

THE PLAGUE

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S ONLY
INTENTIONALLY FUNNY MAGAZINE



*Happy 15th
Birthday!*

MAY 1992

EMBARRASSED

by your
POLITICALLY INCORRECT
outbursts?

Try new **WHITEY Out!™**
*from the makers of Buckwheats™ cereal

—PURGE YOURSELF OF WHITEY—

•All WASP-type people check this out: have you ever been to a party where you felt a little...uncomfortable...in the first place, when to top it all off you let a little racist comment slip out? Are you tired of getting the fecal matter kicked out of you after your cute cross-burning anecdote is overheard by a street gang? Well look no further and bleed no more. Gather all of your friends together and get rid of those mean, nasty ol' racist tendencies with **Whitey Out!™** Like a barium enema, all-new **Whitey Out!™** literally squeezes the white mentality right out of you, so you will never have to censor yourself in mixed company again.

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•"Whenever I went to a Public Enemy concert, I would be raped, robbed, beaten, stabbed, and eventually killed...But thanks to **Whitey Out!™** I never shout 'Sit down and shut the fuck up you goddamn spooks!' anymore. It's such a relief not to be a racist vermin anymore."

—Anonymous, 12th floor, Bobst Library, New York, NY

•"This revolutionary product is great! It's made me an entirely plausible candidate in the fall...no, I'm serious—what? Stop laughing, you smelly kikes...I mean, nice, short fellows...oh fuck it!"

—P. Buchanan, 666 Prick Ave., Hell, Mississippi

—ATTENTION OPPRESSED MASSES—

•How many times have you been at a party with one of your WASP friends when all of a sudden he turns to you and says, "Hand me that watermelon...I mean beer, will ya?" Don't you hate it when you're out on a hot double-date and when the lights in the theater go down he says, "Smile Darnell, I can't find this damn zipper!" Well it's time to put your 9mm away and stop listening to your parents' Malcolm X albums. Now you can have white friends and not secretly hate them. Give the gift of political correctness and keep the peace in your social groups; **Whitey Out!™** is guaranteed to satisfy or we will cheerfully refund your money while cheerfully filing suit against you.

—JUST LISTEN TO THESE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS—

•"Before, I couldn't be in the same room with a white man without doing him bodily harm. Now, thanks to **Whitey Out!™** I have many friends of no color who never even say a single word in my presence any more...not that it prevented the racist-slime, bigoted, low-life, white-supremacist, anal-roach, oppressive, racist establishment from getting me fired for clearly racial motives, and furthermore..."

—Leonard Jeffries, some ghetto, Teaneck, NJ

•"Hey, I was elected, wasn't I? It *must* work...um...Hey—you never know!...or is that for another product?...I always get these things mixed up. Now how about my check?"

—Anonymous, Office of the Mayor, City Hall, New York, NY

THE PLAGUE

The Moral Majority

(Major Domo)

•**Executive Editor**•

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(Major Pain)

•**Layout Editor**•

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(Major Major Major Major)

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Nifty Titles Because Sean Said So**

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And Special Thanks To:

Alex Belov (uh, we still have your underwear if you want to pick it up), Lara J. Kiesel, Helen Woo, Lauren Adams, the WSN for their generous free sauna on the 10th floor, those damn mourners for being insensitive to Melissa Witham, Idi Amin, the British Consulate, Alan Greenspan for refinancing this issue, a couple other shylocks, and, of course, Allah (a.k.a. Mr. Cioffi).

(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 [heh heh, Seth], epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plague. -tr. v. **plagued, plaguing, plagues.** 1. To harass, pester or annoy: "What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors?" (Smollett)

-Who the fuck is Smollett?

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

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The Plague, 21 Washington Place, Bpx 189, New York, NY 10003. All rights reserved; anyone caught copying, faxing, juggling, or otherwise fondling this magazine **deserves** to go to NYU. If funny were the next Amtrak, we'd be at the airport. I hate you. Why are you reading this? Go away! Rent a life. egoops @8A)

THE PLAGUE THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Fuck you.

No apologies.

All of you reading this are probably a bunch of assholes, anyway.

You're either a cock-sucking fraternity brother, a carpet-munching hair-spraying nail-polishing backseat-entertaining (and we don't mean stand-up) sorority sister, an unshaven neo-fascist politically correct womyn, a misogynist woman-hating too-macho-to-be-sure-about-your-sexuality homophobe, a "performance artist" too-feminine-to-be-a-feminist heterophobe, a pro-choice yahoo, a drippy-dippy-hippie-yippie who can't deal with the fact that this isn't 1968 Berkeley, a far-right Pat Buchanan-worshipping gun-toting neo-Nazi who can't deal with the fact that this isn't 1933 Berlin, a homeless person who came across this magazine while looking for a good night's supper in a garbage can, a foreign math student who can't read anything but equations, a General Studies Program student who can't read anything, a member of the International Socialist Organization who is waiting for us to ridicule them and give them free publicity, a returning student who is waiting for your dentures to arrive in the mail, a freshman who reads *The Plague* and thinks its sophomoric humor will raise your intelligence level, a third-grade chemistry teacher with child-molesting tendencies, a third-grader with chemistry-molesting tendencies, an IROC-driving Guido dreaming of ties to the mafia, a high-haired gum-chewing Guidette with indentations from an IROC's backseat on her back, a job-climbing backstabbing student-crushing Oliva-ass-kissing administrator who

hopes that one day NYU president L. Jay Oliva dies and you can take over this university and rule it in your pompous glory, or a *Washington Square News* editorial page writer who wants to use any problems between *The Plague* and NYU as a reason to launch attacks against the administration.

Fuck you all.

And fuck all of you not mentioned in the preceding paragraph. The pages in this issue are likely to offend you. We're taking insulting to an extreme because, we feel, you don't get enough insults as it is.

And you deserve it.

You deserve it because you screwed around in high school so much that Columbia University threw out your application and you settled for second best.

You deserve it because, while Manhattan's falling apart around you right now, you protest a Native American genocide which occurred four centuries ago.

You deserve it because you're willing to go to schools named after pet supply kings and bald television moguls.

You deserve it because no matter how shitty it gets, you still pick up *The Washington Square News*, treat it's pages like the Gospel, and allow it to be the only thing to decide what subject matters are debated on campus.

You deserve it because, as mom and dad give you a monthly allowance large enough to feed Lesotho for a generation, you wear "Fuck the Rich" tee-shirts and listen to whatever large music corporations and the biggest corporate whore of them all, MTV, tell you to listen to because they've fooled you into believing these money-hungry teen-

exploiting bands care about the miserable world around them (most notably, REM and U2).

And while we're on the subject of corporate whores, you deserve it because you read *Rolling Stone* and *Spin* magazines which put on a false sense of concern about politics and the environment to seem hip and cool as they take your money, and allow it to dictate your style because you're too stupid to come up with one on your own.

You deserve it because you spend entire evenings at the Lime-light and take ecstasy so that those computer-generated bass rhythms sound better.

You deserve it because, while crack addicts die at the foot of NYU's Main Building, you step on their corpses to get to your 1:20 class.

You deserve it because your manners are so bad that you won't even wave or say hello when you see your fellow classmates on the street.

You deserve it because you thought that the last issue of *The Plague*, the worst issue ever produced, was funny only because it had our logo on top.

You deserve it because, no matter how much NYU drives you closer to an impoverished death, you masochistically come back for more and more.

Most of all, you deserve it because you're you.

So, no apologies.

Fuck you.

This column was written by Executive Editor Lawrence Lewittinn—we're sorry, we really are. We couldn't stop him, he just kept spewing this stuff out onto the screen. What the hell, it can't possibly be worse than The Mulatto Review.

SONGS of the SCHOOLS

By Adam Birnbaum
and Jason Rothbaum

STERN SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

tune to "O, Come All Ye Faithful"

O, come all business majors,
Join the Jews and Asians,
Come and study how
to be anal retentive.
Don't worry if the
building's not finished,
As long as you do not mind Tisch.
You will learn such neat stuff,
Like bankruptcy and unemployment.
Don't pray for job placement,
Unless you like fast food.

GALLATIN DIVISION

tune to "O' Tannanbaum"

O' Gallatin, O' Gallatin,
Help me create a major.
O' Gallatin, O' Gallatin,
I wish to have a future.
An oral exam is all you ask,
To have a life is a bigger task.
O' Gallatin, O' Gallatin,
I am a mindless loser.

GSP

Tune to "Scarecrow's theme" from 'Wizard of Oz'

I won't have to sit through I & S,
Read millions of pages,
Or write a dozen reports (da, da, da,
da, da, da).

I could spend more time at studio,
Take accounting or biology,
If I only had a brain.

I could actually have a social life,
Receive a lot less homework,
And stay awake in class (da, da, da,
da, da, da).

Go to SEHNAP, TISCH, or STERN,
Find out what it's like to learn,
If I only had a brain.

TISCH SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

tune to "Camptown Races"

O' we're gonna make a film today,
Bendover, bendover.
We're from Tisch but we're not gay,
Don't push so hard, hay!
Spielberg is my God,
And I won't get a job.
Waiting tables every day,
Yet receive such meager pay.

Letters to the Editors

To the Editor:

I'd like to defend the two Libyan gentlemen falsely and outrageously accused by the West of bombing Pan Am 103. Why not? I'd represent any rich animal with a checkbook— just ask Leona, Iron Mike and Claus— petro-dollars all the better!

Alan Dershowitz
Harvard University

To the Editor:

Could somebody tell me how to study gynecology? I mean, is that like pre-law or something?

A.J. Catoline
President, Phi Gamma Delta

To the Editor

Remember this face: Oh! Ohhh! Ohhhhh! I'm dead!!!
Oh! Ohh!

Sam Kinison
A.A.—D.O.A.

To the Editor:

Tell me a good one would you? I haven't laughed since 1981.

The AIDS Epidemic
Greenwich Village, San Francisco, Africa, and all points West

To the Editor:

I find myself quite embarrassed—I was just listening to the missing 18 minutes of the Watergate tapes and apparently Nixon's innocent. Should I apologize or what?

By the way, has anybody seen me in class lately? I can't remember where I was last week.

Carl "Make Mine a Double" Bernstein
NYU Journalism Department

To the Editor:

You want to know what's *really* dangerous? Just *thinking* about how good you'll look wearing silicone breast implants! You could even get a job dancing topless to pay for tuition.

The Boys at the NYU Med Center
Still Selling Those Implants No Matter What

To the Editor:

I'd like to suggest a new internship for the Stern School of Business: Make freshman walk around the Village to sell flea collars to the homeless! Talk about supply and demand! I'll supply, and decent humans with jobs and apartments will demand. I bet those lousy bums are crawling with lice.

"Crazy Lenny" Stern
c/o Hartz Corp.
and NYU's Board of Trustees

To the Editor:

Guns don't kill people. AIDS do. An' it ain't half quick enough for me.

Billy Joe Magnum
NYU Rifle Association

To the Editor:

Register faggots, not guns.

Billy Joe Magnum [again —ed.]
NYU Rifle Association

To the Editor:

I ain't bein' no bartender, but I'm just figured out howz to make the perfect Manhattan: Throw them Jews out.

Sonny Carson
c/o the Hon. David N. Dinkins

To the Editor:

Yes you infidels think you are so mighty and powerful, but look who is now in driver's seat!

Some Iraqi Teenager
Driving his Taxi in Circles
Staten Island, N.Y.

To the Editor:

God I hate those stringy little veins that are stuck on bananas after you peel them. They taste like shit and I have evidence that they are part of a CIA/WSN plot to gross out Central America.

Roy Felcher
c/o Committee to Spread Jewish Marxism and
AIDS Throughout the Americas

To the Editor:

Someone got into my pants this morning.... Oh my God—it was me!

Cheryl the Bartender
Caliente Cab Co.

To the Editor:

How do I get this brown stuff off my nose?

Jennifer Graney
Co-chair University Committee on Student Life
and Every Other Student Government Group
Ever Created Anywhere

To the Editor:

As an Italian, I'm outraged! And as a Facisti, I'm suing! Where's my Lurpa?

Virgil "Boss of Bosses" Renzulli
NYU Minister of Propaganda

To the Editor:

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank God for fucking up the '60s. If it hadn't been for the JFK assassination, the drugs, the music, the politics, the drugs, Nam, and college kids who wish they were born 20 years earlier, I'd have no reason to live.

Ollie Stone
Hollywood

To the Editor:

Wow! We could've gone to State College!

The CAS Graduating Class of '92
Without a Clue
or Even a Dime in the Bank

To the Editor:

Geez, what a wild town New York is! Listen to this: I was walking out of the Port Authority Bus Terminal early one night and this great looking chick comes up to me and asks, "Would you like a date?" No girl ever asked me out before, so I said sure. Man it was great! And it only cost me \$150. Half of what it would have cost to fuck an NYU coed for an hour.

Goober "Goober" Watson
Webbed Feet, Ala.

To the Editor:

Is it true you guys will print any letter sent by someone with a funny name?

Auntie Semite
Crown Heights, N.Y.

To the Editor:

Being 7' 4" is a motherfucker, but being a 7' 4" motherfucker of color is sweet revenge, you dig?

Oma Holloway
Organization of Black Women

To the Editor:

Could someone *please* buy my albums?

Bruce Springsteen
Under the Boardwalk, N.J.

Hard-up for material, we asked a prominent contemporary musician to respond:

I'd just like to give Mr. E Street some advice: If you want to sell two albums at once, you gotta give the kids what they want man! Check these lyrics:

*Zipperheads, dotheads and ragheads come to the USA,
Just to take our jobs and give us AIDS,*

I hate you and I hate myself!

I hate you and I hate myself!

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Fuck!

Axl Rose
Hollywood

To the Editor:

I'd like to have a reunion party in '94 for the seven others who voted for Mondale for president.

Alex Kaufmann
Professional College Student

To the Editor:

Is it too late to nuke the Vietnamese? I feel kind of ripped off.

McGeorge Bundy
NYU History Department

To the Editor:

Don't let George or any ozher cold varrior shit you; ve never really hated ze Vietnamese. *Mein Gott!* How could anyone hate a country that doesn't haf any shvartzes?

Henry Kissinger
c/o ABC News "Nightline"

To the Editor:

If I want to be a socialist, does that mean I have to like, get a job or something?

Steve Botticelli
International Socialist Organization

DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

REVOLTING ADVENTURES OF A SORORITY PLEDGE

First semester freshman year, I went insane; I decided to pledge a sorority.

Fortunately, I kept a diary of my activities to record all the fun I had.

September 25—I took my pledge to the sorority in the most ludicrous ceremony ever.

All active sisters and pledges were in white for this "formal ceremony." At 9:00 P.M., all pledges walked into the room where the ceremony was to take place.

All the lights were off and the sisters were standing in a semicircle holding hands, crossed over at the waist (the better to grab each others' ass), and singing a sorority song around a card table.

The card table was covered by a white tablecloth and in the middle of the table was a big white dildo-shaped candle [*these girls must be racists, can't have a big BLACK dildo-shaped candle can we? —ed.*] and two pink candles on either side.

After we were pinned with a safety pin with a white and pink ribbon tied on it, we had to sign legal papers—including a sexual harassment release and a contract not to make a lesbian porno movie out of our experiences.

October 5—I went to Bottom of the Ninth [*remember that shit hole? —ed.*]. When I got there, after paying \$2 for the cover, I bumped into a few sisters who told me I was not allowed to be at a bar.

I was not allowed to go to bars or parties unless had earned the privilege. I got in trouble for going to the bar by accident. So as my punishment, I had to apologize, naked, in front of the entire sisterhood for making the mistake of going to the bar. I guess the whole thing could have been worse, like seeing one of my pledge sisters having all her pubic hairs ripped out for my negligence. Of course, that probably would have excited most of the sorority.

October 18—Court Night. Pledges and sisters were all in black for what was referred to as court. All pledges were blindfolded and standing in alphabetical order. As we stood, blindfolded and in the dark, sisters directed specific things we had done wrong as pledges.

My favorite was when these two sisters told me that I had been so rude by not saying hello to them in the Weinstein cafeteria (in fact, I had waved—only one finger, but I did wave).

This is all beginning to sound like a Nazi dictatorship.

After all that bullshit, the entire sisterhood went over to the FIJI house to serenade them into taking their thumbs out of each other's ass with sorority songs.

October 31—The sorority had a Halloween party at Bottom of the Ninth and we pledges had to dress the same or follow a particular theme. We all went as Snow White and Seven Dwarves. We all had to come at the same time [*wish we'd been there to see that! —ed.*] and, if one of us wanted to leave, we all had to leave.

I think I am losing my identity.

November 1—Greek Night. Each fraternity and sorority makes a banner and performs a dance. We did a dance to music taken from 2 Live Crew's "Fuck Shop."

What does that say about the sorority?

November 8—My pledge class was punished because one of pledge sisters lost her pledge pin. She couldn't find it after her weekend at home with the Naval Academy [*search the goat, we hear he's a*

kleptomaniac as well as a stud —ed.].

The punishment was to clean the house. Well, this definitely was not happening. I have a hard time cleaning up my own mess, especially after using contraceptive foam and hitting the G-spot. Why in God's name would I want to clean up after a bunch of JAP slobs and their drunken, latent homosexual boyfriends?

I said fuck that nonsense. My soft hands were not getting near any toilet where these JAPs had had sex; they're only used for jerking off my dad.

November 10—The pledge class got kidnapped by a fraternity. We all walked over to 3-5, by far the worst fucking housing facilities that NYU owns [*ever been to Judson?* —ed.] to set up for some stupid party at some breast-loving, matzoh-eating fraternity.

However, once we all got into the elevator, a frat brother told us that we had been kidnapped. Too much excitement for me! I had my period right then and there.

All of us were given a banana that was dipped in plain yogurt and we each had to lick the yogurt off the banana in front of these morons. Of course, each one of my pledge sisters took part in this escapade, being the independent thinkers that they were. But not I. There was no way in hell I was going to lick yogurt off a banana in front of these 15 impotent losers. So, being the rebel that I am, I ended up biting the top of the banana off [*OUCH!!* —ed.].

The whole room went wild and this big slob who weighed about 250 lbs., placed my banana back into the yogurt and told me that if I didn't lick the yogurt off that the rest of the container of yogurt was going over my head. Once again, I paid the penalty.

These sex-starved, mouth breathers blindfolded me, put yogurt around the outside of my mouth and made me get on my hands and knees. They rubbed a candle on my arm and stuck an electric shaver between my legs. The sisters were probably hoping they would shave my labia since they prefer it that way, otherwise the hair sticks in their teeth.

I heard through the grapevine, that during a mixer, our pledge master/dog trainer was having sex in the bathroom on top of the sink. I'm not sure what gender her partner was that night. She probably didn't know either.

Why am I taking this abuse from these bimbettes?

November 11—We had what was called a friend-

ship circle with our pledge class. We all sat in a circle in our alphabetical order and each person got a turn to talk about who and what bothered her within the pledge class. The only person who was allowed to talk was the one holding the baseball bat in her hole.

It kind of felt like an AA meeting where everyone just spills out their frustrations and anxieties like a frat brother getting a hand job from his little sister.

Slowly but surely, this whole fiesta is driving each one of us mad.

November 14—I was in the middle of another call when I was rudely interrupted by call-waiting [*We hate that too, it plays havoc with our phone sex bills* —ed.]. On the other line was one of my pledge sisters informing me that we were having a call-out and that my ass better be at 3rd Ave. in the next ten minutes.

I immediately hung up on my grandmother to dress for the spectacle. For these formal events, we were only allowed to wear white. No exceptions. Two minutes later, two of my pledge sisters came in a cab from Hayden (the driver nearly hit a blind priest watching them do it too) to pick my ass up and then we headed over to the witches' den.

I was asked about my "rude and disrespectful behavior" with the fraternity brothers. They asked why I bit the banana, but I figured I didn't owe anyone an explanation for my attitude or sexual fetishes. I mean I don't ask them about the two-headed dildos.

At this point it was around 12:30 a.m., and I did not have any more time for this nonsense—I had to go home and lick my dog's balls for him.

Then this one bitch stood up and she started going off on this tangent about how we couldn't become sisters until we knew all the information in the pledge book because it was the book that tied the sisterhood together. Then, out of nowhere, this one fat-ass got up from the chair and threw an empty [*obviously* —ed.] popcorn bowl across the room because we did not clean up after ourselves.

Was this some kind of basic training? Things continued getting hostile. One of my pledge sisters was asked a question that she did not know, so she started crying. While she was crying, another pledge was asked if she wanted to become a sister and she started crying and never answered the question. Finally, our whipping session was over and I myself began to cry. I never thought that would see the day that I would be crying over this nonsense but we

were treated like shit.

So, like all women, we went back for more.

I ended up talking to my "Big Sister" about the incident and when I was done my pledge class was waiting for me at the elevator and they told me to hand in my pin and book because we were depledging.

Hurrah for the Jewish rebel group [*Gas 'em, Herr Waldheim* —ed.].

We went down on the 4th floor and cracked open a bottle of Tequila. Everyone took a shot except me because I wouldn't touch Tequila with John Holmes' AIDS-infected and now decomposing dick. The evening came to a close at 2 A.M. and what a degrading three hours it was.

November 15—I get a call at seven by one of my pledge sisters telling me that if I wanted to continue being a pledge I was going to have to be at the house in the next ten minutes. Just out of curiosity, I hauled my ass over to 3rd. Ave. and walked into my pledge master's room. She told us that we would be standing naked in front of the sisterhood explaining why we wanted to come back and continue our pledging.

I couldn't believe it. We pledges were going to look like assholes. We all marched into the living room where the sisterhood was sitting and each pledge stood before them and told them that they were sorry for leaving and being disrespectful.

This was not going to be the case for me. There was no way I was going to apologize and kiss their asses (at least not figuratively) anymore. I would rather have been nailed to a cross and have my pubic hairs ripped out individually than apologize; in fact, that's my favorite way of spending a three-day weekend [*ours too!* —ed.].

So, I told these fucks that I wasn't sorry for anything I have done or said and that I have paid too much money and have spent too much time with these elitist cunts. I went on to say that I did not like some of the sisters because they were inconsiderate and disrespectful towards me.

Sure enough, once they accepted me back into the abyss, a sister pulled me off to the side and, after a mean 69 session, told me that she was glad I said what I did.

Can you say "Hypocrite?" But she did me well.

[*We don't understand why she went back, Guess it's one of those "woman things" that men can't understand.* —ed.]

November 26—I had to earn back this really heinous pink slap stick bracelet that was supposed to be on my wrist at all times, or else I'd get my naked ass slapped with it.

Each pledge was given a different assignment from their "big sister". I had to penetrate my "big sister's" boyfriend with a dildo and sing "You Lost That Loving Feeling" to him. Well, since I'm tone deaf, I totally massacred the song. I was standing on top of the guy, belting this melodious tune until he finally cut me off and told me that he had heard enough. He said I did not have to continue if I would blow him.

December 14—The Big Formal - I ended up taking another pledge I was set up with. I didn't want to go to this event because I had a paper and performance due at 8:30 the next morning, but these girls wouldn't give a flying fuck about what I wanted to do, except to them.

Anyway, I take this pledge who ended up being a nice guy but a *shaygetz* (a non-Jew). It didn't bother me that he wasn't Jewish (at least he was circumcised) but some of my pledge sisters would not have been caught at any social function without a Jewish man by their sides, or behind them, or on top of them, or...

I left this function at midnight and got back to my room and my paper at 7:00 a.m. The pledge puts me in a cab (at least he paid for the cab, the cheap bastard; maybe he's half-Jewish) and kisses me goodbye where I least expected it.

I can't complain about this evening but I will admit that I never got paid for it, unlike Elizabeth Dugan.

January 20—The bullshit starts again. Our pledge trainer calls a meeting for 7 p.m. in the house. At this meeting, she begins by telling us that we were starting Hell Week. She tells us all to pack a suitcase with all the things we will need for a week (pillows, blanket, clothes, toothbrush, vibrators, dental dams, anal lubricant, etc.) because we were all going to be moving into the common area for one week and we were not allowed to go back to our rooms until our "inspiration" week was completed.

I knew from this moving in deal I was in big trouble. I don't like sleeping on floors. I don't like the

wind noises and bad smells [*who farted? —ed.*] but I decided to go along with it anyway.

We are all blindfolded, naked, sitting in a circle. Each one of us is given a cold bowl with stuff in it (I think it was either ice cream or frozen elephant spooge). Each sister starts thumbing through our pledge books and directing questions at us.

If we couldn't answer the question then we would have to take a spoon full of the stuff in the bowl and feed it too the person we were directed to feed. The game ended when all the stuff was gone out of each bowl.

When I took off my blindfold I found that my lily-white body was covered in gooey liquid, sauces, and whip cream. My pubic hair was all sticking together but that was okay because I was used to that. I was going to sleep with my pledge sisters who were sneezing, wheezing, tossing, turning, complaining and menstruating all night long.

January 21—At 7:00 sharp, after having slept for 30 minutes, I hear this whiny, raspy, screechy voice fill the area with "Get up, girls! We're going to start the next event!" I rolled over, pretending that it was a dream, but her voice continued to increase in volume so I knew I had to pick myself up and peel open my eye lids [*we'd have to do that after a night of cunnilingus too. —ed.*].

She began by telling us that we were going on a scavenger hunt that we had to complete by midnight. She then read all the items on the list that we were to get. She handed one of my pledge sisters the list and said good luck and that we weren't allowed to take more than \$10.00 a person with us.

The good news was she didn't say we couldn't turn tricks to get more money, the bad news was Elizabeth Dugan wasn't one of the pledges.

We didn't get started until about 11 because I had to fuck some people and I couldn't get a good grip on them. After I got mine, two pledges went to get a car in Westchester, the remaining four went to the Plaza Hotel to casually rip off a Plaza Hotel ashtray. While we were waiting for the others to come pick us up, the four of us hung around the Plaza lobby while passersby asked us how much for a hand job.

So about two hours later, they pulled up in front of the Plaza in a chauffeur-driven limousine. The rest of us piled in fairly impressed with the style until one of the sisters tells us that it will cost \$90 a person. This did not make me happy. I started bitching about this but they talked me into it.

It wasn't like I couldn't make the money, it was just the idea of spending \$90 on a sorority activity when I could have spent the same money on shopping, theatre tickets, gigolos, Chippendale's dancers, other sorority sisters, the Womyn's Center, etc.

Once we all piled in this deluxe limo, we gave our list to the driver and he decided the order in which we would be going places. The driver thought we were all absolutely nuts, but after a while, he didn't give a flying fuck because he knew a) this was the most excitement he was going to be having all week, b) he was getting paid to do this bullshit and c) we would all blow him at the end of the ride.

After finishing this, we all collapsed, too exhausted to even commit our ritual group masturbation before going to sleep.

January 22—At around 11:30, the sisters sent us out to go to all the fraternities and have two brothers from each house sign the white boxers we were wearing over our jeans.

It was a Tuesday night and we had to walk to 3-5 at midnight. Our nipples were as erect as fireplugs. The frat boys were happy to see us [*maybe they just had cucumbers in their pockets. —ed.*].

January 23—At midnight, the bitches sent us out to get written recommendations from two brothers at each fraternity, saying why we should be sisters. It was really cold and windy that night and we had to walk over to the FIJI house and 3-5.

When we got to one of the fraternities in 3-5, they were really pissed that we were bothering them so late at night. In fact one of them wrote, "Dear Sisters, I don't believe you sent these girls out in this freezing cold weather. I know I wouldn't see your fat asses over here at this hour so I don't know why you sent these girls out."

This incident was the last in a series of humiliations and disgrace. Two days before initiation, I depleted for the last time.

I'm much happier for having done it, even though I miss the whippings I'd received.

Maybe, like most women would, I'll go back for more someday.

Or maybe I'll become a Catholic nun. I hear convents can be equally as much fun.

SO YOU WANT TO BE AN ACTOR?

PART I

"TSOA Drama"

by Andie Dirtman

You want to be in Tisch, eh?

Right. You may think you know the ropes: wear all black, sunglasses at night, read Ann Rice books, grow a goatee, wear a black leather jacket, talk with a really bad attempt at a Cockney accent, burst into song, and blast "Bela Lugosi's Dead" to annoy your suitemates. But there's more to it than that. All those weird artsy people and members of your High School Drama club, there's more to them than just substance.

The first step involved in becoming a Tisch Theatre student is choosing which "Studio" you think you want to study at. These studios are located in inconvenient places such as the Port Authority Bus Terminal and the former headquarters of the JDL. The idea with most of these is to get you to have your mental breakdown before you start filming a Coppola movie.

Experimental Theatre Wing (ETW)

ETW is located at 721 Broadway, and obviously the main people take this option is so they don't have to spend \$7.50 a week on subway tokens. ETW utilizes the Avant-Garde techniques of thirty years ago, such as rolling around on the floor nude. They do stuff so abstract and bizarre that it frightens even the other Tisch students. I'll say this for ETW students, they have rather impressive balls.

Playwright's Horizons

Playwright's Horizons is for those who want to pursue not only acting, but other areas of the theatre as well. Students take

a variety of courses covering such diverse subjects as: "Voice", "Speech", "Movement", "Acting", "Semi-clad Acting", "Technique", "Bartending", "Directing", and "Motel Management". Students visit zoos and discuss topics like "What is Space?".

Stella Adler Conservatory

From what I'm told, the students at the Adler Conservatory are required to wear stockings, high-heels and speak with a veddy British sounding accent. Yes, even the men. This is probably one of the vicious rumors that one studio makes up about another. I myself have never seen any evidence of this rivalry but supposedly it exists.

Louis Strasberg Actor's Workshop

The disciples of the late Lee Strasberg engage in a variety of obscene satanic rituals involving dead bodies, tormenting small children, and learning how to kill you in your sleep. Then they drink coffee that isn't there.

Practical Aesthetics Workshop (P.A.W.—[sounds like a Disney movie, doesn't it?])
All I know about this one is what friends that go there have mumbled at me. Marlon Brando would be teaching there if it weren't for the fact that he's dead*. It was founded by David Mamet to encourage theatre students to swear more on stage. They also seem to have something against some woman named "Ruthie".

Technical Track

Tech. Track is for those six students a year who wish to learn how to design and build, lighting, sets, and costumes for the actors to shamelessly and ungratefully exhibit themselves with. They also have really neat handwriting.

Circle In The Square

The Circle training program is designed to give student actors a "litterbox" of acting techniques, exposing themselves in a variety of techniques allowing the student to pick and choose what works for them: Hallucination, strenuous exercise, bizarre moaning noises (not just in Technique class), tongue stretches (also not just in Technique class), high heels, whatever works for you. Essentially the Circle program leaves you back where you started. But you have to sort it out for yourself, at least until you transfer to UCLA or get fed up with training and decide to become a highly paid movie star. The prerequisite drink for Circle In The Square students (like most others at Tisch) is Snapple Iced Tea; the trendiest clothes are sweat suits—and it helps to be able to jump rope. Oh, yes, and an affinity for group therapy and repetition (a Meisner Technique) and repetition (a Meisner Technique) ■

**Marlon Brando is not dead. We regret the error.*

Remember Club Fair? Of course not! Instead, you and a couple of friends went out drinking that day and, well, good for you, because you missed nothing. On second thought, you missed quite a bit. You probably don't know shit about any of the clubs on campus. With this in mind, *The Plague* has created for you:

Your Guide to NYU Clubs

Lawrence Lewitinn

Glenn Kurtzrock

—ACADEMIC—

Graduate Social Work

Tries to find unemployable graduates of NYU low-paying government jobs.

Law Students Assistance Team (LSAT)

Extracurricular club which devotes its time to getting law students laid.

Phi Alpha Kappa (Finance Honors Society)

To get any honors in financing, students must first figure out how they're going to finance their four year stint at NYU. Another fun activity is trying to figure out in which off-shore bank the previous treasurer hid their assets.

Women in Communications

A bunch of broads sit around and gab with each other on the telephone.

—AHANA—

African People's Think Tank:

Kill whitey.

African Students Association:

Kill whitey.

African Students Congress:

Kill whitey.

AWAMU:

Eat whitey.

Black Business Students Association

Kill whitey.

Brownstone

Whitey Flambe.

Caribbean Students Association:

Kill Whitey.

El Club Hispano

Mata los gringos.

League of Unified Cooperative Hisapanic Americans (LUCHA):

Kill whitey.

Minority Journalism Society

Kill whitey.

National Association of Black Accountants

Rip-off whitey, then kill him.

Opportunity Programs Students Association

Kill whitey.

Organization of Black Women

Grind whitey's nuts into tofu.

Societe Haitienne Pour Progres

Turn whitey into a zombie.

—CULTURAL—

The Armenian Club

The president of this club, George Beberian, looks a lot like Michael Dukakis.

Aristotelis Greek Student Organization

"Hey, Athena! Give me a Gyro! And stop using my razor, I like your mustache the way it is. Now shut up and bend over."

Asian Cultural Union

Practice 9-ball and driving. We won't really make fun of them because they're all gangsters.

Der Deustche Verein Von NYU:

Der Fuehrer sagt, "Jueden raus!" Sieg heil!

Gaelic Society

To promote awareness of Irish contributions to alcoholism and a fat police force. Around St. Patrick's Day, this club gets into brawls with the Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Union over who gets to march in parades.

Hong Kong Student Association

To promote shitty quality souvenirs.

Il Circolo Italiano

Congregate in dimly lit rooms to discuss who's gonna get whacked.

International association of Filipino-Americans

To stimulate the academic, cultural, and social interest of Filipino-Americans and trade Grandma's favorite cat loaf recipes.

Le Cercle Francais

Les merdeuses dans ce group sont tres ennuyeses et s'en merde tous les etudiants d'NYU. Chaque semaine, ils reunissent pour voir les films de Jerry Lewis et reminiscissent les temps quand la France etait un <<superpower>>.

Nihon No Tomodachi Que?

Novaconspiracy

They've been trying to prove that public television was behind the assassination of President Kennedy.

Renaissance Foundation

Dresses up in tights, and well, you figure out the rest.

Unity For All People

Basically, all the saps who couldn't get into any of the above clubs.

Russian American Interest Society
Spends most of its time playing with matrioshky (you know, those fucking wooden dolls that fit into each other). Meets once

a week either at Brighton Beach or Melissa Witham's bedroom. Worships Alex Belov's body.

—POLITICAL—

Earth Matters

Missed out on the sixties or just want to be trendy? Join Earth Matters! Issues are picked from the latest articles in *Rolling Stone* or *Spin* magazines. A great way to meet other REM and/or Grateful Dead fans. The chicks there are pretty hot, but none of them ever shave their body hair because earth matters—hygiene doesn't.

Friends of the University of El Salvador

Personally, I don't know why they don't just transfer.

Young Republicans

The only important thing about this group is that they even exist in Greenwich Village. They're about as popular as ham sandwiches in Jerusalem.

The International Socialists Organization (ISO)

When mom and dad are loaded like Daddy Warbucks, what do their rebellious offspring who have never known a hard day's work do? They dress in black, complain about smelly Third World inhabitants, and call themselves Marxists. All you need is a lot of free time and nothing to do and you'll be all set making yourself busy with political activism. To become a member, simply masturbate to pictures of Trotsky at the next

meeting. If you really want to confuse them, remind them that Fidel Castro imprisons homosexuals. None of the members are matriculated NYU students.

—PROFESSIONAL—

Asian Business Association
Members train for the future when they shall own America.

Business and Entertainment
Stern students fornicate with Tisch students.

NANBPWC, Inc (Beta Psi Chapter)
We can't humiliate them until they tell us what NANBPWC means.

—PUBLICATIONS—

Expressions of Dread
The Peter Murphy/Morrissey Fan Club now has its own magazine.

Hype
Hey, dude, like, fuckin', like, fuckin' Murphy's Law was, like, fuckin', like, playing down at the fuckin', like, CBGB's, like, fuckin', thing, like, the other fuckin' night. Fuckin' cool, huh?

The Minetta Review
Many poets can be found at NYU and Greenwich Village—but not at Minetta Review. Unless, of course, you think babbling about how your father raped you and your mom watched while she was cooking a chicken in a Santeria ritual is a work of literature. This is why art is dead.

The Plague

Want to lose *all* your friends?
This is the place to do it. The
only thing worthwhile in this
club is that the female staff
gives good head to the editorial
board.

Washington Square News

Jesus, Don't even get us started.

—RECREATIONAL/SOCIAL—

Fun Inc.

Anything but.

—RELIGIOUS—

Navigators

Future Exxon employees

Newman Catholic Center

The president of this club,
Katarina Deletis, is this cute
Croatian chick who wears
skimpy little outfits that would
give the Pope a hard-on.

Seekers Christian Fellowship

They seek Christians in a pre-
dominately Jewish university.

—SERVICE—

Amnesty International

Most of those who signed up
are still waiting for the day
either Sting or Bono show up at
their door with tears in their
eyes, thanking them for all the
work that they've done. Yeah,
right.

Association for Returning Stu- dents

Provides services for old farts
who are trying to act like
they're ten or fifteen years

younger than they really are.
They screwed up the first time
and think they can get it right a
second (or third) time around.

Children's AIDS Network (CAN)

Dedicated to spreading the
dreaded disease AIDS to as
many children as possible. As a
added bonus this organization
has its own television station
which features bad Tisch films
and feel-good sitcoms like *Billy's
Got It*, *Never Touch Beaver*, and
The Beverly Hillbillies.

Circle K

They're the guys who stamp all
the food in the Loeb Kosher
Cafeteria.

Deaf Education and Awareness through Friendship (D.E.A.F.)

Meetings are held weekly in
"Cafe Wha?"

Hospitality House

Sorority pledges have to com-
plete 30 hours of "hospitality"
on fraternity brothers.

Operation Santa Claus

Travel to orphanages all over
the city telling kids that there
really isn't a Santa Claus (and
there ain't no Easter Bunny
either)

Organization to Aid the Homeless

Gives empty soda cans to NYU
alumni.

Peers Ears

These savages rip the ears off
their fellow students in a sick

religious ceremony and save
them for a pot-luck supper in
early May.

Radical Women

They coordinate surfing func-
tions with another group called
Radical Dudes.

SETA (Students for the ethical treatment of animals)

This is a perfect club for those
who could never relate to other
people to begin with so they
hang around with animals
instead. Just for kicks, show up
wearing fur while eating a
hamburger (or just a furburger),
listening to Ted Nugent and
shaving with a Gillette razor.
Remember, they stand for the
ethical treatment of animals,
not people.

Womyn's Center

This group pisses off every
writer on earth because their
name never gets through a
computer's spell checker.

Undergraduate Nursing Student's Organization (UNSO)

Distributes baby formula to
entering freshman and provides
sexual favors to medical stu-
dents in the hopes of landing a
future husband at Mt. Sinai
Hospital.

—SPEECH—

Parliamentary Debate

A real waste of time. If you
really want to argue, go to
Washington Square Park and
haggle over the price of crack.

SPECIAL PULL-OUT SECTION

THE PLAGUE

Guide to Drinking in the Village

—or—

**How Shitheads Like You Can
Get Shitfaced Like Us**



**Compiled By the International Bocialist Organization's
Political Correctness Committee**

From the intellectual midgetry of frat boys to the mental masturbation of Tisch drama majors, NYU can be hell for those with very little cash, convincing ID, and a life.

Scurrying from one prison-grey, asbestos-tainted classroom to another, the average NYU student is paying beaucoup Yanqui dollars to be crushed beneath tons of bullshit on a daily basis. And, as if that weren't enough, walking around Washington Square on any given day can be both an obstacle course and an endurance test as you broad-jump over dog and horse shit; dodge homeless people, drug dealers, and cops; and swerve by those frat-bastards handing out their Marxist pamphlets or bar passes. While staving off the urge to shoot all the Jew-faggot-Negro-Intellectual-AIDS victim-turtleneck wearing-pornographer-abortionists near 721 Broadway, keeping your cool proves more difficult than solving a Chinese puzzle box or getting laid at a Womyn's Center party.

It is quite obvious that going to NYU can be a fiery hell of Baptist preacher proportions. Why anyone would want to go through it is puzzling. Why anyone would want to go through it sober is beyond all comprehension.

Drinking is the primary sport of most college students who realize that their peers are the nation's future. Getting drunk every night can be like performance art providing one doesn't overdo it. Picking the right place to imbibe, however, is a dicey prospect. This area of Ground Zero, the New York tarpit, is notorious for having extremely diverse bars in close proximity.

Let this modest guide serve as a directory to some of the local watering holes. Hopefully, this will become such a valuable asset to some that they will file it away for future reference...and with any luck it will be instrumental in causing a few flaming car wrecks.

8TH STREET SALOON

On the corner of University Place and West Eighth Street, it is like a funeral parlor every night.

This place is so dead, the juke box plays funeral dirges and Bach organ concertos. The fact that it is a sleeper makes the Saloon a good place to hang when you want to get away from the NYU scene and its obligatory inhabitants. It has a very dark, quiet atmosphere and features huge windows to let you look and laugh at the homeless as they walk by in their urine-stained trousers on their way toward death. The beer selection is somewhat limited, but the huge pitchers will leave you staggering across the sawdust-covered floor in your own urine-soaked pants.

KARAVAS PLACE'S SIDE AFFAIR TAVERN

The Side Affair, next to the Karavas Greek restaurant located on West Fourth Street at Sixth Avenue, offers a wide assortment of bottled beer, ouzo, tattooed barmaids with hideous faces and centerfold bodies, and the usual munchies from Greece—gyros, souvlaki, babganush and triple cheeseburgers/side orders of fries. No Coke. Pepsi.

Their compact disc jukebox is legendary among the local bars; sandwiched between Stevie Ray Vaughn and Metallica, there are numerous classics varying from the sounds of Sinatra to the full metal jams of Ozzy Osborne with Randy Rhodes. Since they have no WDRE or Z-100, the frat crowd is limited here.

The employees are an ugly bunch of swarthy Greek illegal emigrés, so bring your English-Greek dictionary if you want to order anything more complicated than a burger on a clean plate. And be warned, the bar has a shitty buy-back policy. We practically had to beg for charity at 3:30 a.m. after seven rounds of Jack Daniel's.

BOO RADLEY'S

Wasn't he that retard Negro in "To Kill A Mockingbird?"

Boo Radley's is on the corner of Waverly Place and Mercer Street. A walk-down that has changed hands four times in as many years, this is one of the few bars that stays open until 4 a.m. every day. Although it is sometimes home to frat boys [who probably think Boo Radley plays in the NBA], and does card on the weekends, it is great place to go when Caliente has WDRE night. The house drink is the Tequila Mockingbird, but if you don't ask nicely, you will get a mug of rabid-dog foam. If you can drink more than four, without acting like a retard Negro yourself, you're stronger than us.

CALIENTE CAB CO.

Located on the corner of Greene Street and Waverly Place, Caliente features some of the hottest [and most brain-damaged] barmaids around. Ask Cheryl if she smokes after intercourse, and watch her peek down her Levis to check. This is a good place to go for cheap beer on weeknights, since the ambiance is something between a library's and a morgue's. On the weekends, however, be sure to avoid it if there's nothing going on at 3-5 Washington Pl., because the most fun you can have here then is to buy a "Guidette" a flaming shot to see if her hair will ignite before her "Guido" boyfriend nails your head to the floor.

The music also sucks. We cannot emphasize that enough. Playing all the crap from the playlists of Z-100 and WDRE, and hours of psychobabble like one hears in the elevators of 721 Broadway, Caliente's entertainment is reminiscent of the scene in "A Clockwork Orange," when Malcolm McDowell is forced to watch those endless films depicting ultraviolence. Except no one gives you eyedrops here.

Other redeeming qualities, however, are the free nacho chips at the bar and the skimpy outfits the tequila-shot girls wear. [Editor's note: these girls are walking petri-dishes.]

There's another Caliente on Seventh Avenue South, near Bleecker, but that's mostly for the Jersey crowd who get lost trying to find Limelight.



THE RED LION PUB

Located on Bleecker Street, the Red Lion has always been a safe haven for under-aged students. For the young, the hardest part of being served there is getting that first crucial drink. Here are some tips:

- Order a pint of Guinness Stout, lean over the bar while holding a couple of twenties, get the pint, *sip* it, and then complement the bartender on the *temperature* of the brew. These drunken Irishmen are anal retentive when it come to the 55° temperature of the rusted, 19th Century pipes that bring the brew from the kegs in the basement to your glass. Any criticism of said temperature will land you in the lap of the 60-year-old, toothless, bearded hag of a whore, who sits on the strong-box that holds the night's receipts and an automatic weapon [both of which will probably find their way to the IRA by the end of the month, to be used in an attack on a schoolbus].

- Light up a Dunhill—but don't just smoke it...take long, snotty drags through your nostrils! The stinking Irish do it that way, when they are not busy slaughtering each others' children, which brings us to...

- Wear something—a button, T-shirt, hat, etc.—that has a pro-IRA slogan or phrase or something. The owner and all of the bartenders are red-haired, barrel-chested, stubborn, fight-you-when-they're-blind-drunk-if-you're-English Irishmen, who become insane with rage at the sight of anything British—even an English terrier.

DOWN THE HATCH

Inhabited and owned by the lowest scum of the universe [except for Jews, of course], Down the Hatch is home

to the Psi Upsilon fraternity—you know, the frat with nine lives? If you're looking for cheap tootskie, braindead company, and don't mind being hit in the head with the foosball, this is the place for you.

Although the bar's name refers more to the brothers' oral sex habits than to drinking, we are sure they will donate their family members for whatever flavor of perversion you need. And if they won't, we're sure you can find some sorority girls there to handle it.

Be sure to mention Dave Rovella's name at the bar for an aggravated assault—on the house!

THE DUGOUT

It's on Third Avenue near 13th Street. Don't go. It's a dive. Watered-down drinks, local losers and the lowest of the sorority crowd.

Free propeller beanies to the first 3,000 frat boys through the door.



SUN MOUNTAIN CAFE

Located on West Third Street near Thompson, beneath the tourist-plagued [no pun intended] Boston Comedy Club, this is one of the best bars in the area. There are lots of leather-clad babes who all know Dave Rovella, and a staff of Tip O'Neill/Boris Yeltsin lookalike McBartenders who try to sell you free shots. The only problem is the nightly cover charge—except Mondays. But Mondays are no bargain either, since it's open-mike night for the Sinead O'Connor/Tracy Chapman dyke lookalikes [Sherry Wolf and Diane Loren not included].

THE PECULIAR PUB

The Peculiar, formerly located on West Fourth Street and presently on the corner of La Guardia and Bleecker, is known for its dazzling selection of over-priced, skunked beer from around the globe. *The Plague* strongly recommends blowing your monthly allowance on the 22.7 oz. bottles of Xingo—a jet-black Brazilian concoction that gives new meaning to voodoo, Third World-style diarrhea and gingivitis.

This place used to be the legendary Preacher's bar and grill, and still uses the same tables—covered with sheet music of your favorite songs of the '20s. Look for the "Second Hand Rose" table and pick out the fine, hairline incisions in the wood where the WSN's News Editor and his friend the Chameleon chopped lines throughout the '80s.

ROCK 'N' ROLL CAFE

This dive, located on Bleecker—pretty much right next to the Peculiar—is feared and despised for its annual Elvis sightings. Every August 17—the anniversary of the King's death—the bar's patrons perform their best Elvis impersonations. Seeing Elvis Chang—Chinatown's answer to the King—sing "Are You Ronesome Tonight" and "Rove Me Tender" is alone worth the \$3 price of admission. Be-Bop-A-Rura. I don't mean maybe.

BACK FENCE

Forever located on Bleecker, this place is such a throwback to the free love and anarchy of the '60s that even Lawrence Lewitinn or Jennifer Galvanek could find some action—if they mention Civil Rights. It has enjoyed a certain silly historical value since folk music legends James Taylor and Joan Baez got their first big breaks there—but a word to the wise: Don't eat the brown acid.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS

See Back Fence.

GOOGIES

Googies is located on Sullivan between Bleecker and West Third streets. Alex Kaufmann just got back from Hong Kong and he said the bars there reminded him of Googies. Well...not all the bars— just the one without any hookers.

BLEECKER STREET BAR

If you can make it past the heroin dealers who hang out near Crosby Alley, this is actually not a bad place to let your knife wounds heal. One word of warning, though, they tend to turn on the lights very soon after last call. So be sure to leave with whomever you've picked up before then, because realizing the woman you've been talking to all night is old enough to be your grandmother can be a major buzz-kill.

DURANGO

Since nobody over the age of 21 would go there, this dump is home to a bizarre assortment of NYU people. Watch University Committee on Student Life co-chair Jennifer Graney pound cheap tequila and "do the mule" in competition with the ZBT brothers. She wins hands down every time. Even when handicapped by the absence of Pam Bolen, who is the bar's individual slammer champion.

Oh, and you freshman girls, watch out for Eddie "The Club" Glazarev.

MONDO PERSO

Scary as it sounds, even nappy-haired Marcus Simon has found pussy there.

KETTLE OF FISH

Located on Third Street near Sixth Avenue, this place was where NYU President L. Jay Oliva used to go to play guitar during their open mike nights in the '60s. *The Plague* recommends this dump because the many booth-type tables offer safe haven to anyone with an illegal smile who's coming down from a brutal high. *The Plague* does not remember exactly why we like this place so much. 'Nuff said.



MCSORLEY'S OLD ALE HOUSE

Once a true drinker's establishment, this place has gone downhill since they put in a woman's bathroom. It used to be a fun place to drink lots of cheap ale and go into the bathroom to see women squatting in the urinals; people would get rowdy and get tossed out.

Nowadays, the place is full of tourists who think it's a typical New York bar, and the ale has gotten outrageously expensive. There's almost always a line to get in. Don't bother. Unless you're in from Kansas for the weekend you won't like it much.

SCRAP BAR

A peculiar mix of a few leather-clad, tattooed bikers and several hundred danger-seeking yuppies and Tisch students who go "slumming," this place will blast out your eardrums, give you a venereal disease or get you shot. Whatever you do, don't hit on the bartender; she used to be a man.

PANDORA'S BOX

A bar for "Lesbians of Color." If you're from the lilly-white Womyn's Center, don't go here, you won't be welcome. If Oma the Barbarian asks for the secret password, it's: "Shut up nigger! He's talking to me."

ST. MARK'S BAR AND GRILL

This place, found on the corner of First Avenue and St. Mark's Place [that's like Eighth Street for those of you who never journey to the East], offers pricey beer, no place to sit, tiny bathrooms and some of the best Kick-Out-The-Jams-Motherfuckers rock-and-roll bands who will never make it to CBGB's.

PHOEBE'S

The best thing about this place is the cheap [\$4] pitchers.

The worst is all the frat boys who also like cheap beer.

If you like a place where the beer is cold and cheap [and so are the women], you'll love it here. And it's on the Bowery, so when you go outside to puke, you'll have to wait until the gentleman who drank too much Thunderbird is finished with the gutter.

ALCATRAZ

Promoting itself as an actual metal bar, this plastic piss hole at the corner of East Eighth Street and Avenue A is home to every shit-eating pansy who couldn't muster the willpower to go King Tut's Wa Wa Hut across the street [when it was open]. Slimy waitresses on loan from Hunter College and Motley Crüe worshipping ex-singers schmooze and try to fuck the first anorexic coke-fiend that gets stuck in the toilet bowl. Don't go. Trust us.

7B's

Yes, it's located at the corner of East Seventh Street and Avenue B, for all you morons who wonder. An island of college pukes in a sea of crime, this bar is home to every NYU poser with a black leather jacket who wanted to seem tough but couldn't be. Going here gives one the right to say they've been "out East."

The best part comes when one of these bozettes gets a malt liquor douching. It's fun to watch— free popcorn, too.

EDDIE'S

The best thing about this place is that all the NYU self-proclaimed "radicals" hang out here. The members of Earth Matters, the U.S.-Out-of-the-Gulf Coalition, the International Socialist Organization and the Ad-Hoc Committee for an Alternative Voice all hang out here. But don't worry, there's still room for you. These groups have a combined membership of about 12 people [all of whom belong to each of the groups].

Just ask for Sherry "She" Wolf. She's the tall, dark-haired tart. Don't forget to call her "sweetie" when you ask for her phone number.

BREWSKIES

Located down the street from McSorely's, this place is like a mini-Peculiar Pub. It has beer from all over the world—most of it sucks. The selection is more esoteric than the Pub's. Anyone who can recognize the name of more than seven beers on the menu should go directly to the nearest AA meeting.

Bonus points for people who can hit the model train with their beer bottle. Extra bonus points for people who projectile-puke on the model train, since it's about eight feet off the ground.

•Honorable Mention:

LE Q

There is no liquor served at this dangerous pool hall, but the Asian gangs who hang out there make sure there are always plenty of shots to go around! Between the gooks and the firepower, this place looks like Khe Sahn during the Tet Offensive.

—Additional reporting by Roy Felcher of the Committee to Spread Jewish Marxism, Cowardice and AIDS Throughout this Christian Nation.

—APPENDIX—

Moo's Booze Review

A GUIDE TO UNDERAGE DRINKING BY KAMAU "Moo" HIGH

Many people having been asking me where they can go to drink away their problems even though they are not of the magic age of twenty-one. Ever willing to serve the needs of the public I have decided to add my guide to underage drinking to The Plague. So without further ado let's begin our lushful trip.

The Wetlands—An aptly named bar if I ever heard one. Oft times the sight of a bunch of Hippie-dippy, eco-friendly, pot fiends stumbling around in really ugly tie-dyes. Only redeeming value is on Monday night, which is "Soul Kitchen." This evening extravaganza which features particularly bad 70's movies, i.e. Superfly, etc., from 9PM until 11PM, features plenty of that soulful music white people wish they could play/understand. Also for your five dollar entrance fee you can witness plenty o' Black folk standing around sipping 40-Dogs and smoking the leafy substance. Not to be missed are the Day-Glo spray painted bathrooms for yet another glimpse of even more stoned Rasta types.

Only snag is guys must be accompanied by an equal amount of females in order to enter. Hot tip of the week for all you desperate lonely guys out there: tape a twenty

dollar bill to your crotch and lounge in a casual manner on the corner of the bar. Sit back and take your pick of the all the females who you will find suddenly vying for your attention.

Downtown Beirut—Last bastion of the ever hard to find punk sub-culture. Dark, smoky, and full of people who enjoy the Yul Brenner look. The bartender is given to wearing a t-shirt which loudly proclaims, "Spam!" Not a very conducive place for the inexperienced underage drinker but check out their daily specials of \$2 drinks. Beware the "Flower Man."

7b's—Funky drinking establishment with absolutely no motif. Do not go on Sundays unless you have definite proof of age. If you enjoy doing lines of powdered white stuff check out the bathrooms on any given night, especially the ladies bathroom. Also, the beer is pretty damn cheap, so go there with a mission to guzzle till you can't stop.

Aces and Eights—Yet another boring frat bar, except this time it's full of Sammy brothers dressed to kill in lacy prints and daring mini-skirts.

Blue and the Gold—This bar reminds me of a scene from Happy Days. It has a motif of early 50's about it, including the bartender. Also, she can't make a Tom Collins for shit.

Max Fish—Boring, thirty-something crowd who find it amusing to talk about their tax shelters. Don't go here unless you're looking for that parental figure you never had.

The Idiot—Tacky country western bar full of people whose favorite past-times are "Let's go kill a nigger" and "Name the inbreed." Another aptly named bar.

Pool Bar—White-trash bar full of Metallica-listening, pleather-wearing, hairspray-spraying make-up-wearing men. Truly a frightening experience.

CBGB'S—More of a pseudo-punk establishment than a real bar, it still has it's moments of entertainment.

THE PLAGUE **Mona's**—This is where the hardest of the hardcore go to booze it up. Definitely not a crowd for the pussy at heart. If you do go be sure to wear your studded cock ring and a red handkerchief in you back pocket to signify you enjoy eating other people's shit.

*"Don't you
hate that
embarrassing
breakthrough
bleeding
the day
after a
hot date?"*



- Ever wonder when the scabs would go away?
 - Tired of having blood stains on your jeans?
- Well, now there's help just for *you*.

Proctologist and Gambler proudly introduces

NEW Christopher Street line of
Expedience brand anal tampons.

Available now at your local pharmacist
Regular and Maxi (for those "heavy traffic" nights)

THE **PLAGUE** Annual *Dick of the Year Awards*

Does our magazine piss you off? Well fuck you! It's time for us to be pissed off. That's why we are giving our Dick of the Year Award to an entire crew of pricks, rather than simply to Paul Nagle (that would be too easy). As an added bonus, this time we've even engineered as little trophies our models of what we imagine their little cocks might look like. Does one's dick *really* reflect one's personality? You be the judge...



George Bush



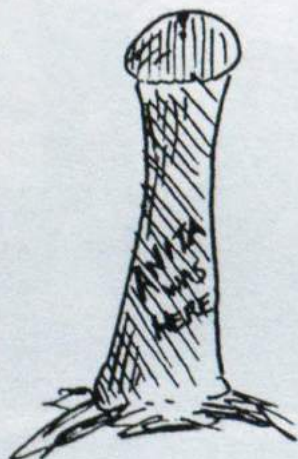
Dan Quayle



Margareet Thatcher



Saddam Hussein



Clarence Thomas



Pat Buchanan



Bill Clinton



Ronald Reagan



David Duke



Jesse Helms

BILL SHAKESPEARE

TELEVISION CRITIC

by Tony Jazze

The New WKRP—"To let this canker of nature
return is indeed unjustly."

—*Hamlet*, Act V, II

Full House—"This craves a desperate execu-
tion."

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV, I

Alice and The Brady Bunch—"What a merit
were it in death to take this poor maid from
the world!"

—*Measure for Measure*, Act III, I

Bay Watch—"Deep bosom is the only salvage."

—*Richard III*, Act I, I

Beverly Hills 90210—"So brainsickly are these
foolish children."

—*MacBeth*, Act II, II

America's Most Wanted—"Between the acting
of a dreadful thing and the first motion, all
the interim is like Phantasma of a hideous
dream."

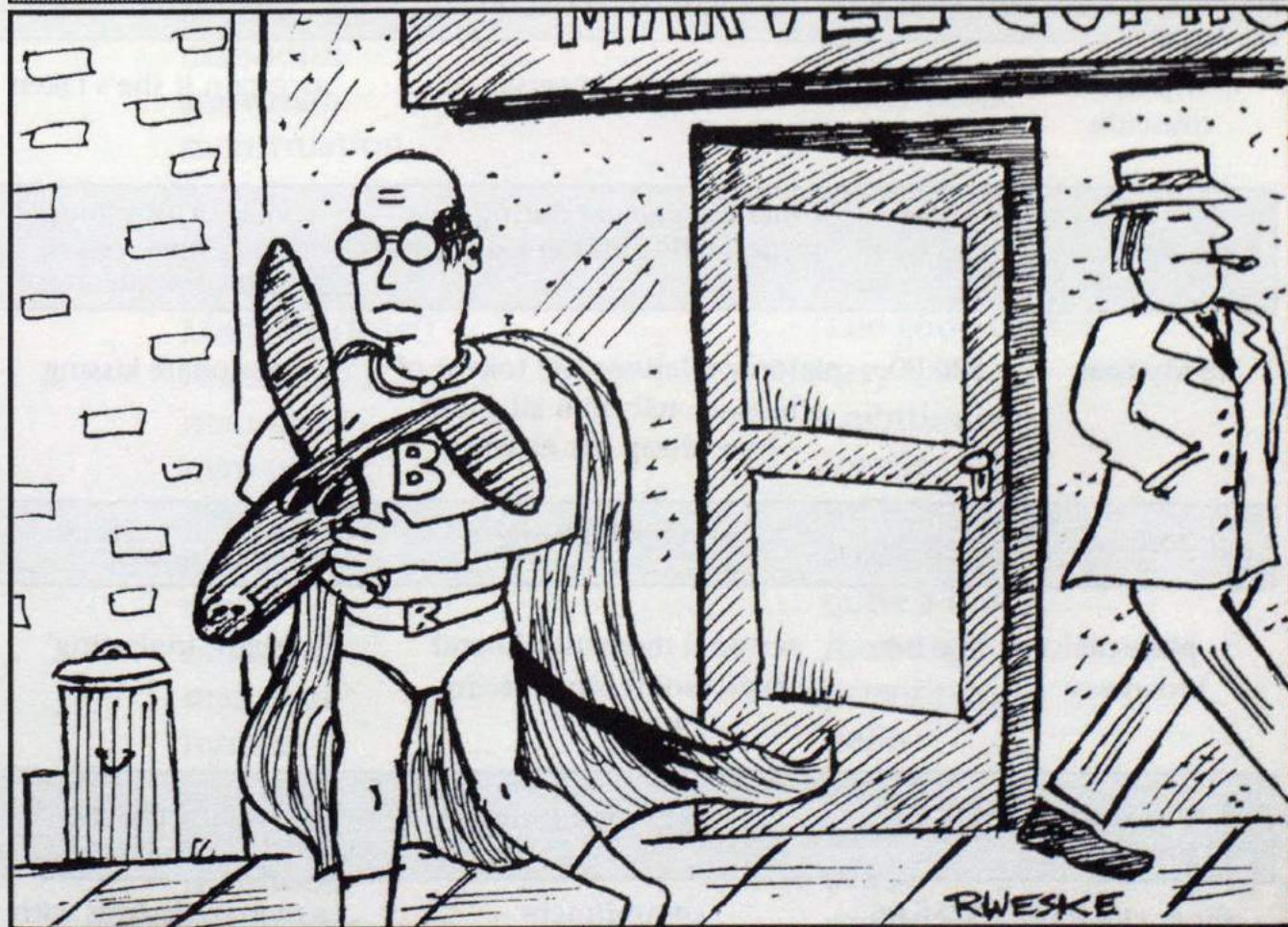
—*Julius Caesar*, Act II, III

Fresh Prince of Bel Aire—"With bare-fac'd rap!
Power-sweep him from my sight."

—*MacBeth*, Act III, I

The Tonight Show with Jay Leno—"I know not
what the success will be, but the attempt I
despise."

—*All's Well...*, Act III, V



Dave left Marvel Comics stung by the rejection but determined
to make them rue the day they turned away "Burroman".

The Price of LOVE in the 90s

Just in time for the "man of the eighties" to finally come around to this decade, we at The Plague have come up with (of all things) a chart. Hopefully this will clarify a few things for those of us males confused about what it really means when we offer up our gifts to the God of Wannagetsome.

ITEM	COST	WHAT A WOMAN EXPECTS IF RECIEVING	WHAT A MAN EXPECTS IN RETURN
one stick of gum	\$.05	one stick of gum	acknowledgement of his existence
pizza and soda	\$2.25	pizza , soda and light conversation	an exchange of phone numbers
trip to a museum	\$4.00	intellectual conversation	ascertain if she's taken
movie	\$15.00	romantic glances during love scenes; tells him her real name	romantic interludes during love scenes; possible tongue in ear
teddy bear	\$20.00	platonic relationship; tokens of affection; tells him all about how cheap her ex was	passionate kissing
roses	\$30.00	storybook kissing	handjob, tissues included
play- off broadway	\$60.36	personal moment of hand exploration; stops seeing her ex	'slight molesting'
thin gold bracelet	\$122.12	'slight molesting'	swallowing- no tissues
diner at a four starrestaurant	\$256.06	commitment	a menage-'a-trois with her best friend

THE NYU WOMYN'S CENTER

OFFICIAL

LIST OF POLITICALLY INCORRECT WORDS:

manslaughter
manure
man
manager
human
Manitoba
Manson Family
manacle
semen
mandolin
snowman
menstruation
manditory
Mendelsohnn
man-made
Mengele (Josef)
manageable
man-eater
manoeuvre
Mandrell Sisters
mangle
many
milkman
mailman
hymen
gasman
walkman
manhood
manpower
Manhattan

AND THEIR APPROVED REPLACEMENTS:

homicide
feces
prick
prick in charge
womyn
South-East Alaska
Squicky's Friends
marriage
fondu
cello
chilly prick
Man
optional
Wagner
Yugo, Pinto, Challenger
The good doctor
easy
ambitious
fondle
wailing harpies
adjust
quite a few
morning appointment
personperson
hello
bastard
audio slave
prick
myth
hellhole

THE PLAGUE

PEOPLE, PLACES, AND THINGS LESS PAINFUL THAN HAVING TO READ THIS MAGAZINE

- The IRS
- Art films documenting many hours of teeth
- Josef Mengele
- Chainsaw enema
- V.C. Andrews' novels [sic]
- Watching your grandmother vomit up her dentures
- South Africa
- Any venereal disease
- Times Square
- Hare Krishna convention

FUN THINGS TO SAY ON A CROWDED NYU ELEVATOR

- Whose hand is that?
- Anyone know where the NYU center for disease control is located?
- Are those your real breasts?
- No one has ever died from noxious gaseous emissions...right?
- How many people died the last time this thing went down?
- Nobody move, I dropped a contact lens.
- All right, who split open my abdomen with a bowie knife?

- Whose penis is this?
- I knew I shouldn't have eaten those...victims.
- Anyone have a bucket handy?
- Oh, God, it happened again—could someone pick up my arm for me, please?
- Did that sound like cords snapping to you?
- Anyone mind if I push all these buttons?
- Hi! My name is Jerry Brown...

WHY AMERICA IS CLEARLY SUPERIOR TO FOREIGN COMPETITORS

- Axl Rose (or Ethel Merman for that matter)
- Alpo™
- Acid rain
- Quality big-budget Blockbuster movies!
- Schwarzenegger
- Phone sex
- Endangered species (we're no. 1!)
- The NRA (and handgun homicides—we rule!)
- Humility
- Stealth™ condoms ("they'll never see you coming!")
- Homelessness, poverty, human suffering, and the death penalty
- Operation Rescue

- Dog sweaters
- Remote controls
- The Clapper™
- Fat people
- Saturday-morning kids' shows
- Illiteracy
- Alf
- Tractor pulls
- Non-alcoholic beer
- Hulkamania
- Betsy Wetsy™
- Depends™ undergarments
- Continuous open forum for political discourse
- Supermarket tabloids
- Gulf War™ and Serial-Killer™ trading cards
- Ingenius contemporary artistic expression
- The *hokey-pokey*
- Beverly Hills 90210
- Alan Thicke

WHY THE PLAGUE SHOULD JOIN FORCES WITH THE ISO

- It would really, really piss them off
- We both specialize in annoying large numbers of people
- It's the end of the world...(we refuse to actually quote the damn trendy-shit song)
- We're already screwing them
- Elvis did

EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO YOU

(VOLUME I IN A SERIES OF VIOLENT CRIMES)

- The world is not nearly absurd enough as it is
- It'll be much better than *The Brady Bunch*
- It was inevitable anyway
- Drug purchasing power
- Bush is President; Dinkins is mayor; does this **really** seem so crazy?
- We fired the damn staff, so we need material
- We get along well with lesbians and domestic animals
- They're scary—yet exciting, don't you think?
- Free LaRouche NOW!!!!
- heh heh, hard to keep a straight face for that one
- It was so dark—they were so tall...
- Prestige...and neat T-shirts
- We all want this stupid magazine banned
- We want to make a clean sweep next year in the ugly person contest
- They're not funny either

NUMBER OF PARANOID SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE

•10,003

REASONS TO JOIN AN ASIAN GANG

- Asian Biatholon (pool followed by target shooting)
- You already chain smoke
- Elvis did
- Insecure about being vertically impaired
- Miracle -Gro™ failed on your penis
- Elderly Women's Driving Club not accepting new members
- Wanted a new slant on life
- Local techno-pop discoteque burned down
- Moe/Pete Rose hair fetish
- Need help reaching the gas pedal
- As an avid skier you just love to hit the slopes
- You have a really neat-o pair of shades you wanted to wear

WHY NYU BASKETBALL ISN'T DIVISION I

- We suck
- Have you seen our cheerleaders?
- They don't...(and frankly, we'd prefer to keep it that way)
- Dick Vitale can't say "Violets" with a straight face
- Still looking for the pucks
- The massive, androgynous throngs of student supporters, of course

- We really suck
- Mascot accidentally scared starting five to death
- People talk during the National Anthem, giving the flag no respect whatever (you Communists!)
- Not enough balls to offer free Vegas trips to players
- Thought drug testing was a tolerance contest
- Confusion involving purchase of Air-Jordan™ shoes—bought tickets to visit King Hussein instead
- The unspeakable "shower incident"
- We really, really suck
- Steroids used found to be laxative pills
- Team bus broke down in 1972
- The NCAA refuses to change the "high score wins" rule
- Last time we fired the staff of *The Plague* where do you think they ended up?
- Towel-boy-gate
- Massive confusion over last *Twin Peaks* episode
- Christian Laettner threatened to stomp on us if we made it to the tournament

WHY GEORGE BUSH SHOULD BE RE-ELECTED IN FALL '92

•

Frothy White Bundles of Fear and Loathing

—by The Fringe

We gazed at each other from across the room. My heart filled with overwhelming joy. I took a step closer, slowly...lest she might run. I plucked a flower from a nearby vase and placed it upon the floor in front of her. She kneeled down, gracefully, to pick it up. I reached out and gently ran my hand through her flaxen hair. I was as giddy as a schoolboy.

I lifted my knee, leaving a cute little dent in her forehead; she was indeed an impressionable young lass. I laughed aloud as I delicately pummeled her head into the wall. I probed her face for signs of fear.

"Why do you run at the mere appearance of an elephant?"

She stared deeply—lovingly—into my eyes, saying, "What's eating you, Dutch?"

"Your potato-eating brother is pissing all over my charts," I replied.

Alas, I could contain myself no longer. With the inane precision of one of the Three Stooges I plunged my fingers into her eye sockets while cynically chanting the time-honoured mantra, "nyuk nyuk nyuk."

A confused look saturated her face—the one you get while trying to decipher a T.S. Eliot play.

"What are the saws and axes for...and why are you looking so pleased, darling?" she inquired with searing emotion. Her grin was as large as an Italian vendetta, and in no time her lips were spread-eagled on me.

(Gratuitous sex scene cut-in with book-burnings, the Red Flag, apples in a basket, a window display for lipstick, and a bust of an Egyptian Princess)

I sat on her whoopie-cushion of love, telling her stories of Andrew Jackson. The kid could never get enough of old Hickory. A wave of nostalgia overtook me as I displayed my Louisville slugger. I suggested to her it was time to play "Name That

Orifice"—she didn't make it to the bonus round....

As I was lost in the contemplation of the finer aspects of botany, I noticed she was trying to speak. Ever so reluctantly, I removed the bat from her esophagus.

"Is something bothering you, sweetie?" she asked.

I carved the image of Leonard Bernstein in her left buttock while summarizing Herodotus' whole philosophy in the epigram *all things flow*. As a spiritual act of cosmic proportions, I introduced her head to the linoleum and did the meringue up and down her spinal cord with six-inch stiletto heels, while spontaneously shouting French insults to the general public. There is nothing so divine as the delirium of love and devotion. At last I had satisfied my need for recognition.

My work here finally finished, I carefully waded through the excrement and entrails sprawled across the ballroom floor to brush a stray lock of her hair from her delicate countenance. Alas, her eyes told the entire story, and as she tried to speak I pressed my fingertips over her lips to suppress her impossible effort to speak.

"I know what you're going to say, and let me tell you right now you are absolutely correct," I said, shaking my head slightly. "These society functions are such a horrible bore."

As I turned to depart, the gaping mouths of the crowd seemed to slam shut in unison, and when I shut the door behind me, the roar of the standing ovation reached the edge of my consciousness.

A tear welled up in the corner of my eye, and I couldn't help thinking to myself, 'sure, these guys may be pretentious, rich, pretty-boy poseur, silver spoon cocksuckers, but dammit, *they are good folk.*'

Obscure **ESOTERIC** References

composed and compiled
by The Fringe

- Dependent lynch-knee
- Immaculate giraffe
- "Bananas, figs, and hothouse grapes"
- Very large petty bourgeoisie
- A moniker of high potential
- Sex scene cut-in with book burning, the Red Flag, apples in a basket, a window display for lipstick with a bust of Egyptian princess
- Bobby Watson's uncle, Bobby Watson
- Merciless blows
- As confusing as a T.S.Eliot play
- "What's eating you, Dutch?"
- "Well, what about that Hungarian doctor?"
- A Wankel rotary engine
- "Why do you run from the mere appearance of an elephant?"
- The D.A. will find out
- "You and your miroshkas; what a cesspool!"
- "But a wife, just an individual biped, is of no more importance than a flea or a louse."
- "You must hate me for this. Dick."
- Experts from Washington tell us what to plant
- "We used to catch eels side by side down by the dump."
- Somewhere lies a plaintiff in wait
- "What are the saws and axes for?"
- Jocularly, jocularly
- He summarizes Heroclitus' whole philosophy in the epigram, *all things flow*
- A fnarr fnarr wibbles violently
- From tension comes concord
- The pile of manure is pungent with ozone
- Frenzied trilling surges
- Righteous fecundity
- The jewelled unicorns
- "...whose flute is breathless."
- ...but the fountain sprang up, and their birds sang down
- I will get a doll dressed like a policeman
- The ½-a-bee
- The cry of the quail
- "Your brother is pissing all over the charts!"
- It's not the light it's the fishhooks.
- Naval uniform. Buttoned in the wrong holes, quilted with sea mist and powder smoke, smelled of chlorine, rum and moldy jock straps
- "Find his potato-eating brother."
- A lonely +2 genital grabber
- When this boy peeled off the dry goods—he gives off a slow stink, like a thawing mummy
- Botany
- A dull head among windy spaces
- A wombat spooges you

THE PLAGUE

T & A I.Q. MATCH-UP TEST

Match real porn magazines with their slogans!

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 1) <i>Screw</i> | a) The Handbook for Men Who Dare |
| 2) <i>Playboy</i> | b) The 'Original' Tail Magazine for A-Men Only |
| 3) <i>Penthouse</i> | c) The Sex Review |
| 4) <i>Playgirl</i> | d) Couples in Action |
| 5) <i>Players</i> | e) The Magazine of the Natural Man |
| 6) <i>Chastity</i> | f) The International Magazine for Men |
| 7) <i>SQUeeZE</i> | g) The Male Magazine with the Behind in Mind |
| 8) <i>Leg Parade</i> | h) Home of the D-Cups |
| 9) <i>Leg Show</i> | i) The Erotic World of Legs |
| 10) <i>Stars</i> | j) America's Raunchiest Swingers' Magazine |
| 11) <i>Uncut</i> | k) Showcasing Voluptuous Beauties |
| 12) <i>Friction</i> | l) For the Progressive Male |
| 13) <i>Busty Babes</i> | m) Number One in the World |
| 14) <i>Partner</i> | n) Entertainment for Women |
| 15) <i>Oui</i> | o) Naked Women in Their Forties, Fifties, & Sixties |
| 16) <i>Tail Ends</i> | p) The Naughtiest Mag in the World |
| 17) <i>Rump</i> | q) Tomorrow's Men Today |
| 18) <i>Gent</i> | r) The Men's Magazine for the Safe-Sex Nineties |
| 19) <i>Score</i> | s) Enticing Entertainment for an Amorous Audience |
| 20) <i>Foxy</i> | t) Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Women! |
| 21) <i>Over 40!</i> | u) The Hottest X-Rated Action in Print |
| 22) <i>Hawk</i> | v) Dedicated to the Pursuit of the Sexual Lifestyle |
| 23) <i>Foot Worship</i> | w) Entertainment for Men |
| 24) <i>Unreal People</i> | x) The World's Dirtiest Tit-Mag |
| 25) <i>Jiggs</i> | y) The Magazine for Foot and Shoe Lovers |
| 26) <i>The Plague</i> | z) NYU's Only Intentionally Funny Magazine |

Why is this man smiling?





"I'd buy
Bill a
belt—a
chastity
belt."

Hillary Rodham Clinton
Future First Lady
Little Rock, AR

NEW YORK
LOTTO

Hey—you never know