

PLAGUE

IT SAYS HERE
THAT THE PLAGUE HAS
BROKEN OUT AT NYU!

YEAH?
WELL, IT'S ABOUT
TIME!



NEW!

PLAGUE

Say, what does the *Plague* record have in common with a sensitive heroin addict?"

"Why, they both make noise when you stick needles in them, of course!"

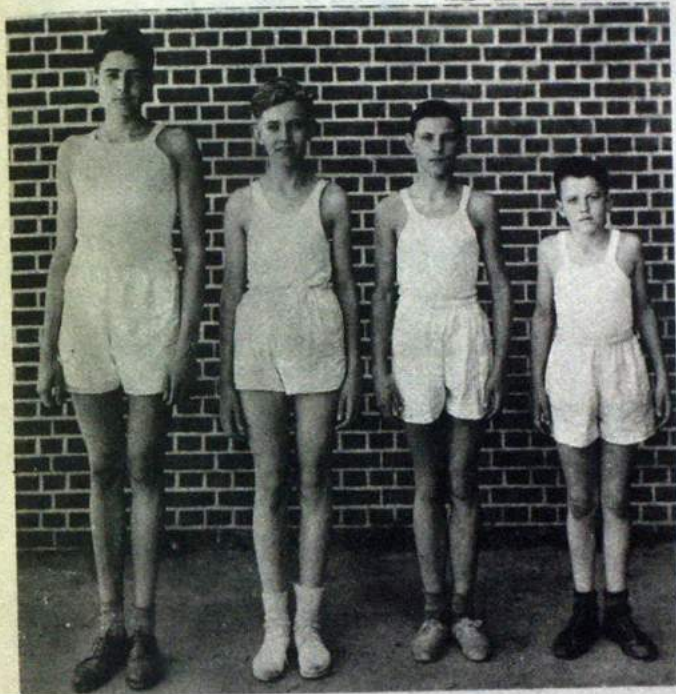


"Why are we standing on a slant,
like the Penguin on *Batman*?"

Notice something different? No, it's not our hairstyles. We'll tell you what it is: WE'VE PUT OUT A RECORD! Gear, fab, and glitzy, huh? Just think: an issue of *The Plague* that you can play on your very own stereo. (Of course, you could play our other issues on your stereo, but you wouldn't hear very much and you'd probably destroy your needle.) Sends shivers up and down your spine, doesn't it?

We'd ask you to tell us what you think about our epic venture into the heretofore forbidden realm of audio, but you're probably too lazy to call us at 598-7920 or drop us a note at Box 80, 21 Washington Pl., NY, NY 10003 anyway. Boy, some people are soooooo inconsiderate.

STAFF!



(ABOVE)-JOHN WALSH, DOUG BROD, BOB YOUNG, and SCOTT ZWIREN



RICH BROWN and STEVE KORN, ALUMNI KIBITZERS



...and "the wacky neighbor," Dave Greene



(LEFT) JOHN CHANESKI

It's
Clever



A
Laugh
Getter

HILARIOUS
COMEDY

A
Comedy
Hit



"every staff member a public relations agent"

(LEFT) JASON VEGA, ART GUY

民画报》编辑部

THE MAGIC POWER OF MONEY!

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



BIG MONEY

Whatever it is you need or want, Money can get it for you quickly, easily and automatically, you'll discover now it can bring abundant and overflowing wealth, find or bring back a lover, ward off evil influences, and much more—step-by-step in plain English, with complete easy-to-follow instructions!

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Easy
To
Do



JACK CARTER

IT'S
TERRIFIC



DICK SHAWN

AMAZING
!!!

THE LAST COUPON YOU WILL EVER CLIP

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Box 80
21 Washington Place
New York City 10003

MAIL NOW

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

NAME _____
WARD _____
WING _____ INSTITUTION _____

IT COSTS THE PUBLIC

NEARLY

\$300000

CONVICT A CRIMINAL.....

**JAIL CELLS
COST NEARLY
\$1000000
A
YEAR....**

"A Winner."
— Stewart Klein, WNEW-TV

Deadlier than Dracula!
BIACULA

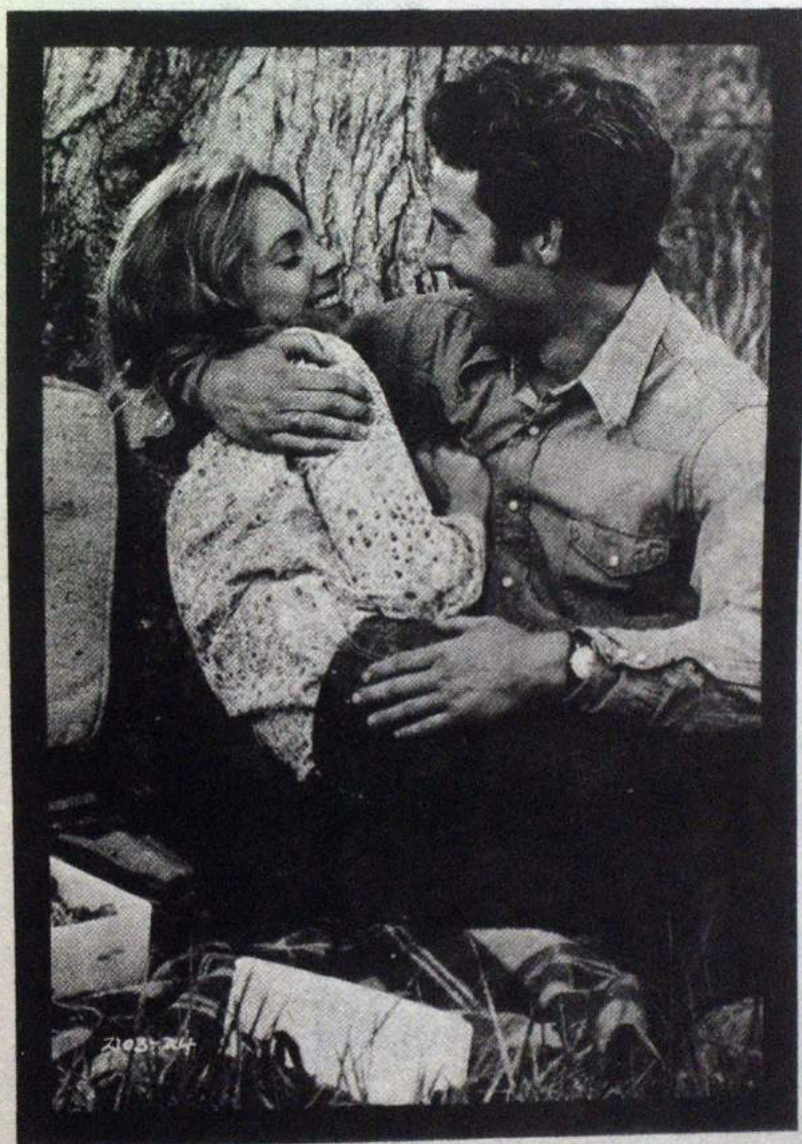
&

**CHARLES
BRONSON**



Meet

OTHELLO



**8:00 PM-Eisner and
Lubin Auditorium
Admission \$1**

"A funny, well-plotted movie with a wickedly subversive premise and a real cutting-edge...as shrewd a social satire as it is a smartly paced and plausible detective yarn."

— Janet Maslin, NEW YORK TIMES

BUT...

ELECTROCUTIONS ARE ONLY \$5.27



paid for by Con Edison

NEW YORK PEST

NYU TO EXPAND



Artist's rendering of the new NYU Stern dormitory, scheduled to open next year.

STRICTLY FOR JOEY

BY JOEY NUDNIK



BOY, I'm telling you, I just flew in with *MILTON BERLE*, and are our arms tired. Not that *MILTON BERLE* is old, but when he said "let's go out for a ride," *MILTON BERLE* took a dinosaur from out of the garage!

JIMMY DURANTE, whom we all miss dearly, is no longer alive to protect his material. So, I guess now I can steal anything I want from his routine. Thanks, *JIMMY*. Ah-cha-cha-cha.

GEORGE BURNS' new book, *Isn't It Sad How All America's Top Bananas Are Becoming Pathetic Alter-Cockers?*, is selling like hotcakes. That is, like hotcakes in a ward of dieters with their mouths wired shut. Haha. Sorry, *GEORGE*. Anyway, *BOB HOPE*, *MEL BROOKS*, *JOEY FAYE*, *JACKIE GLEASON*, and *RED BUTTONS* all appear in the book. Don't look for yours truly in there. . . I guess *GEORGE* knows that I'm still a teenager next to that list from the geriatrics ward. Just kidding, guys.

The other day, this lady walked up to me, and innocently asked, "What's a schmuck?" So I looked back at her with a straight face, and said, "A schmuck is someone who, when he's gotta take a piss in the shower, he climbs out to use the toilet." I stole that one from my buddy, *TUBBY BOOTS*, who I hear is leaving them in stitches down in Miami Beach.

CAN YOU TOP JOEY NUDNIK?

Are you funnier than euthanasia? Then there's also a good chance that you're funnier than Joey Nudnik. To enter the "Can You Top Joey Nudnik?" Contest, simply send your entry (yes, it can be written with crayons) to, "I Can Top Joey Nudnik," Box 80, 21 Washington Place, NYC, 10003. The entry should be kept short, and should be the funniest joke you know. Entries that simply say "Joey Nudnik" are immediately disqualified, so don't waste your time, wise guys. Winners will receive a week-end extravaganza with Joey at Grossinger's in the Catskills. Joey will introduce you to many show business luminaries, including such superstars as Shecky Greene, Shelley Berman, and Morey Amsterdam. *New York Pest* employees and their families are not included in the contest, unless they send in an entry.



Beaming Benny Brillstein of the Bronx won last week's contest with the classic, "Why did the chicken cross the road? To get to the other side." That one still breaks us up every time, Benny, Good going!

ROD TAYLOR: CELEBRITY PRANKSTER



Distinguished silver screen idol Rod Taylor, believed by millions to be a really cool guy, was actually a cheap-laugh cut-up, according to the latest Hollywood poop.

Pinky Nimrod, onetime Custodial Director of MGM Studios, told *PLAYBOY* magazine that the two-bit prankster would often sneak up behind such glamorous co-stars as *Jessica Tandy* and *Veronica Cartwright* (see photo) and put ice down the backs of their dresses. "Tandy had a no-Taylor clause written into her studio contract immediately afterward," Nimrod maintains. The former janitor is currently at work on a book about his backlot experience, entitled, "Stardust Memories."

THE SCOOP

ERNIE AND BERT COME OUT OF THE CLOSET

Co-Stars Flabbergasted as
Scandal Rocks CTW

Suspicion had been running high for months—discreet off-camera hand-holding and frequent long evenings alone together had fanned the fires of rumor. But last Thursday, television personalities Bert and Ernie of "Sesame Street" fame went before reporters and made it official: They've been homosexual lovers for the past nine years.

Officials of the Children's Television Workshop, the public broadcast group which produces "Sesame Street," are reportedly, "dismayed by this unfortunate turn of events. . . . Coming as it does in the wake of Mr. Hooper's death, we're not very well prepared to handle it." Mr. Hooper, a prominent local merchant and pillar of the Sesame Street community, died this autumn at his Darien, Ct. estate, leaving behind millions of mourning fans.

Relaxing in his trash can between tapings, Oscar the Grouch was quoted as saying, "Those fuckin' fairies oughtta be shot." Big Bird and his "companion," Mr. Snuffleupagus, were vacationing together and unavailable for comment.

The contracts of Ernie and Bert, according to "Sesame Street" spokesman, "will probably not be renewed next season." However, it's hinted that they'll appear next fall in a spinoff entitled, "Christopher Street."

More details from that quarter as they develop.

A GORE-RAMA

FOR THOSE WITH A THIRST FOR BLOOD!

SECRETLY FILMED
AUTHENTIC SCENES
OF CANNIBALISM
PRACTICED TODAY!

CARNIVOROUS

PLUS RAW MEAT 

MANHATTAN

TIMES SQ. 42nd St.
BET. 7th and 8th AVES.

BRONX

KENT
PRESIDENT

QUEENS

BROOKLYN

COMMODORE
GRANADA
METROPOLITAN
RUGBY

ALDEN
JAMAICA

NEW JERSEY

FABIAN
PATERSON
STATE No. 2
JERSEY CITY

N.Y. STATE CINEMA 1
NEWBURGH, N.Y.

DEAR SLABBY

Dear Slabby:

My husband has what most people would probably consider a pretty strange habit. Each night, before we go to bed, he puts on a penguin costume and shrieks for about an hour.

I knew he had this problem when I married him, but I thought he would change. I've tried to talk to him about it, but whenever I bring up the subject, he just says, "Everybody needs a hobby." and pulls out the penguin suit.

What's the solution?—Distressed.

Dear Distressed:

Hobbies do indeed play a very important role in each of our lives. And taking an interest in each other's hobbies is one of the best ways in which husbands and wives can be brought closer together.

Go out and get a penguin suit of your own. Then try shrieking with your husband before you go to bed. You might just be surprised at the results.

Dear Slabby:

I have a thirteen-year-old son. He spends all day in his room and only comes out for a few minutes each day when he runs down the stairs, shouts, "I'm Rene Descartes! I think, therefore I am!" and sets fire to the coffee table. Then he runs back into his room and writes another book of epistemological philosophy.

Frankly, I'm worried. What can I do?—Worried.

Dear Worried:

What your son is experiencing is a perfectly normal phase in every boy's life, one in which he begins to identify with French philosophers and turns to arson.

Having been through this phase with each of my own boys, I know it can be rough. But hang in there—it usually doesn't last forever.

Dear Slabby:

I hadn't seen my second cousins for some time, so when they wrote and said they'd be coming to stay with me for a few days, I was glad to have them. But when the "few days" turned into several weeks, I began to think they were going to stay forever.

When I tried suggesting politely that they leave, though, they accused me of being inhospitable and barricaded themselves in the guest room with several automatic weapons.

Was I being inhospitable?—Desperate.

Dear Desperate:

Hospitality is certainly an important virtue, but in this case, I think you've been taken advantage of.

Get a bullhorn or an intercom and try talking to your cousins. Explain to them how you feel.

And if that doesn't work, a little napalm through the windows should smoke those suckers out of your guest room without too much trouble.

DENNIS THE MENACE



HEY DAD! OKAY IF I BONE RUFF UP THE ASS?

Garfield



YOUR LITERARY HOROSCOPE

BY JEAN DICKSON

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Jesus loves me—this I know, for the Bible tells me so.—Susan Warner: *The Love of Jesus*.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too—W.G. Hunt: *We don't want to fight*.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): Here comes Burns on Rosinante; She's damn'd poor, but he's damn'd canty! —Burns on *Himself*.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): Steal away the song says. Steal away and stay away. Don't join too many gangs. Join few if any. Join the United States and join the family—But not much in between unless a college —Robert Frost: *Build Soul—A Political Pastoral*.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22): Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, and very seamark of my utmost sail.—Shakespeare: *Othello*.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22): Judge not, that ye be not judged.—Matthew 7:1.

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): Everyone complains of his memory, but no one complains of his judgment.—La Rochefoucauld: *Maxims*.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): Justice without force is powerless; force without justice is tyrannical.—Pascal: *Pensees*.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): Isn't it funny to think that only the people who were born during this time of the year will know that nothing is being written about them today?

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): The Hungry judges soon the sentence sign, and wretches hang that jurymen may dine.—Alexander Pope: *The Rape of the Lock*.

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): Thou shalt not kill; but needst not strive officiously to keep alive.—Arthur Hugh Clough: *The Latest Decalogue*.

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): Weep no more, my lady, Oh! weep no more today! We will sing one song for the Old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home far away.—Stephen Foster: *My Old Kentucky Home*.

(Please note that Ms. Dickson holds no responsibility for predictions that make no sense.)

MISS MANORBORN

Miss Manorborn is in the throes of a monumental tizzy, brought on in part by the current lamentable upswing in the suicide rate. It not the *act itself* which bothers Miss Manorborn—when one realizes that one is a miserable waste of protoplasm, the snuffing of one's insignificant life is quite in order. Rather, it is the attendant rash of poorly-written or, worse, non-existent *suicide notes* which has her tearing at her coiffure. The suicide note is a quaint, charming custom which Miss Manorborn hopes will never (pardon the colloquialism) die out. Thus, in an effort to preserve this genteel tradition, she offers the following accepted standards for that ultimate literary labor.

1. If the note is intended for the eyes of only one reader, name that person in the salutation. Otherwise, center the body in block form on plain stationery. "To whom it may concern" is unnecessarily bleak and discourteous, and is not acceptable under any circumstances.

2. Brevity is the hallmark of the well-composed suicide note. A lengthy final tirade aimed at a disfavored relative or acquaintance is quite strenuously discouraged; a simple goodbye will serve adequately. A good rule of thumb is, "Never say anything you won't want on your conscience for all Eternity."

3. The closing will often leave the most lasting impression on the reader's mind, so one's words must be chosen with extra care here. Please, please, *please* avoid such hackneyed, melodramatic pap as, "Goodbye, cruel world." On the other hand, flippancy is not the intended result, either. One's own better judgment should be employed when adding this final personal touch, but "Yours truly" is always good in a pinch.

Miss Manorborn fervently hopes that any of her readers about to Buy the Farm will now be able to do so with grace and ease, as a result of her humble efforts.

★★★★★

ENTERTAINMENT

Tomorrow at 8 PM

THE BREAK DANCE KID

This is your big chance to spend \$80 so you can watch a 10 year old kid dance *much* better than you and perform physical feats which you cannot even hope to duplicate. Guaranteed to thoroughly embarrass you in front of your girlfriend.

Teletel: 987-1515

Liverhurst Thea., 235 W. 44th St.

1983 Tony Award Winner
Harvey Firestein's

FLAME SONG TRILOGY

A drag queen, his lover, his boyfriend, his "friend," his roommate, his pal and his son all show us that homosexuals are just like you and me.—Well, maybe like *you*. Homos make us cry.

Teletron: 976-3535

Billy Jean King Thea., W. 44 St.

Winner
Best Hype 1983
1983 Outer Limits Circle Award
Now and Then

KATZ

Jewish countermen from a Lower East Side deli prance and dance and sing and make general fools of themselves. Hit song: "Oy! What Mem'ries I got!"

Chargitron: 976-4545

Marvin Gardens Thea., 50th St. & Bway

Boy Gene
George Barry
Hearn Manilow

in

LA CAGE AU FAGS

"I am what I am!" And what he is is a flaming queer. The chorus? Some are guys, some are girls—they're *all* ugly. Homos make us laugh.

Teleticket: 976-3636

Phallis Thea., B'way & 47th

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S 10 BEST"

National Board of Review • Rex Reed • Judith Crist • Pat Collins, CBS-TV

WINNER

GOLDEN GLOBE AWARD

Best Actor / Tom Courtenay

"The Dresser' is funny, sad, and, above all compassionate with two of the top screen performances of the year by Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay."—Judith Crist, WOR-TV

"If you want to see two incredible performances, see 'The Dresser'. Tom Courtenay and Albert Finney are electrifying."—Katie Kelly, WABC-TV

"The Dresser' has been directed with immense affection for actors and acting by Peter Yates. Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay, two terrifically gifted performers, have an actor's field day with the aid and affection of the writer and the director."

—Vincent Canby,
NEW YORK TIMES



THE DRESSER

ALBERT FINNEY • TOM COURTENAY

PG



STARTS TOMORROW AT
COLUMBIA PREMIERE THEATRES

QUEENS	NASSAU	SUFFOLK
CINEMA CITY FIVEPLEX FRESH MEADOWS 357-9100	KB ROSLYN TWIN ROSLYN 621-8488	REDSTONE COMMACK MULTIPLEX
MAXI CINEMART TWIN FOREST HILLS 261-2244	SYOSSET TRIPLEX 921-6810	COMMACK 482-6953

SPORTSGRIPE

by BUBBA SWENSEN

NYU MEN'S VARSITY: A VIOLET BY ANY OTHER NAME...?

As we all know darn well, 90% of any sports contest consists of psyching out one's opponents. Bearing that in mind, what could we expect from a game between the PRINCETON TIGERS and the NEW YORK UNIVERSITY VIOLETS??? NYU's only hope would be in the possibility of the Princeton roundballers laughing themselves into a collective stupor, thus forfeiting the game. I mean, sure the Violets are great athletes, but that doesn't count worth a stale beer fart when the name of the game is intimidation.

I brought this up last Friday, as I was knocking back a few long, cold ones at McClosky's with Dan Quilty, NYU's Director of Athletics. He was pissed off even worse than I, if you can imagine that. Turns out the name was drawn from a hat, and he had no say whatsoever in the matter. "I wanted something like, 'Eleven Guys Who'd Stomp Your Face As Soon as Look At You,' but that was voted out before the first round. I was willing to accept the new name, though, with the proviso that the team slogan be, 'NYU Violets Eat Their Dead.' That didn't go over any too well, either. Damn left-wing, namby-pamby liberal school."

When I saw the extent of poor Danny's anguish over this whole stinking business, my duty was only too apparent: Appeal to the people of this great metropolis for their support and suggestions. So I now appeal to you, the people of this great metropolis for your support and suggestions. Just fill out the coupon below and send it, along with your name and address to:

DAN QUILTY
COLES SPORTS CENTERS
MERCER STREET
NYC 10003

COUPON

Your Name _____

Address _____

Telephone No. _____

"My proposed new name for the NYU Men's Varsity is:

Your Signature _____

If Danny and I like your idea, and it gets chosen, you'll get season's passes to ALL NYU sporting events. So keep those cards and letters comin'!

Good luck and God bless you.

NYU VIOLET DEAD!

New York University campus was the site of a grisly ritual murder this week as the school's Violet mascot met what some local pundits called a "well-deserved end."

Police found the victim buried to the neck among shrubbery outside the university's Jerome S. Coles Sports & Recreation Facility, on Mercer Street in lower Manhattan. Autopsy revealed that his fingers and toes had been "pruned," and that most of the larger bodily orifices had been packed with a powerful weed killer.



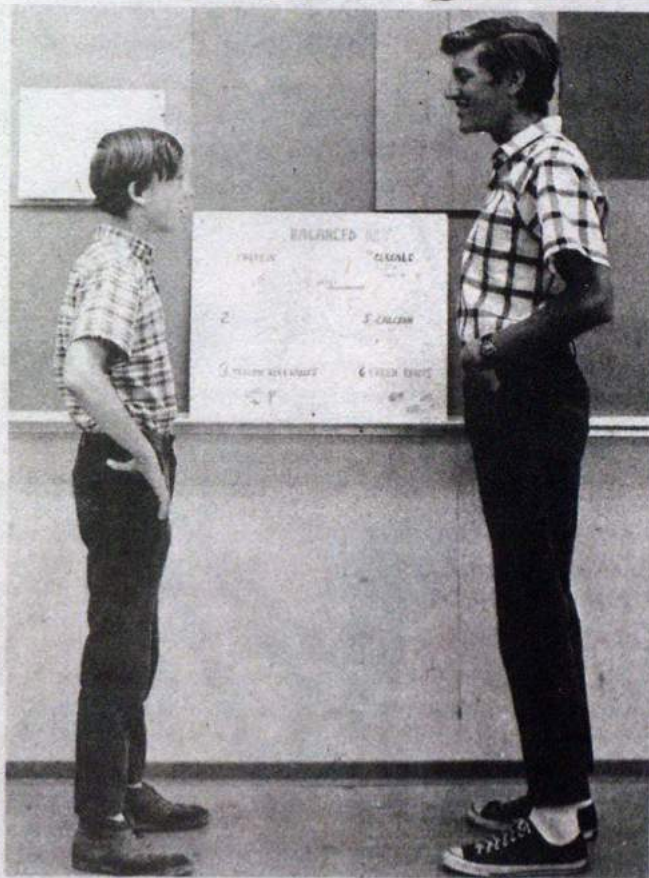
"No Jury Would Ever Convict Me!" Gloats Murderer Bobcat.

The search for the suspect ended as quickly as it began when the NYU Bobcat extended his furry little paws and said, "Cuff me, pigs." In a statement later released by Police Department spokesmen, the Bobcat boasted of the murder as a "public service." Convinced that the Violet was a "social menace, a dangerous influence on our youth and... a pain in the ass," the Bobcat expected his vigilante justice late last Thursday night with an almost surgical efficiency. "This was definitely a thorough job," observed Horticultural Editor Uncle Bo Flaherty, "That young feller obviously boned up on his vegicide techniques."

The Princeton Tiger and the San Diego Chicken have been subpoenaed as character witnesses for the upcoming trial. The Bobcat has been released on his own recognizance till the trial date, with orders "neither to leave town nor kill anyone else."

DO-IT-YOURSELF

FOTO FUNNY CONTEST



NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE
A CAMPUS CUT-UP.
JUST WRITE A FUNNY DIALOGUE
FOR OUR TWO CHARACTERS,
AND THE FUNNIEST ONE
GETS PRINTED IN THE NEXT
ISSUE!
SEND ENTRIES TO THE PLAGUE,
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SUBMIT!



...YOUR STORIES, ART, AND BAKED GOODS,

TO:

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BOX 80, NYC 10003



A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

Did you know that, according to Robert Scholes, "The activities of readers and spectators in the face of artistic or recreational texts involve both a passive or automatic translation of semiotic conventions into intelligible elements and an active or interpretive rearrangement of textual signs into significant structures?"

You probably didn't—until you read it in *The Plague*, NYU's magazine of quality and distinction. Sure, you can learn a lot by reading *The Plague*, but by joining the staff of *The Plague*, you can both learn and teach.

The Plague is the only magazine at NYU and it is written, illustrated, produced and managed entirely by NYU students. If you are committed to a serious exploration of the human condition through satire, would like to acquire valuable magazine production experience or are simply attracted by the opportunity to bore your classmates by publishing the long quotations of obscure intellectuals, contact us today. Visit our office in Room 403-404 of the Student Activities Annex, 21 Washington Place. If you'd prefer to phone us, our number is 475-9741 or NYU extension X4046. You can leave us a note in mailbox #80 at the previously mentioned address.

The Plague — humorous discourse for the discerning reader.



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

Devious?

Amoral?

Good With
Figures?



YOU COULD BE
THE PLAGUE'S NEW
BUSINESS MANAGER.
GIVE US A CALL AT
598-7920, OR CLIP
THE COUPON UNDER
MY TUCHIS AND SEND
IT TO 21 WASHINGTON
PLACE, BOX 80, NYC
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OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

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