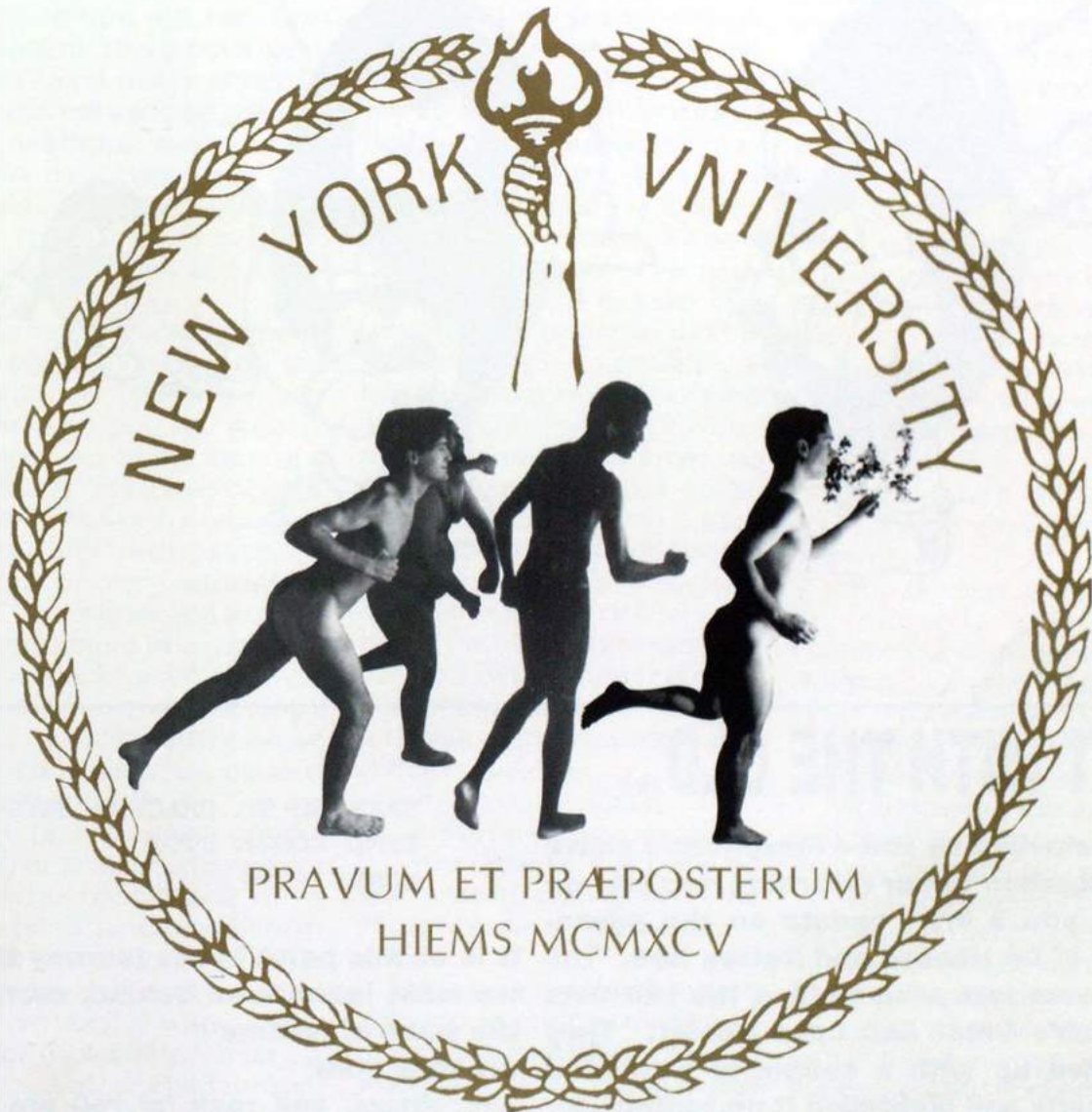


THE PLAGUE

UNIVERSITATIS UNICA NON FORTE IOCOSA EDITIO

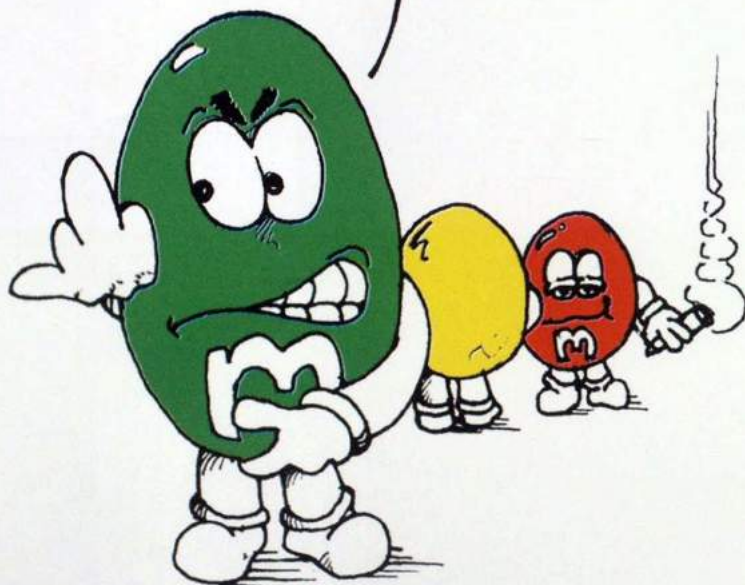


WINTER 95

DAMMIT!
I AM NOT A SKITTLE!



HEY PAL →
TASTE THIS RAINBOW!



OUT WITH THE OLD...

Compelled by some inexplicable sense of obligation to our returning readers, we bring you a brief update on the adventures of Dr. Hookah and Rotten Bob. The pair were last seen trolling the salt flats of Utah's Great Salt Lake Desert. They shackled up with a couple of irradiated Mormons and hightailed it up to Reno for a (double-barreled) shotgun ceremony. Caught under a perpetual cloud of inebriation, Hookah and Bob said, "I do". A recent telegram from Rotten Bob tells the rest of the story.

MARRIED TO CRACKER STOP
SEND BOOZE STOP
HURRY STOP.

It is at this point in the journey that we must leave them behind, even in the wake of fortune's drooling maw.

Sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll are all well and good you see, but we cannot in good conscience condone such decadence.....at least not without the magic ingredient. Almost left out the violence.

IN WITH A BANG...

THE PLAGUE

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Fuck you, again.

No apologies, again.

This is not a foot-note to your filthy conscience, it is not a redemption of the first amendment. This is not a hang-over induced reality check or a juvenile frat injected party till your assholes become so bloated they constitute their own zip code. You cannot escape. This this is for you and your hard-core petty linguist PC theories.

Chances are you're either a mere fetus sheltered by the near-sighted vision of your mother, who you still think is nurturing you, in the form of a semi-liberal "lets-leave-the-real-issues-to-the-ones-who-we-pay-to-think" education, a cellular phone, industrial waste, phast phood, a teacher who gets tenure from pimping out a wet-back for a T.A., an estranged parent who snoops around your kid's stuff because your alcoholism has caused your offspring to be "so estranged he will never communicate", or an experimental nut case who uses Dada for a conversation piece, a STERN student with a bar code on your cock and well-founded belief that nuclear war is a suitable form of compromise, a nazi, one-balled, child molesting, racist pig who considers Limbaugh's show a religious ceremony, a drugged out raver-turned-grunger who thinks a jackhammer is groovy music, a gangrenous rotting hippie who hasn't picked up a recent copy of reality in three decades, or maybe a St. Mark's sympathizer with a tattoo of Kurt Cobain crucified on your

chest, or a wannabe queer with no idea what to do with little tongue ring, a fag basher who thinks you own the monopoly on all sexual expression, an expressionless sexless artist who so desperately wants to find new forms of defecation, a flag dessicator taking a stand against all injustices by formulating an opinion on the use of banana peels as "the new drug form of the nineties," a musical theatre buff who actually believes Andrew Lloyd Weber has talent, a talentless fuck of an actor who actually believes this city needs another performer, an administrator who has developed beurocracy into a form of torture so inhumane that the Chinese cringe at it, a socialist sympathizer who believes the country is run by 12 white businessmen with Armani coats, or a bitter Plague Staff writer with a deadline and way too much caffeine, caffeine...

Fuck you all, again.

And you deserve it, again.

You deserve this because you make up the majority of the idiots who are allowed to reproduce.

You deserve this because you are spending money to have banal sexually repressed teachers stand at a podium and spurt unimportant equally banal, pointless, and repressed "facts" at you and you willingly listen and pay money for this.

You deserve this because you look to Howard Stern for "biting social commentary".

You deserve this because you believe voting validates your mind boggelingly weak intelligence.

You deserve this because no matter how hard you try you will never have an idea about what that thing is between your legs and how to use it.

You deserve this because to you freedom means being able to drink, stay out late, and skip class without mommy scolding your pinko little hide.

You deserve this because never once have you set foot outside of your placid cubbyhole of a reality to do anything but scorn another person.

You deserve this because for some perverted reason you consider a diploma a sign of intelligence.

You deserve this because you consider FOX quality programming.

You deserve this because to you style infers mass quantities of cheesy seventies clothing as if style itself constituted back-flashes and mind-numbingly pointless references to consumer products.

You deserve this because you think E-mail is a suitable from of communication.

You deserve this because secretly you long to be a tortured artist and be considered profound for all your morbidity.

And most of all you deserve this because you are Fundamentally Fucked.

So, no apologies. NIL!

Fuck you.

We tried, we really tried to keep Larry from invading this issue, but his masculine libido over-powered our weak feminine selves. Sorry.

THE

PLAGUE

(plag)n. 1. A pestilence, affliction or calamity, originally one of divine retribution: *"till the seven plagues of the seven angels were fulfilled(Revelation 15:8).* 2. A sudden influx, as by destructive of injurious insects: a plague of locusts. 3. Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance: *"The blessed silence of the Sabbath saved us from the plague of social jabbering;"* (Jenny Jones) 4. A highly infectious, usually fetal (heh heh, Lauren), epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plague. -tr.v. **plagued, plaguing, plagues, 1.** To harass, pester or annoy: *"What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors;"* (Smollet) **-Who the fuck is Smollet?**

Disclaimer: v. 1. to disarm an opponent with a Scottish broadsword(heh heh, Richard)

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Thanks: Lara and the Optimum Saviors, our professors for numerous extensions, the non-gender specific superpower of a non-denominational creed, Jack, Jill, Mom and Dad, and all others that we feel obligated to mention in this issue.

Letter from the Editors:

Greetings and salutations,

We're trying very hard to be sincere in this address to the NYU community, but after slaving over this issue, we can't help feeling a wee tippy tad bitter. This is just another publication that you find in the rack of your dormitory and lazily flip through to distract

you from whatever unrecognizable glob of semi-edibles you've gathered on your tray. And for us, for us it was redemption. [Oh, shut up and let us feel triumphant for once.] Fuck you. After years of unbridled oppression and being forced into unspeakable acts by the former editors of the PLAGUE just to get mentioned in the staff box, we have emerged triumphantly, at least for a brief, shining moment of glory.



The magazine is a tad thinner this semester. We've been binging and purging with esophagus-defying velocity since September just to get in shape for this winter's issue. We didn't want you to think we looked fat.

Thanks for the letters, submissions, ransom money, car keys, and various chemicals that someone other than you has so graciously donated to our worthy cause.

We're not too bitter, just bloated. . .and fat.

The truth is, we have absolutely nothing to say to you.

Ha ha-ha.

Lauren

Ann Carmelita Naval
Lauren Raz
Man Y Cheung

Carmelita

M

A

N

And To Think I Saw It In Washington Square



If you find your self down in that place called the Village
Which the rich corporate bastards continue to pillage
You might not escape with your all quite there
If you see what I saw down in Washington Square

I sat on a bench to avoid broken glass
Only to wake up with a sore splintered ass
Bug eyed squirrels fought over stale crack laced bread
While a flying rat pigeon took a dump on my head

A lovely old bum came up begging for change
He didn't speak well which was hardly strange
With scabs on his arms hee was singing the blues
Especially when he puked all over my shoes

At a table nearby spiked haired women gave flyers
And hoped for their cause there were potential buyers
She screamed at me loudly and raged into fits
But I didn't care much 'cause she didn't have tits

They jumped and they jollied, they flipped and they flopped
they smacked into fountains (I guess 'cause they dropped)
they drank and they drugged, on girls they made bids
In other words, they looked like they were from "Kids."

On my way out from this garden of delight
I was treated to two cops engaged in a fight
Each gave a push and a punch and a smack
To see who would get this week's drug kickback

A word of advice if you go the Village
Performance art, protesters, massive skater spillage
Drug dealers, bums, weirdos will all be there
If you see what I saw down in Washington Square



University Counseling Service

Do you feel like an unjustly treated wretch of the NYU Community?
Or a victim of an NYU employee's projected attitude problem?

Well, you need not stand for it anymore.

In fact, just lie down, relax, and let University Counselling Service's newest support groups serve to further pacify and placate your agitated self.

**Obsessive Sobriety
Group**

**Stress Induction
Society**

**Monty Python
Quoters**

**Chronic
Masturbators**

**Compulsive Body
Piercers**

**Disorderly Eaters
Group**

**I Live in
Weinstein
Group Therapy**

**Frat Lobotomy
Society**

**I'm Okay
You're Fucked Up**

**Worshippers
Of the Almighty
Dylan**

**Facing
Your Asexuality**

Gays for Newt

Roll Over Machiavelli: NYU has a new

Five Sure Steps to Beaurocratic Fulfillment



1) KEEPING YOU IN LINE

The average NYU student spends 5728.5 hours waiting in line. Here's an all too familiar scenario:

Your first day of school you spent two hours in the financial aid office while the loan company reposessed your car, 1 1/2 hours at student unemployment, and three hours at health services (they'll call you in two weeks with your diagnosis). You were in class for all of 12 minutes when you found out you were placed on a waiting list. You called the registrar's office to complain. They put you on hold.

2) HOLDING YOU IN CHECK

The average NYU student writes out over \$200,000 in checks to our fine institution in the course of a lifetime.

Don't think your financial ties are severed once you've cut out your heart and sold it for an 11x14 piece of parchment. Graduation is only the beginning. An alumni relations representative is waiting by a phone near you, lips moistened with seductive whispers, "Come on baby, you can write it off."

3) PUTTING YOU IN YOUR PLACE

This year hundreds of NYU students are in temporary housing. That's more than the city can do for its homeless, but then again NYU students pay \$25,000 annually for their cardboard boxes. But don't feel too bad. Even academic departments are being displaced. In the latest diaspora Hebrew and Judaic studies was forced to flee its swanko 4th street office for a clapboard menagerie on 12th street. Also unhoused was the Religious Studies department, reduced to three cubicles and a corrugated box under which lies ruminating a chimera of Revelations,

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formula that'll turn any Prince into a pauper

Leviticus, the Rig Veda, and a couple of Grateful Dead albums. An end to organized religion? No my friends, forced unity under an old regime. But NYU doesn't ask for your soul. They already own it.



4) KEEPING YOU IN MIND

NYU students are entitled to 12 hours free counseling with a trained therapist.

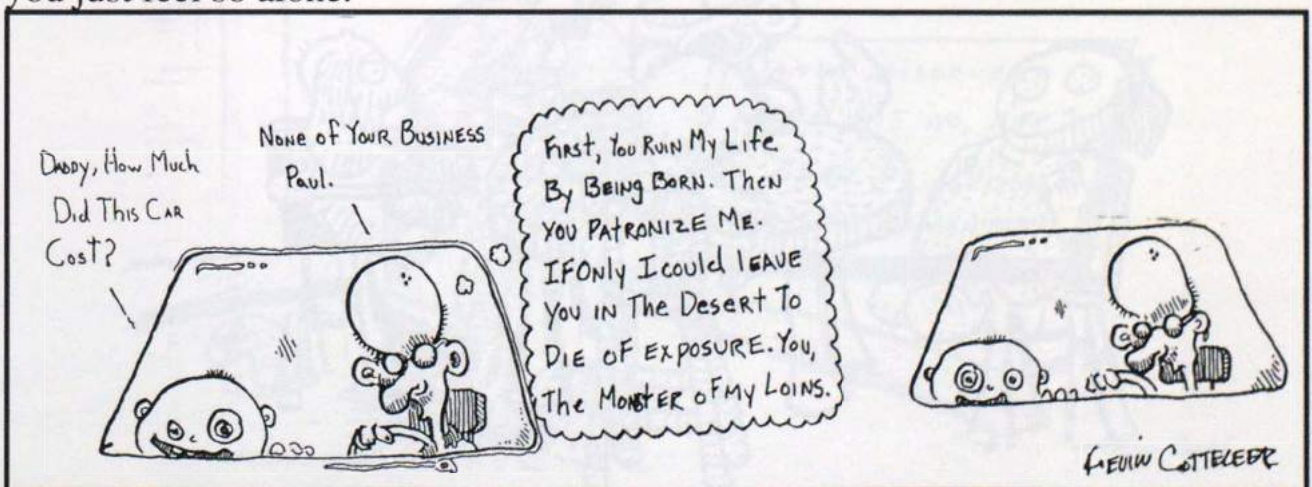
Whether you're a Tisch actor cracking under the emotional pressure exerted upon you by some pre-tentious fuck who's all washed up, or you're a non pre-med science major whose primary language is English and you just feel so alone.

Perhaps you're a Gallatin student who wonders every dawning day about the value of an eighteen hour oral exam administered by an anal professor.

Whatever your pain, you are likely to have used up your allotment of therapy sessions by week three, at which time you would have filled your first Prozac prescription. It's probably addictive, but don't worry, you can get more. NYU dispenses the stuff like candy. Still feeling down? Well don't do anything drastic. After they scrape you off the sidewalk in front of Hayden, the NYU Law dodgeball team will pull your file and demonstrate how loony you were.

5) SETTING YOU STRAIGHT

Er...Um...Still working on that one Mary.



Clips from a Recently Banned Calvin Klein Ad



I

Man: I like the crotch. Does NYU like your crotch too?

Boy: Yeah, I guess they do.



II

Man: Can I see your chest like Elmer Bobst would?

Boy: Sure. I hope you like it like he likes it.



Chris Cottleer



III

Man: Just undo the top button. Now unzip real slow. Yeah. That's sexy.

Boy: Do you really think so?

Man: I do. Even the shoes.



IV

Boy: Is my mom gonna see this?

Man: Don't worry. Now tell me what comes between you and your Calvins.

Boy: Father O'Donnelly.



Chris Budd

Gloria
& Franklin's

Quest for

Sexual Equality

Volume 2 of Camper and Gilbert's Young Learners' Series. Brought to you by the letter Q, the Number 4, the NEA, the NEH, and NAMBLA.

Mid-afternoon Third North Residence Hall.
A knock at the door. He answers.

"Look," said Gloria, "Look at my new boots," she said. "Now I'm way cool."

"You dork," said Franklin "Grunge is so over. Nobody wears boots anymore."

"You dork," said Gloria. "I'm not doing it to be grunge. I'm a feminist now."

"Ha ha-ha," said Gloria, "what are you laughing at? I'm serious, I really am a feminist now."

Now Franklin's mom was a hippie, so he knew better than that. Franklin was well-versed in the ways of sexist America, and now he was going to have to teach Gloria.

"Come in to my house of love, little girl, and I'll tell you all about it," he said patriarchally.

Gloria entered his room, When she saw all the pictures of naked women on Franklin's walls, she realized that he really did know a lot about women.

"The first thing you're going to do," said Franklin, "is high tail it up to Vermont and get yourself a cabin. Nowadays, some feminists go to Northampton, Massachusetts or the Bay area, but they're not real feminists. All the old school feminists live in Vermont."

"I guess you're right," said Gloria. "Okay, let's go."

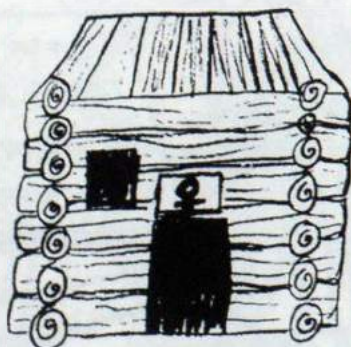
"Ha ha-ha," said Franklin, spitting out a mouthful of Rolling Rock all over Gloria.

"Hey bastard-head!" yelled Gloria. "My clothes!"

"Exactly," said Franklin. "They have got to go. You couldn't pass for a feminist if you had a power saw and a construction helmet."

"Here," he said, "you can wear this flannel of mine until you get your own. Try buying a brand that doesn't get its fibers and production done by third-world

exploited over-worked women. Now, definitely lose the bra."



"Let's have a look at those legs," he said, already trying to suppress a giggle.

Gloria stuck out a leg that, aside from a few nicks and cuts was as smooth as a baby's butt.

Franklin let his laughter loose. "Ha ha-ha!" "What now?" Gloria asked, becoming frustrated.

Wiping away tears of laughter, Franklin tried to begin speaking. After several attempts, he finally spit it out.

"Oh, my. Let's just keep those covered up for a few months, eh? You'll mostly be wearing broomstick skirts and khakis, but definitely don't make the mistake of wearing shorts any time soon! Sometimes it's a good idea to bandage your hands so you can resist the temptation to shave. Leg hair is a lot like chicken pox. Both are annoying but it's best to leave them alone."

Gloria sighed. "This means I have to

throw away all my bustiers, mini-skirts, high heels and purses in recognition of

the fact that women's clothing is restrictive because it requires that they reveal their

bodies, yet act in a manner so as not to reveal too much, doesn't it?"

"I don't think I really have to answer that, now, do I?" asked Franklin.

"I guess not," she said. "I know, I know," soothed Franklin, "it sounds like a lot to remember at first. An easy way to remember it all is to remember that feminists are DUMB. That is, Dykes Ugly Militant Bitches. See? Isn't that easy?"

"Hmph," said Gloria.

"Come on, what is it, little chick?" asked Franklin.

"I just... I just don't know if I want to be all those things. I mean, what do I do when my lesbian phase is over? What about the modeling money I could make cashing in on the beauty myth? How will feminism help me out then?"

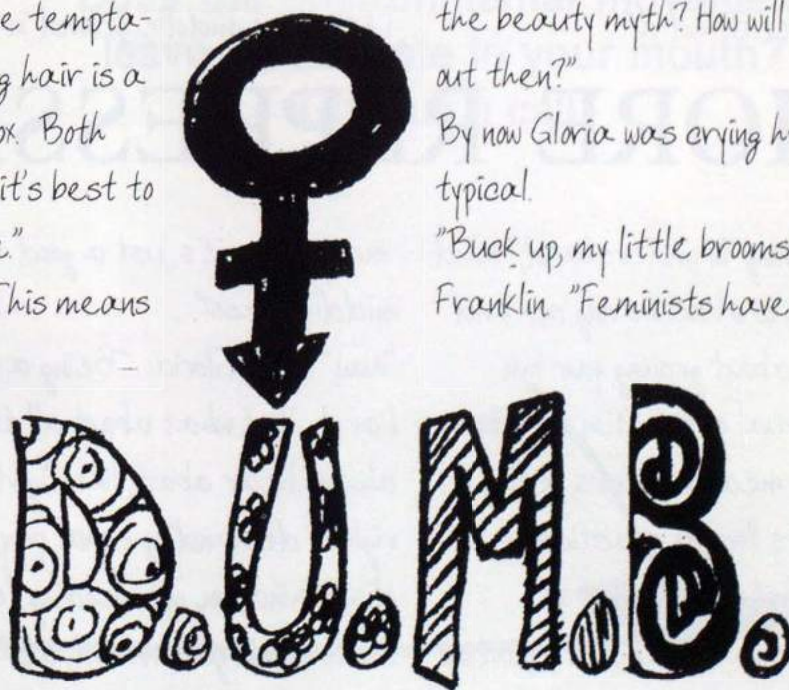
By now Gloria was crying hysterically, so typical.

"Buck up, my little broomstick cowboy," said Franklin. "Feminists have lots of fun. You

see, when you're liberated, you're also sexually liberated.

That means you can fuck however much you want.

Lots of people think feminists want to stop rape, and that's not true. Under feminist



rule, there is no rape because every woman wants to have sex. No more repression!"

Gloria perked up. "Good deal," she said. "See, I've been worried. I don't want to have to give up my boyfriend Gordo. We have sex all the time but he never talks to me or calls me otherwise. I was afraid my feminist friends would make me give him up.

"Oh no," said Franklin. "They think it's perfect. See, Gordo is only helping you realize your sexual potential. They'll be grateful, especially when they notice your potential swell.

"Wow," said Gloria. "This feminism is a lot different than I'd thought. I think I'm finally starting to understand it."



"Heh, heh," smiled Franklin knowingly. "I know, I know. It's a risk. But you can't really be a feminist unless you do all these things. There's no middle ground in feminism. Let

NO MORE REPRESSION!

"Oh, you're only beginning to understand," said Franklin. "Feminism is about having sex and so much more. It's about growing your own vegetables, Menstrual extraction, Impregnating yourself with meat basters, yelling at men for opening doors for you, practicing witchcraft... the list goes on and on!"

"Aaaaugh!" said Gloria. "All this information! All this blood going to my brain won't it shrivel my reproductive organs and thus my primary social purpose?"

me tell you, it's just a good thing you're middle class!"

"Wow," said Gloria. "Being a feminist sure is hard. But what about all the stuff you always hear about, like fighting for equal rights, demanding equal pay, stopping sexual discrimination, demanding feminine representation in government, academia and medicine, studying bias in the classroom and working for reproductive freedom? When do I get to do those things?"

"Oh that?" said Franklin "That's just propaganda. Ignore it."

"Wow, Franklin," said Gloria. You men are really smart. Thanks for teaching me so much about being a feminist."

"Hey, it was nothing," said Franklin. "Now, how about cumming over and licking papa's cigar? Use your tongue liberally."

FEMINISM ROCKS!

Here are some simple things you can do to be a feminist:

- demand integrated bathrooms
- purchase dental dams
- wear organically grown clothing
- read Esquire's feature on the new "do-me" feminism
- cut your hair really short
- petition for the demolition of the Washington Monument
- eat Ben & Jerry's ice cream
- drink herbal tea

GREENPIECE

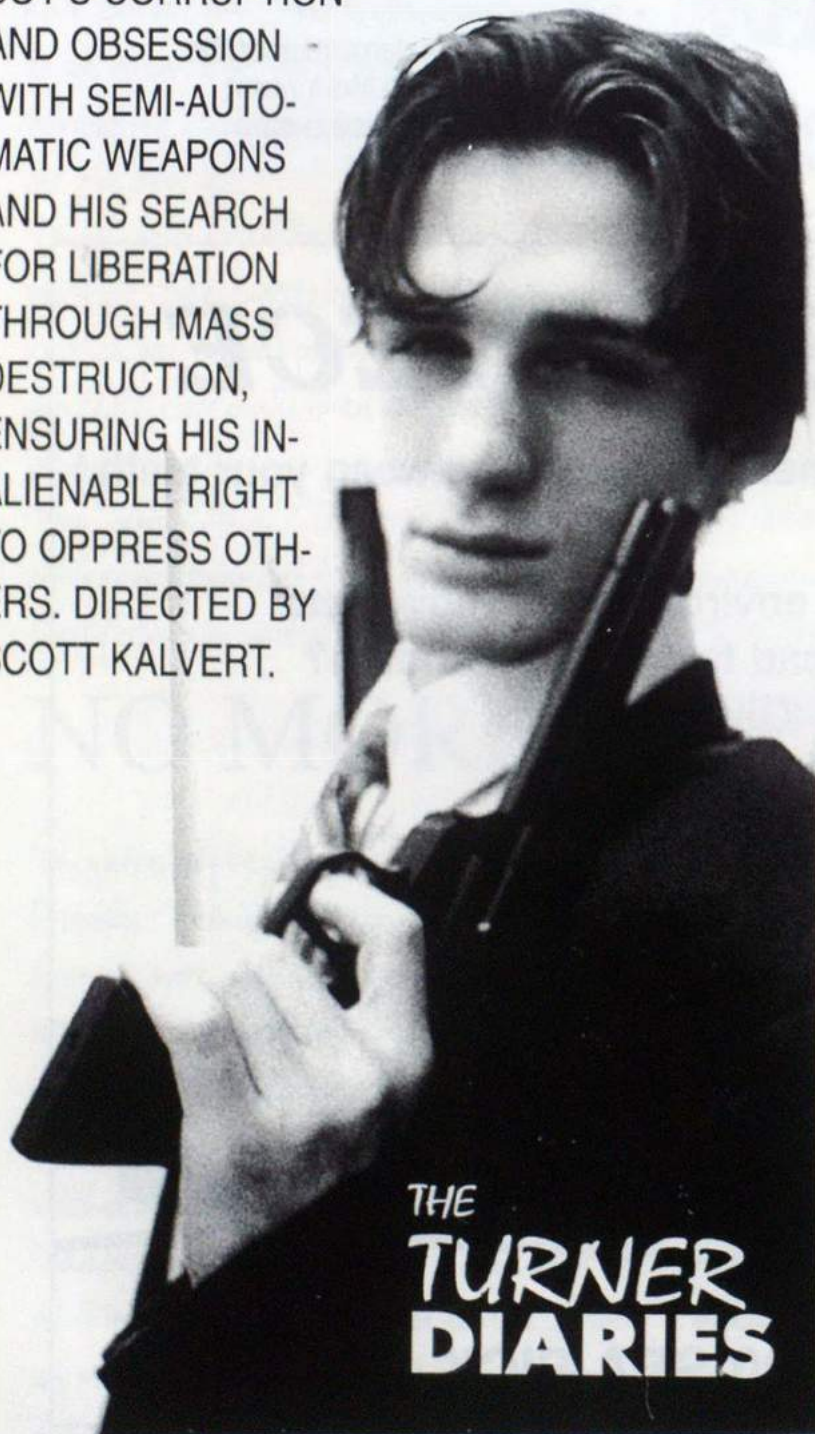
(You got a little something caught between your teeth.)

**Does the environmental movement
leave a bad taste in your mouth?
Give us a call.**



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NATIONAL EMPOWERMENT TELEVISION INTRODUCES WILLIAM L. PIERCE'S HEART-WRENCHING AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY OF A YOUNG BOY'S CORRUPTION AND OBSESSION WITH SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPONS AND HIS SEARCH FOR LIBERATION THROUGH MASS DESTRUCTION, ENSURING HIS INALIENABLE RIGHT TO OPPRESS OTHERS. DIRECTED BY SCOTT KALVERT.



THE
**TURNER
DIARIES**

WSN Exclusive:

The Washington Square News has learned of NYU funded experiments involving cruelty to animals by researcher Ron Wood at a university owned facility in Tuxedo, New York. The experiments included giving monkeys crack cocaine and locking them in refrigerators. Representatives for the Rolling Stones refused our requests for an interview with Mr. Wood and said they had no comment as to the legendary guitarists involvement in any wrong doing. To add to the conspiracy, we have disclosed all of our information to a number of major newspapers and magazines, however none are willing to expose the group due to their weight in the music industry. Why the Rolling Stones guitarist would engage such inhumane acts is a question sure to puzzle fans. Based on the reports of squabbling between front man Mick Jagger and guitarist Keith Richards, the WSN speculates that the primate was intended to replace Richards before the group's fall tour.

Monkey Business at NYU.....

Recent speculation brought up the question of who would actually miss Richards if he was indeed replaced. Unfortunately animal replacement is nothing new to the wild world of Rock and Roll. Rumor has it that Robert Plant was replaced by a German Shepard when a bought with heroin proved nearly fatal. And many believed that late rock great Jerry Garcia was actually in Hawaii for all of the infamous fall tour of 92. If this speculation

proves true then the overly obese Panda bear which doubled for him during that tour suffered a fatal overdose before the New York shows. This reporter firmly believes that the Bob Dylan concert he recently attended was actually performed by McGruff the Crime Dog. The appearance of this peculiar trend could explain Mr. Wood's treatment of the monkey as an effort to acclimate it to the lifestyle of the guitarist, (who has admitted to past

drug abuse. Gasp!) Inside sources attribute Jagger's desire for a primate to his Darwinian declaration, "I am just a monkey man, I'm glad you are a monkey women too, baby." The same sources revealed that Mr. Wood is a self-described 'heart-breaker and painmaker.' Despite the mainstream media's efforts to keep Ron Wood's actions quiet, the Washington Square News intends to pursue this matter until justice is done.



Calling All Catholics

The Catholic Center at NYU

Needs fresh meat to lead the crusade against world wide immorality

ARE YOU...

- ✦ A male, created in the image and likeness of the Lord?
- ✦ Heterosexual?
- ✦ A little boy?
- ✦ White upper-middle class?
- ✦ Outside the closet and afraid of what's inside?
- ✦ Ready to submit your will and identity to the power of the Almighty?
- ✦ In constant need of a supreme deity to justify your petty existence?
- ✦ Willing to press your views of a reality you have never seen on others under the threat of impending doom?
- ✦ Completely unfamiliar the term "hypocrite"?
- ✦ Willing and able to believe every word of an aging authoritative Pole who keeps proclaiming he is the mediator of God?
- ✦ Not finding it weird that everyone else in the world who claims to speak with God is on heavy sedatives and sitting in a nice padded cell making little baskets and planning for the end of the world?
- ✦ Under the firm belief that God would rather have people dead than to permit the use of a condom?
- ✦ Convinced the world would be a better place if everyone thought the exact same way as you?
- ✦ At a loss for evening entertainment since He-Haw was cancelled?
- ✦ Unwilling to see any similarities in any of the worldwide religions?
- ✦ Willing to swear that a backbone is a wacko-liberalist notion constructed by the same evil people who brought you the first amendment, anti-gun laws and The Last Temptation of Christ?

WE NEED YOU. YOUR SAVIOR NEEDS YOU. YOUR FELLOW WHITE, UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS HETEROSEXUAL HUMANS NEED YOU. PLEASE CALL US, OKAY?

1-900-SEE-GODD (the extra D is for deliverance)

Introducing New York University's Hottest Extension



Welcome to Torch Tone, the University's sexual exploration and erotica information line. It's safe, discreet, and it's unbelievably low price of a local call. Perfect for those lonely nights alone. Help reduce that final's stress. She's waiting for you to enter your 9 digit identification number.

"You don't need any access code for my sessions"

It's time press 2 to Drop your pants and press 1 to Add to the excitement!!!

*available 7 days a week, matriculated students only please



Alumni Profile



College of Arts & Science

Class of 1988

Name: Les R. Redwine
Major: Metropolitan Studies
Occupation: Urban Renewal Associate

Les is seen here on the front lines of Urban America investigating the cause & effect of mass population living within a small space. Les is also a renown artist and uses the materials he collects for his art. His latest exhibit, "**By-Product of the Metropolis: From Something Comes Nothing**" is scheduled to be displayed at the reopening of the Grey Art Gallery in September 1996.

Sponsored by The Office of Career Services

...My Dead Darling.....

I loved you yet you didn't love me.
That was a fatal error, you see.
So one night I kept into your
house,

An I gleefully killed your unsus-
pecting spouse.

I took a rope and tied you tight,
And making sure the mood was
right,

I lit a match and set you on fire.
Then out of my pocket I grabbed a
plier.

I clipped you toes and your finger-
nails

And into your mouth I shoved
some snails.

I left you alone as you started to
burn

You started to groan as I started to
learn

The fire had spread on to the rug.
So I extinguished it

And brought you to the bit I dug.
Then I decided it would be a
waste

If you were in a ditch for the
worms to taste

Your flesh so sweet
Your bone and meat

All your fat and stuff like that.

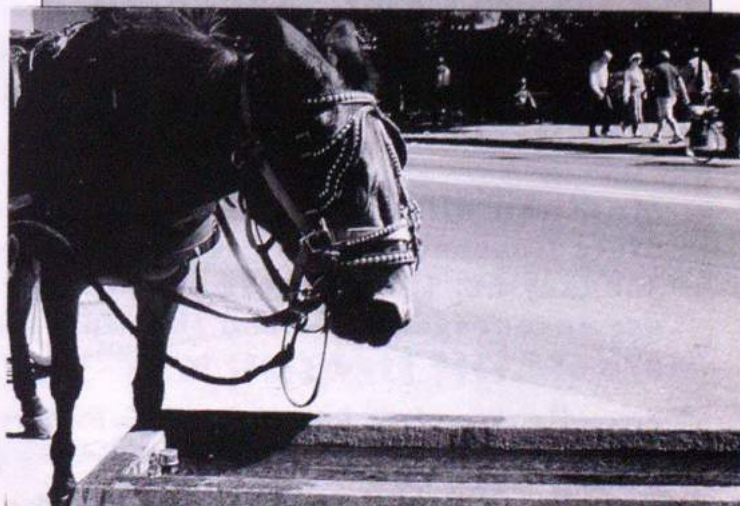
So I brought you to my home safe

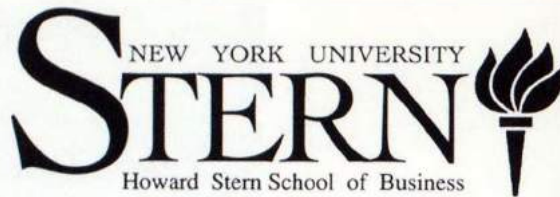
and sound
In the living room instead of the
ground.
That was a year ago today
And now I am watching you today.
Your corpse is getting hard;
I can smell you from the back-
yard.
I don't think I want you anymore
I can't make out your face be-
cause
It's all black and charred
And your carcass is stuck to the
floor.
All you attract now is flies;
And even if one comes around
you it dies.
So I definitely don't want you any-
more.
Your hair is now black; it used to
be red.
But you shouldn't care now be-
cause you are dead
And your hands are burned down
to the core.
Your legs are a mess
(They've melted into your dress)
And your feet are two globs of
goo;
But don't you fear,
You've been rotting for a year
And that's what's expected of you.

Memoirs of Catherine
The First Seduction

*I felt it nuzzle my supple
breast
It's tongue drained my
secret garden
I felt my heart beat
faster and faster
My tongue is getting dry
Drink! Drink Damn you!
And it wouldn't
Catherine was saddened
Sigh the Queen*

*You can lead a horse to water
But you can't make it screw a
QUEEN.*





is proud to present
Howard Stern

1996 Winter Lecture Tour

Join us as Mr. Stern Travels the tri-state area to deliver his wit and wisdom in the field of business policy, self-marketing, and flat out money making.

These seminars will most likely follow closely the curricula of many Stern undergraduate courses, and are recommended by faculty.

Lecture topics and locations include...

Insulting Cancer Patients for Money- Presented by IBM and hosted by the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; Upper West Side

How to make a Black Woman Your Personal Bitch- Presented by AT&T and hosted at Jackie Robinson Park; Harlem

Power Brokerage for the Demented- Presented by CBS and hosted by New York University's Howard Stern School of Business; Greenwich Village

Game shows that Pay:- Presented by Warner Bros. and hosted at Caesar's Palace; Atlantic City, New Jersey

You, Too, Can Profit from Aggravating Racial Tension- Presented by the Pennsylvania Superior Court System and hosted at Osage Ave. ...and for Mr. Stern's finale...

Conniving Schemes Make the World Go Round- Presented by Bob Dole and the Institute for Prosthesis Development and hosted at the Meadowlands, New Jersey

Mr. Stern will discuss his popular radio show and run for New York State Governor. These exclusive engagements will be offered beginning January 21, 1996. Those with perverted goals and wicked intentions are encouraged to attend these spectacular seminars for the low, low price of \$150 per ticket.

Proceeds go towards the future lining of Mr. Stern's pockets and continued persecution of Stuttering John. Long live the self-proclaimed "King of All Media."

ITCHIN' FOR A DATE?



DON'T SCRATCH US OFF YOUR CALENDAR
NYU HEALTH SERVICES

THE PLAGUE

MAIN COMPLAINTS OF THE POPE'S EX-ROOMMATES

- "He's so religious"
- "Enough with the white, already"
- "He's really into that gothic rock"
- "Always leaving that big hat on my bed"
- "He bogarts the communion wine"
- "Picks up chicks by promising eternal salvation"
- "Kept poking holes in my condoms"
- "Talks to the Holy Ghost in his sleep"
- "Spills holy water all over the place"
- "That damned incense..."
- "Always speaks that Latin gibberish"
- "He waves to people all the goddamn time."

- "Will never say 'Gesundheit'"

UNRELEASED BEATLES' SONGS

- Shock Chakra
- Yoko is a Whore
- My Mind Is Playing Tricks On Me
- I Wanna Chop Your Vegetables
- Lucy In The Sky With Leather
- I Wanna Hold Your Keys
- Take Me On The Floor
- I Only Wanna Get Laid By You
- Revolution II-VIII
- Prudence, You Bitch
- RPM 666
- Shake Your Groove Thing
- Blah, Blah, Blah
- I Am The Aardvark

LESSER-KNOWN MEMBERS OF LATINO POP-SENSATION, MENUDO

- Placido Domingo
- Enigo Mantoya
- Antonio Banderas
- Cheech Marin
- Fidel Castro
- Don Quixote
- Manuel Noriega
- Montezuma
- Eric Estrada
- Perry Como
- Salvador Dali
- Speedy Gonzalez
- Juan Valdez

NUMBER OF PARA- NOID SQUIRRES IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

- 100,003

EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO YOU

CATHOLIC GRUNGE BANDS

- Nietzsche is Dead
- Eating Our Lord
- AIDS Encouragers
- The Altared Boys
- You're Gonna Burn
- Faith Some More
- Slutty Sisters
- Neil Mary

STILL MORE UCS SUPPORT GROUPS

- John Denver Fan Club
- Lonely Narcs
- Rat Hunting Club
- Self-Segregated Whiners Association
- Compulsive Penis Measuring Support Group
- Fire by the Gap Support Group

REASONS TO JOIN AN ASIAN GANG

- Asian Triatholon (pool followed by target shooting and then karaoke)
- You already chain smoke
- Lifetime membership at all the Empire Szechuans in NYC
- Your wear dress shoes with jeans
- Discount on "Stiff Stuff" for spike hair
- To get unlimited supply of black color T-shirts
- Rejected from a Fraternity

WHY PEOPLE TAKE ORGANIC CHEMISTRY

- Just want to see what it is like to fail a class

- For Partick's encouraging comments in lab
- Those sexy marks goggles leave on your face
- Homemade carcinogens
- Extra time to kill

OTHER NYU RENTAL HOMES FOR DIS- PLACED STUDENTS

- Baruch Housing Project Avenue D
- The "A" train
- Salvation Army
- Le Bait Papier
- CBGB's Men's Room
- The Vault
- Western Beef

NUMBER OF CONFUSED HET- EROSEXUAL MEN ON CAMPUS

- 7,541

The Shit List

Willy Long
Mom and Dad
Marx and Engels
Scott Kalvert
JoAnn McGreevey
Guy Molinari
Staten Island
Shakespeare
ASSABC
Delion
Ethan Hawke
Disney
Demi Moore
Poetry Slams
"Bull" Shannon
Cap'n Crunch
Satan
John Secada as 'Danny'
People
Jose Canseco
Alicia Silverstone
Bill Gates
Val Kilmer as Batman
Brad Pitt
Clitorectomies
NYU Football Team
Newt Gingrich
Candice Gingrich
Crazy Horse Malt Liquor
The elevators at Main
Budapest Transit Police
Cha-Kuan
Lisa Loeb

Pocohontas, 12 Year old slut
Homologous Rock
Gravity
Oxymercuration-demercuration
Ewoks
Yankees
Morse Academi Program
NYU Debate Team
The Wokery
Information Center
Drosophila melanogaster
Stern's Group Projects
Premeds
Tuition Remission
The Wild Thing
Subtalk
THE NAZI MAYOR
Smurfs
The Pink Power Ranger
Life
Lisa & Micheal
Pagemaker
Torque
Pus Oozing Piercings
Fractional Distillation
Purple Donut at 11:10
Drama Queens
Broken Hips
Bad Boo Jobs
Jeff Stryker
ER
Clindy Crawford's Acting
House Blend Coffee

• MTA •

Nazi Bitch From Hell

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