe was contained in one giant mass, not unlike an eggroll. At the same time all energy in the universe was running around like a chicken without its head. Then, by some unknown cosmic force (probably a left wing extremist) the two collided. The explosion that followed was tremendous. Billions of bits of matter were flung all over. Planets were carelessly strewn everywhere and the cleaning lady complained for weeks. And thus, the universe was born. But still, plenty of questions are left unanswered. Who set the energy in motion in the first place? Where did the matter come from? Who sent out the birth announcements? And why does Simone continually accuse his analyst of being a fish?

The Little Bang Theory

The Little Bang Theory is similar to the Big Bang Theory only it is one-fifth the size. The Little Bang Theory can be reconstructed with any chemistry set, although you should keep it out of the reach of children.

Ancient Cosmonauts

Whether you believe in the Big Bang Theory or you're celibate the fact still remains that a universe does exist and that it is littered with galaxies and solar systems. What man wants to find out is: is there any intelligent life out in space? Space is a dark, lonely, cold place and no doubt that if intelligent life does exist out there it is probably cuddled up under some nice warm blankets enjoying a good book.

Scientists have put forth the claim that twenty thousand years ago cosmonauts from a distant planet came to earth, fathered many children and then left. Besides leaving hundreds of women pregnant these cosmonauts left behind valuable information that would advance man's technology immeasurably. These advancements would explain why Noah's Ark was jet propelled and why the Great Pyramid of Thebes has an elevator running from the ground floor to the roof with stops at the mezzanine and the observation deck.



If there is one thing that will destroy the human race it is death. But what is death? Death is merely the absence of life. And what is life? Is life working five days a week from nine to five just to put some food on the table and clothes on your children's backs? You call that living?!

That reminds me of a story. It seems that an elderly lady was holding an urn in one hand and was sprinkling some ashes on the snow with the other. A man walks up to her and says, "that looks like hard work. Why don't you get your husband to do it?" And the lady replies, "this is my husband."

ANTS - AN EDITORIAL

by Scott Benkel

The Ant, more commonly known as the Pismire, is perhaps the least understood of all the insects. This was a recent finding of the N.P.P.A. -- the National Pismire Preservation Association. Few people know that as a single group of insects, ants suffer more emotional problems than any other flying, crawling, or dancing creature. We shall examine these various problems, and see if we can assuage the turmoil and arrive at a significantly more harmonious interaction between man and pismire.

First, contrary to that old belief, ants do not crawl in human pants, although ants do prefer corduroy as a recreation area. However, ants will, if provoked, make a nesting station in various orifices of the human body. Yet let us try to understand that the ant is as much afraid of us as we are of the now-extinct brachiosaurus. The pismire would avoid us at all costs, and whisper nasty remarks about humans at social gatherings. But as they pontificate about human-pismire affairs, they quake with fear lest an 11 1/2 EEE Puma sneaker come spiraling down on them.

Still, the pismire is one of the world's strongest, and can hoist a good eighty pounds of bread in one week. Here is an artist's depiction of this amazing feat:



This is another good reason not to destroy our tiny friends, since we humans appreciate strength and good things that come in small packages. Yes, the pismire would surely find a place in our own Olympic Games, if height were not such a discriminating factor. But we continue to destroy things we don't understand. Martin Larva summed it up best when he said: "The situation now between man and pismire is tragic, truly a state of disgrace."

The pismire understands the word "death" than any of God's other creatures. Burnings, squashings, sprayings, and mutilations are not uncommon in the world of the pismire. Millions of ants attend services every day, and millions more mourn quietly in their colonies. If they had newspapers, how little space they would have for sports and comics!

Ah, but there is strength in numbers, and if it's one thing pismires have, it's numbers. Scientists estimate that if all the ants in the world got together and sang "Stella By Starlight," everyone within three square miles would lose their hearing.

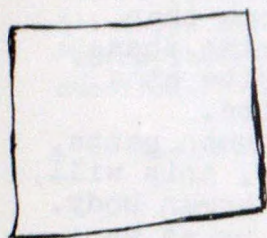
So the struggle goes on. But I say, PISMIRE, don't just let people walk all over you! ORGANISE! FIGHT BACK! YOU CAN DO IT! As for me, I'd be the first to add my voice to "Stella By Starlight."

ORIGAMI CORNER

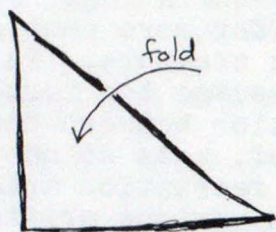
by JOHN RAWLINS.

today's lesson: diagonal folds.

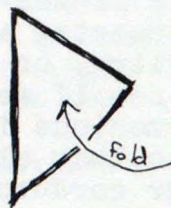
See how just a few diagonal folds can transform this sheet of dull, blank paper into a human embryo!



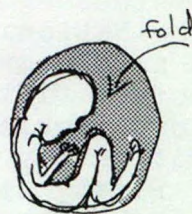
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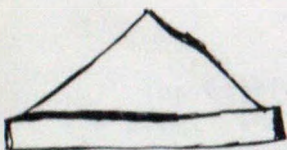


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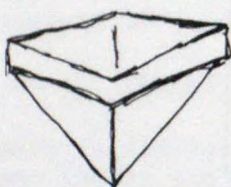


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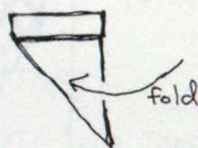
Remember the neat paper hat you made in lesson three? Well, turn it inside out, fold it in half, and you have a quadrophonic stereo system!



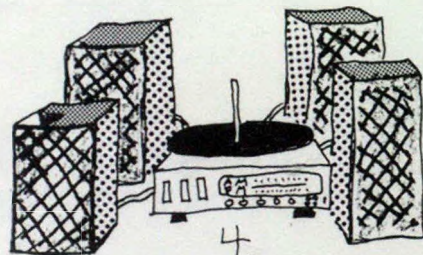
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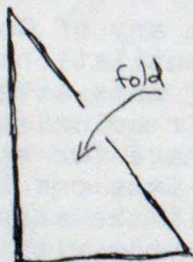


4.

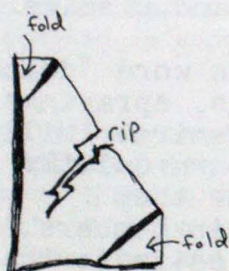
For your last and final project, fold this newspaper in the following steps.



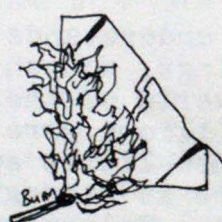
1.



2.



3.



4.



5.

What a nice pile of ashes!