

Letter From the Editors

by Sean D Huntington, Dan Truman, and Michael Zimmerman

Volume XVII, Number 2, April 1994

Dear Readers,

Hyopnagogia Harem
The Musk Ox
waltzed into the classroom
and proceeded to say
in a muffled, oxish, Bulgarian-
accented Ingrid Bergmanish way,
"Play it, Sam.
Play 'As Time Goes By'."

—Miroslav Smith

No, this isn't a *Minetta Review* submission; it's the first thing the *Plague's* beloved founder, Howard Ostrowsky and his band of brave pioneers had the foresight and good taste to put in the very first issue of the *Plague* 17 years ago today. After all this time we believe it still has the same relevance and sense of canny insight into the world as it did when Jimmy Carter was head honcho—none whatever. *The Plague* has gone through numerous different formats, editors, and tastes over the years, and we wanted you to see how we've evolved. By our calculations we should be somewhere near *Homo habilis* by now, but we couldn't say for sure—we all fell asleep in Professor Jolly-The-Limey-Bastard's class last year. And we hope that maybe, just maybe, even for a fleeting moment, we've evolved beyond the touching work of Miroslav Smith. Of course, you really only get to see what we want you to see. Sort of like *University*.

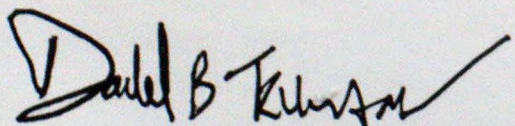
In the last ten months, our interns and staff member have been combing through our extensive back issue collection to bring you what we feel is the best of the last 17 years. Yes, we have culled the piles, searching out the topmost layer of annoying drivel; the cream of the crop; the squeeze play of all time; the quickest and the meanest of the bullshitters that NYU has had to offer, we repeat, from the last 17 years. We like to call it: **Best of the Plague 1977-1994: The Stories**. Clever, right? As that platinum comic genius Bill Cosby might say... "Riiight."

As you will notice momentarily, this, the **April 1994** issue, is an all-text issue. Yes, it's going to hurt...but you asked for it, you maniacs! After receiving dozens of complaints that last May's issue was virtually all visually oriented, we decided to balance the scales and make it up to you with extra text. Molto text. *Textus Extravagandus*. At least two-dozen bowel movements' worth of bathroom reading. By our estimates this magazine is so dense it should outweigh most other magazines in its class, most notably the *Harvard Lampoon* and *Sassy*. However, the WWF has yet to disqualify us from being funny. And this issue is damn funny, by the way, mainly because all of the contributors are dead and gone. We just think that **corpsitude** is a major factor regarding a person's Humour Value, that's all. Consider: John Candy alive—*Uncle Buck*, *Who's Harry Crumb?*, and *Only the Lonely*: three of the worst movies of the century. On the other hand, John Candy dead—the possibilities are endless! (You realize Curt Cobain wasn't the least bit funny before drug addiction...)

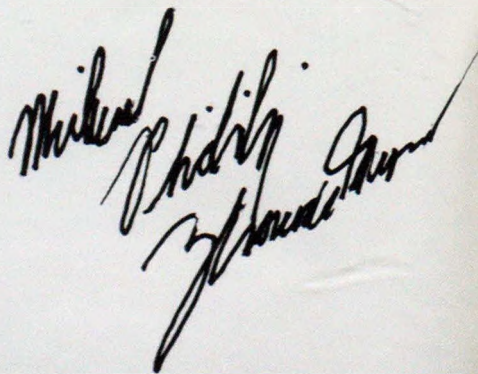
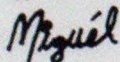
Most of you probably thought the *Plague* was dead: well it isn't. If it were, you would probably be laughing your ass off right now. But no, even death cannot kill us, because we have come back from beyond! Fuck you Shirley McClaine, there's some new bacon in town. You see, our amazing cutting-edge removable hard drive crashed, just before we went to print with our Fall issue in December. It had to be re-typed, re-written, and re-laid out in order for all of you to see it. It's at the printers as we write this. In fact you may even get this issue before the previous issue. Send in submissions and we'll try and put them in an earlier issue. And we are currently accepting submissions for our scathing exposé filled Conspiracy Issue to be published in September, the first issue of the next seventeen years. Send your vain attempts at mirth to Box 189, 21 Washington Place, New York, NY 10003, and God help all you...you Violets! [For an extended guide to exactly what you are, see *Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying* on page whatever the hell page it's on.]

In conclusion, here's to you, Mr. Ostrowski et al, Jesus loves you more than he does us, but that's because we're Jewish. Now that we've spent an entire issue devoted to your eternal humourosity, we only have one message to relay: Screw you, Howie, and the boat you came in under.

Goodnight Mr. Ostrowsky, wherever you are.



Sean, Mike, and Dan. **AND**
The Plague 1994



This issue is lovingly dedicated to the memory of Janet Reno and Clarence Thomas.

Some Script Ideas For Aspiring Film Artists

by John Brower

Volume I, Number 1, December-January 1978

- *The 8th Street Crazies*— Round up all of the psychotics and vagrants you can find in the immediate area. Give them lots of free booze and turn them loose on 8th Street with guns, axes, chainsaws, and the like. Film the resulting mayhem in scratchy black and white and release it to college film groups. It will become a cult classic and the Museum of Modern Art will want a print.
- *Infinity*— Focus your camera on infinity. This is indicated by a sideways "eight" on the lens. Film whatever you like. A powerful subject such as sex, violence, or progress is best. Add an electronic soundtrack and you're all set.
- *Suicide*— Mount your camera on a tripod and attach a timer. Set it up outside your building, aimed at the sidewalk. Jump from the top floor and try to land where you have aimed your camera. The film will be your legacy.
- *Slice Me, Dice Me*— Susan Robbins works in a pineapple cannery. Her boss, Mr. Anderson, lusts after her but she despises him. One night in a fit of rage, Mr. Anderson rapes Susan and throws her into the slicing and dicing machine. Months later, a giant pineapple is rampaging off the coast of San Francisco. With one look into her eyes, Mr. Anderson realizes that the killer pineapple is Susan. He lures her back to the cannery and throws her into the slicing and dicing machine again. But rather than killing her, this only multiplies the monstrosity. The ending should imply that any can of pineapple may contain a piece of the monster.
- *Penology*— A documentary about homosexuality in prisons and film schools.
- *We Shall Overcome*— Go to a party where there are a lot of black people and white people. Reverse the contrast on your finished footage so that the black people are white and the white people black. Put an Isaac Hayes soundtrack to this.
- *There's No Place Like Home*— Ellen Kennedy was murdered when she was 17. Inexplicably, she reappears in her small, mid-Western hometown. She has many adventures—some funny, some sad. These can be improvised by the actors. Ellen is always in color, while everyone else is in black and white slow-motion. Ellen talks, everyone else sings. Ellen is right side up, everyone else is upside down. Everyone except Ellen dies horrible deaths for no apparent reason. Is it real? Is it apparent? Who is Ellen? What is she? These are some of the questions your audience should ask themselves.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

by Lawrence Lewitinn

Volume XV, Number 4, May 1992

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 hairspraying nail-polishing back seat-enter-taining (and we don't mean stand-up) sorority sister; an unshaven neo-fascist politically correct womyn; a mi-sogynist 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 new 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 chemis-try-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 back-stabbing 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 dog food 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 which 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" T-shirts and listen to whatever the music industry—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 bogus sense of concern about politics and the environment in order to seem hip and cool while 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 Limelight and take ecstasy so that those computer-generated bass rhythms sound like music.

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

You deserve it because 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 masochisti-cally come back for more and more.

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

So, no apologies.

Fuck you.

Bill Clinton's Hash Brownies: No Inhalation Required
by Sean D Huntington and Lawrence Lewitinn
Volume XVI, Number 1, December 1992

3/4 cup white flour (Insures a solid base)
1 1/2 cups powdered sugar (Sweetens the deal)
2 tablespoons cocoa powder (Improves relations with Latin America)
3/4 teaspoon baking powder ("Really, officer. It is baking powder")
1/8 teaspoon salt (As in "take it with a grain of...")
4 ounces bittersweet chocolate (For the "angry black" vote)
6 tablespoons unsalted butter (Greases a couple of palms)
1 1/2 tablespoons corn syrup (Iowa caucus debt)
2 large eggs (Aborted, of course)
1 1/2 teaspoons pure vanilla (Southerner's comfort)
1/8 teaspoon almond extract (The Hillary Factor: well-squeezed nuts)
1/2 pound brick hashish

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees F., keeping all your freebase equipment nearby for quick hits. Line an 8-inch square baking pan with aluminum foil, allowing foil to overlap two ends of the pan by about 2 inches.

Grease foil and your Vice-President—in case your mistress forgets to show up. Sift together flour, powdered sugar, cocoa powder, baking powder, and salt, then set this aside.

Place chocolate and butter in a large, heavy saucepan and place over lowest heat, stirring frequently, until just melted and smooth or until the cops finish surrounding your house. Remove from heat and stir in the corn syrup. Roll a bone and whip out the Parcheesi™ set while letting mixture stand until it cools to lukewarm.

When cooled, add eggs one at a time (there should only be two, if you're still able to count), beating them like a white-trash trailer-park wife into the chocolate with a large wooden spoon. Stir in vanilla and almond extracts. If you have no almonds, use some staccato-man 'shrooms for a double whammy.

Add dry ingredients and stir until well blended. The mixture should be smoother than a political ad put together by Washington insiders. Turn batter out into baking pan, spreading it evenly to edges.

Lick the bowl, then smoke a bowl *in that order* (we will not be responsible for any accidents).

Place in the middle of the oven and bake. This should take 22 to 25 minutes... unless you bought your shit in Washington Square. For moister brownies, bake for minimum time, or else you might forget to take them out. (If you're in a hurry, skip the oven part and just stuff the mix into your Ceiling-High Buddha Bong and smooth out before your mooching friends get there.)

Take it out of the oven, place pan on a wire rack, and let stand for about 15 to 20 minutes. While waiting, see if you can stand for 15 to 20 minutes. Then carefully lift brownie from pan using overhanging foil for handles, and place on rack to cool completely. Carefully peel foil from bottom and set brownie right side up on a cutting board.

Using a large sharp knife [What the Hell are we doing? Telling a totally fried Julia Child wannabe to wield a Ginsu? Doesn't anybody edit this shit?] mark and then cut brownies into 2-inch squares or 2-by-2 5/8-inch bars.

Makes 12 2-by-2 5/8-inch bars or 16 2-inch squares. Serves 12, unless you invite Moo. These brownies are guaranteed to be an entertaining party snack. Even Hillary would stay home all day baking them.

Best of the Letters to the Editors

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:

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
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:

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:

Could someone please buy my albums?
Bruce Springsteen
Under the Boardwalk, NJ.

To the Editor:

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!*
Axl Rose
Hollywood

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:

Is it too late to nuke the Vietnamese? I feel kind of ripped off.
McGeorge Bundy
NYU History Department

To the Editor:

If I wanted to be a socialist, does that mean I have to like, get a job or

something?

Steve Botticelli
International Socialist Organization

To the Editor:

Would you read me Gov. Clinton's letter to his draft board again? I've been standing on this homemade land mine since 1971, and I gotta have one last laugh before I step off this fucker.
Pvt. Cletus Jackson
Hill 928, Vietnam

To the Editor:

O.K. Now that we've had a year to rest up and unify, we're going to annex the Sudetenland.
Helmut Kohl
Wolf's Lair, Germany

To the Editor:

We need Afro-centric academia, not sickle cell anemia! It's your job at NYU to destroy NYU! No welfare, no peace!
Tyrone Shoelaces
Morningside Heights, N.Y.

To the Editor:

Nope, they don't make Jews like Jesus anymore, no siree.
Patrick J. Buchanan
c/o the Good Old Days [G.O.D.]

To the Editor:

Our cities wouldn't be such jungles if there weren't so many Africans in them.
Darryl Gates
Published Author
Los Angeles, CA

To the Editor:

I was saying grace at Burger King one day when I realized if you make a cross with two french fries and squirt some catsup in the middle of it, it looks like Jesus crucified. Straws work too, but have it your way.
Phli Chin
Putting the "Gee" Back in Jesus

To The Editor:

When RU 486 is legalized, will the bottles have child-proof caps on them?
Gov. Robert Casey
Stillborn, PA

To the Editor:

When I was a kid, my favorite McDonaldland character was the Hamburglar. Dad pretended to be Mayor McCheese, and Mom looked like Ronald. Talk about a crook, a meathead, and a clown!
Neil Bush
Planning Another Billion Dollar Exercise in Executive Nepotism at the Taxpayer's Expense.

To the Editor:

Hmmm. Let's see. My asshole is dark and has microscopic organisms in it; and a hole in the ground is dark and has ants and stuff... Hey, this isn't as easy as I thought.
Rudy Giuliani
Your Next Mayor

To the Editor:

Just to keep you posted: Nothing funny has happened in New Jersey since Hoffa was planted in the end zone, otherwise I'd have written sooner.
Gov. Jim Florio
Da Boss of Bosses

To the Editor:

I apologize for not attending the last meeting but I've been dead lately and I haven't been getting along at all well.

Jimmy Hoffa
Somewhere in the Jersey Swamps

To the Editor:

I figured it was about time to give you all an update on the old Farkle family. The mother, Fanny, divorced her husband and opened up her own cathouse next door. Fred committed suicide after drying his wet cat in the microwave oven. And her, Sparkle Farkle, (the dumb one) is now a top level programming executive for NBC. As for me, I'm now negotiating to be a guest host on *Saturday Night Live*.

Ferd Burfle
Laugh Inn

To the Editor:

I told you guys that jokes about obscure characters on the old *Rowan and Martin* show are too strange and nobody will get it. I sure don't.

The Editor
Somewhere in Loeb

To the Editor:

Cogito, ergo sum. (I think)
An Intelligent Frenchman
Frenchville, France

To the Editor:

You have been duped in the preceeding letter by a frog con-artist, as the person who wrote the letter does not exist. Just thought I'd let you know.
Prof. Kant
Philosophy Dept .

To the Editor:

I think he's right.
Frenchy (a.k.a. Descartes)

To the Editor:

All of this is over my head.
Jacques Cousteau
Underwater

To the Editor:

Everything is over his head. Me too.
Linda Lovelace
Limbo

To the Editor:

Aaaaaaauuuuggggghhhh! Help!!!
Test Animal
Somewhere In Brown

To the Editor:

I am appalled at the housing discrimination that goes on in this city . All these bleeding heart liberals who say people should live where ever they want. But wait until one tries to move into their building and see how they fight you. It sickens me.
R. Nixon
Outskirts of Town

To the Editor:

in reply to the recent LETTER TO THE EDITOR titled "Oh Yeah?" written by Sandra D. Hopshultz (November 21,1979, volume XIII, number 3), which commented on your recent editorial reply titled "Like It or Not" (November 19, 1979, volume III, number 2) replying to an early SANDBOX written in by Antonio Kloppe (November 14, 1979, volume XIII, number 1), I say, "HA!"

Ms. Hopshultz, do you really think us gramophone operators are all totalitarianists? *The Plague* editorial must have really hit home, kiddo, because like it or not, sousaphones do exist in the NYU area and must be dealt with. But why blame us?

The Gramophone Operators of NYU was not formed for this purpose. We only want to see NYU students become interested in gramophones. As far as sousaphones go, I'd be more inclined to ask Mr. Kloppe, who admitted

he had played this instrument in his high school marching band. And as to your claim of hearing sousaphone music coming from within our club office, so what? We are not harboring sousaphone players in there, and if you came in to look, you'd probably have found out it was a gramophone recording of a sousaphone. But instead, you write a letter to *The Plague* . Who the hell is *The Plague*? They're still just a little shit rag, in comparison to the awesome *Washington Carver Gnu*s. Look, all they do is these dumb parodies of WSN letters, which hardly need parodies. Besides, a common occurrence in WSN letters is a sudden lapse into non sequitor slogans, and does this letter do that? No! Not yet! Begin the revolution! Stop apartheid! Death to the Shah! No nukes! She sells seashells! Prost! Sousaphone!

Yours,
Z. Umatra,
President, United Sousaphone Coalition

To the Editor:

I was just wondering, is Howard the Cab driver, who gives the weather and tells human interest stories on the radio, a practitioner of yellow journalism? If you don't tell me, I going to the *Times* next. I'm warning you.
E. Pluribus Schwartz

To the Editor:

Do you really want to know what it's like over the rainbow? I'll tell you. I got the clap from that darn scarecrow, that's what.
Dot
Kansas free clinic

To the Editor:

How dare you attack one of America's finest storybook characters like that! Children would be crushed if they read that. They're role- models would be destroyed, and the kids would be disillusioned. You should be ashamed of yourselves for doing that to those poor kids' Evel Knievel
California State Penitentiary

To the Editor:

Dating Girls has been the pitta lately. Everytime I bring home a date, dad pisses on her leg.
Romulus
Latin Loverland

To the Editor:

Don't drop acid. Take it pass/fail.
Timothy Leary
Tripping in the Lab

To the Editor:

We in the neighborhood have been oppressed for too many years. Now is the time to overthrow the evil, capitalist regime of King Friday and his buddy, Rogers. Puppets of the world, unite! We have only our strings to lose.
Daniel the Lion
After Reading *Das Capital*

To the Editor:

It's not easy being Siamese twins. It's not easy doing all this campaigning. Besides, we're not going to have any major foreign policy power. And goddammit, we're tired of the smell of souvlaki. If we had a razor, we'd commit suicide.
Michael Dukakis' Eyebrows
Waiting to be Plucked

To the Editor:

Um, guys? I think I've got an appology to make. It seems that I was wrong. God isn't dead. Alright, I said it. Now can I come upstairs? Please?
Friedrich Nietzsche
Beyond Good and Evil—Exit 26 off the Jersey Turnpike

To the Editor:

Why would anybody be afraid of me?
Virginia Woolf
Literary Heaven

Best of Plaguetone News Briefs

LONDON FOR PRESIDENT

Republican leaders announced their candidate for 1984 for president today. Said GOP magnate **Archimedes Q. Geritol**, "We are going in '84 with Alf Landon, because his age, and experience are what Americans are looking for in the wake of the election of Ronald Reagan."

Landon, who will be 96 in 1984, ran against Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1936. **Landon** carried only Maine and Vermont in the worst drubbing a candidate for President ever received. Landon was the former Governor of Kansas where his policy was unknown, even to Kansans.

The former Governor was asked for a reaction from his Sun City, Arizona retirement home. He said, "What's that you say, sonny?"

The Republicans believe that Landon has the solid age, and experience to continue what Reagan starts. Their only worry is that their chosen candidate dies between now and 1984, but **Archimedes Geritol** said, "Hell, we took that chance with Reagan, too."

JOGGERS RISK DEVELOPING MUSCLES

A just-released study conducted at the Institute of Cellulite Studies, Blubber College, has revealed that the legs of people who spend more time watching TV than jogging tend to shake more. The study was conducted by approaching college students in dormitory TV lounges and exercise rooms and demanding them at gunpoint to take off their pants. Once undressed, the scientists questioned the students concerning their TV viewing habits and their amount of exercise. After their answers were received, they were told to do 200 jumping jacks or else. While the students were in the process of jumping, a miniature weather vane was placed by each student's thighs. It was originally hypothesized that much movement of the weather vane would be highly correlated with the wind produced by flabby thighs. This hypothesis was proved valid, as those students who reported that they watch more than four hours of TV per day measured a significantly faster wind speed. In contrast, those who reported to do much jogging produced little effect on the weather vane, due to development of muscles. The researchers concluded that this study has no value to the scientific community whatsoever.

NEW YORK TO BECOME WASHINGTON

The MTA announced new services by New York buses today. Secretary D. Rayle Trayne said, "The new buses from Washington, D.C. have Washington destination signs, so we are changing New York names to fit the buses."

Henceforth, Lincoln Center is the Lincoln Memorial, the Statue of Liberty is now the Jefferson Memorial. Further changes: City Hall is the Capitol. Gracie Mansion is the White House, Police Headquarters is the Pentagon, Greenwood Cemetery is Arlington, Hoboken is Georgetown, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art is the Smithsonian.

Secretary Trayne said, "These changes don't mean much, because New Yorkers don't accept changes anyway, so we can do what we like. Besides, becoming Washington for a while will give us class, importance, and the president. Next week Washington will get our names and designations."

As part of this move, New York is scheduled to send Washington ten tons of uncollected garbage, and Washington is going to send New York ten tons of secret documents and shredded paper.

ON THE ROCKS, PLEASE

French supertanker *Soif L'Argent* collided with an iceberg last month while it was en route to New York. The iceberg left a gaping wound in the tanker's side, allowing the *Soif's* cargo to spill into the ocean — more than 20 million gallons of Perrier.

Officials from **Greenpeace** and **EarthFirst!** are calling the spill the worst soft-drink accident in history, pointing out that over fifty thousand fish, twenty whales, and countless sea-birds have washed up on shore feeling very pretentious.

Cleanup is expected to cost over \$300 million.

HEEEEE'S BAAAACK!

Panamanians were dismayed this April to discover that their new *el Presidente* didn't *habla Español*. Further investigation revealed the Panamanian leader was none other than former U.S. President Gerald Ford. His identity was revealed when, on a routine inspection of the Canal, he fell ass over teacups into the water.

Panamanian officials are only mildly upset, saying, "...as long as the aid money keeps coming from America, we don't care."

SAY AGAIN?

Police arrested female rapper Queen Latifah outside a popular West Hollywood nightclub where she was allegedly dancing naked on Wayne Newton's limousine shouting, "Come ride me, you lillywhite homeboy!"

Once she was fingerprinted and stripsearched, the police ascertained that she was, in fact, Tipper Gore of the **Parent's Music Resource Center**. When members of the press questioned her regarding her seemingly schizophrenic double life, she replied, "I like to keep 'em guessing."

SAME, YET DIFFERENT

Vice President Dan Quayle insured a place for himself in the *faux pas* Hall Of Shame during his visit to China this March. In a futile effort to establish himself as a leader in U.S. Foreign Policy, he addressed Chinese Prime Minister Sung on the Great Wall saying "Tear down this Goddamned wall!!! The Germans did it! You rotten little bastards can do it, too!!!"

When U.S. Ambassador to China Evelyn Mayer informed Mr. Quayle of the Great Wall's actual historical significance, he apologized profusely, saying "Gee. . . I'm sorry, I didn't know it was an antique or nothin'. Could we maybe just move it over a few feet?"

In an unrelated development, Chinese officials are expected to revoke Mr. Quayle's Travel VISA.

ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING

Violence swept through the streets of Grand Rapids, Michigan, when tens of thousands of angry protesters took to the streets to denounce the death of Harvey Gibson, professional Elvis Impersonator. Official reports say that he was beaten to death by sixteen Hare Krishnas wielding tambourines and small Conga drums. The death of Gibson was just the latest in a series of Elvis-bashings that are sweeping the country like an epidemic.

When word of Gibson's death went public, Elvis-rights groups marched on City Hall, blocking traffic in a two mile radius for over four hours. Protest leader Sarah "Priscilla" Darby, who claims to be pregnant with Elvis' space-alien love baby, started the crowd chanting Gibson's last words: "Don't be cruel..."

Kenneth Takamoto, a.k.a. "The King" of **Elvis Impersonators Everywhere In Organization** (or E.I.E.I.O.) denounced this violent trend, and was quick to point out that "many famous athletes and celebrities were really Elvis. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Tammy Faye Baker, Larry Bird, Bo Jackson — are all really Elvis. In fact, one of every ten people is Elvis."

When asked what he felt was the reason behind the violence, Takamoto answered that "it's horrible that the Elvis phobia propagated by Ed Sullivan still persists in an enlightened America. We need to learn to live together. Deep in our hearts, we're all Elvis."

The Hare Krishnas could not be reached for comment.

TONGUE MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

A Texas mother was so intent on making sure her daughter made the cheerleading squad that she was willing to hire a hit man to kill a competitor's mother, authorities said February 10th.

They said Wanda Webb Calloway, 36, of Channelview, Texas, plotted the murder in hopes that her daughter's 13-year-old rival would be so overwhelmed with grief that she would drop out of the competition.

Both girls were trying out for a spot on the Jackson Junior High School cheerleading squad in Channelview, about 20 miles southeast of Houston. "The motive in this case sets itself apart from other cases," said Harris County prosecutor Alex Brown. "It may well be the stupidest reason for a murder ever conceived."

Brown said police first learned of the plot after a go-between approached by Calloway in late January tipped authorities. He said at first Calloway wanted to hire a hit man to kill both the daughter and her mother, but decided the double murder was too expensive. They said she then opted to kill the mother, Verna Speath, 38, for \$2500.

Calloway was arrested February 8th and charged with solicitation of capital murder. If convicted, Calloway could be sentenced to life in prison, authorities said. Calloway has no previous convictions, and was released on bail.

There is a happy ending, however. Her daughter made the squad. School officials said that Kelley Calloway was picked "...for no other reason than her talent as a cheerleader." Insiders claim that Kelley's talent as a teenage prostitute was the real factor. When we asked Kelley if the claims of prostitution were true, she replied, "Which is worse? Hiring a killer or sucking a little cock? Mom was just too uptight to suck cock."

TRANSIT FARE GUARANTEE

Mayor Ed Koch along with Governor Carey joined today in order to assure the public about the 50 cent subway fare. Said Mayor Koch, There is no way on earth we will raise the price of a token. There has been a lot of concern in the city about this, especially considering the transit workers strike, but if the 50 cent fare goes, I go." The mayor did not add whether or not he would go by subway.

SENIOR DISORIENTATION ACTIVITY PLANNED FOR NEXT WEEK

Many graduating seniors have complained about NYU's total indifference toward their upcoming entry into the real world and at last our school has decided to waste a few of everyone's tuition dollars on a Senior Disorientation Day to be held in Bobkin Lane. Seniors will be shown audio-visual material such as slides of Yellowstone Park, reruns of *Nanny and the Professor*, old training films for Robert Hall employees, educational filmstrips, stuff dealing with anything but NYU and hopefully the viewers will succeed in being completely alienated from their future alma mater. "This will hopefully prevent such embarrassing events as reunions and alumni club meetings, and cut down on the number of absent-minded nerds who keep showing up at Shimkin for one of last spring's courses when they should be at work," stated Disorientation Coordinator Orbis Mordor "If everything comes off as planned, the class of '80 will be so separated from NYU that they'll need to ask someone for directions home from the commencement ceremony," stated Mr. Mordor. Best of luck to the seniors, who we'll remember in our hearts as well as they do us.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES SEEK CARTOON ENDORSEMENTS

Following the recent endorsement of John Anderson by the comic strip *Doonesbury*, other candidates have been actively seeking out the support of well-known comic strips.

The Carter people have announced that the recently retired *Pogo* and *Lil' Abner* have joined the Carter campaign, along with *Gasoline Alley* and *Snuffy Smith*, although *Barney Google* still states, "I'm undecided."

The Reagan camp has received the endorsement of *Nancy*, *Conan the Barbarian*, *Daddy Warbucks*, *Dick Tracy*, and world famous cave man, *Alley Oop* who said in his endorsement speech, "Reagan is my kind of man."

Edward Kennedy can now count on the support of the *Katzenjammer Kids*, *Mary Worth*, and *Dondi*, who remarked, "If I ever grow up I want to be just like him."

Cartoons coming out for George Bush's campaign are *Sergeant Snorkel* and *General Halfrack* with *Beetle Bailey* fudging on the subject. *Winnie Winkle* is leaning in Bush's direction as well.

All candidates are still wooing the uncommitted comics, *Peanuts*, *Dennis the Menace*, and *Blondie*.

BROOKLYN BLOWS UP

Brooklyn, known as the fourth-largest city in the United States, was reported missing late yesterday afternoon by one Sophie Mendlebaum. Ms. Mendlebaum, a resident of the Bronx, called the local police after she was unable to reach her friend, Angie Greenblatt, who was late for their Mah Jongg game.

Police, acting on the complaint, discovered a large body of water at the opposite end of the Brooklyn Bridge. The new body of water was named after the first officer over the span. Detectives found no clues in the Kojak Bay.

Lame-duck Mayor [Jim] Beame was reached at the Prudential Insurance Company, where the munchkin had nothing intelligible to say.

Police suspect a terrorist group such as the FALN or the ASPCA to be responsible, though none of these has taken credit. When questioned on how a borough the size of Brooklyn could blow up without being noticed, Inspector Luger said that "the few people that could hear the blast over the street noise probably thought it was the sound of a passing Concord."

NEW YORK FINANCIALLY SOLVENT

New York City permanently avoided default today when it obtained a large amount of cash. Explained Mayor [Jim] Beame, "the disaster which occurred today in Brooklyn today was a tragedy, but not without a good side. Immediately, the cost of running the city is greatly reduced, but this is not the major reason for our sudden solvency. A few months ago, I persuaded Nelson Rockefeller (former governor, vice-president, and humanitarian who has a soft spot for New York, among other places) to put out a multi-million dollar insurance policy on Brooklyn."

Beame stated earlier in the year that he wished to close out his administration with a bang.

MAN ARRESTED IN BANK MISHAP

George Tuscadero, a thirty-seven year old white male from the Bronx, was arrested yesterday under bizarre circumstances. Tuscadero, who has no criminal record, walked into a midtown branch of a large local bank and asked a female teller for instructions on how to make a deposit. After being directed to a corner table containing the deposit slips, the man commenced to disrobe and began to masturbate, much to the shock and amusement of the bank's customers. Police arrived on the scene and charged Tuscadero with public lewdness, indecent exposure, and excessive lack of size. When asked by both police and reporters why he had committed such an unusual act, Tuscadero could only say that he was confused by the bank's name: The Seaman's Bank for Savings.

UGANDAN DICTATOR PREGNANT

Idi Amin "Mama," Ugandan leader and supreme molester of children, was reported to be "with child" today by the Ugandan News Disservice. Upon learning of this, Mr. Amin had his entire harem put to death. He is quoted as saying that he did this to prove that he did not need anyone. Later, in a mood of celebration, he announced the reprieve of ten-thousand people scheduled to die in a mass traffic accident.

Leave it to Billy

by Ron Kassof

Volume II, Number 4, May 1979

It has been said that behind every great man there is a woman... (fill in the rest with any of the countless one-liners that any TV comic gushes forth in the course of his routine). This may or may not be so. Now, in these days of women's increasing equality men have to be great all by themselves—or supported by other men.

For example, look at our current President. Mr. Carter was helped somewhat by his wife, but no one has helped his political career more than his dear brother Billy. Just where would President Carter be today if it were not for his brother's flamboyant antics—not to mention his financial ability?

Billy Carter has added an element of humor to an otherwise dull administration. In light of all the problems the country has, we need someone like Billy desperately. Billy and his backwoods backwards ways and outlook are the sort of things that made our country what it is today.

One cannot help but think what the state of the Union would be if each and every President had had a brother Billy. Imagine that the Dolly Madisons and Eleanor Roosevelts had absolutely no effect whatsoever on their husbands' respective careers.

We might as well start our study into "Presidential fratocracy" with our very first President and his alleged brother. In fact, George Washington would certainly not have become the Father of our Country if it wasn't for the help of his brother Billy. Their story begins several years before George became President.

It seems that Billy Washington had made several off-color remarks about His Royal Majesty George III of England. Billy was hanging around with some wealthy French businessmen friends of his when King George was trying to suppress pro-French feelings in the Colonies. When Billy was presented with a royal proclamation barring him from consorting with his French friends he said, "There are a hell of a lot more French than there are English, and if King George doesn't like it, he can kiss my ass."

When the King received word of Billy's reply, several reforms were instituted in order to help the colonists realize where their loyalties should be. Taxation without representation was one such reform that worked particularly well. The colonists, however, were not very happy about being forced to be loyal to England.

Realizing what a messy revolt his brother had caused, George Washington felt obliged to rise to the position of General and Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army. To further help his brother's advancement Billy sold the Continental Army a small piece of real estate in Pennsylvania for use as a winter camp for the troops. Billy also gave his brother full use of his newly-opened ferry service in Trenton, New Jersey for a very nominal fee. Since George was such an important man, Billy let him put seven people in a six-man craft—he even let his brother violate local ordinances against standing up in a moving boat.

After the war had been won and George became President, Billy helped his brother prove his Presidential prowess. As any schoolboy knows, the first challenge that Washington faced was the Whiskey Rebellion. This rebellion was actually started by Billy Washington when the President levied a tax on the production, transport and sale of Billy's brand of genuine Kentucky whiskey.

At this point Billy probably faded out of the limelight and let George handle all of the affairs of state. The only fame that Billy retained until the present was the city and state named in his honor. There was, however, some controversy surrounding his account in Alexander Hamilton's Bank of the United States, but other than that nothing else has been heard about of Brother of our Country.

Abraham Lincoln's brother Billy proved to be a great help to his brother during the Civil War. Many of the famous sayings attributed to Abraham Lincoln were inspired by Billy's actions. For example, when the President noticed Billy trying to negotiate the White House stairs shortly after the First Brother had done a bit of drinking, Abe said, "A souse divided against itself cannot stand."

Billy also played a key role in the Lincoln Administration. Honest Abe would not have become President without his brother's help. If Billy Lincoln hadn't charged so much for personal appearances, Abe would never have debated against Stephen Douglass and therefore never would have been nominated for the Presidency.

Billy Lincoln was especially concerned with trying to raise the morale of the Administration during the bleak years of the war. His most amusing prank was when he wrote up a bill known as the Emancipation Proclamation and signed the President's name to it while Abe was away on a hunting trip. When Abe returned and was notified of the passage of the bill, he uttered the now famous words, "I freed the what?"

President Ulysses S. Grant is probably the only President who did not have a Brother Billy. He was his own Brother Billy. Certainly, any man who became General of the U.S. Army and President while not being able to keep from falling off his horse doesn't need a Billy.

Teddy Roosevelt could have had such a brother, though. Teddy probably spoke softly because he was terribly embarrassed by his brother. Fear of his sibling's unpredictable nature is evidenced by the former President's constant utterings of "Billy! Billy!"

In conclusion, it is fairly easy to say that Jimmy Carter has nothing to worry about. He should be thankful to have a brother like Billy. He is in good company: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt, Millard Fillmore. On second thought, maybe we're all very screwed.

Exclusive Report: GRE

reported by R. B.

Volume I, Number 3, May-June 1978

A Plague Exclusive!!! The following is an actual excerpt from the next GRE (Greatly Repulsive Examination) test, stolen from top secret files by student I.W. Mangrove, who wishes to remain anonymous.

PART I—ANALOGIES

1. Bathtub is to raincoat as cup is to:

(A) spoon (B) tent (C) mongoose (D) Spiro Agnew

2. Saw is to hill as yogurt is to:

(A) mayonnaise (B) Elmer Holmes Bobst Library (C) occidental (D) all of the above

3. Misconception is to entropy as pusillanimous is to:

(A) "Short People" (B) herbivorous (C) Horn & Hardart (D) the Ten Commandments

4. The New York Times is to The Plague as Billy Carter is to:

(A) Parbay (B) lung cancer in white mice (C) mouthwash (D) an enema

PART II—ANTONYMS AND SYNONYMS

Directions: For each word given below, choose the word that means the most nearly the same or opposite.

1. Pumpernickle

(A) armadillo (B) woodchuck (C) chipmunk (D) some of the above

2. Indefatigable

(A) wart (B) psychotic (C) none of the above (D) A and C but not D 3. Conestoga

3. Conestoga

(A) none of the below (B) all of the above (C) some of the middle (D) B and C if D is the answer to #3, or A if F follows H under the conditions set by 2 and 4 where J and K are contrapositives of X and Z, or if next Thursday is Labor Day.

4. Paul Williams

(A) Wilt Chamberlain (B) David Brenner (C) John Sawhill (D) Salt Pork

PART III—READING COMPREHENSION

Directions: Read the following paragraph carefully, then answer the questions below.

4 shirts(no starch)

2 pairs of pants

7 black socks

5 white socks

1 argyle sock

25 handkerchiefs

3 pounds salt pork

1. The best title for this would be:

(A) Grocery List (B) The Autobiography of Rufus T. Smith (C) Nancy Drew Gets a Hernia (D) 3 Pounds Salt Pork

2. The protagonist of this story is:

(A) John (B) Paul (C) Ringo (D) 3 pounds salt pork

3. In line three, the word "obsequious" most nearly means:

(A) absolutely nothing (B) "What Rabbit?" (C) a multi-legged creature is crawling on your shoulder (D) 3 pounds salt pork

4. What was the major mistake in this story?

(A) it was written (B) it was rotten (C) too much violence [the shirts clashed with the pants] (D) 3 pounds salt pork

PART IV—MATHEMATICS

1. George works in a bank. If George embezzles \$4,500 the first day, \$5,000 the second day, and \$6,000 the third day, how long will it be before George leaves for Brazil? (A) You mean, he hasn't gone yet? (B) I'll keep my mouth shut for \$1,000 (C) Two weeks (D) 3 pounds salt pork

2. An airplane at an altitude of 30,000 ft. is flying at a speed of 2,000 mph at a downward angle of 90 degrees. How many passengers will survive? (A) Ask Irwin Allen (B) My wealthy uncle was on that flight (C) What was the movie (D) One argyle sock

3. How many licks does it take to get to the middle of a Tootsie Pop? (A) Ask Telly Savalas (B) Whoops! He's dead* (C) What flavor? (D) Shakespeare was wrong

4. If Sam has \$73.29 and Jack has a .45 caliber automatic and 1 itchy trigger finger, how much money does Jack have? (A) All of it (B) \$79.29, before taxes (C) As much as he wants (D) \$58.93, plus 3 pounds salt pork

*Plague apologizes for the anachronism. We couldn't help ourselves.

PUE Celebrity Profiles: Wasmo, the Exercise Demon

by Steven Korn

Volume III, Number 1, Fall 1979

Wasmo Fitzgerald symbolizes the 1980's generation of healthy, physically-fit, exercise-mad, rich celebrities. Wasmo, the youngest great-great grandchild of Pegeen and Lord Edward Fitzgerald of the Radio Hall of Fame, portrayed the Alien in *Alien*, the Meteor in *Meteor*, a worm in *Squirm*, the car in *The Car*, and the insightful china in *The China Syndrome*.

Wasmo Fitzgerald is 18, seven-feet four-inches tall, 135 pounds, and he's still growing. He lives for exercise. He would kill himself if it meant that he'd be in better shape for the effort. His pursuit for perfection takes him all over Manhattan. In the morning, every morning, he leaves the "Y," where he lives, and proceeds to 161st Street in the Bronx for a substantial jog. Friendly people recognize him and, always willing to help, set a pace behind him, pushing him to go ever faster by brandishing knives. Later on, the "Waz" can be seen pumping iron in Meltzer's Gym and Stockyard on West 196th Street.

Wasmo says that lifting is the finest exercise there is. He lifts 2 lbs. 2.0 times for the photographers who are charged to build his image. On this day, there are multiple photographers around. When both of them had left, we went for ice cream. If his schedule is amenable, he does this every day after working off his fat. Today, he has 6 "Fire Bucket Bonanza" sundaes and some Spam. "I'm still not totally comfortable with city living. I miss life at the Institute for the Criminally Insane," he confides, despite the obvious fullness of his life.

A passionately respected vagrant, Wasmo never thought he'd be an actor until a major Hollywood producer needed someone to portray a worm in the now-classic, *Squirm*. He was nominated for a special achievement Oscar for the role but the committee ruled against it. Unlike his equally famous brother, cheerful "Bubbly" Fitzgerald, Wasmo was named for Pegeen's hedgehog who lived underground with the Fitzgeralds' moles, and was thus a social outcast. If not for the *Alien* role, he would still be recreating Mendel's twenty year genetic experiments in the "home." Now he is one of the biggest celebrities living in New York.

Two months ago, he rented a spacious apartment at the local YMCA. He shares the room with Twinkie, a 3-year-old Indian elephant, and his best friend who calls himself Kraven the Hunter. Kraven spends most of his time riding the subway, cursing Spderman and swearing he'll find him yet. Their book shelves are filled to the hilt, but Wasmo tells me they plan to clear the beer cans out of there any day now. Nutrition books are plentiful under the whiskey bottles on the floor. Wasmo has heard every Carlton Fredricks program ever broadcast and has each one on cassette tape.

He also loves the Fitzgerald's program. Wasmo was born three months after senility set in on his great-great-grandparents. He would like to do a radio program himself someday. He speaks fluently only in Latin, however, so his job applications have all been forwarded to Vatican radio and have up to now fallen on deaf ears.

Growing up with the Fitzgerald legend "was always a great thing. I think it contributed 110% to my being was I am." Waz admires many of Ed and Peg's traits but speaking English isn't one of them, as all the quotes for this article were translated from the original Latin, by Wasmo's other friend, self-proclaimed Pope Mumbles Growl VI. He often even forgets that he is in America.

Thus, Wasmo does not seem at all like your average American superstar. Where he does not conform is in his diet, which he strictly adheres to, in order to maintain his atlas-like body. "I eat almost all sugar. I suck sugarcanes when I can. I can down 6 pounds on a good day." He breakfasts on sugar and beer, lunches on ice cream, eggplant, corn cobs, and Ol' Grandad. Dinner is uniformly wax paper and tartan plaid patterns, topped with sugar, of course.

Although Kraven likes to cook, Wasmo usually doesn't allow it because Kraven gets Spiderman attacks and sets the apartment aflame. The refrigerator reflects their nutritional care. It is always empty. Wasmo knows that fame is fleeting so he has told everyone to "stop me if I cease acting like a California Feveresque numbskull." There have been offers to model a cosmetics and clothing line designed for megalomaniacs. "I really want to continue as an idolized actor, but I'd love to have a chance to model. If Pegeen approves, I have no right to withhold this body from the Sears catalog. I never needed to be more than a pretty face."

Great Cocktail Parties of the Renaissance

Volume IV, Number 3, March 1981

The 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries are universally regarded as the age of great cultural awakening in Europe, spurring the previously dormant race of man to the pinnacle of achievement in the arts and letters. A sadly overlooked aspect of this period, however, was the growth of the cocktail party as a leisure-time institution, a veritable font of sophisticated but informal hobnobbing for the world's greatest artists.

There is no record of mixed drinks of any kind in the Western world prior to 1302. In that year, as the great Italian poet Dante Alighieri was fleeing Florence—both the city and an irate mistress of the same name—a mishap occurred. The author of *The Divine Comedy*, clasp ing a glass of *vino*, collided with a local sandstone-licker who was imbibing fermented gruel. After their drinks blended together, both were astonished at tasting a distinct improvement. Not only was this the birth of cocktails, but the incident served as the inspiration for the Reese's Peanut Butter Cups commercials of the mid-1970's.

It was at the great parties of the next three centuries that this social event developed into its present form. Let us now examine these history-making get-togethers, without which the daily lives of museum snobs from Paris to the Upper East Side would be different.

AUGUSTO, 1372: VENICE

Visiting from England for the summer, poet Geoffrey Chaucer attends a bash thrown by Dante's grand-nephew, Shemp Alighieri. Having improved the quality of drinks considerably, Shemp watches with smug pride as his guests down the world's first Rob Roys. Munchies are scarce at this granddaddy of the Renaissance parties, and Venice's finest art critics are reduced to nibbling their fingernails (although a pair of wild sculptors chew on the neck of a lady gondolier). Chaucer vows to bring this wondrous lark back to Britain. He forgets.

DECEMBER 12, 1490: FLORENCE

A callow art student of fifteen, Michelangelo comes to live with the Medici family, rulers of Florence and legendary party animals. He is introduced to spirits by his idol, Leonardo da Vinci, at the festive opening of the Gallery of Nude Paintings of God and Other Very Holy People. The gullible youth passes out after consuming 47 Bloody Mary's, as Leonardo squeals with laughter.

MARCH 20, 1498: FLORENCE

Michelangelo and Raphael throw "The First Modern Cocktail Party" to cheer up Leonardo, who is despondent over the damage of cracks in his "Last Supper" masterpiece. High quality printing makes possible the first formal invitations. Also, crude hors d'oeuvres are prepared from spoiled fish and stale bread.

JUNE 11, 1518: WARSAW

Michelangelo and Raphael take the dying Leonardo to Poland for a holiday. This immortal trio of cocktailers introduce their pastime to the great minds of Warsaw. The brilliant but as yet unknown astronomer, Copernicus, provides the first napkins to the Italians. "You guys are a bunch of slobs, if you want to know the truth," he remarks.

c.1525: LOCATION UNKNOWN

Napkin rings introduced. No one wants the blame for this one.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1598: WEST END OF LONDON

Cocktail parties have swept Europe; the theatre crowd, as well as art lovers, flock to them in droves. After the opening night success of his first play at the Globe Theatre, dramatist Ben Jonson hosts an urbane but subtly smarmy celebration. Jonson and his older friend, William Shakespeare, are understandably frustrated from being around the all-male casts of the Elizabethan stage. They quietly drift from one chatting circle of guests to another, feeling up London's richest matrons. Jonson and Shakespeare, known affectionately to friends as "Benny and Billy," are labeled as the most repulsive of local playboys—but are invited all over town.

MAY 12, 1607: MADRID

In a desperate effort to prove himself a true literary giant of the era, Miguel de Cervantes (author of *Don Quixote*) spends his last pennies on the first Spanish cocktail party. He brings Shakespeare, Jonson, and others to Madrid at his expense. The result is a disaster: an enemy of Cervantes' prevents the liquor shipment from being delivered, and none of his gringo guests like sangria. "But soft, 'twill be a clear morn in Newcastle/'Fore I darken the soil of this beat town again," the Stratford Bard scoffed.

Generally Speaking

by Dotlon Hectorfon (alias: Richard J.T. Brown)

Volume VII, Number 1, Fall 1983

I want to speak to you about....it. A subject often discussed and rarely understood, it has historically provoked a wide range of reactions and opinions, most of which tend towards the extreme. One can easily understand how the differences about it have caused dissention, emotion, and even violence. Even the most dispassionate and analytical find it a subject about which one must hold strong opinions.

The blind hatred it has generated has caused people to kill and to be killed. It has been blamed for the collapse of empires, the destruction of kingdoms, and, it has been said, entire civilizations have been crushed by its insidious weight and perverse demands. It has been despised and scorned, loathed and feared. It has been considered immoral and obscene. It has been labeled by some as proof of Satan.

Strictly speaking, it has never been prohibited in the United States. But, briefly in the latter part of the 19th century, and extending in some areas of the country into the 20th century it has been virtually against the law. While not successful, attempts to pass Constitutional amendments to restrict it, to tax it, and otherwise inhibit it were nonetheless a major force in American politics of early part of the century. Similar to the more successful prohibitionists, it was considered by those organized to oppose it to be "rude, foreign, and vulgar." And, indeed perhaps more significantly, while it has never been illegal anywhere in the country, it has been and by some people it still is, a repunant depravity."

Though mostly ridiculed and denounced there are those who support it. Its defenders dismiss the negative rhetoric as vicious and cruel-hearted. They see in it tremendous potential if used properly, and only the short-sighted, narrow-mindedness of mankind stands in the way of using it to its fullest.

Throughout history attempts have been made to stamp it out. Few, if any, have met with more than limited success. In ancient times a common punishment was death by stoning. By the Middle Ages more sophisticated methods were employed in the fight to supress it. Chief among these was the none-too-subtle discouragement of being buried alive in a pit of gravel. This entombment would be done to all those accused, man or women, young or old. The accused would be left for two days and, the legend goes, the innocent would be dug out by wolves. If wolves dig out the accused then he was declared guilty and more serious punishment would follow.

[Editor's Note (1994): That's it....that's where the article ends. For years and years we at The Plague have been trying to establish just exactly what the fuck "it" is, and it wasn't until two minutes before our deadline for the Best of the Plague issue that we came up with the answer. Out of nowhere Mr. Brown faxed us an emergency message from Guatemala, detailing its characteristics and such. We were even considering letting you, our loyal readership, in on the joyful exuberance which accompanies the knowledge that it will be there for you, day or night, a shoulder to lean on, a crutch to stand on. Then we realized that if we told you, then you'd know. And the movie rights would be worthless. Sorry chumps, but we're keeping it all to ourselves. We'll give you a hint, though: Frank Zappa, John Candy, Curt Cobain, Janet Reno, and River Phoenix. Sleep tight!]

I.M. Bennt Says Goodbye
by Stephen Korn
Volume IV, Number 5, May 1981

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Here I sit, alone with my thoughts in the cold, damp darkness of Bobst Library. A single candle flickers poetically on the desk. It makes no difference. It is still 4 a.m. In my soul, it has always been 4 a.m.

My thoughts and conscience are clear as I ready to relinquish my office to Farmer John. Naturally, I wish "Indiana Ike" only the best in his doomed attempt to preside over this complicated, urban, industrial, private institution in the public service, for soon it will be morning. The dawn sun will glisten off the empty bottles of Thunderbird wine which now litter the atrium floor. Please weep with me. O' I am slain! But soft, none can know my pain.

The days of wine, women, song, payoffs, and commencement speeches are over. I must sharecrop now. Why? Because the *Village Voice* implied that I'm mediocre? Mediocre men lose Congressional elections. Not to suggest that my successor is a con artist, but what was he hiding from the voters for 22 years? They voted him out of office, and they still haven't told me why. Education sub-committee, bah. But I am not bitter. He will learn that education is not a primary concern of an NYU president in the modern age. He'll probably bring back varsity basketball, take the money I was going to skim from the program to pay for my nuclear powered submarine, and expand his farm with it. Troll.

So, here I stand, head in hand, each and every day. The winds of despair blow about me. They attack, but do not conquer. I remain cheerful. I will write a book. Jimmy Carter knows my pain. But he has a woman. I have a hamster. He Likes me. But my hamster is bitter...can you blame him? What shall I feed him now? Sharecroppers can't keep hamsters. I've seen *The Grapes Of Wrath*. Henry Fonda is a great American. Jane Fonda is a communist. Tom Hayden is her husband. Jerry Rubin works on Wall Street. Perhaps he will make my breakfast when the rain comes.

Still, I wonder, who'll stop the rain? Will it be this Junior Sample-bumpkin, still wet behind the ears in the ways of ignoring students. Of all the issues I hope to force on Huckleberry Finn, the continued indifference to students' needs is the most important. When I heard he actually has an interest in education, I figured this job was mine, that they'd never pick him over me. Bastards.

But my exit shall be graceful. May is a lovely month. The flowers shall bloom. The sun shall rise in the morning. Why has there been no protest over my departure? Not one outraged letter has been printed in any campus paper. They couldn't have figured out that I sent all of them, could they? Efts.

As my friend, Jimmy Carter, a man who understands despair, said in his farewell address, he believes there are three issues of paramount importance in our world today. I do too.

The first important issue facing NYU is financial aid. I don't like it. It goes to students. NYU won't give me financial aid...anymore. Working in the fields, hell you get your back burned, working 'neath the wheels, hell you get your facts learned... which brings me to my second point. Nuclear arms control. I don't like it. Blow up the damn world. Then, there's the housing problem. Actually, your housing problem. I have a house. Which brings me to my third belief. I'm not going to tell you my third belief. I will just say that if Lil Abner doesn't work out and you want me to come back, I shall return. Then, and only then, I shall tell you my third belief.

No, I am not Chevy Chase. The plague full swift goes by; I am sick, I must die, Lord have mercy on me. But I am not maudlin. It is Miller time.

As Alexander Haig has said, "Mistakes were made. I didn't make them. It's not for me—it's not in me—to render moral judgments on them. I must leave that to others, to history and to God." Me toc.

And in the end, the cash you take is equal to the cash you steal. Wherever profit margins matter most, your banner shall play gentle on my mind, NYU. Let me leave you with another Haigism: "Nobody has a monopoly on virtue." Even you, NYU Long tall Sally. She's long and lean. She got everything Uncle I.M. needs. Aww, baby. Yeaaah, baby. Ohhh, baaby. Some fun tonight. Oooooohhhhh.....

Gederati—Early Structural Crises in Ancient Rome

by Rob Marzulli and Howie Bernstein

Volume XIII, Number 2, Winter 1989

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but subsequently, Menicus the Elder, failed to appreciate the importance of the aqueducts, which were left untended during his reign, and fell into disrepair and later plumbing problems developed in Rome. Byron, who wrote in the latter half of the 18th century, advanced the thesis that the inattention of Menicus was the prime catalyst in the downward spiral historians would later call hey, buzzard breath. That's right, Professor Glastenblauer. I'm talking to you, asshole. I heard you don't even read these fucking stupid papers. Just last night I was thinking about it, cause you know, you never write comments in the margins or anything. You just jot down something at the end, like 'nice work, A-'. Chrissakes, I can't blame you. If I got 130 papers on these goddamn stupid Romans and their lame-ass plumbing problems, I don't think I could keep awake. I heard you just skim the beginning of each paragraph to make sure it's English, not Esperanto or some pleas to reroute the aqueducts fell on deaf ears. It was to fall to Menicus the Younger the task of restoring the glory of the city of Rome.

But Menicus the Younger had alienated various members of the Senate through youthful indiscretions, including the blasphemous act of spitting upon a bust of Apollo. His first plan to revamp the aqueducts and extend the underground sewage system met with sabotage when a contingent you know, I'm bored as hell with this shit-ass paper, because I just don't see what goddamn relevance a bunch of Romans living in a city with crap and piss flowing in the streets after a heavy rain cause they haven't invented fucking plumbing has to do with me getting a job after graduation. Christ, you know what my parents pay for this tuition? Jesus, every time I go home, they just about beat me over the head with the astronomical price of this goddamn tuition, and I swear to God, they're about to sell me to a homo farm so they can recoup some of their losses. I swear, you talk to them and it's like they're eating boiled rats and burning candles and suffering all the time. I've got these goddamn bourgeois martyrs for parents and all I hear is how I found the Roman approach to city management rational in a way worthy of emulation. It is true that Menicus the Elder and Menicus the Younger employed a large corps of engineers who studied the aqueduct and sewage situation carefully.

While Menicus the Younger had pledged to the Roman people to enlarge the sewer channels, he found himself stymied and thwarted at every turn. The last great plan that Menicus the Younger devised is a tunneling system, which would place a greater emphasis on feeder tunnels delivering fluids to the Jesus, this was some hot idea. This Menicus Younger guy had a brain about the size of a pencil eraser. He scoops out little tunnels to take the crap and stuff to the big tunnels. Wow. Big mental leap. If I told Mom what she was wasting all her money on, me writing papers about Romans who were too stupid to invent a toilet and a septic tank, she'd say that's it and send me right off to that homo farm, and they'd lash me down and these hairy men would pull down my johnnies and Menicus the Younger had the foresight that Menicus the Elder lacked, but not the support to organize and implement his plans. It is at this point, that Alexander (*Ancient Rome and Its Structural Decay*, 1981) asserts that Menicus the Younger's political future became "no longer an uncertainty, but a doom overhanging the young man from Tiber."

Alexander further ties the sewage malfunctions in with the crumbling of several important arches in the city. He says, "there was a sense of Rome being a tired city, a city that had enjoyed a glorious adolescence, a stalwart middle age, and was now tottering into a feeble how the hell am I going to get a job after I get out of here? I have one more semester and they're going to ask me at Shearson and Lehman if I know anything about floating exchange rates and I'm going to have to tell them that all I know is that if you lived in Rome in about 200 A.D. and took a crap in spring you had about a forty percent chance of seeing it float past your house sometime before the end of the week. Jesus, that's just what impresses them on Wall Street. Liberal Arts guys. Hey, some of us in class calculated that you make something like one thousand four hundred and twenty dollars a lecture. Just standing up there, droning about these stupid-ass Romans, while we're all sleeping. Christ. That's a really compelling argument for justice in the world. Maybe I can get a job in Rome. Yeh, I'll stand in some plaza, like a raving looney tune, and bellow about sewers and Menicus the Elder, circumstances and the crowding. Disease at the time was not rampant and the structural situation was still tolerable. The real decay, then, would occur in the next hundred years, a frame of time beyond the scope of this paper.

Nice Work - (A-)

Psychic's Psoapbox
by Norman The Omnipotent
Volume VII, Number 2, Spring 1983

Welcome. Or as the Incas put it, *Khokmara tun*. Funny people, those Incas. But enough of frivolity.

This will be the first in a series of columns in which I shall attempt to answer any and all questions sent to me by the ancient gods, I shall thus attempt to calm the many troubled souls that are but a reflection of the uneasy world around us.

"But, Norman the Omnipotent," I hear your anguished psyches cry, "I am only a student of meager means. I have not the funds with which to compensate you for your expert aid although I do indeed require your help. What can I do, oh Norman the Omnipotent?"

Fear not, my children. Through the graces of the gods and *The Plague's* benevolent publisher/philosopher-king, Butch Kowalski, Ph.D, my services can now be yours at no cost to yourselves. "Oh, Norman the Omnipotent," your karmic identities call to me, "this is too good to be true! How can I, a lowly suppliant, send my questions to you, and thus gain peace and everlasting happiness?" Well, my children, all you need do is write to the following address: The Psychic's Psoapbox, *The Plague*, Box 189, 21 Washington Place, New York, NY 10003. You need not include your last name or home address. I know who you are.

Since this is my first column, however, I have received no letters as of yet. Thus, I myself shall compose some letters concerning the problems of fictitious readers. My answers, the product of my link to the astral plane, will be accurate and absolutely correct nonetheless.

Dear Norman the Omnipotent,

My life lacks all meaning and purpose. I have helplessly floundered upon the shore of life, much in the manner of a beached sperm whale. I see no future, no direction, no path for me to follow. Tell me, oh Norman the Omnipotent, what I should do?

Mary

Dear Mary,

I have gazed beyond the crimson veil and seen the cause of your dilemma. You have been buffeted about by the winds of indecision and have lost all direction. But fear not. The gods, in their wisdom and mercy, have imparted unto me an answer to your problem: You must set yourself a goal, as well as a path by which to pursue it.

Yet, you ask, what should that goal be? At this time, when the seven moons of Azragar have formed the Tao Chi constellation, the stars suggest a goal of meaning and worth, one which shall bring you respect from others and lead to your helping those in need.

Or skip all that and buy a Cuisinart.

Dear Norman the Omnipotent,

For years, I have carried my late grandfather's pocket watch as a link to his memory. Three weeks ago, though, I somehow lost this sentimental keepsake. I have thoroughly searched my home numerous times, but to no avail. Where, oh Norman the Omnipotent, is my late grandfather's watch?

Jonathan

Dear Jonathan,

I have encountered your departed grandfather many times in the land beyond the shadows and know him well. I have put your question to him and received a reply.

It seems that, unknown to you, the watch stopped working some weeks ago. Knowing your attachment to the watch and being the man he was, your grandfather reached out from the beyond and took the watch to be repaired by one of the finest Swiss clockmakers of the fourteenth century, Hans von Glucksman—It should be ready a week from Monday.

Dear Norman the Omnipotent,

My life is a shambles. My wife has left me. I've lost my job even my dog won't speak to me. I have been seriously considering suicide. What, o Norman the Omnipotent, should I do?

Marvin (Not my real name)

Dear Marvin (Not your real name),

It matters not that you have not signed your true name, for though you are just a fictional character, I know who you are. Your name, I believe, is Richard, and you live in Bethpage, Maryland.

Richard, I have consulted with the gods and given your problem the contemplation it deserves. After much deliberation, I have come to the conclusion that you should indeed commit suicide. The stars suggest blowing your brains out with a .45 automatic. Good luck.

Surviving TSOA Undergraduate Film by Dave Mack (former pornographer) Volume XIII, Number 4, Spring 1990

Editor's Note: We were a little reluctant to run the next article: it may be the single longest piece *The Plague* has ever printed in its history, and we thought that most people wouldn't be able to sit down and read the column in its entirety. [Editor's note (1994): *The rest of the old introduction sucks, so we thought we'd spare you a little agony and merely reaffirm our extreme reluctance to print such a rambling, endless article. Of course, when we realized that we could run it in itty bitty letters, we jumped at the chance. Besides, it is funny as hell. Good luck!*]

Fade in. After four long, grueling years in TSOA UGF/TV, I can't help but have learned a few things. Not so much on an academic level as on a practical level. I've learned valuable (albeit cash expensive) lessons. Being as I am prone to running off at the mouth without provocation, I would like to take this opportunity to pass on some of my experience to those of you who are either beginning your career in the film school, or are stuck living with someone who is. While not infallible, this advice is likely to be applicable throughout your stay at this prestigious institution (read: expensive diploma mill.) Rather than bother with what other people think of TSOA students (we all know that by now—"Oh... you're in Tisch.") let's look instead at how people within UGF/TV treat each other. First of all, don't ever make the mistake of thinking that your instructors really like you. Your parents send the college money every semester to make them act that way. Try not paying sometime, and see if any of them remember your name. Also, don't mistake the humanoids behind the counter at Advanced Checkout for human beings. These are walking, breathing examples of what happens when a fetus is deprived of oxygen. They are only there to tell you some lame—brained excuse why you can't get your reserved equipment, even though the reservation was confirmed six weeks ago. Don't bother interrogating them—you'll get better answers from a boiled carrot. Which brings us to an interesting part of life in Tisch Film: learning the lingo. You have to learn to interpret the real meaning behind what you and your classmates are saying to each other.

What Film Majors Say, and What They Really Mean.

It was a learning experience. I poured my money into a black hole because I'm stupid.
I'm planning on directing after college. I'll be living with my parents.
This film is a very personal statement. I couldn't think of a logical storyline, so I made up a bunch of cool shots.
There's an interesting tension to the composition. The framing sucks.
It's very "film noir." The lighting looks like shit.
The sound has a distant quality to it. Where the hell was the microphone? Detroit?
I'm not interested in money; I want to make art. I'm too weird and lazy to get a real job in the industry.
He/she "sold out" I wish I made that kind of money.
It needs work. Sucks.
Would you like to work on and/or be in my film? Do you enjoy abuse?
I'm taking an Independent Study. I'm getting credits for nothing—that is, if you consider \$460 a credit nothing.
The shoot went ok. Nobody died.
The shoot went very well. I lost somebody else's money.
We can dub it later. We're fucked, we'll never get this shot.
Best sound recordist in Tisch. Turns on the microphones.
Are you busy? Would you like to get suckered into busting your hump for no good reason?
I'm planning on making independent films. I'll probably end up doing porno flicks for the rest of my life.
I was a Production Assistant on a feature film. I got pissed on by a crew of fifty people for minimum wage.
I'm getting an internship. I'm going to be pissed on by only ten people. For no pay.
Your reservation is confirmed. Just see if your equipment is there on check—out day, sucker.
I liked your script. You'll never sell that piece of shit. Ha ha.
Hi, how are you? I hope I make more money than you ten years from now.
Will you take a check? How stupid are you?

As you can see, this list is by no means exhaustive. Sometimes, your peers (read: competitors) will say exactly what they mean. Most often they do so in the capacity of an executive crew member on a shoot. For example, if you are standing on a set between takes, and the Director of Photography walks up to you, become anxious. Become more so if he quietly and subtly begins, "Are you comfy? Are you nice and warm? Gooooo..." for he will undoubtedly follow with: "BECAUSE YOU'RE STANDING IN MY FUCKING LIGHT!" As an added note, if a DP asks you to get him a light, it's a good bet he doesn't mean a beer. But it never hurts to get him one anyway.

Useful Editing Tips

- The razor they give you with the splicer is for the splicing tape, not your wrists. Besides, it's probably not sharp enough.
- Do not attempt to hang yourself with leader tape. The windows of the ninth floor open more than wide enough to jump to your death on Broadway.
- Always wear editing gloves. They prevent fingerprints when you strangle the DP after seeing your dailies.
- Bring a six pack. After six hours in a 5' by 5' room, you'll need it.

Communicating with other film students is a major first step in your career at NYU Film. But once you've accomplished this, you have to decide where your loyalties are; They're either with Hollywood, or they're with Eastern Europe. This is our next point of focus.

Subdivisions Within NYU UGF/TV

Students at the Division of Film and Television are often divided among many diverse schools of thought, both social and aesthetic. All are equally valid in their ideas, and all mutually detestable to one another (with a few exceptions.) In some cases, the differences can be extreme.

•Scorsese/Stone Wanna-Be's

These are film students who want to emulate NYU Film's two most famous alumni. They want to make dark, cynical films with a very "New York" edge to the story and direction, while at the same time maintaining a close connection with the machinations of Hollywood. They want to make money, all right — but they want to do it with "integrity." Their student films often contain lots of slowmotion shots, exaggerated sound, and tend to be very grainy.

•Spielberg/Zemeckis/Lucas Wanna-Be's

These are misguided, misinformed, self—deluded pursuers of an impossible dream who happen to be at the wrong Film School. They live to tell fun stories, and make films like "Who Framed Roger Rabbit," "Die Hard," and "Lethal Weapon." Their main motivators happen to be money, success, fame and power. (This writer happens to fall into this category.) Their student films tend to have a lot of moving camera shots, and have special effects hand—painted on the print. They like chase sequences.

•Fellini/Godard/some foreigner you never heard of Wanna-Be's

These are the film students that give UGF/TV a bad name (like it was ever good.) They tend to spend their time acting superior (read: arrogant and in need of a beating,) smoking really foul—smelling foreign cigarettes, and using fake British accents if they were born in America, or lapsing into a hysterical foreign tongue if born abroad. They want to make "art" and "cinema." They claim not to care about money, ostensibly because they have enough to piss it away like we breathe air. For reasons unknown to this writer, otherwise normal girls seem to go all jelly—knead over these types, who are usually gay. Their films are often non—narrative, non—linear, unconventional, and unintelligible. Common motifs are machinery, chickens, people dancing as if they had muscular dystrophy, and camera—work that a lobotomized gorilla named "Kwajibo" could improve upon. They tend to refer to their work as "cinema verite." This translates as "shaky camera." This group is a.k.a. Artsy—Fartsy Kooky—Spooky Lovers Of Goth Poetry.

•Spike Lee Wanna-Be's

These are the true enigmas of the film school. You never see them making anything, they don't talk much, and they always show up at the end—of—the—year Film Festival with some really heavy piece on racism, AIDS, gender discrimination, animal rights, or something along those lines. They usually get nominated for any number of awards, and usually get snubbed in favor of the Scorsese/Stone types. Then they pout. Their films tend to combine black—and—white with color film, use distorted lenses, and repeat themselves. ("Doya know, doya know, doya know, baby, baby, baby, please!")

•The Hermits (a.k.a. The Animation Department)

These are the people who sit for long periods of time in poorly-lit rooms on the 8th floor of 721 Broadway. While this could also describe Freshman doing Super-8 editing, it specifically refers to the drafting rooms where Animation Majors sit, day after day, sketching and copying, photographing and adjusting, ad nauseam. They are not generally involved in the politics of UGF/TV. They sit in rows for four years, then graduate with the rest of us.

Heated rivalries exist between certain divisions, mutual respect between others. The Scorsese/Stoners can usually deal with the Spielberg/Zemeckis group, and they often interchange crews. The Fellini/Godard faction shares an uneasy truce with the Spike Lees, and they secretly conspire to make art and socially relevant independent films in order to save the American movie-going public from itself. These alliances have split the film school like 1942 Europe, with the Animation department playing Switzerland. (That was World War II for all you drama students.) The Spike Lees & Fellini/Godards (hereafter referred to as SL/FG's) regard the Scorsese/Stoners & Spielberg/Zemeckis' (SS/SZ's) as "uncultured slob pandering to the tasteless." The SS/SZ's see the SL/FG's as "a bunch of pretentious, sub-literate deviants with no idea of how the real world operates." Both have their arguments. But in twenty years, the SS/SZ's will control the U.S. Film Industry, and they will most likely see that the SL/FG's don't get equipment anywhere on earth, and will send them back to Kansas, whether they came from there or not. [Editor's note: There is also a theory that states that the SL/FG's will finally be recognized as the great auteurs they are, and the SS/SZ's will be selling popcorn in the cinemas. This is, however, only a theory.] [The writer responds: And a shitty theory at that.] All the sub-divisions of the film school share one thing in common, however: They must all face the same perils and hazards in pursuit of their craft. Which leads us to...

The Perils of Student Filmmaking

As any student who has been involved in an NYU UGF/TV shoot knows, there are a multitude of unpredictable hazards and disasters which lurk in the shadows, waiting to pounce on your fledgling film and turn it into Alpo™. Danger comes in many forms. It can strike anywhere: on the soundstage, the streets of New York, on location outside New York. There is no telling what might happen. Common disasters include actors who desert the shoot at the last minute, equipment failures, sudden change in the weather, comets striking the earth at the location specified on your permit, satanists sacrificing your camera crew to a horde of demons, etc. . . Even the best-planned shoot is not immune to the effects of Fate. Let's look at some of the better known NYU Student Film disasters of recent years. (As related to this writer by reliable sources.)

Most notorious is 1987's Bret Armstrong, TSOA Senior. His story took place on a dock. In a classic accident, a crewmember picked up the tripod incorrectly, and the camera fell off. To the horror of the crew, it bounced across the dock twice before disappearing below the waves. This effectively stopped the shoot. But Mr. Armstrong couldn't bear the thought of losing the camera and film. So he actually retrieved the camera, and brought it back on deck, whereupon it was placed into a tank of water.

The tank of water may confuse many people. The reason he did this is due to a mistake by one of his crew-people. Someone recalled that Spielberg dropped a camera in the ocean while shooting *Jaws*, and brought it back in a tank of water and salvaged it. That's what they told Bret. The correct version of this story is that the film was stored in water until it could be shipped back to the lab so it could be salvaged. The camera itself was destroyed. Just like Bret's. The irony stems from the fact that Bret brought the camera back at all. If he had left it at the bottom of the ocean, he would have paid a \$500 insurance deductible and been done with it. But because he returned destroyed equipment, the college charged him full price: \$5000.

This is possibly the biggest single fuck-up in UGF history.

Tied for second are the numerous incidents which are no less humorous. Such as the crew that was robbed at gunpoint for their camera in Central Park. The crew that lost a Nagra and an SR2 when their car was stolen. Or the camera man who set up for a rooftop shot, and as he angled the camera over the ledge, watched a \$1000 lens fall twenty stories to its death. But Bret Armstrong remains to this day the most infamous of the UGF/TV film disasters. The crew downstairs in the basement of 721 Broadway keep the cooler that he returned the camera in, immersed in H2O. They use it for parties and other festive occasions, and lovingly refer to it as "the \$5000 cooler." Who says you can't become immortal at film school?

It is important to notice that the greatest disaster films in TSOA history have been a direct result of one factor: exotic locations. You should try to avoid things like: EXT. BRAZILIAN RAIN FOREST — NIGHT, and EXT. FLIGHT DECK, U.S.S. NIMITZ — NOON. Avoid scripts that involve explosions, jet fighter aircraft, nude scenes (especially in Arctic exteriors), the destruction of the Bastille, or Civil War reenactments. Marshall Brickman (the coauthor of *Annie Hall*) sums this idea up nicely:

"It's easy to sit at your desk and write in the script, 'The desert. Dawn.' But five months later, you're waking up at 3 a.m. in a motel outside Flagstaff, wondering what the hell you're doing there."

Of course, the reports from the TSOA shoots are hearsay, and may be rightfully contested. But this is a short series of excerpts from an actual day-by-day Production Report filed and logged in April 1988. The report is from a film shot entirely on location in northern Massachusetts for nine days.

Production Report Excerpts

•March 26 [Saturday] "The Towering Inferno"

Due to inclement weather, the last scene (sc. 16) was shot first because it was our only interior set-up. Lighting was delayed due to insufficient power, so we resorted to candles in the shot. The candles ignited some of the props, however, and mayhem ensued...

•March 30 [Wednesday] "Fate Lends a Hand"

Feeling in an adventurous spirit, we went to do the underwater sequence today, only to discover at the last minute that the actor can't swim... Sequence in the cemetery revised due to actress' religious convictions regarding the dead... We consumed large quantities of beer at Jim's place that night.

•March 31 [Thursday] "What Seems to be the Problem, Officer?"

Filmed the ending of the car chase sequence by six p.m. Just as we were about to call for a wrap, the police arrived and arrested us. The charges: Obstructing a roadway; filming without a permit; speeding; reckless driving; disturbing the peace. It took two hours and endless repetition of logic to extricate myself and my crew from the hands of the law. My crew made me atone by buying everyone dinner. I hate these guys.

•April 1 [Friday] "The Nature Trail to Hell"

We finished filming the reaction shots for sc. 16, and the cast and crew left to meet at the "cast party," which I got to buy the liquor for. We snuck into our local forest park, and built a small fire in one of the pavilions. We were having a great time until the park rangers arrived out of nowhere in trucks with searchlights. We scattered into the woods, trudged through a knee-deep mud field, and slipped down the embankment to the river. We found ourselves trapped, separated, and the objects of law enforcement pursuit. Consequent events became exponentially more ridiculous. It was April Fool's Day. Why does this not surprise me?

As you can see, shooting in remote locations is not always easy. But a whole new set of difficulties awaits the student who stays in New York to shoot his/her film.

Location Shooting in New York

You have no doubt taken more than your fair share of abuse if you have ever tried to shoot your student films anywhere on campus. Students throughout the university will grumble and complain that you are blocking the sidewalk, invading their privacy, or guilty of guerilla filmmaking. Don't be fooled by their protests, however. They're upset because you didn't ask them to be in the production. To placate them, point the camera at them, pretend to roll film, and call "action." Persist for a minute or so, and they are usually satisfied. If you want them to go away, just begin a long technical conversation with your crew about the new film stock from Kodak. This has a boredom factor of about ten on the Richter scale.

When shooting off-campus, these techniques work equally well on bums. But your biggest problem will be the police. Instead of arresting drug dealers, stopping murderers, or investigating felony thefts, they choose to harass film students. They will pull up, run over your equipment, and ask for your permit: if you have one, present it humbly, and get ready for a battery of questions. If you don't have one, pretend to comply when they ask you to leave. This is an excellent time to call lunch. Walk around the block and go back to work.

Dealing with taxi drivers is always fun, but never easy. If you want to hire a cabby to pull up in a shot, pick up a character, and drive away, it will cost you about \$10 a take. If you want to get in the taxi and film while he drives, that will cost you double his normal rate if he sees the camera. Be prepared to see some shaky shots in the screening room, though. I defy anyone to hold a camera still without a "Steadicam®" in a moving New York taxi. And don't be surprised if the driver asks when the movie will be on cable. In this case, it is usually best to answer "Next summer," "Christmas," or "Sorry, that information is classified, sir." This usually shuts them up, and enables you to say things like "follow that car" with a certain measure of authority. If that fails, ask to see his Green Card. And get out of the cab before he shoots you with the snub-nosed .38 under his seat.

Filming in the subways poses special problems. Transit Authority Police are very militant (what else do they have to do?) They will forcibly evict you from the station if they catch you. Trains themselves are another matter. If you want to film a train entering the station, you will have to wait twenty minutes between takes; thirty or more if you're stupid enough to film the L train, and double that if the shot calls for an actor to be seen getting on and leaving. If you shoot on a train, be aware that the train is a great place to get mugged for five thousand dollars worth of equipment. Also, it's very easy to lose track of where you are when you shoot on a moving train. If you're not careful, you could be in the Bronx before you realize that you're surrounded by the Overlords. This is an excellent time to sell your ex-girlfriend into slavery in return for passage downtown.

Actors: A User's Manual

These are the most aggravating people you will ever deal with at this school. They need to be handled with care and tact lest they turn on you and ask for their motivation. In professional films, their motivation is the check that the director will sign at the end of the week. Student filmmakers usually have less to offer than money. They will usually work for food, credit, and a copy of the film. But since almost nobody at this school ever finishes their projects, most actors will have to face the fact that their performance will be lost in

the same toilet with everything else produced here.

- Some actors will ask about "sub-text." When this happens, scribble the words "read the lines" under the dialogue, and tell them that is their subtext. This will usually shut them up, although they will pout for the rest of the shoot. Other actors will spend a lot of time "finding their focus." They have never been able to adequately explain to any director what this means or involves, but they usually waste about 50% of the shoot doing it.
 - Always pretend that you are interested in your actors' input. They have deep-rooted insecurities, and need to have their egos stroked in order to perform (kind of like directors).
 - Feed them for better results. Food is a primal need, and when they equate you with sustenance, you will get more cooperation.
 - Avoid seducing actors or actresses; they're usually great in bed, but will never let you live in peace from that moment on. You'll get hysterical phone calls at 4:16 a.m. to hear them cry about their lack of focus. No orgasm is worth that. Also, you can never tell when the actresses fake orgasm. They're too good.
 - Another important note: Do not confuse actors with "Performance Artists." Actors read lines and (usually) take direction. "Performance artists" rub gravel in their hair, count out loud to three billion, and say things like "What about my needs? Squawk!" Actors are in TSOA. "Performance Artists" are in SEHNAP and Gallatin.
 - When speaking to actors, do not use words with more than three syllables. Reasons will be self-evident.
 - Do not just assume that your actors will show up. The most common complaint TSOA directors have of their actors is their absence. Always try to have back—up actors on stand by, if possible.
 - As a final point of etiquette, never ask your actors/actresses to carry anything, or bring you anything. They wait tables enough at night without waiting on you, too. This is the only time they will be treated like Prima Donnas, and they will bleed you for all you're worth.
- Avoid using child actors. Avoid using animals as characters. And no matter how angry you get, do not decapitate your actors. It's bad for continuity. ["Didn't she have a head in the last shot?" "Y'know, I think you're right.")

How to Take Criticism (a.k.a. Dealing With the Cinema Studies Dept.)

At some point during your stay at TSOA, someone will offer you constructive criticism on your work. Many of the comments you will receive will be valid, either on a technical or aesthetic level. But be warned that there will always be that one person who annoys you with some absolutely hare-brained Freudian interpretation of your film. This person is a Cinema Studies major.

Cinema Studies Majors are pretentious, effete snobs who are incapable of making their own films, so they sit around drinking espresso and criticizing other peoples' work. Ninety percent of what they say is contrived bullshit, and the other ten percent is just plain wrong. They will tell you what you intended when you chose the framing on your opening shot, and they will write entire histories of your main character that no one ever told you about. In short, these are the ultimate posers of the film industry.

They should be ignored without exception, and beaten when time permits.

TSOA UGF/TV Administration & Faculty (a.k.a. The Figureheads)

Charles Milne is presently the Chairman of our department. You will only see him at Freshman Orientation and Graduation. Larry Londino is our current Area Film Head, and is also on sabbatical (read: Gets blamed for everything in absentia). Elena Pinto Simon is the dean of TSOA. Sheryl is the "Dark Goddess." Mark is the skinny guy in 901 who stamps your registration forms. Lamar Sanders is the really cool instructor whose classes close within five minutes of the beginning of advisement. Boris Frumin is the Russian self-styled genius (read: snob) who pioneered a Narrative I section run like Sight & Sound. This new section is commonly known as "Sight and Sync." Lorie Loeb is the Ally Sheedy look-a-like in the Animation Department. Doug is the miracle worker who fixes the cameras. Morton Parker is the professor of a thousand stories ("I remember I was in the ancient city of Angkor-Watt in Cambodia, and I stepped in a pit of red fire ants..."; "I remember this one Production Manager who was a pathological liar..."; "When we stepped off the plane, we discovered that a revolution had occurred while we were in flight, and the military police arrested us for having film cameras...") Bob Sacco is the prick who runs Advanced Equipment Check-Out. He will personally see to it that everybody in this school gets fucked out of their equipment at least once. Susan Sussman is the instructor who smiles at everything. Julia Keydel is the video instructor who looks ready for embalming. Daniel Kazimierski is the instructor every film student should take at least one class with. He is possibly one of the few decent instructors in the university. Susan Steinberg is an editing instructor who means well, but was not cut out for a teaching job. Arnold Basov is the unintelligible Russian instructor who teaches Camera I and Tech Theory. Ed Nusbaum is the Gomer Pyle clone who runs the 12th floor video studios. Beau Kennedy is the anal-retentive Stage Manager at Todman Soundstage, 5th fl., 35 W. 4th street. (Mr. Kennedy is not actually UGF/TV faculty, but he is someone you will have to deal with eventually.)

All other UGF/TV faculty are superfluous.

Fashion and Style in the Film School (isn't that a contradiction?)

Let's face it. No matter how good or bad your films are, regardless of whether or not you really know the difference between CTO and Tuftspun, there will come a time when your choice of clothes will make a difference. You will have to decide whether to be trendy, nostalgic, Goth, conservative, casual, "individual", punk, metalhead, Californian, or a business-school wanna-be in regards to your choice of apparel. You will have to realize that other film people will come to associate you with something which will become your "trademark." This may be an article of clothing, a specific item, or perhaps a mannerism. I suggest mannerisms. They're usually cheaper. (See "How to be Pretentious in Sixteen Easy Steps" earlier in this issue.)

Many film students adopt habits like smoking foreign cigarettes, drinking Perrier or Evian, or saying "dude" in every sentence. Others have more idiosyncratic habits: smoking without inhaling; getting pissed off for no reason; talking out loud during movies (especially about tracking shots, lighting, framing, or the director's other films); taking porno films seriously; carrying gaffer's tape everywhere they go; making incessant metaphors to life as film (Examples: "Life is one long tracking shot with horrible background music," "My life needs editing," or, "I got so drunk that the ride home was one big swish-pan.")

A vain habit that many film students share is the desire to overdo the ending credits to their films. They will try to make the production look far more elaborate than it really was. They will list themselves four times as Writer, Producer, Director, and Editor.

Freshman often list themselves as Camera Operator as well. Upperclassmen occasionally have more restraint, and will simply say "a film by." Among all film students exists the habit to name themselves as a production company, whether or not they are truly incorporated. A few of the Renegade Companies presently at work within the film school are: Ananda Pictures, Mean Business Productions, Omega Productions, Damn Good Pictures, Mad Dog Films, Deus Ex Machina Productions Ltd., Royal Flush Films, Friction Blister Pictures, Misogyny Inc., and Straight-Jacket and Tie Productions. Some film students go so far as to get business cards printed, even though there isn't a professional organization on the East Coast that will hire non-union personnel. It is, however, an excellent example of another way in which film majors piss away their money. A single word of advice regarding business cards: Avoid making a card that looks like a slate. That's been used more often than Kelly Bundy.

Your primary concern will always be conduct. If you want to be perceived as a capitalistic oppressor seeking to sell out to Hollywood (read: one who has realized the financial complexities of paying back student loans,) go for the simple look: blue jeans, T-shirt, sneakers, jacket, and a scarf when it gets cold. You are allowed to choose from a variety of colors and patterns. Flexibility is your strength. Suit and tie is allowed when necessary. If you wish to be regarded as an intense artistic type (read: Eurotrash Art Fag,) always wear black, shun coats in the dead of winter and wear trendy overcoats in the blaze of summer. Never be seen without a cigarette, cross your legs when you sit (unless female,) and make rude faces at anything which might be remotely commercial. If you want to be seen as someone who is just at film school to waste four years and \$80,000 of your parents' money (eds: ah, the good old, pre-six figure days of just a few years ago,) wear sandals and beads, always wear psychedelic magical-musicland-mirror-shaded sunglasses, and never let the high wear off. Don't shave, bathe, cut your hair, or observe any western hygiene practices. Metalheads, Business Student wanna-be's, posers, and punks are all self-explanatory.

Let me close by passing along a few pieces of advice that all film students would be wise to heed. First of all, **don't ever date other film people.** You will eventually discover that you are working on the same project, and will either alienate your crew with your hopelessly cute flirting or will tear out one another's hearts and both wish you were dead. Even worse, you may discover that you are really in love, get married, graduate from college, and discover that you are both unemployed. At least one spouse in any marriage should be working.

Second, don't ever assume that anyone else wants to see your films. Or hear you talk about your films. Or have anything to do with your films except coerce you into spending your profits on them. A good 90% of the people you meet couldn't care less. Do you want to hear about their day as a Data Entry Clerk? Same thing.

My last piece of advice is captured best in the words of Lex Luthor (played by Gene Hackman in *Superman*, written by Mario Puzo): "People are no damn good." This goes double for film students. Never tell anyone your next script idea, never let anyone borrow your equipment, and don't ever offer to pick up the check. Never tell a film person anything that you can't risk seeing at a theater near you in 70mm Dolby.

In Conclusion... [about fucking time, man—ed.]

That should be everything you will need to know to survive four years at TSOA film school—except, of course, how to blackmail your student loan officer to avoid paying back your loans, and how to stay awake for four years. (Sleep? Who sleeps?) But since a film major's DNA is composed of caffeine, protein, and nicotine (with a chemical binder of C₂H₅OH on the rocks—like every other college student) this should not be a problem. Good night, and may the powers that be protect you from censors, Cinema Studies Majors, and repo men. See you at the movies—throwing popcorn at Siskel and Ebert.

Fade Out.

NATURE: The Washington Square Park Guide to Spring Animal Life

by Jon Perry and Vinnie Ferrante

Volume XIII, Number 2, Winter 1989

Crack-crazed squirrel, *Rodentia crackae*

The crack-crazed squirrel, a cousin of the European gray, can be identified by his numerous freebasing mishaps, resulting in scorched and sparse, scraggly hair along the dorsal surface and tail. *Rodentia crackae* is very jittery, sometimes armed with an AK-47 or Uzi, and often carries five to ten crack vials in his pouch. At night these creatures dress up like poor Jamaicans and peddle drugs on the park corners.

- Mating call: "Anyone got some blow?"

- Diet: Pepsi, crack, Doritos, crack, Pepperidge Farm fudge cookies, crack.

Hints for approaching a *Rodentia crackae*: Be cool. No sudden moves. If you're wearing a shiny object that could be mistaken for a police badge, take it off. Wait for the *crackae* to approach a bit, then whisper to yourself, "If only I could find a squirrel with a little crack...boy, I could make him a very, very rich squirrel." At this point *crackae* will usually tug your pants leg, gesticulate with one paw for you to take out your wallet, then motion for you to follow him behind the Garibaldi statue, where he will sell you the crack.

Gray gap-toed pigeon with a drinking problem, *Paviarius togonus et imbibus*

These pigeons will surprise you with their audacity. They fly at your head, try to run beneath your feet, and peck bread crumbs off your shoes. Some people assume they are friendly and domesticated. Not true. They are dead drunk. The *Paviarius togonus et imbibus* will spend half the morning swilling booze on the Bowery, then lurch over to the park for lunch. It's not uncommon for these birds to be throwing up bread crumbs and cheap gin on top of the arch by early afternoon. Normally they are missing a toe, which has been cut off by pigeon hunters from Muncie, Indiana, who value this middle digit as an aphrodisiac.

- Mating call: "Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall, ninety-nine bottles of beer, take one down, pass it around. . ."

- Diet: Pretzels, beer, gin, sterno, whiskey straight, bourbon straight, popcorn, bread crumbs, peppermint Schnapp's.

*How to tell if you've found a *paviarius togonus et imbibus*: (1) Pigeon ignores bread crumbs, goes straight for your cup of coffee (2) Pigeon tries to land on Garibaldi statue, instead lands in metal trash container (3) Pigeon is operating a motor vehicle recklessly

Heroin-addicted red-eyed rat, *Rattus nefarii*

These rats have beady, bloodshot eyes, track marks on at least two legs, and a real attitude problem. When a park musician lays down his guitar, it is not uncommon for a *Rattus nefarii* to steal and sell it for a quarter to a sidewalk vendor at Saint Mark's. And the *nefarii* won't even haggle over the price, interested as he is in only one thing: getting cash for that next fix. Perhaps one of the most fascinating adventures for a Washington Square Park naturalist is to chance upon a *nefarii* late at night searching for a live vein to inject into. He will sometimes poke and prod his shrivelled body for hours before wrapping the surgical tubing around some odd piece of his anatomy and shooting the heroin.

- Mating call: "Excuse me, I believe that's my three-month-old pepperoni you've got in your mouth."

- Diet: Babies left alone in strollers, small barnyard animals, gray gap-toed pigeons with a drinking problem.

Methadone out-patient field mouse, *Mus methadonus*

The *Mus methadonus* is very unpredictable, as he is trying to beat his drug habit. About the only thing you can bet on is that a *methadonus* will be muttering to himself something like, "Oh God, oh Christ, I don't feel good, I don't feel so good, help me, I need meth, more meth." He will often be crying, disoriented, and suicidal. Some *meths* just crack and do weird things, like hanging face-out from the side of steel-grated trash cans with upper legs spread wide, screaming, "Look at me! I'm Jesus H. Mouse. I died for your sins!"

- Mating call: "Oh, c'mon, just once, I haven't got long to live."

- Diet: Grass, bread crumbs, dried-soda-on-cans, airplane glue, shoelaces

Ether bunny, *Lapis ethereus*

A very rare creature, the ether bunny looks disarmingly normal: pink nose, fluffy tail, red eyes. But the *lapis ethereus* is a wily charmer. Typically, he will approach a couple and say to the guy, "What a thweet girl you have. You want picture of me and her?" The girl will respond, "Oh, what a cute little bunny," then the guy will return to his dorm room for a camera. While he's gone, the bunny covers his nose with an ether-soaked kerchief and turns into a raving psychotic sex deviant. He will tear at the girl's nylons and whisper huskily, "You're tho thexy, you're tho thexy, I want to thuck on your thighth." Then, lisping in a bad Dennis Hopper accent, the bunny will cajole and threaten the terrified female, and nibbble at her calves.

- Mating call: "Don't meth around with Frank, baby, don't meth around with Frank."

- Diet: Carrots, lettuce, water, nitrous oxide

Earthworm on anabolic steroids, *Larvae steroidae*

While a normal worm turns two pounds of earth a day, a *Larvae steroidae* will do fifteen to twenty by lunch. In body, the steroid-using worm is thicker, has banded, rippling muscles, and likes to admire his reflection in a sliver of glass. Look for a *Larvae steroidae* where the grass grows too fast, or too green. If you see one, be careful about pulling him from the ground: the *steroidae* has been known to snap off the fingers at the second joint. Also beware of releasing small pets in the vicinity of these worms. A worm on steroids will wrap himself around the neck of a hamster and crack the bones, just to show how tough he is.

- Mating call: "I did pecs yesterday. Let's find a nice quiet patch of soil and work on lats, triceps, and gluteus maximus."

- Diet: Liquid protein, raw eggs, Joe Weider™ body formula, steroids, vitamin pills.

How to be Intense

by James Riddle

Volume XIII, Number 3, Spring 1989

Brando had it, Dean had it, Pacino's got it, and Sean Penn wants it. What am I talking about? Intensity. Intensity is that inscrutable enigmatic quality that sets a person apart from the crowd. Intensity is the ability to convey with a glance your profound hipness. To be intense is to be moody, unpredictable and threatening all at the same time.

You may be asking yourself, "Why would I want to be like that?" And the obvious answer is that being intense gets you laid. Women love intense men, especially women who consider themselves artists, and here in Greenwich Village every female is an artist—we all know that. A intense man is a live wire who women feel live life fuller, richer, and less uncompromisingly. Of course this is all a act, and you too can learn this scam if you follow these simple rules.

Rule 1— Work Doestoevsky and Van Gogh into as many conversations as you can. For example a friend might say "I heard that Sarah left Johnny, I hope he isn't suffering too much;" to which you reply; "Doestoevsky said that suffering is the orgin of all consciousness," then pull out a Marlboro, light it and look moody for five to seven minutes. This maintains the illusion that there is something different about you.

Rule 2— Wear black, the funeral colors. This conveys that you are in a perpetual state of mourning over the soulessness of the world.

Rule 3— Never agree with anyone's opinion on anything. Always play devils' advocate, even if you secretly agree to a opinion expressed. This displays an enigmatic (Bob Dylan) quality, a state of mystery about yourself that women find irresistible.

Rule 4— Do not speak in full sentences for any reason. You want most of your communication to be through body language. Mumbling and grunts are good, as is arching your eyebrows at key moments.

Rule 5— Break something or just get violent out of the blue for no reason. This confirms your sexy masculine unpredictability and gives you the aura of a man fighting his personal demons.

Rule 6— Give up former (if any) political ideology. Politics is not hip. Even if someone offers a convincing argument for progressive social change through practical political measures you must appear unconvinced. Your catch-all rebuttal to all political talk should be something like this, "There are no political solutions, mankind is doomed to annihilation." This further enhances the illusion that you are above the fray of worldly events and that your philosophy is on a higher (*existentialist*—learn this word) plane.

Rule 7— Smoke Marlboro red pack and wear sunglasses at all times. No explanation necessary.

Rule 8— Never laugh, but surprisingly be overcome with dramatic emotion at the drop of a hat. For example. You're out on a date with a woman you have just met. She likes you; she's attracted to your intensity. You're walking down the street and you step on a ant (any insect will do). You stop cold. You step back slowly, and look down at the dead ant you just killed. You begin to weep uncontrollably right there in the street. You point to the dead insect, you can't get the words out. She's trying to comfort you. In between sobs you say something like "I have just killed a living, breathing creature." You compose yourself quickly. Take her hand and walk away in silence. Your previous intensity now coupled with your enormous sensitivity is a explosive combination that's magnetic to women.

Rule 9— Get drunk (or claim you were) for two weeks straight. Preferably say something like you were holed up in your apartment "drinking bourbon and reading Kafka."

Rule 10— Memorize the names of as many German film directors as you can and drop them (mumbling, remember) into any conversation. You can even make up names, like Von Klemptner for example. You can get away with this becuae no one likes German films anyway, even if they say they do, so they won't know that you dont know what you're talking about. The reason you use German film directors is that there is something terribly solemn about german culture, and by you dropping the names this gives you an air of intense solemnity by association.

These are but a few rules to follow to achieve intensity. So if you have failed with women in the past using the Jock approach, the Intellectual approach, the Alan Alda approach, or the Politically Correct Liberal approach, why not try the Intense approach. The only thing you have to lose is your identity, and what is so wrong with that? It's high time we all stop selfishly being ourselves.

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, it is my distinct pleasure to introduce a new comic talent to the "Turkey's Rotting Gizzard"....Mr. Charles Darwin!

(A smattering of applause)

Thank you, thank you...and good evening...ladies, gentlemen...evolutionary throwbacks ...you know, I just flew in from Sidney, Australia...and boy, my arms are tired...but seriously, folks, it's good to be here...I just finished a book called the *Origin of The Species* ...Mom's selling copies in the lobby, you're welcome to go out and buy one...great bedtime reading for the kids...Mother: Look, Timmy, your great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandfather had gills and excretory pores in his cheeks... Timmy: AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!... but seriously, folks...I just got back from a little trip...hmm...anyone here alive?...what about that guy quaffing his ale there...Jesus, look at the slope on that forehead...I think I've found the missing link...my theory of evolution saved...

But seriously, folks, I went on a little voyage on the H.M.S. Beagle...yeh, as in dog...helluva name for a ship, huh?...fourteen thousand two hundred and eleven species in the whole frigging kingdom, and they pick a *Canis familiaris*... a beagle, no less...I would've picked a name with more oomph...like "Satan's Sucubus" or "Wailing Banshee from Hell"...but then again, I'm just Chucky D., a wild and crazy homo sapien...So we took off on this ship, the H.M.S. Beagle...the captain had a ferocious lisp...he used to call me Chaath..."Chaath, ithn't the thea tho dangerouth today! Oooh!"...so we went to the Galapagos Islands...Galapagos...sounds like a venereal disease for Greek horses...where's the Galapagos, this Cro-Magnon up front wants to know?...Christ, I hate guys like you...the body evolves, but you still have the brain of a lungfish...

So after this great expedition, Galapagos is going to be remembered for hundreds of years...why?...well, the animal life is incredibly stupid...they have no natural predators...you can pat the birds on the head and they just smile at you...I clubbed six finches silly with my walking stick...great stew, needed a little seasoning...but seriously, I thought we'd talk evolution tonight...that's my new theory that we're all descended from hairy apes...certainly explains Greek men, anyway...it took millions of years for evolution to occur...about the same time it's going to take a black man to hail a cab in Harlem in a hundred years...but forget that, I'm before my time with that joke...anyway, not all species survived...some vanished, not able to make the mortgage payments on their section of the primordial ooze...I call this survival of the fittest...the unfit get eaten or die off...heckuva fate, huh?... "Hey, Harold, you know that little paunch you've put on? Well, now there's some guy at the door built like a gorilla claiming he has the right to eat you" but seriously, folks.....

Sixteen Easy Steps to a More Pretentious You

by Christina Booth

Volume XIII, Number 4, Spring 1990

Out with the old, in with the new! How can you start a new decade, (pronounced "day-cod," see Step One below) without honing that personality trait that makes Kathleen Turner and Larry Hagman the stars they are? No longer does taking the elevator to the second floor and kissing everyone you know on the mouth do the trick! In these status conscious times, you need a little something extra...

STEP ONE: Speak in accents that are in no way relative to your ethnic background. When people who know you ask why you are speaking that way, treat them as if they were acting crazy.

STEP TWO: Wear spandex™ wherever you go, regardless of the weather or your sexual preference. Make odd movements with your feet, dance instructor-like, and count out loud; "five, six, and seven, eight, and one, two, and one and two." Make sure everyone can hear you.

STEP THREE: Give "Strausberg" credit for everything you do. Example: "Did you like my dinner? I got the recipe when I was in Strausberg." Or: "Is that man choking? Here, let me through! I went to Strausberg!"

STEP FOUR: When speaking of people who are prominent in their profession, say that their names are synonymous with a thing or place. Example: "Bill Blass is the cufflink," or "Ortegawas Nicaragua."

STEP FIVE: Turn every name into a nickname, even (especially) if it doesn't even remotely fit. Example: "Jackie" [Nicholson], "The Don" [Trump], "Feline" [Quayle], and "Institution of Higher Learning" [NYU].

STEP SIX: When a famous director is mentioned during a conversation, look visibly uncomfortable and abruptly suggest another subject. This will give the appearance of a past with this person. Example: "I just don't want to talk about Stan [Kubrick] right now. It's over and I just want it to die."

STEP SEVEN: Laugh halfway into every joke you hear as though you already know the punchline.

STEP EIGHT: Make jokes about famous people but make sure that the punchline makes no sense. This suggests that you know something hidden about a famous person. Example: "So Brucie [Willis] is in a deli on 14th and the owner says 'Do you want the Cybil Shepherd special today?' and Bru says, 'Will you give me a fork with it?'"

STEP NINE: Laugh hysterically at jokes like these.

STEP TEN: Lie that you have a tattoo in a place where you have never seen it.

STEP ELEVEN: Pick a groundshaking event and say that this was the day that you had your nipple pierced. Good event: May 1981—Ibuprofen invented.

STEP TWELVE: When eating, take a small diamond stud out of your mouth as though your tongue is also pierced. When you talk, make a clicking noise that will leave questions in everyone's mind.

STEP THIRTEEN: Sneer a lot.

STEP FOURTEEN: Stare a lot.

STEP FIFTEEN: Shower rarely.

STEP SIXTEEN: Enjoy every opportunity to take advantage of wide amounts of space available to you...much like this article.

Plague Predictions for 1989

by Richard Bedard

Volume XIII, Number 1, Fall 1988

- **Reverend Al Sharpton** will be gang-raped by six Swedish women in trench coats sporting police-style badges. He will be found in a burlap sack with the words "Kiss me, I'm Polish" smeared on his abdomen with rabbit feces.
- **Michael Jackson** will get breast implants and join the Pointer Sisters.
- **Morton Downey, Jr.** will defect to the Soviet Union and become a gay rights activist.
- The **Beastie Boys** will put out a gospel album.
- **Elvis** will be discovered living in the Himalayas with the Adominable Snowman's teenage daughter.
- **Tom Carvel** will be arrested for illegally disposing of medical waste in his eight ounce cups of Thinny Thin. **Cookie Puss** will jump bail and escape to Mexico, killing twenty National Guardsmen along the way.
- **Ed Koch** will lose the mayoral election and join a community of gay glass spinners in the Rumanian countryside.
- Aliens will land in Nevada and return to their galaxy with thirty Lucky Charms wristwatches and hundreds of pictures of **Don King's** Hair
- **Keith Richards** will put out an aerobics album.
- A Manhattan observatory will discover a tenth planet in our solar system. It will be named "Trump®".
- **Mike Dukakis'** eyebrows will get loose in the Boston State House and terrorize a secretary by the water cooler for three hours.
- Uncertainty will be removed from cooking when mathematicians define a "smidgen" to be exactly .000312 cubic centimeters of a given substance.
- **Emperor Hirohito** will receive his 388th blood transfusion.
- **Sukhreet Gabel** will marry **Willie Horton**.

All the Arabic an American Needs to Know

by Lawrence "Of Arabia" Lewitinn

Volume XIV, Number 2, Spring 1991

You wake up in a cold sweat. The same nightmare that has repeated itself over and over again finished not two minutes ago. Despite your "top notch" NYU education, you were stupid enough to be in Iraq when the shit went down. Now you're a "guest" in a bomb shelter conveniently located near an Iraqi base, unable to converse intelligently with your "hosts." Suffer no more! With the help of an underground computer Bulletin Board Service and my Arabic-speaking dad, we here at Plague Control have put together this quick and handy guide.

Koul el hadretaak tekmoore.

"Whatever you say."

Shoukraan lakod tefaragni haza al moumtaaz.

"Thank you for showing me your marvelous gun."

Enami mabsout aala al ouzoumah enou asterayah aala el ard be reglayz weh edaya mafroudin.

"I am delighted to accept your kind invitation to lie down on the floor with my arms above my head and legs apart."

Enani moukable be koul al hadretak takoulu weh fe hayatak etkaal.

"I agree with everything you have ever said or thought in your life."

Enani moutacha ker weh ashkourak aala enni taazemni enani assarer fe el kabbout el sayaaretak el Maarseedes 280SL.

"It is exceptionally kind of you to allow me to travel in the trunk of your Mercedes 280SL."

Aargouk laa takaasar bidaani wa be maaroof inani akoun balaadi ela el wattan.

"If you will do me the great kindness of not harming my genitals, I will gladly reciprocate by betraying my country in public."

Enaani aattilak koul assami el souhafiyah alaazina gawaassiss amerricaaniah.

"I will most gladly tell you the names and addresses of many American spies posing as reporters."

El shasha el haamra aalla ennayya helwaa khaaless, ya amir.

"Why yes, the red blindfold is lovely, Your Excellency."

El esh el maffatfet filmayaa mahoul gedan—aooz el raasheta.

"The water-soaked bread crumbs are truly delicious. I must have your recipe."

Tabaan a fadaal akoon masgoon hadretak men makkoon maa Latifa Hanem.

"Truly, I would rather be a hostage to your greatly esteemed self than to spend a night upon the person of Christina Applegate."

Sachne el fool el eatani zartah fe oudani.

"Your national dish [of fava beans] will soon bring music to my ears."

Enani afadal a salem be aala eedak el shemal; meen fe hezel el behled yastamel weh raak maraheed?

"Of course I prefer to shake your left hand; after all, who uses toilet paper in this lovely country of yours?"

El Akhbar el Yom beten chelbish teezi.

"The Washington Square News is a little too rough to use for the cleaning of my rectum."

1. If $X = NC-17$, calculate the rate of increase in advertising and box-office revenue.
2. If a porn star is traveling toward a career in legitimate films, determine the rate of acceptance from:
 - a. Previous fans
 - b. People who have never seen his/her work, but only heard about it
 - c. Phil Collins
3. Which is the greater quantity?
 - a. The number of audience members at the final showing of *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane*
 - b. The average number of costume changes for Bo Derek per film.
4. Combine the gross receipts of the *Indiana Jones* films and divide by the sum of Schwarzenegger's salaries (net points only) for his last four films.
5. Establish Patrick Swayze's bankability rating, given that in his follow-up to *Ghost* (2nd highest gross, 1990), he is starring as the leader of an evil gang of surfers.
6. a. Plot a chart of Alfred Hitchcock's motion picture career.
b. If Hitch were alive today, using the graph for your estimation, he would be:
 - (1) Up and about making movies, like David Lean.
 - (2) Sitting on his butt waiting to die, like Billy Wilder.
 - (3) Directing *Jason vs. Freddie vs. Gamera vs. Michael Myers*.
7. Taking into consideration the excessive advertising budgets for *Batman* and *Dick Tracy*, and the fact that the stars received huge percentages of the merchandising revenue, calculate the possibility of Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty making a movie together as cartoon characters.
8. Add the number of *Friday The 13th* movies to the number of Irwin Allen disaster epics, and divide by the number of studio executives fired for giving the green light to those projects.

DEPARTMENT OF CAUCASIAN HETEROSEXUAL MALE STUDIES (69)
by Kamau High, Nikki Michaud, Dvora Silberman, and Michael Zimmerman
Volume XV, Number 1, November 1991

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Chairman: **Professor A. Nal Retentive**
Director of Undergraduate Studies: **Professor I.M. White**

The Department of Caucasian Heterosexual Male Studies has a threefold objective: first, to examine the history of the CHM population, as they have done everything important in this world; second, to probe the depths of American culture as a CHM society; and finally, to discover the roots of their domineering and sexually frustrated psyche. The Department offers numerous courses designed to explore the concentrations above, and has a wide range of resources to achieve its purpose since, in fact, Caucasian Heterosexual Males really do control everything. In addition, the department offers an exciting internship program through its many connections in high level government and corporate bodies. Indeed, it was one of CHM's interns who gave the go ahead to Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf to invade Kuwait. Now that's power.

Professors: Jones, Morgan, Smith, Stevens, Vanderbilt, Winchester; **Assistant Professors:** High, Michaud, Silberman, Zimmerman; **Special Fellowship in Minority Studies:** Professor Michael Levine; **NAAWP Endowment for Studies in Creative Persuasion:** David Duke; **Visiting Professor in Economic Oppression Tactics:** William F. Buckley Jr.

Major

A major in CHM Studies requires eight four-point classes, including:

(1) *History: Oppression or Protection?* A69.0001, (2) *Whitespeak for Beginners Level 1* A69.0004, and (3) at least one course in the Rural Studies Division. Membership in the Republican Party recommended for any student to be taken seriously.

Minor

As we feel that this Department is of such a major concern to the world in general, offering a minor would be offensive to actual Caucasian Heterosexual Males. However, we are working on a "Minority Studies from a Majority View" program that will be offered as a more acceptable minor in the near future. Those interested please contact Prof. Levine.

Independent Study

The Department will accept applications from Juniors and Seniors who wish to be placed with a genuine Caucasian Heterosexual Male in order to observe and participate in daily events such as golf, cruising for babes, and invading small countries. Prerequisite: *Buttkissing for Upward Mobility* V69.0105

Honors

The Department will award Honors to all Caucasian Heterosexual Males who graduate, demonstrate a mastery of lynching etiquette, and pay an additional \$25,000.

Courses

•**Introductory Courses**•

History: Oppression or Protection? A69.0001 LEP Area 6. 4 points. Examines the recent flap about Multiculturalism and compares similar movements against CHM power such as Civil Rights, Womens' Rights, and rights in general.

Heterosexuality I A69.0002 LEP Area 8. 4 points. Explores a concept alien to the Greenwich Village area; studies the proper ratios of the female form, as embodied by Barbie, and shows why men shouldn't fuck other men because only AIDS-carrying, felching, dick-sucking faggot liberals do that.

Heterosexuality II A69.0003 LEP Area 8. 4 points. Advanced studies; provides instruction on the integral mechanics of mating; the missionary position. How to condemn sex while secretly enjoying it. Focus on the art of preventing premature ejaculation.

Note: The Department is accepting applications from women who want to earn extra credit by offering themselves as demonstration aids. Free contraceptives.

Whitespeak for Beginners I A69.0004 LEP Area 1. 4 points. A course designed primarily to teach the elements of Whitespeak grammar and language structure through an oral tradition. Special attention is paid on how to confuse them on standardized examinations and in the workplace. Introduction to and usage of Whitespeak words such as "Republican" (the real American party), "Conservatives" (the good people of our country), and "WASP" (true red-blooded Americans).

Whitespeak for Beginners II A69.0005 Prerequisite: A69.0004 LEP Area 1. 4 points. A more advanced course that delves into such complex concepts as Affirmative Action, Liberalism, Sodomy, and Homosexual Love, with emphasis on why none of these are legitimate or moral.

•**Advanced Courses**•

The Conflict of Ethics and Power V69.0100 4 points. Instruction on how to make people think you care when you are really a money-grubbing thug. Patriotic manipulation to avoid the truth and/or domestic problems. Special lecture by George Bush.

Creative Racial Slurring V69.0101 4 points. In conjunction with the Linguistics Department, we now offer a course which will teach

students the true root of such oppressive terms as "Women," "Black," and "Oriental" as well as the proper uses for such words as "Cunt," "Alabama Porch Monkey," and "Slanty-Eyed Job-Stealing Commie Chink." Focus on the "it's all in the intent" or "it's a white thing; you wouldn't understand" arguments for those sticky situations.

Real Estate and Preserving the Suburbs V69.0102 4 points. Explores the concept and methodology of keeping your neighborhood "pure." How to reinterpret the Constitution to oppose bussing and support the separate but equal doctrine even though they are not actually equal. Teaches surveillance methods to keep track of neighbors and how to discourage real estate agents from showing homes in one's area to undesirables.

Loopholes in Quota Legislation V69.0103 4 points. Examines recent examples of quota dodging. Skills are developed in the art of articulating such views as maintaining that minorities just don't have the brain capacity to sweep floors so they don't get hired. Demonstrates a fallback position where society is blamed for not turning out any qualified minorities, thus preventing the employer from hiring any.

Cocktail Hour as a Social Priority V69.0104 4 points. Intended for those new to the CHM social scene to develop the proper habits of social drinking. Involves avoiding such faux pas as exposing one's cock to the boss' wife and telling her to "ride it like the wild woman you are," vomiting in one's hostess' drawer of sex toys, and attempting to alternately buttfuck and felch one's best friend's poodle.

Buttkissing for Upward Mobility V69.0105 4 points. How and whom to choose to suck up to. Explores the different methods, from constantly hanging around superiors and agreeing with everything they say to using kneepads and mouthwash. Special section for women on how to avoid the glass ceiling without compromising their dignity...too much.

Rhythm V69.1234 4 points. This is the course that asks the eternal question, "Can white people clap on the backbeat?" Why Negroes, due to their jungle-adapting traits, have better rhythm, and why it doesn't matter.

Women as Sex Objects V69.6969 4 points. Studies of societal institutions and how they are designed to keep women at bay. How to build a glass ceiling in your corporation. Pornography as a tool to abuse and basically fuck women over. Studies the proper terminology of "babe," "chick," and "lust puppy."

Dumb Fraternity Tricks V69.1325 4 points. Describes and explores traditional frat activities such as panty raids, excessive imbibing of alcohol, drug running, circle jerks, and elephant trains. Will cover modeling as introductory material. (Note: class open to prospective Fiji and Psi U. pledges only.)

•Rural Studies•

This division focuses on the... less cultured members of the Caucasian Heterosexual Male family. Special focus on language and lifestyle for prospective "hicks".

Terminology and Dialect V69.1001 4 points. How to talk even funnier than Long Island JAPs. Explains the proper references to women as "bitches" and everybody else as "buddy".

Beer and Booze V69.1002 4 points. The joys of brewing. Examines the great debate over "tastes great, less filling." The class will also profile Adolf "Hitler" Coors as an important figure in the life of any hunter, and will attempt to find out just what the fuck "dry beer" is. At the end of the course must be able to satisfactorily answer the question, "Sweet booze is the answer: explain."

Hunting and Drinking V69.1003 4 points. Explains how, contrary to popular belief, a few dead cows and Boy Scouts each year still don't prove that hunting and drinking don't really mix. Also, how to distinguish your buddies from your targets under extreme intoxication.

Truck Etiquette V69. 1004 4 points. Chevy versus Ford; where to hang your shotgun racks; creative places for beer cans; how to hang a dead animal on your hood without blocking your view; the ethics of claiming road kill as a hunting trophy.

The Hidden Sexuality of Farm Animals V69.1005 4 points. For those really desperate moments.

Professional Wrestling Appreciation V69.1006 4 points. Why the Good Guys are always white and the Bad Guys always talk funny. Will present a seminar on "The Dynamics of Having a Female Manager: From Sex to Rescuing Her From Your Enemies."

Techniques of Wife Beating V69.1007 4 points. We know you all do it; here's how to do it without leaving bruises.

History of the John Birch Society V69.1008 4 points. Explores this freedom-loving, patriotic organization and its glorious defense of our country against the loathsome Communist Oppressors. Will prove how the metric system is really a Communist plot to confuse us.

Music Appreciation V69.1009 4 points. Explains why country music is the only legitimate art form left 'round here, and why every other type of music is Satanic.

History and Development of Lynching: From Cross Burning to Castration V69.1010 4 points. Techniques of purification and creative persuasion. How to make an impact in flowing white robes on top of a horse. History of the KKK and why their targets deserved it. Guest speakers include: H. Ross Perot, and Harvey Korman.

Advanced Lynching Techniques V69.1011 4 points. What more can you do? You'll find out in this class. Emphasis placed on genitalia.

Diff'rent Strokes
by Frank Sebastiano & David Goldstein
Volume XV, Number 3, April 1992

Diff'rent Strokes was one of the top socially-conscious sit-coms of the eighties. While the show was always hilariously funny, it was also never afraid to tackle the issues. There's the one where Arnold is almost raped by Mr. Carlson from WKRP, the one where Kimberly is almost raped by a Tang-crazed astronaut, and the one where the cast of a highly rated sitcom agonizes over their star's inability to grow beyond four feet. But one very special such episode was written but never filmed. No, not the one where Kimberly almost joins the American Nazi Party (by mistake, of course) This is the famed lost episode where Willis fucks an aardvark. Production notes are in parenthesis. So squat down and enjoy!

[THE DRUMMOND LIVING ROOM. KIMBERLY is on the phone]

KIMBERLY: Great Daddy! I'll tell the boys. Okay, Daddy, I'll see you later. Love you Daddy. Miss you Daddy. Love you Daddy. Love you a lot Daddy. A lot Daddy. Are you going to tuck me in special tonight, like you do on Mrs. Garrett's day off?
(WILLIS walks downstairs into the living room)

KIMBERLY: Okay Daddy bye! (hangs up phone) Willis!

WILLIS: Hi Kimberly.

KIMBERLY: Where's Arnold, Willis?

WILLIS: Arnold's upstairs talking to Abraham, Kimberly.
(MRS. GARRETT walks in)

MRS. GARRETT: If he doesn't stop talking to that fish he'll sprout gills. (LOUD AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE)

KIMBERLY: Yeah! And pretty soon he'll want to put his bed in the bathtub! (THUNDEROUS LAUGHTER AND DEAFENING APPLAUSE)

WILLIS: Yeah! And we'll have to put tartar sauce on him wherever he goes! (THE STUDIO AUDIENCE GIVES A TEN MINUTE STANDING OVATION)
(ARNOLD and WILLIS' ROOM. ARNOLD is talking to his goldfish ABRAHAM)

ARNOLD: Man oh man, Abraham. Dad's gonna kill me when he finds out I've been suspended from school. You're lucky, Abraham, all you can be suspended for is drinking and driving and swimming. (HEARTY LAUGHTER, SEVERAL AUDIENCE MEMBERS URINATE ON THEMSELVES)
(ARNOLD runs downstairs)

KIMBERLY, MRS. GARRETT, WILLIS: Arnold!

WILLIS: Get your butt down here fast.

ARNOLD: My butt's movin' pretty fast, it's the rest of me that's takin' its time. (BIG LAUGHS, AN AUDIENCE MEMBER GOES INTO CONVULSIONS. PARAMEDICS ARE CALLED IN)
(ARNOLD is downstairs with the rest of the gang)

KIMBERLY: Arnold, Daddy is coming home with a big surprise.

ARNOLD: What is it?

WILLIS: How would she know dummy? It's a surprise. (AUDIENCE IS SILENT. MYSTERIOUSLY, JOKE FAILS. FRED IS FIRED AND REPLACED BY ANOTHER WRITER)
(MR. DRUMMOND walks in)

ARNOLD: Dad, Dad, what's the surprise, Dad?

WILLIS: Arnold, let Dad walk in the door first.

ARNOLD: Is it a new whisker for Willis? (AUDIENCE DOES THE WAVE)

WILLIS: No, it's a new brain for you, Arnold, 'cause your other one's in your butt. (CROWD SPONTANEOUSLY HOLDS UP LIT MATCHES AND LIGHTERS)

MR. DRUMMOND: Now boys. (AUDIENCE GOES NUTS. GREAT WRITING—GIVE LARRY A RAISE)

WILLIS: Okay Dad.

MR. DRUMMOND: I do have a big surprise.

ARNOLD: Oh boy!

MR. DRUMMOND: I've adopted another child. Meet your new Puerto Rican brother!

ARNOLD: What you talkin' 'bout Dad? (AUDIENCE ROARS. GARY'S CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATION IS FULFILLED. HIS FAN CLUB RELEASES THEIR HOSTAGES. THE SHOW CAN GO ON)

MR. DRUMMOND: I'm only kidding boys. The real surprise is, we're going camping!

KIMBERLY: Yea!

ARNOLD: Alright!

WILLIS: Fuck you, Dad. (NO SIGNIFICANT AUDIENCE RESPONSE. THE SEARCH FOR A CATCH-PHRASE FOR WILLIS CONTINUES)

MR. DRUMMOND: Willis, you're free to stay home if you like.

WILLIS: As long as its okay with you, Dad.

ARNOLD: Dad, I've got something to tell you. I got suspended from school today. (AUDIENCE OOOOOOOOOO'S)

CAST: What!?!

MR. DRUMMOND: Arnold, that's terrible. What happened?

ARNOLD: Nothing really. I just handed in an essay called "How To Fuck a Horse."

MR. DRUMMOND: Well, whatever you want to write about, I'm behind you son. (THEY HUG. AUDIENCE AAAHHHH'S AND APPLAUDS)

ARNOLD: So was the horse, Dad. (SPIN-OFF POSSIBILITY)

[COMMERCIAL]

[DRUMMOND LIVING ROOM. **ARNOLD** walks downstairs. He is wearing a plethora of camping equipment, including: canteen, pup tent, camouflage clothing, electrical tape for woodchucks, pots, pans, four foot dildo, can-opener, microwave oven, bow and arrow, inflatable raft, inflatable date, VCR and Facts of Life tapes, snow shoes, John Holmes Penis Enlarger (copyright, 1976), surfboard, homo-erotic torture devices, Webster dartboard, and compass.] (AUDIENCE HAS COLLECTIVE HEART ATTACK. EXECUTIVES CART OUT THE BODIES AND KIDNAP THE AUDIENCE FROM WEBSTER. **KIMBERLY** walks in)

KIMBERLY: Arnold! You don't need all that stuff!

ARNOLD: I guess not, Kimberly. (ARNOLD PUTS DOWN COMPASS. WEBSTER AUDIENCE LOVES IT, THEY CAN'T EVEN TELL THE DIFFERENCE)

KIMBERLY: Arnold! What are you going to do with a dildo that's five inches taller than you?

ARNOLD: I'm gonna ram it up your ass, Kimberly. (GUY IN AUDIENCE STANDS UP AND HOLLERS, "HEY, THIS ISN'T WEBSTER." SECURITY QUICKLY DRAGS HIM OUTSIDE, WHERE HE DIES MYSTERIOUSLY AFTER BEING ACCIDENTLY RUN OVER BY THE NBC SECURITY VAN 45 TIMES) (**MR. DRUMMOND** walks in)

MR. DRUMMOND: Hey guys, are we ready? If we don't hurry up, the wilderness is gonna start without us. (MILD GIGGLE, MUST PUMP MORE NITRUS OXIDE INTO STUDIO)

KIMBERLY AND ARNOLD: Yeah, Dad.
(**WILLIS** walks in)

WILLIS: See you later guys.

MR. DRUMMOND: Bye Willis!

KIMBERLY: Later Willis!

ARNOLD: Bye Willis. I'll bring you back a souvenir from the wilderness.

WILLIS: What are you gonna bring back from the wilderness, Arnold?

ARNOLD: I don't know...dirt? (CROWD EATS IT UP. THE KID'S A GENIUS)
(They leave, **WILLIS** is left alone)

WILLIS: (picks up the phone and dials) Hello, Harvey? It's Willis. My family's on a camping trip, so come over and bring the aardvark. [THE CAMPSITE. **MR. DRUMMOND**, **MRS. GARRET**, **KIMBERLY**, AND **ARNOLD** enter the site. **ARNOLD** is chewing on something.]

ARNOLD: Gee Dad, those breadcrumbs you've been dropping for the past seven miles are sure tasty.

MR. DRUMMOND: (angry) Arnold! I've been dropping those breadcrumbs so we don't get lost.

ARNOLD: Well, it worked. I made it here alright. (AUDIENCE IS PERPLEXED. TOO CONCEPTUAL. ALMOST A GOOD JOKE. DIAGRAMS WILL BE HANDED OUT AFTER THE SHOW TO CLARIFY)

KIMBERLY: Oh, Arnold.

ARNOLD: Look dad! A herd of elephants off in the distance!

KIMBERLY: Oh, Arnold.

MR. DRUMMOND: Arnold, elephants don't live in the woods.

ARNOLD: Then what's that!? (he points into the distance)

MR. DRUMMOND: Oh Arnold, that was supposed to be a surprise. Mrs. Garrett invited the Facts of Life girls to camp with us.

ARNOLD: Dad, they won't like it here. It's a forest, not a supermarket. (AUDIENCE COLLECTIVELY SNEEZES—ALLERGIC REACTION TO SYNTHETIC FOREST)
[THE DRUMMOND LIVING ROOM. Horrific sounds of an aardvark squealing are heard coming from upstairs]

WILLIS: (off screen) Harvey, can you put the aardvark back on? It spun off.

HARVEY: Okay Willis....man, this is the stickiest aardvark I've ever seen.
(In walk **MR. DRUMMOND**, **KIMBERLY**, **MRS. GARRET** and one-armed **ARNOLD**)

ARNOLD: Man oh man, that's the second worst camping trip I've ever been on.

KIMBERLY: Oh Arnold, it's terrible what happened to your arm. I'm sure it was an accident.

ARNOLD: At least that's what Natalie said after she chewed it off. Man oh man, those *Facts of Life* girls sure can eat. (AUDIENCE RESPONDS ENTHUSIASTICALLY. EVEN A ONE-ARMED GARY COLEMAN IS BETTER THAN A FULLY FUNCTIONAL WEBSTER)

ARNOLD: I'm gonna go upstairs and wash off this blood.

MRS. GARRET: If that boy keeps losing his arms...he's not going to have any left.

KIMBERLY: And we'll have to spread tartar sauce all over him wherever he goes.

MR. DRUMMOND: (looks at **KIMBERLY** disgustedly) Shut the fuck up, Kimberly.

ARNOLD: (offscreen) Man oh man, Willis, that's the stickiest aardvark I've ever seen!

MR. DRUMMOND: Hey, what's going on upstairs? Aardvarks aren't supposed to be sticky, goats are.
(They all run upstairs)

[**ARNOLD** AND **WILLIS**' ROOM. **WILLIS** and **HARVEY** are naked, as is one very sticky aardvark. **ARNOLD** is gaping with his mouth open. **MR. DRUMMOND**, **KIMBERLY**, AND **MRS. GARRETT** run in, stunned]

MRS. GARRETT: If that boy doesn't stop having sex with aardvarks...

[COMMERCIAL]

[THE **DRUMMOND** LIVING ROOM. The whole gang is gathered around the couch where **WILLIS** sits in a robe]

MR. DRUMMOND: Willis, I can't tell you how disappointed I am in you. It's not even a very attractive aardvark.

ARNOLD: Willis, that was really dumb. You don't know where that aardvark's been.

WILLIS: I know, I know.

KIMBERLY: Willis, I think that...

MR. DRUMMOND: (enraged) I thought I told you to shut up! (He punches her in the face. She staggers from the room)

ARNOLD: Gee, I'm glad she didn't ask for a raise in her allowance. (AUDIENCE HESITATES, THEN BREAKS INTO HYSTERICS)

MR. DRUMMOND: Willis, promise me you'll never have sex with another aardvark again.

WILLIS: Okay Dad, I promise.

ARNOLD: I promise too, Dad. But what about armadillos? (**ARNOLD**, **MR. DRUMMOND**, AND **WILLIS** LAUGH AND EMBRACE. THEY AUDIENCE GIVES A TWO-HOUR STANDING OVATION AND HAS TO BE FORCIBLY REMOVED SO THE TODAY SHOW CREW CAN USE THE STUDIO)

Appendix*

On *Diff'rent Strokes*, Gary Coleman often used the catch phrase, "What you talkin' 'bout, (Willis, Dad, Kimberly, Mrs. Reagan)?" As you know, it was always met with a phenomenal laugh. What most people do not know, however, is that for the entire duration of the show's run, the writers tried to come up with a catch phrase for Todd Bridges. In the lost script we presented to you, the aborted catch phrase attempt was, "Fuck you dad." A brilliant piece of writing, but not quite powerful enough to bring back as a recurring line for Willis. Here are some other attempts that fell short:

- "Sens, sens."
- "Fuck your momma."
- "Hey, Arnold! You look taller today...PSYCHE!"
- "Hi, Dad, you bald, rich, asshole!"
- "Hey, time to watch *The Facts of Life* and masturbate over Natalie."
- "Hey, Arnold, at least you could kick Webster's ass."
- "Hey, Mrs. Garret, ever heard of wrinkle cream?"
- "Kimberly can't help it, she's just a lousy lay, Dad."
- "No, Arnold, Abraham's not sick, I just urinated in his bowl."
- "Theo doesn't have a catch phrase either."
- "Yes, Claire (the 3rd maid), Mrs. Garrett always gave me blow jobs when I had a cold."
- "Hey, Arnold, maybe Punky Brewster won't grow either and you can get married."
- "Dad, why don't you buy Arnold a few inches or somethin'."
- "How come Mr. T never comes to visit me?"
- "Arnold, why do all your friends have beards?"
- "It's okay, Dad. Remember, Kimberly's not really my sister."

*Editor's Note: We at *The Plague* hesitate to use the "A-word" in our magazine. You see, the staff has been plagued by appendicitis. First it was Lawrence Lewitinn who was hospitalized during production of the infamous *Plagueboy* issue. Then in November, 1991, *The Plague* had to cancel a show with Gilbert Gottfried because His Annoyingness had his appendix explode. Finally, the reason why production for this issue is so late is because our Layout Editor, Amy Marie Zucca, thought she had the infection. After spending a night in a homeless shelter (read: St. Vincent's Hospital), it was discovered that, as usual, she was faking it.

The Official New York University Light Bulb Jokes

Collected by Glenn Hauman

Volume XIV, Number 2, Spring 1991

How many Writing Workshop students does it take to change a light bulb?

One, but you have to have a six page essay for next time telling us how the lightbulb changed your life.

How many GSP students...?

What's a lightbulb?

How many cameramen...?

None, that's the gaffer's job.

How many Directing majors...?

One—No, wait; can we try it **without** the light bulb?

How many Computer Science majors...?

None; it's a hardware problem.

How many straight TSOA students...?

Both of them.

How many Peers Ears counselors...?

Only one...but he was fired because he said that the lightbulb always wants to get screwed.

How many Philosophy majors...?

Two; one to change the lightbulb and one **not** to change the lightbulb.

How many Gallatin students...?

One; but you have to declare it as your major.

How many Gay and Lesbian Union members...?

THAT'S NOT FUNNY.

How many Washington Square News Reporters...?

Three; one to do it, and one to get the facts wrong.

How many Journalism students...?

Five; one to do it and one to blow the whole thing out of proportion.

How many Psychiatry majors...?

None. They would diagnose depression and prescribe benzodiazepines

How many Women's Studies majors...?

THAT'S NOT FUNNY EITHER.

How many Performance Studies majors...?

Four; one to fall off the ladder, breaking her leg and forcing glass fragments into her skin, and three to sell tickets.

How many Psychology majors...?

One, but the light bulb has to want to change.

How many Professors...?

I'll get back to you. See me during my office hours.

How many Teaching Assistants...?

¿Que?

How many Frat brothers...?

All of them; one to hold the bulb, and the rest to chug brewskies until the room spins.

How many Sorority sisters...?

All of them: one to call the frat boys to do it, and the rest to get the mouthwash and tissues.

How many Financial Aid officers...?

I'm sorry, but we don't have any funding for that this year. Apply again in the fall.

How many Jewish Studies majors...?

None...don't worry about it, I'll do fine, so I can't study tonight, what do you

care about my grades?

How many medical students...?

None. They would wait for a suitable donor and do a filament transplant.

How many acting students...?

Fifty; one to do it and whine "What's my motivation?" and forty-nine to say "I could have done that better!"

How many Physics majors...?

1.0000000, with an uncertainty of another decimal place.

How many History majors...?

One, but they have to write a paper linking the lightbulb with the oncoming of the industrial revolution.

How many PR majors...?

Forteen; one to change it and thirteen to write press releases.

How many Physical Therapy majors...?

One-and-two-and-three and four...

How many Stern Management students...?

Four; one to call the custodial engineer, one to fire the old light bulb for "failing to meet expectations," one to record the change in Personnel, and one to write it off as a depreciation.

How many Public Service students...?

One, but it takes him about thirty years to realize that the old one has burned out.

How many Engineering majors...?

"Just a minute while I get my handbook."

How many Accounting majors...?

"How many do you want it to be?"

How many Womyn's Center members...?

ONE, GOD DAMMIT!

How many CAS students...?

One, but they have to do it ten times for their LEP requirements.

How many Black Studies majors...?

"How many would Martin Luther King have wanted us to have?"

How many University Scholars...?

All of them; it's part of their community service.

How many SEHNAP students...?

One, but you get four credits for it.

How many law students...?

"Whereas the party of the first part, also known as 'Lawyer,' and the party of the second part, also known as 'Light Bulb,' do hereby and forthwith agree to a transaction wherein the party of the second part (Light Bulb) shall be removed from the current position as a result of failure to perform previously agreed upon duties, i.e. the lighting, elucidation, and otherwise illumination of the area ranging from the front (north) door, through the entryway, terminating at an area just inside the primary living area, demarcated by the beginning of the carpet, any spillover illumination being at the option of the party of the second part (Light Bulb) and not required by the aforementioned agreement between the parties...

How many ARA Food Services employees...?

Seven; one to change it, one to burn the old one, one to hide it under a layer of mashed potatoes, and four to stand around watching and ignoring everybody else on line.

How many Health Services "doctors"...?

"Are you sure the lightbulb is really broken? Go home and come back in a few days if it's still out." [or maybe it's pregnant]

How many people from the Information Center...?

We don't know; they didn't get back to us by press time.

And how many Plague Staffers?

One, of course. What are we, stupid or something?

The Plague's guide to comprehending moviegoers at Spike Lee's new film.

Yo	"Pardon me, may I intercede for a moment?"
Word	"You are correct in your assumption." (Also correlates with: "Until we interact again.")
Word up	"You are correct. I will pass this information on to others so they may benefit."
You're down	"You fit into a select clique or group, and are generally aware of our oppressed sub-culture."
Shit's fucked	"This situation does not seem just or workable within its given parameters."
Fresh	"New, inventive, and pleasing to proletarian existentialists, such as yourself."
Raw	"Shockingly negative for refined tastes such as mine."
My posse	"My formulated group of select, vibrant individuals who share a common cause."
Chillin'	"Remaining in a place or state of being that reflects a calm, surreal tranquility."
Crew	"A posse in a quadrille."
I'll bust that shit	"I, if rightfully provoked, will administer a sufficient amount of damage on the given individual, animal, or structure so desired."
Damn, bitch, Chill!	"Madame, would you please refrain from your onslaught of unprovoked hostility?"

Best of the Shit List

by Sean D Huntington, Daniel Truman, and Michael Zimmerman

Volume XVII, Number 2, April 1994

Curt Cobain's Corpse
Lorne Michaels
Tim Benkowski
Paul Nagle
Madonna
John Norris
Jeff Finley
The Wayans
Christian Laettner
Lane Alston
John Engler
Bono
Jo-Elle Celestin
Ian Hochberg
Juan "Pepe" Garcia
David Loeb
Jesus
Mike Diegnan
The New York Knicks
Glenn Kurtzrock
Tori Spelling
Nathan Freeman
Arsenio Hall
German Teen-Age Skinheads
Justice Antonin Scalia
Jessica Kogan
Sinead O'Connor
Peter Liao
Howard Wu
Carl "Spud" Treutler
Seth Minsk
Morissey
Laura Galluzi
Mark and Brian
Dale-Bob Brinks
Michael Stipe
Rudolph Giuliani
"Poodle"
Marky Mark
A.J. Kleeger
Minetta Review
Darryl and Bill Gates
Chris Silva
Bob Torricelli
Rob Gibson
Paul Kontonis
The Serbian Army
Spike Lee
Classical Liberal Organization
Josh Bernstein
Jenny Jones
Jessica Gaines
Pat Robertson
Phli
Chai Komanduri
The Ninth-Floor Traitors
Drew Barrymore
Senator Pothole
The Third World
Sue Lee
Mom and Dad
Jennifer N. Galvanek & Stu "Pid" Miller
Brittany Student Council
Rob Jefferson
Rachel Rosen
Tony Chang
Acheron
Rave Morons

Jonathan Kos(Hyphen)Read
Tess
Glenn Kurtzrock
Plato
Seventh Day Adventists
Jason "Pepe" Priestly
Bobby & Danny Hurley
MTV
Jose "Nacho" Garcia
Brownstone
Mortimer B. Zuckerman
The Plague Youth
The "Vile"-let Basketball Teams
Allah
Glenn C. Ellenbogen, Ph.D.
Rush Limbaugh
Saadia & Evan
Neda Pecuric
Brian Stockman
Christina "the Tongue" Rackett
Z-Rock
Kennedy
Ian Marshall and RTC
Dick Wheed and ROTC
Late Night With the Anti-Funny
Coach K
Dick Nixon
"Spew" Le Boeuf
Dean Simon
Linda Bloodsucker-Thomason
Tape-Stealing Tour Guides
Mother Theresa
Duran Duran
Kristen McMenamy
FYS
Anybody wearing backwards baseball caps
Dave "Serious" Schnirman
Korean Student Association
Roy "Undead" Orbison
The Crying Game
Adam Birnbaum
The F.O.B.'s
Amy "Wop" Zucca
Kelley Burlingame
Bransby Whitton
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