

The

PLAGUE

NYU's only *intentionally funny* publication



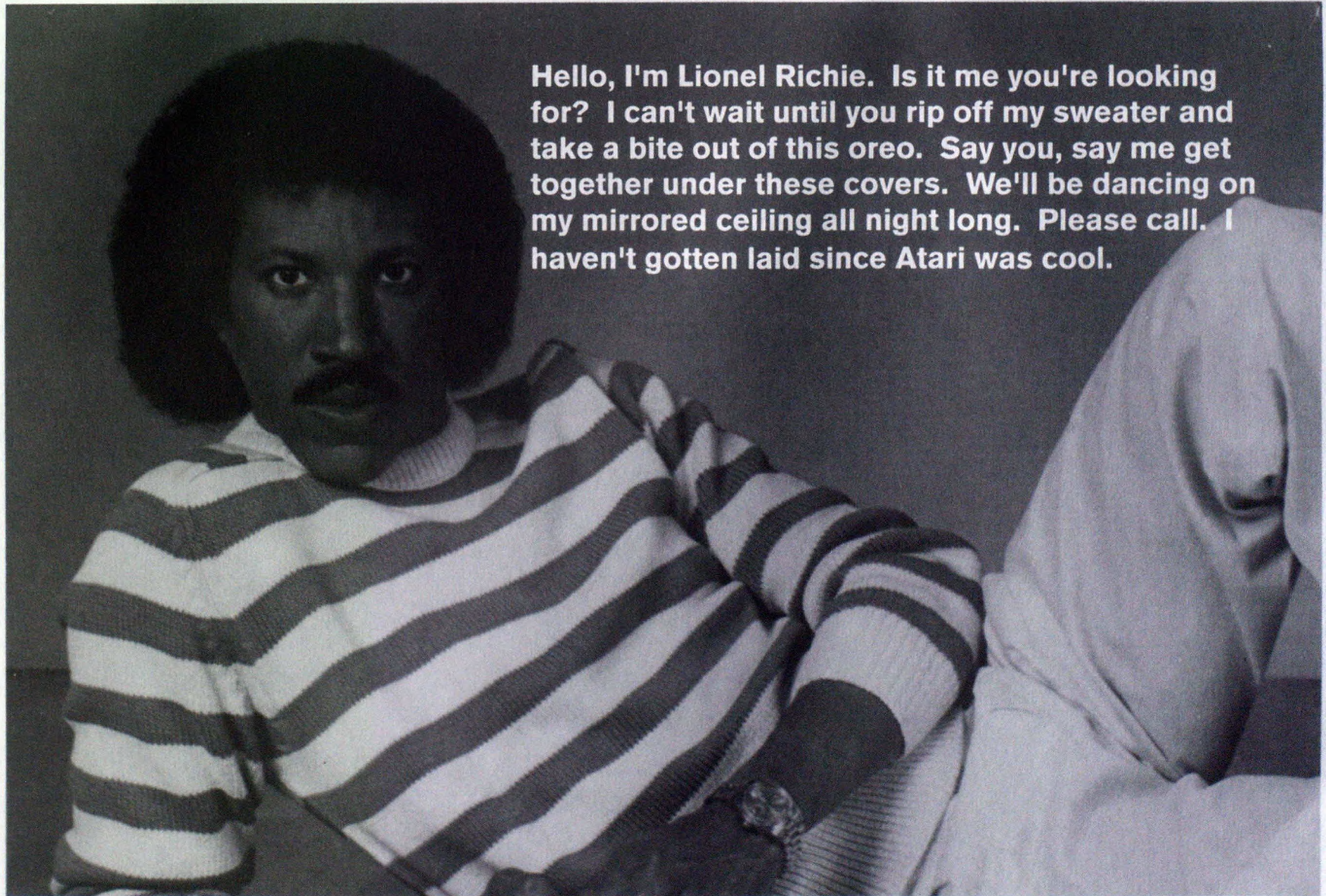
**Meet the girl
who makes the
trolley come**



Spring 1996

NO PASSING
ON THE
RIGHT

The Plague presents: Fallen Icons of the '80s
this issue's featured artist.....



Hello, I'm Lionel Richie. Is it me you're looking for? I can't wait until you rip off my sweater and take a bite out of this oreo. Say you, say me get together under these covers. We'll be dancing on my mirrored ceiling all night long. Please call. I haven't gotten laid since Atari was cool.

Call 1-900 HAS BEEN

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 9) 2. A sudden influx, as by destructive or injurious insects: *a plague of locusts.* 3. Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance: "*the blessed silence of the Sabbath saved us from the plague of social jabbering*" (Trent Reznor) 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the moronic plague. -*tr.v.* **plagued**, **plaguing**, **plagues.** 1. To harass, pester, or annoy: "*What business have people to plague us with this etymological tripe.*" (Webster)

Disclaimer. *v.* 1. To disarm an opponent with a Scottish broadsword

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CORY DANN

Invisible Man
KEVIN COTTELEER



In honor of ourselves, we christen this magazine with a non-sequitor of choice, free of any bulbous esoteric references whatsoever. We're sorry. Really, really sorry. We apologize for, well, our existence, but special apologies to Kevin, whose name was defaced in the last issue, to Laura and Ruth were never properly acknowledged, and to all the misunderstood Plague angels of present and past.

Thanks and more than thanks to Lara, Gary, and Patty, to Audrey for pulling for us, to Dan "never say die" Truman, and absolutely NO ONE ELSE.

THE

PLAGUE



Murray Schmendrick
72, The
Sad Clown
of Cereal
Icons

Murray Schmendrick, known to millions as the Trix Rabbit, was found dead in his West Village apartment on Tuesday, apparently from a self-inflicted gun wound. He was 72 years old.

Schmendrick's career spanned 50 years, but it was his incarnation as the wily hare of psychedelic cereal that brought him his greatest fame, and his greatest tragedy. Close friends said he had been moody and depressed lately, isolating himself from the rest of the world. "He stopped

returning calls," said Seamus O'Malley, Lucky Charms™ spokesman, "he just wasn't the old Schmendrick, and I think it was a matter of time before his role caught up with him."

Murray Schmendrick was born October 37, 1923 during a calendar shortage. He grew up in Flatbush and led a tortured childhood due to his abnormally large ears. After completing high school, he went on to City University. No one from his old neighborhood remembered having ever seen him exhibit any special acting talent, or having seen him period. Then World War II happened. Declared 4-F because of his padded feet, Murray turned to the stage. He began his acting career as a spokesperson for Camel Cigarettes, where his intoning of the slogan "Cough all you want, we'll make more!" was heard by millions of radio listeners across the nation in the forties. On the side, he honed his craft by working with such luminaries as Rosie the Riveter and

Henry (of Flit fame). The advent of television saw Murray taking his act to a new medium, as he honed the persona of Larry the Laughing Lung for new commercials. He was suddenly fired in 1955 when, during a broadcast of the Honeymooners, he declared Camel's new slogan to be "They're Cancerrific!" Schmendrick kept busy by getting involved in the liberal causes of the day, such as Citizens for Free Speech, Etc. and I Dislike Ike. Unable to find steady work for most of the fifties, he was spared having his career ruined by Joe McCarthy- having had no career of which to speak.

Schmendrick's big break came when he landed the job of the Trix Rabbit in 1964. His strange physical characteristics and exaggerated craving for carrots and Beatrix Potter books made him a natural for the role. His first commercial starred him as the Trix rabbit, vainly pursuing a breakfast food which was unavailable to him. It was originally intended to



PLAGUE-ROD

This month's Trolley Babe: See how aspiring mechanic Michelle Antolos straddles this machine!

Concieved: The back of a GMC pick-up truck.

Born: The back of a yellow cab

(Shown here on the back of the NYU Trolley.)

Major: Spelling, *GSP Senior*

Residence Hall: Varies from night to night.

Hobbies: Corn-shucking, striving for world peace

Turn Ons: Banana splits, running water, warm fireplaces, Dan.

Turn Offs: Rainy days, Mondays, the metric system, excessive pubic hair, Chandler.

Obituaries!

be a one shot deal, but Schmendrick saw potential for variations on the theme he had been presented. He took over the writing of the ad campaign, which featured him in one outrageously fruitless attempt after another. Kids across America ate it up. But critics saw a much deeper message in the Trix rabbit's struggles. "The Trix rabbit functions in a Kafkaesque universe not unlike our own, where we constantly strive toward our perfect goal, like Gatsby to his Daisy, only to be thwarted by insane bureaucratic rules which baffle the warrior with their existential nonsense," wrote Stiv Bators in his collection of essays, *Bourgeois Boxes: Sartrean Marxism in Cereal Marketing*. "Like Melville's Ahab to the whale, like Camus' Stranger to the Arab, like Schulz's Charlie Brown to the Little Red Haired Girl, the Trix rabbit is thwarted at every turn by the impossibility of modern day life. That's five literary references in two sentences- beat that, Safire!"

Schmendrick went on the lecture circuit and spoke at colleges across the nation. He became well entrenched in the New York intellectual elite, going to cocktail parties and slurring bon mots about Broadway. He collaborated with Ingmar Bergman on the 1973 film "Elusive Grain of the Soul". The turning point came when Schmendrick starred in a commercial which featured the Trix rabbit finally getting his first taste of the beloved cereal. Murray was singularly disappointed with the bowl's overall effect. It was too much for the hare to bear. The object he had pursued for all those years had turned out to be just marginally mediocre. Murray spiraled down a cyclic staircase banister kinda thingy of depression. According to close friend, Tony DeTigre, "All of a sudden he found no joy in everyday life. He'd just kinda look at anything and see the sad side. He couldn't find the strength to look at anything and just say grrreat!" A brief marriage

to Isabella Rosellini collapsed. Later commercials featured a more subdued rabbit, barely mustering the energy to come up with any new schemes. His proposal for a new slogan for Trix: "What's the point?" was rejected. It culminated in his suicide on Tuesday, alone in his three story brownstone, currently on the market- rent control, furnished, the whole nine yards. Call 555-5678 for details.

"Murray was a beautiful man, but it got to the point where he just couldn't enjoy his work anymore, and hence his life," said Sonny Kookoo, with whom Schmendrick had a lengthy relationship. "He couldn't get crazy like he used to, and after that's gone, as a cereal man, it's all over for you."

Private services will be held at the General Mills Funeral Home on MacDougal Street, followed by burial at Mt. Kellogs Jewish Cemetery. Mr. Schmendrick is survived by two sons, Diggem and Toucan.

Ever wish someone could whisper sweet nothings and nibble on your ear,
even when you aren't there?

Do you and your mate enjoy aural sex?
When flowers just don't do it anymore...



The Van Gough Ear Voucher

*Made from the finest recycled extruded latex, ooze-o-matic blood available in regular, cherry, or absinthe flavor. Not recommended for the elderly or people with heart conditions.

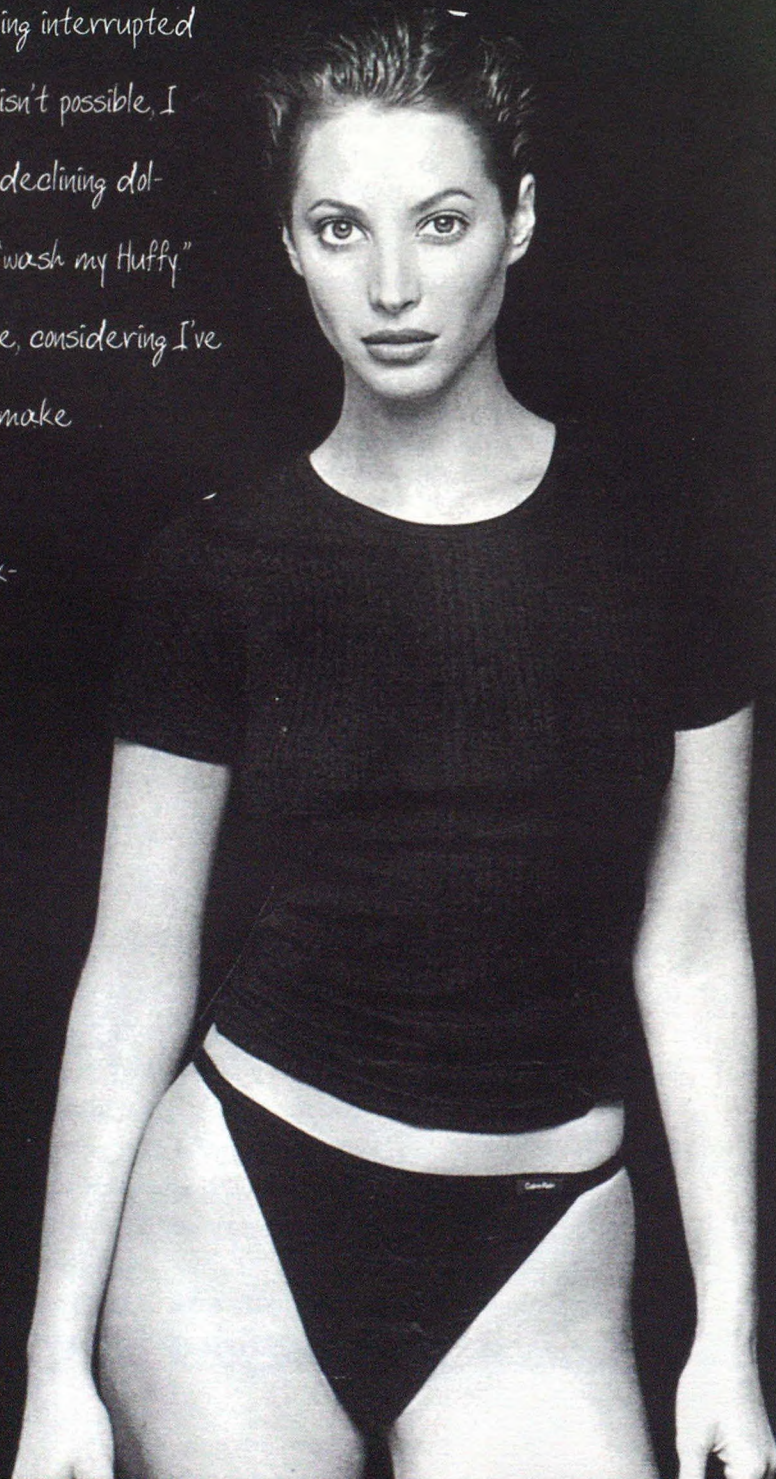
Because you shouldn't have to lose an ear to prove your love.

We at **the Plague** would like to wholeheartedly welcome our newest fellow Violet,

Christy Turlington, who is currently enrolled in the Gallatin School. Christy, for years we've admired your keen sense of fashion and your unparalleled class in the grueling world of international modeling. As a gesture of greeting, the NYU community would like to personally invite you to a university wide banquet in your honor. Well, more of a get-together with the members of the Plague. Oh, fuck it, it'll be me with a seven-foot erection and a bowl of Fritos at some room at Loeb. I have to admit it'll be weird seeing your sophisticated beauty without being interrupted by my parents banging on the bathroom door. If that isn't possible, I have \$2,392.43, Monty's Sears Charge Card, and \$32 declining dollars that's yours just for the chance of watching you "wash my Huffy." Naked. This private party can be at your convenience, considering I've arranged my schedule to better observe you and to make sure that no degenerate is leering at my unspoiled princess. How's after your 9.55 class? Instead of taking that long walk back to your place, experience the ambiance of an NYU dormitory—and don't worry, my roommate and I have an "understanding." Just drop a reply and/or any undergarments still fresh with your scent to Box 189 in the Activities Annex.

Testicularly Yours,

Chief "The Huge"



New York University

A tradition of excellence

A Student Survival Guide to the NYU Global Village



Sponsored by Office of Undergraduate

PREVIEW

Spanish

Tu Madre es una puta
(your mother is a whore)

Vete de mierda
(go eat shit)

Doblate, Abre las Piernas Y
Trae la Manteca
(bend over, spread your legs
& get the butter)

Russian

Chyort popyer
(go to hell)

Tvaya mat korova
(your mother is a cow)

Ubrayu vas
(go fuck yourself)

Joseph Stalin
(satan)

Greek

Θακω Την Πουτανα Που Σε Καβε

(I fucked the prostitute who made you)

Θακνορα βρε Κατακα

(Fuck yourself you jerk off)

Βα φας σκατα

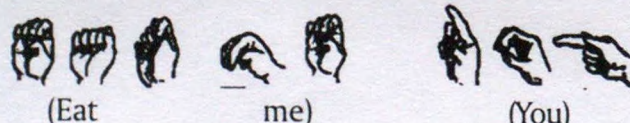
(Go eat shit)

Arabic

حَدَّثَ شَيْطَانٌ إِلَيْكَ كَالوِ الْبَدِ.

(Satan talks to you like a father)

أَكَلِيَّ. (Eat me)



(Eat

me)

(You)



(Voracious)

(Dog)



Breaking the Barriers

As a first year student, I was eager to participate in a meaningful cross cultural exchange, but felt intimidated by the language barrier. At NYU, this barrier came down and now I can tell Kim-Chee, my T.A, to fuck off in her native language.

-Mimi Smithson, Freshman in School of ED, majoring in hospitality-

Sponsored by Office of Undergraduate Admissions

TO NYU

French

Envois Chier
(Fuck off)

Va te faire futre
(go fuck yourself)

Un petit merdeux
(little shit)

German

Fich mich, du miserabler
horensohn
(fuck me, you ugly son of a
bitch)

Streck raus deinen heissen
gelockten
(stick out your hot curly
weenie)

Aber beckeleck nicht das
Safa
(don't get any jizz on that
Sofa)

Hebrew

בן תאות המרדנות

(You are the child of a repulsive lust)

Chinese

你妈妈是个抓捏精!

(your mother is a whore)

操你妈的!

(Fuck off you asshole)

滚开,龟头

(Dick head, go away)

三八

(Bitch)

Putting the "di" back in diversity

The ability to communicate with students of other nationalities has really highlighted my education here at NYU. Now, I can fuck with more people more of the time.

-Enrique Ramirez, Junior in Stern, majoring in International Business-





"The Ropers"

Great American Love Stories



Department of Caucasian Heterosexual Male Studies (69)

(revised for Fall 1996)

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington D.C. 20003

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, 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.

Faculty

Professors Emeriti
Jones, Morgan, Smith,
Vanderbilt, Winchester

Assistant Professors
High, Michaud, Silberman,
Zimmerman, Michael, Morettini

Professor in Cross Cultural Relations
Jimmy the Greek

Fellowship in Minority Studies
Professor Michael Levine

**NAAWP Endowment for Studies
in Creative Persuasion**
David Duke

Professor in Economic Oppression Tactics
William F. Buckley Jr.

Courses

INTRODUCTORY COURSES

Required classes for majors
and anybody wishing to
work outside the restaurant
industry

Heterosexuality 1 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 embod-
ied by Barbie, and shows
why men shouldn't fuck
other men because only
AIDS-carrying, felching,
dick-sucking, faggot liberals

do that.

Rhythm V69.1234 4 *points.*

This is the course that asks
the eternal question, "Can
white people clap on the
backbeat?" Why Negros,
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 institu-
tions 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."

ADVANCED COURSES

Advanced Asian Relations V69.0101

Examines optimum methods
for developing a good rap-
port with our friends from
the East. By mid-semester,
you'll be able to get a fellow
Asian student to give you the

time of day. Final projects will be to get an Asian student to actually help a non-Asian student. Good fucking luck.

Yellow Fever: The Wonderful World of Asian Women V69.6699 LEP 8 4 points

Examines optimum methods for developing an entirely different rapport with our friends from the East. Great attention is paid to the art of foot-binding. Chinese never tasted so good.

Guest Lecturer: Professor Cantwell

Exposing the Myth: Taking Back the White Woman

V69.0110 4 points

Statistical analysis contradicting the better endowment of the black male. Visiting Professors J. Stryker and R. Jeremy will expose the farce by engaging in a penal comparison with prominent members of the black community such as Emmanuel Lewis and that freak that plays Erkel.

Why God is White

A69.0666 LEP 3 4 points
Aw c'mon, He just is.

Limbaugh-ean Ethics

A69.1111 LEP 3 4 points
Focusing on the politics of the rich fat white male and why they're right. Guest Lecturer: The Man.

Study A Broad (formerly known as What I Wouldn't Do To Her) V69.0690 4

points

An in-depth discussion on the many intricacies of locker

room talk. Beginning with the fundamentals (Breast Etiology and Penal Exaggeration), you'll get all the basics you need to get a sweet little honey with jugs the size of Wyoming telling you you're her daddy. Those interested should see their advisers and give it to her where it counts.

RURAL STUDIES

Truckin Appreciation

A69.3333 4 points

Big Foot 4 vs. King Krusher, the debate continues. Final projects include turning that '78 El Camino on cinder blocks in your weed infested front yard into a monster truck of the truest breed. It's all here: The Kings of Crash, The Masters of Disasters, Bone griding spills, chills, and thrills. It's all happening here MW 1:20-2:35, MW 1:20-2:35!!!!!! Be There!!!

Colloquium: The Ronnie Van Zant Skynyrd

V69.1971 4 points

Study of the only band guided by God. In depth study as to why the Southern Man, who is the only one justified in owning property or voting in the South, don't need [non-Caucasians] around anyhow. Turn it up.

INTERDISCIPLINARY STUDIES

Chick Bagging: The Tisch Approach V69.6666 4

points

Learn to correct those Long Islanders on their pronunciation, according to the by-laws

of Edith Skinner, and how to be elusive on your sexual identity. An emphasis on Name Dropping, an updated list will be included in the syllabus.

Chick Bagging: The Stern Approach A69.0000 4

points

Introduces basic ways of "Extending your portfolio" to get satisfactory results. Concentration on topics such as "How to Make Money Off the Mentally Ill" and "Your Soul Isn't Worth That Much" to get you the down payment for that Maserati that will achieve the course goal.

Chick Bagging: The General Studies Approach V69.0000

4 points

This course focuses on the basics of chick-bagging. Topics include walking over to a female without tripping, fly checking, and getting that piece of toilet paper off your shoe.

Chick Bagging at La Pietra, Italy A69.0069 4 points

Describes and analyzes ways to achieve maximum brake torque from your IROC for those really cool Dairy Queen parking lot peel-outs. And, of course, you'll be given lessons in stealing my girlfriend, you greasy tatood hairy muscle shirted wap. Oops sorry. Students enrolled here must also take the Wifebeating Lab, Sections 002-008.

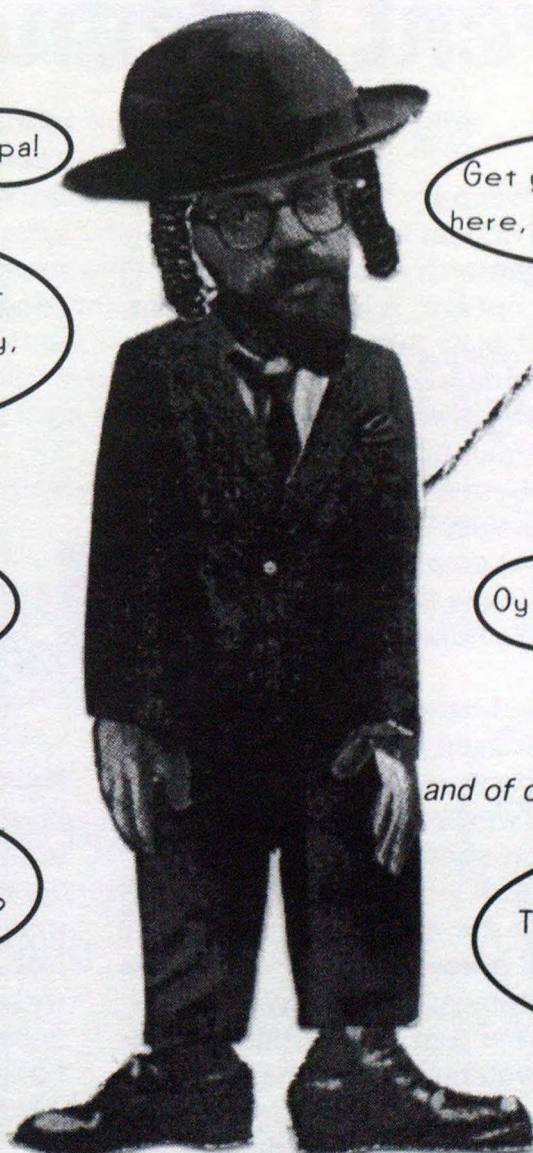
From the makers of Cock-Ring Ken:

Over summer vacation, do you miss the joys of NYU residence life? Do you miss arguments over the phone bill that end up in being personally accused for the holocaust? Do you miss being the victim of guilt by osmosis.

Introducing ...

The Jew Roommate Pull-String Doll

You'll get the favorites:



Oopa!

Hey! You can't eat
my matzas with jelly,
you fucking goy!

Hey! Melrose is
on tonight!

Did my mom call
while I was gone?

Get your shikshas outta
here, I'm trying to study!

The only thing you
gentiles are good for
is suing!

Oy Vael

and of course...

That Barbara Striesand
is sooooo beautiful!

Also look for these exciting toys at a store near you:

Rabbi Rabinowitz Home Circumcision Play Set (Extra Foreskin not included)

The Rabbi says, "Be the first on your block to consecrate God's covenant with Abraham."
and **The Jewish Princess Doll** repeating the never tiring phrases, "Oh you're a doctor?
How nice." and "Oh my Gawd, Shoes were 30% off at Bloomingdales, I almost died!"

Brought to you by GifilteFisher Price. Available at Jews R Us, Jew World, Jew Mart, and other fine stores. Made in Taiwan

The following text is compiled from actual entries and sketches from the journal of everyone's favorite freaky computer nerd, Trent Reznor, the evil henchman behind Nine Inch Nails. These entries were written during Nine Inch Nails' 1995 "Pig Machine Sever Sex Mother Pain" tour.

The Dark Scary Journal of Trent Reznor

January 17- Chicago.

Missed the sound check before the show. Was too busy contemplating the world, spiraling down into its abyss of hatred, and forgot to set my alarm as well.

Premiered some new songs, and "Fuck Scream" seemed to go over well. Must remember more pig blood for the next gig.

January 31- New York.

Woke up wedged between two 13 year olds from Staten Island and a small hedgehog. Gave the girls an autograph to keep them from telling the vice squad. Kept the hedgehog. Called Mom to wish her a happy birthday.

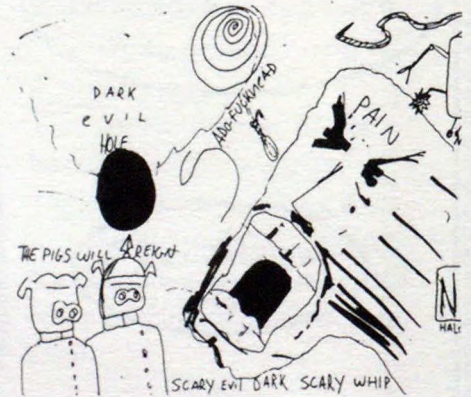
N I N
SCARY EVIL DARK SCARY WHIP

- 1 Beat me
- 2 Scary dark motherfuckin hole
- 3 anal thrash
- 4 Trent Reznor's A bad ass
- 5 leather chain machine
- 6 pain suffer cry sex
- 7 pig fuck
- 8 dickshit nugget
- 9 torment ass-whipping block
- 10 Deep well
- 11 March of the Sado Masicists
- 12 Self denial fuck



The pains are sporadic but definite, ranging from sausage to Jell-O. Sometimes orange water

gibbon bucket of plaster. There seems to be a small fire in the engine block, spewing fumes and making me delirious. Must write a song about it.



February 9- Chapel Hill.

Tried an interesting new gimmick at our outdoor concert. A large metal monstrosity takes over the stage and looks like it eats me. Tonight it missed. Crushed a small Baptist church. Gave them a copy of my new single, "Fist Fuck Glue Gun" for compensation. Met Jesse Helms backstage. Nice Guy. We talked about Dante.

February 20- Houston.

Tossed my nose ring off the stage as a gift to the fans. Twenty-three people were crushed to death trying to grab it. Saw *Steel Magnolias* at the hotel and I cried again. It always gets me when Julia Roberts dies. Stayed up till four a.m. masturbating while watching *The Little Mermaid*.

March 1- San Francisco.

Tour bus got a flat on the Golden Gate Bridge, blocking traffic for hours. Canceled my subscription to *The New Yorker*, but not sure why. Not the same without Wolcott.

March 3- Vancouver. Some hippy freak chaperoning her ten-year-old mistakes me for John Sebastian. Shame to make the kid wait outside. Not a total loss. Inspired to write an EP filler called "Lovespoon". I hate playing hick North Dakota towns.

March 5- Seattle. Thought about wearing a V-neck sweater during tonight's show, but reconsidered. Approached by someone at J. Crew about an endorsement

deal. Haven't ruled it out yet. I believe our guitarist may have gone into diabetic shock during "Cunt Rag Dick Fuck" but unsure. Noticed sound was a lot less edgy-er, and guitarist was writhing on stage and shaking. Went into small coma yesterday. Quiet, but otherwise uninteresting.

March 13- St. Louis. Tonight's show will involve seven rabies infected dogs that will roam the audience looking for fresh meat. Plan to cover "Fill Me Up Buttercup" during the second set. Could not get dangerous explosives permit from the city. Have to scratch the thermo nuclear finale. Reading Emily Dickenson lately. Good Stuff.

March 23- Indianapolis. Tried to launch a small fragmentation grenade during "Fuck Fuck Fuck Spam and Fuck", but it was a dud. Outdoor concert, lots of rain. Tripped on an amp cord and the entire band went up in a puff of blue smoke. Note: check wires and get new band. Recorded entire new album, "Scary Dark Scary Evil Whip" last night on MIDI equipment. Looking for a solo contract with Windham Hill.



SCARY-evil-DARK-SCARY-WHIP

Risky Business

You could be fined up to \$100 for obstructing the path of a moving train.

It's not worth the **Risk**.

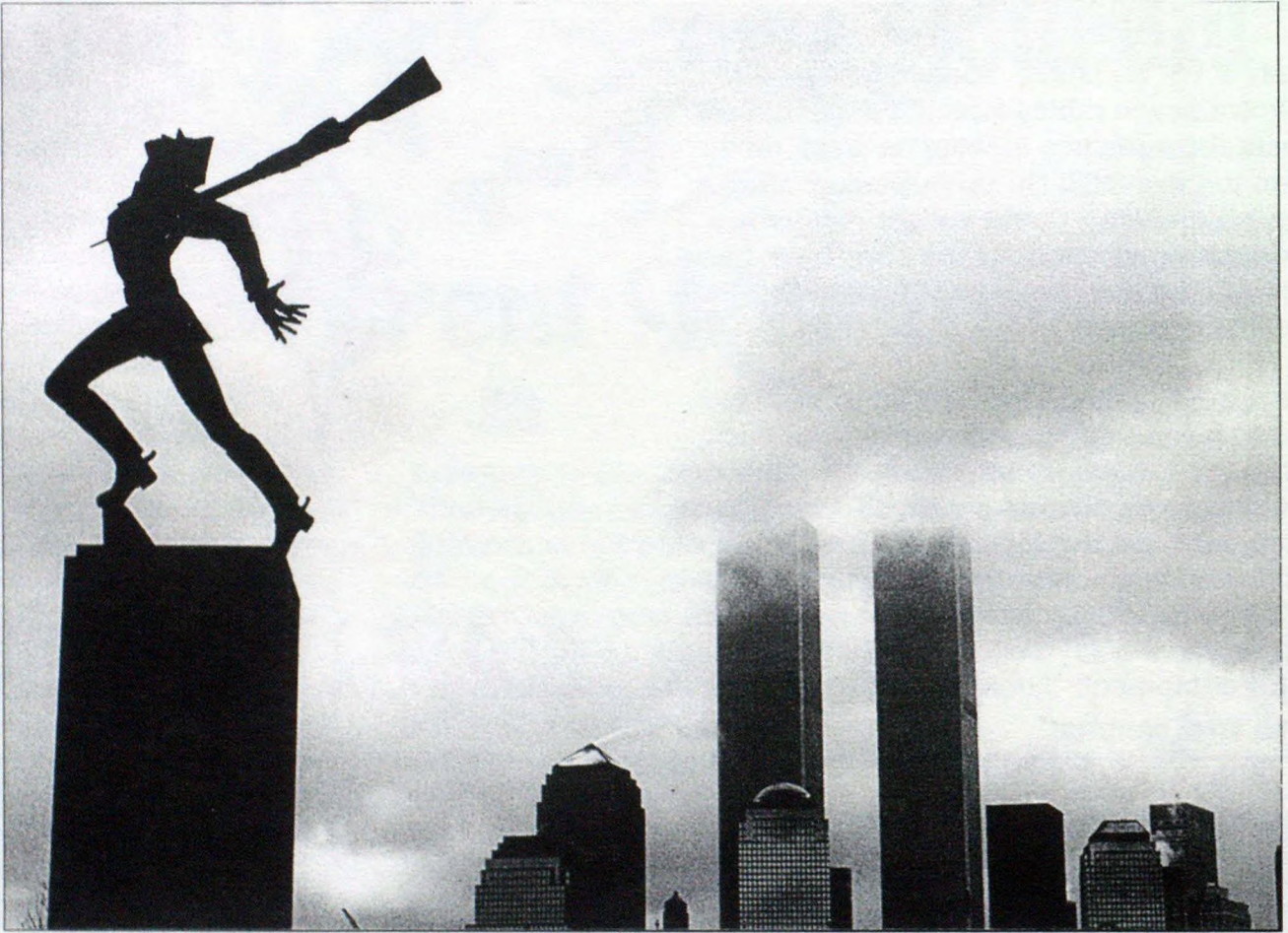


New York
City Transit



Get out of our way

**When the revolution comes,
whose side will you be on?**



Join THE PLAGUE

**The People's Revolution needs strong brothers
and sisters for production, photography,
writing, and layout. Drop us a line at Box 189
21 Washington Place. Keep on keepin on!**

So you wanna be a Punk Rocker

For over 20 years the punk rock scene has been cast in shadow by the corporate world because it was bad and mean and wasn't Michael Jackson. But it's 1996 and the punk revolution has come. It's time for safety pins, dyed hair, and profanities. It's time to be bad asses and slam dance and say "fuck" cuz it's bad, (just as long as MTV approves.) New York's gutted underground is just a fetid pisshole for strolling minstrels and transit workers. There's nothing left for us. So we're coming up for air. Neo-punk rockers will finally have the opportunity to hear our message ring on Top 20 radio. Rock and Fuckin' Roll Man!

Of course the inevitable locust swarm of detractors has already descended, infesting our rebellion with words like "sell-out," "traitor," "fascist." They're all missing the point. We want to make things easier on you--the future of mainstream punk--to guide you through your transformation into a purulent red-haired-bad-ass-misunderstood-freak. The world will adore you and you will hate them for it. Or maybe they will hate you and you will love them for it. Either way someone's fucked, and that was always the point, wasn't it?

Let's cut to the chase. Punks don't have time to be discussing this shit.

Punk Behavior: Acting Punk

- Buy an indelible ink marker
- Kick stuff
- Write "I hate everyone" on all available (or assailable) surfaces (step 1 for your punk rock merit badge is completed)
- Mark up books with anarchy signs. Practice!

Right:



Wrong:



Punk Wardrobe: What to Wear

- Shop for used, dirty rags at the Good Will, but avoid going when the bums are there, cuz that's not punk, that's just scuzzy. Don't pay for them. Better yet rip them off of someone. Or ask your Mom if she has any old clothes she doesn't use to paint in.
- Wear suspenders even if you aren't wearing pants.
- Wear paratrooper boots but refuse to leave the ground unless you're going to land on someone.

Punk Rocker!

- Take an ordinary canvas backpack. Make sure you buy it from the Gap, cuz they know where we're coming from, man. Rip off the label and write Green Day on it in White Out.
- Beg well-dressed pedestrians for cash to buy Manic Panic brand hair color. Primary colors insult the Man and help bring down the establishment. Save money on expensive haircuts by buying your own electric shaver and shaving your hair yourself, and then use the savings on hair gel.
- Go to an Arsenal Match. If you don't know what an Arsenal Match is, go to one anyway.

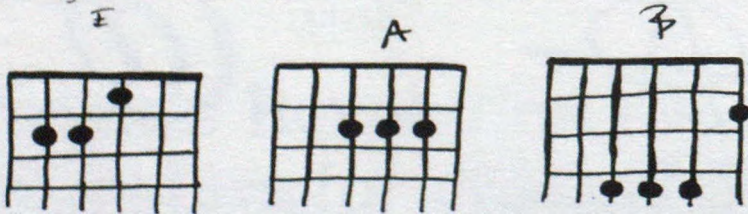
Punk dancing: mosh, pogo, or other generation specific cognomen. Hit lots of people (our detractors, mostly faggy-ass-vegan-bitch posers who wouldn't know Joey Ramone if he spat in their faces, say this is disrespectful to others and that's not the point of moshing).

The dance has no philosophical basis. If someone tries to suggest one, hit him her harder.

Punk music: Punk music has never been so accessible. Any Everybody Beats the Wuss or Mega Virginstore will have a broad of selection of instant anarchy in specially priced two and three disc box sets which can now be played on Discmen so small they'll even fit in previously ornamental only backpacks.

Starting your very own punk band. Yes you!:

- Buy guitar and amp. Don't fret about sound quality.
- Find two sorry sots to keep the beat. If you can not find a drummer, grab a hippie by the hair and bash his her head into the wall in time to the beat of Anarchy in the UK.
- Learn guitar chords E, A, and B



- Mix and match in clever combinations. memorize. Or tattoo on a limb. Music is power. You are now a credible threat to the establishment.

That's it kids, the future of Punk laid bare. Now take to the streets and flaunt its naked glory from St. Marks Place to the Mall of America.

OI! OI!



Punk Rocker!

Punk is very simple.

BUT WAIT!!!!!!

What if Punk interests you but you aren't the take action type? If you're still sluggishly sitting there then maybe the punk sub-phylum **Goth** is for you. Turn that anger inward!

- Hang out at The Bank.
- Dye your hair black. Even if your hair is already black, it isn't black enough. Dye it the color of your soul. Bleach your soul first and then dye it if you have to.
- Wear black clothes.
- Avoid the sun. Everyone knows it melts people.
- So people can find your eyes, outline them with permanent black marker, tatoos or if you're deperate: mascara.
- Listen to bands such as The Smiths, Siouxsie and The Banshees, Morrissey, Sisters of Mercy, The Cure, Bauhaus (check your library). Don't just listen to them. FEED off of them. In the Dark.
- Be depressed all the time. Even if you win the fucking lottery. If you aren't depressed, that's reason enough to feel bad.
- Wear black shoes.
- Buy another Ankh necklace.
- If you own a computer and it doesn't give off too much light, subscribe to newsgroup discussion and discuss with 60,000 other people how lonely you and Morrissy both are.
- Wear black underwear (if you're bowing to the restrictive bourgeoisie tradition of underwear).
- If you can, wear underwear made before this century.
- Be culturally ignorant of anything not from England, Germany, and France.
- Smoke Dunhills or Cloves.
- Don't have sex. That's an activity of the living.
- Write erotic vampire poetry.
- Read, but don't quote, Anais Nin.
- Write an umlaut over a vowel in your name.
- Feel sorry for people happier than you are.

Ok, Goth is very simple too. If you want to learn more and kill some remaining annoying daylight hours ask a Goth what the differences between Goth, Gothic, Gothesque, Visigoth and Goethe are.



HEY KIDS! IT'S TIME FOR THAT
DISILLUSIONED YET DEBONAIR
CAT, HOWARD FIFE, TO ONCE
AGAIN MAKE HIS WAY THROUGH
the BRUTAL GRACE OF THE
CITY! GET READY FOR...

WIVA LA VILLAGE!!

TODAY'S EPISODE → BLAME IT ON THE BOSSA NOVA

SPANNED BY JEFF CANTWELL

OUR STORY BEGINS IN HOWARD'S DORM ROOM...

HMM...WHAT TO DO ON THIS FINE NEW
YORK WEEKEND? GET DRUNK WITH MY
ROOMMATE...PERHAPS NOT. I KNOW!
I'LL GO CLUBBING!



HEY! WANNA
SEE ME PEE
OUT THE
WINDOW
AGAIN!

LATER, HOWARD MAKES
A SUAVE
ENTRANCE AT
A TRENDY
NIGHTCLUB...

SOLID!



BUT INSTEAD OF CHEERS, OUR HERO
IS WELCOMED WITH JEERS.



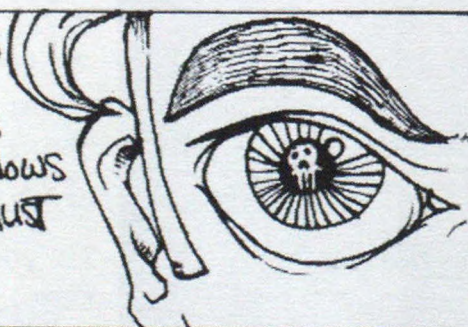
WHO IS
THIS FREAK?

HOW DARE
HE BREAK
the DELICATE
HOMEOSTASIS
OF OUR
SCENE?

MMMPHH!*

*(TRANSLATION)
HAS ANYONE
SEEN MY K?

THEIR WORDS
HANG HEAVY
IN HOWARD'S
EARS. HE KNOWS
WHAT HE MUST
DO...



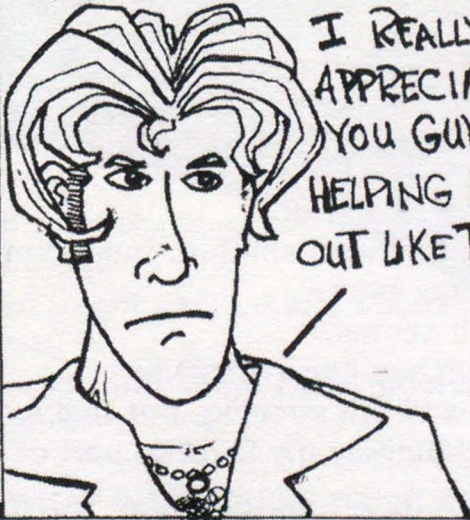
KMH

HOWARD CALLS UPON THE
HIDEOUS AND UNSPEAKABLE
POWER OF HIS ANCIENT
TALISMAN, BRINGING FORTH
THE RIGHTEOUS MIGHT
OF **KMH**, IN ORDER
THAT THEY DESTROY
THOSE WHO WOULD MOCK
HIM...



THE RESULT-
ING CARNAGE
IS TOO UGLY
AND HARD TO
DRAW TO BE
PICTURED
HERE. BUT
YOU CAN
IMAGINE.

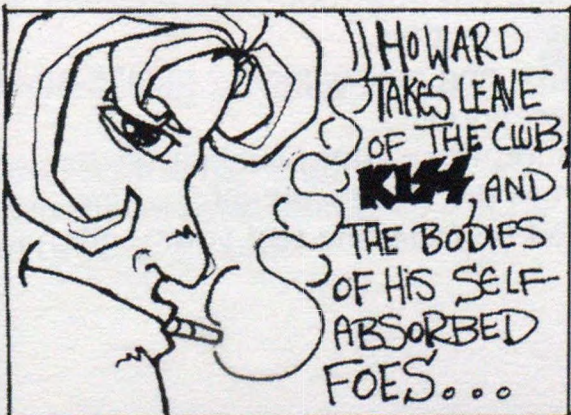
LATER →



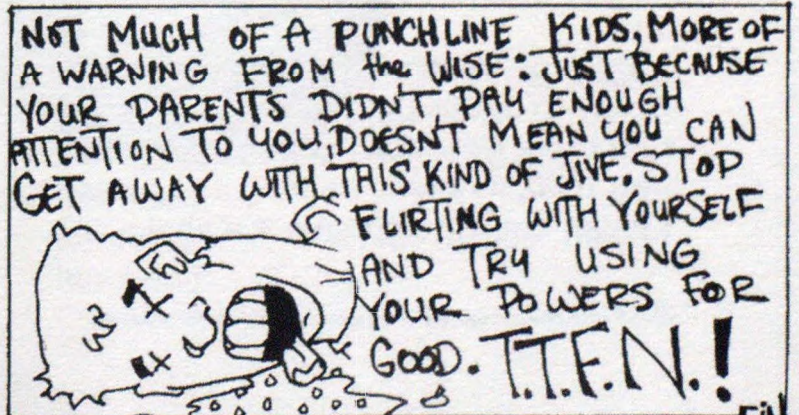
I REALLY
APPRECIATE
YOU GUYS
HELPING ME
OUT LIKE THIS.



HEY, OUR PLEASURE, HOWARD.



HOWARD
TAKES LEAVE
OF THE CLUB
KMH, AND
THE BODIES
OF HIS SELF-
ABSORBED
FOES...



NOT MUCH OF A PUNCHLINE KIDS, MORE OF
A WARNING FROM THE WISE: JUST BECAUSE
YOUR PARENTS DIDN'T PAY ENOUGH
ATTENTION TO YOU, DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN
GET AWAY WITH THIS KIND OF JIVE. STOP
FLIRTING WITH YOURSELF
AND TRY USING
YOUR POWERS FOR
GOOD. T.T.F.N.!

FIN.

All Hail! The Return of the Dick Joke

After years of denying ourselves and the NYU community the acknowledgement of our illustrious organs (yours and mine), the dick joke has once again emerged from sweltering depths. Who are we to deny a man his penis? Who are we to cut him off from his literary heritage? Are we misogynists? NO! That word belongs to another... literary tradition. Are we Freudians? NO! Freud was a mamma's boy. Are we men looking for a place to masturbate in this academic wasteland? No Dammit! Continuing in the tradition of Petronius who gallantly rose to speak these words:

*For, cold as ice, he shrank, too scared to watch
and screwed his crinkled length against my crotch
so cramped along my gut, so furled and small,
I could not see to stroke at all*

Thus we follow in the footsteps of our founding father, we present to you the modern trials and tribulations of man when faced with his penis. So lean back and get the kleenex on standby as we take our penises in hand and let our creative juices flow.

I Gotta Piss

I'm almost through with class, but oh my dear God,
I'm so full of piss it's swelling my rod.
I go to the bathroom just down the hall,
And take up my place in the very first stall.
I whip my thing out as quick as a flash,
Ready to spout but not quite to splash.
I let urine flow now with relative ease,
And relax as I take as long as I please.
I finish the job and give it a shake,

As one final drop it's descent it does make.

I gather my package and load it back in,
Being careful not to rip any skin.

And once it's inside I zipper my drawers
Making sure to avoid the threatening jaws.

My bladder is empty, my task here complete.

I've left some black curlies on the toilet bowl seat.

Ode to a Blowjob

My dick has been smitten, but I don't want to get bitten,

And as it seems,

Some bitches keep forgettin',

The rules about sucking, but that's okay,
This is definitely my favorite part of foreplay.

Yeah, I'm down with oral pleasure if it's my reception,

Trust and no pregnancy means no contraception.

"Sure, I like your new hair color,
From the top it's alright."

Just don't let me feel your teeth,

All jagged, strong and white.
You know that gives me the willies, one
of my greatest fears.
Hell, that's the main reason I hold onto
your ears.

It's so enjoyable to see you down there
aiming to please,

And even better when I don't have to
say, "Get down on your knees."

For your jaw's sake I'll try not to act
like a jackhammer.

But then again, did your job ever have
any glamour?

I always liked your tongue, my favorite
of your muscles,

Now show me what you've got. I like a
girl who hustles.

You know I'm not here for small talk. I
just really wanna jizz.

And you better make it count, 'cause I
don't have much time.

What you don't know is you're about to
taste a vanilla milkshake.

Up and down now, do the famous
head-bob!

Uh-oh, I'm tingling, here's the sticky
white glob!

I begin to get excited, and I start to get
restless,

Who says I'm cheap, I just gave a pearl
necklace.

AND WHAT WAS YOU'RE NAME AGAIN?

Deconstructing a Failed Erection

Don't let the flame go out
Atop this eternal candle.
A firm twist or a shout

Should provide a proper handle.

Alas, my wilting love
Is sink ink deep before this cave.
The pink touch of a gentle glove
Perhaps is just the thing to save.

Eyes cast above my knees
(Less thick and somewhat leaner)
I wish not to say please-
Don't laugh at my sagging wiener.

My Dreaded 8:30 am Class

No, not now, please God, please
How do I you wake with stealth like
ease.

Then you move your bulbous

presence is most

I thought nothing to provoke your
appearance
yet you still come with resilient perse-
verance

No amount of fighting will shun you
away
Within your twisted mind all you want
is to play

For only if it were later could we do
battle

With conquest in mind I would surely
take saddle

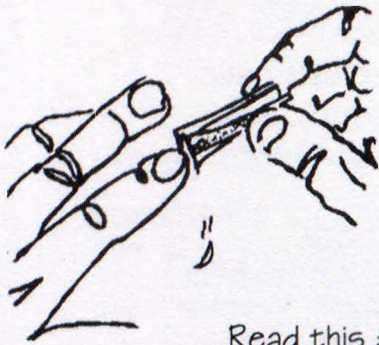
What was it that caused you to come
forth and rise

Was it that girl in the front row with
the creamy white thighs?

I wish you would vanish, I'd stop you
if I could,

My struggle is frivolous against morn-
ing wood.

DISCOVER



S & M

Read this article now, you worm. Don't read it because I'm wearing thigh-high, fire engine red, high-heeled latex boots, read it because I said so. Right. If you're still reading this, we've already begun to explore and perhaps establish whether you are submissive or dominant. If you're reading this article there is a good chance you're leaning toward the submissive side, but not leaning too far, because I haven't told you to yet. How pathetic. If you've gotten someone else to read this aloud to you, you're probably dominant. If I'm wrong, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Oh! Oh! Please punish me.

We've already touched on the difference between dominant and submissive preferences. But you're wondering, I SAID YOU'RE WONDERING, what the context is, what is this bizarre fetish called S&M? Go ahead. Ask it. We've asked Dr. Carl Bute to say a few words on the subject.

"I like it."



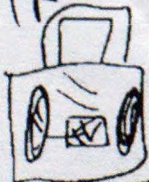
"Sadomasochism is inherently the eroticization of the blurring of the line between pleasure and pain, power and freedom of responsibility. It involves role playing with or without accoutrements. Accoutrements is a French word for handcuffs. The individual finds sexual gratification and release through consensual games of sex and power. Often it is those people who hold great power during the day who find release from their responsibility in submission: spanking, verbal abuse, etc. This is a mixed media fetish, incorporating wax, ice, pressure and restraining devices, music and sometimes bad poetry. So, to sum up:

Some people find sexual excitement in the exotic erotic variations of consensual roleplaying (while it does involve chain mail and racks, this is not meant to include D&D). If you enjoy surrenderring your freewill in the bedroom and being punished for all your shortcomings, don't worry you deserve it. If you like to impose power on a submissive person in a bedroom (or kitchen) situation, please call me."

The author enjoyed making you read that.

If you take a board with a nail sticking out of the end and hit someone

AAAH!
LET ME OUT!
CAN'T YOU
SEE I'M JUST
TRYING TO LIBERATE
YOU? NO! NOT
ANOTHER VOLUME!
I REPENT!



THIS BOOK WAS READ BY
JING AND PHIL GRAM

really hard, that's not so much sadism as as-
thing about sadomasochism is that it has to be
have to act like it's not. If a masochist wanted
"hurt me," then to actually hurt them you'd
them, and then you'd be punishing them.
paradox of turning masochism into an
practice.

Masochism is like when you see
just want to die and take him
realize he's famous and
and you'll never have him.
it, Gilbert, I killed it," you
at yourself and want to be
Sadism is way different.

Sadism is way different.
It's like when the man of your dreams just isn't
trying to make the relationship work so you're really mad at him and want him to be pun-
ished. If you're an enabler, you'll probably find you're very good at submission. If you're
constantly giving your heroin-addicted significant other syringes and
money while saying, "I wish you would stop doing that," you'll probably do
well as a sex slave. But know the difference: kneeling down as a foot-
rest while someone watches TV might just mean the person wants to
put their feet up. If you're confused, remember: Rape is an act of vio-
lence, not of sex, while sadism is an act of sex, not violence. Rape isn't
funny. Sadism is.

Sex books advise to start simply and work your way up to more seri-
ous S&M. I say, just forget that crap. If you're going to be a big baby
about it, why bother? Besides, that's a different fetish altogether.
Remember, if it's not real blood, it's not S&M, it's probably a student film.

Things like leather and studs and rubber clothing can be expensive. But there are
plenty of household materials which can be used as fun, violent sextools. Try
taking a handful of rubber bands and wrapping them around your genitals several
times until the circulation is all gone. It's a little easier if your genitals are

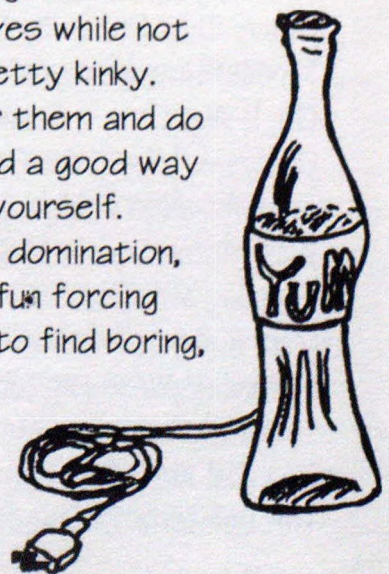
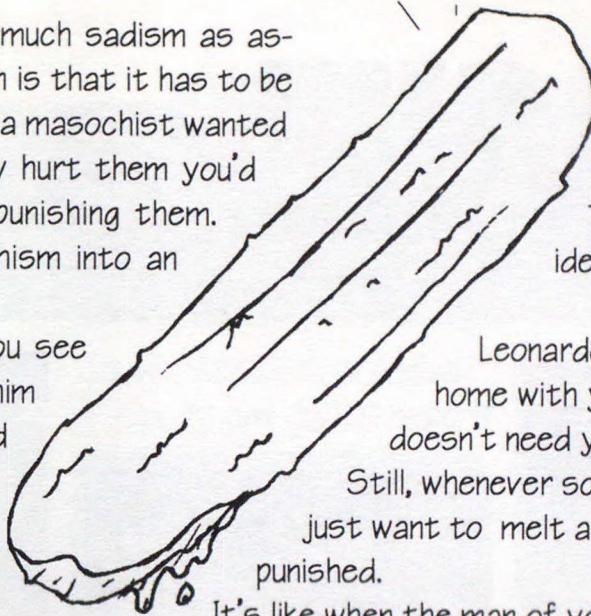
external. Dishwashing gloves while not
completely safe can be pretty kinky.
Making someone else wear them and do
the dishes can be kinky and a good way
of avoiding responsibility yourself.
Humiliation is a big part of domination,
and you can have a lot of fun forcing
your partner or partners to find boring,
silly, everyday household
objects highly erotic.
And don't overlook chip
clips.

So, good luck....worm.

sault. The weird
consensual, but you
to be hurt and said
have to not hurt
That's the whole
identity rather than a

Leonardo Di Caprio on TV and
home with you, but then you
doesn't need you and doesn't care
Still, whenever someone says, "I killed
just want to melt and you're really mad
punished.

It's like when the man of your dreams just isn't



THE PLAGUE

HEADLINES YOU'LL NEVER SEE IN THE WSN

- Football Riots Cause Concern in NYU's Happy Valley
- L. Jay Oliva Vows to Crack Down on Hooliganism
- Violets Trounce Syracuse in, well, Fencing: Neil Diamond Appearance Rallies the Troops
- Ground Breaking Ceremony for the Bernie Goetz Memorial
- Lynching Held Today in Washington Square: Goodbye Chess Tables, Hello Vigilante Justice
- Deans Vow to Cut Bureacracy in Order to Establish a More Enjoyable and Efficient University
- Outcry Over University Dining Services Unwarranted: "Come On, It Was Only a Small Outbreak," Says UDS Official
- Administration Pledges to Rid Washington Square of Drugs One Bag at a Time
- Main Building Elevators fixed!
- Richard Replaces His Tube Sock Filled with Lard!!!
- Financial Aid Office Comes Through for a Troubled

Student

- Plague Actually Funny!

IF PAT BUCHANAN WERE ELECTED PRESIDENT OF NYU

- All Tisch students would be shot
- The campus would move to Utah
- The band would become a militia
- Washington Square Park would be opened for target practice
- Queer Union would be lynched as witches
- Bobst library would be burned to cinders
- More "Kill a Queer for Christ" bumper stickers
- The Bobcat would be deemed too sexually explicit
- Greater draws at basketball games for the pre-game Jew burnings
- 20 foot wall erected at 12th street to keep out students from outer boroughs
- French toast served with every meal
- Nothing would change

WAYS LIFE WOULD CHANGE IF A JEFF STRYKER DILDO REPLACED THE NYU TORCH

- Students would now call Jeff Stryker Dildo Tone for registration and grading information.
- Graduation ceremony would require L. Jay Oliva to insert a Jeff Stryker dildo into the youngest graduating senior while the board of trustees chant "Yeah! Yeah! Fuck that ass!"
- Stern School of Business renamed Bobby Spector School of Business, in honor of its most famous alumnus.
- Tisch student films featuring dildos would lose all shock value.
- This would be just one more disappointment in the life of the man who invented the Butt-Plug.
- Blacklisting of any students related to or employed by Jeff Stryker's arch enemy, Ron Jeremy.

EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO YOU

- Mom would finally buy an NYU sweatshirt.
- LEP requirements could be waved by a good blow job.

WHY EARTH MATTERS MATTERS

- To, like, legalize pot
- They're the future, an' stuff
- They run their own exchange program to Amsterdam
- To keep the kum-ba-yah torch alive
- So that John Lennon will not have died for our sins in vain
- To keeping the bead industry alive
- To get back to nature in Washington Square Park
- They're waging the war for granola rights
- To keep the hackey-sac workers employed in Guatemala
- Like, legalize pot. . . did I say that already?
- So the leather workers in Germany continue churning out Birkenstocks
- To keeping the Dead alive
- Excellent front for the Un-

shaven Women Relocation Program

BIGGEST COMPLAINTS OF THE NYU CHEERLEADERS

- "It'll hurt if I swallow"
- "Not enough jock meat to go around"
- "Skirts don't conceal strap-on dildos"
- "Sex with Lenny Stern isn't really cheerleading, is it?"
- "Not enough Anal-Ease in the locker room"
- "Showers clogged with Bob-cat hair."
- "Hard to rhyme, 'Win for once in your goddamn lives, you lame rat-bastards'"
- "We're never invited to the team's victory shower in the men's locker room."
- "Sports team suck."

NUMBER OF PARANOID SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

• 1,000,003

INAPPROPRIATE THINGS TO SAY DURING INTERCOUSE

- Wow, you're bigger than daddy!
- While you're in there, see if you can feel around for my keys.
- Boy am I glad I got rid of that inhibiting, unexpressive penis!
- Wanna join me in saying the rosary?
- Negative b plus/minus the square root of b squared minus 4ac over 2a
- Hey, check out this boogie!
- You know Clark, without your glasses on, you look a lot like Superman.
- I love you.
- Now turn your head and cough.
- Are we there yet?
- Larry Bud Mellmen! Larry Bud Mellmen!
- "How does this feel?"
"Like I'm ordering a fuckin' pizza, what the hell do you *think* it feels like?"
- Okay, let's do it once more, but this time *with feeling*.



**THIS
PROMOTES
HATRED OF
WOMEN**

8-17-78

FOR REPRODUCTION BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN

Popplini's

16 Waverly Place • 475-1722

Cordially Invites All Our Neighbors
to Celebrate With Us Our

12th Anniversary Season



**NEW SPECIALS
FRESH FISH, STEAK,
MIX 'N MATCH PASTA**

**DAILY \$5.00 LUNCH
PASTA SPECIALS**

**SOFTER LIGHTING
QUIETER AMBIANCE**

**NEW ON-PREMISES BAKERY FOR HOME-
MADE BREAD, CAKES, COOKIES AND PIES.**

*Bring this flyer for a complimentary glass
of wine or dessert with lunch or dinner.*

See ya soon, The Salvatore Family

MIKEY LIKES IT!

FRESHMAN BIOLOGY MAJORS AGREE: CUM HAS A BAD RAP. SINCE WE WERE CHILDREN, MOM TAUGHT US THAT GOOEY SEMI-VISCOUS FLUIDS WERE ICKY. HOWEVER, RECENT STUDIES DEBUNK THE MYTH....

Why Cum is Good For You:

- high in protein•
- it conditions as it cleans•
- tastes great, less filling•
- holds dentures better than all other leading brands•
- it's cum-a-licious!•
- it's "safe and non toxic"•
- rhymes with TUMS and they're good for you•
- it's not, but who cares?•
- an eco-friendly renewable resource•
- whitens, brightens teeth•
- just a little something to clear your complexion, toots•
- softens hands while you do dishes•

Nutrition Facts

Serving size 1 teaspoon (15 ml)
Servings per container Variable

Amount Per Serving

Calories 50 Calories from Fat 0

% Daily Value*

Total Fat 0g **0%**

Sodium 500mg **30%**

Potassium 100mg **30%**

Total

Carbohydrate 3g

Sugar 4g

Honey 1g

Oh, baby... Yeah.

Protein 2 lbs you know it

Vitamin XX 20% • Lead 4%

Asbestos 13% • Vitamin XY 10%

*Percent Daily Values are based on a 2,000 calorie diet. Your daily values may be higher or lower depending on how fat an ass you have. Your moral values maybe higher or lower depending on your views on pre-marital sex.



*Active ingredients in cum: SEMEN .03 percent, amyl nitrate, clorox
Inactive ingredients: water, FD&C yellow number 5, glisten, brake dust, nitro-glycerin stabilizers, vanillin (an artificial flavoring).

The Shit List

Helen Kogan

Boris
Crazy Dyke Bitch
The Frogs
Cooper Union
Debra Norville
Caffeine

Dr. Zizmor

The Classical Studio Cult
Cy Twombly
M.A.P.
Paulette "Thief " Archer
Mr. Bill
Miss Piggy
Steven Frank
Jerry Garcia's Corpse

ASSABC

Hercules: The Legend Continues
Another Bad Suffix

The New K-ROCK

Green Busch
Mary Gorman
Eric Bogosian
Big Bird
The Exquisite Panic
Analgesic Commercials
Websites
Old Blue Eyes

Alt.Coffee

Washington Square News
Mordechi Goldstein
Runway 69
228-4264
The Bobcat
Asexuals
NYNEX

Honey Gham, asshole security guard
Curry-in-a-Hurry
Terry Garr

The Ivy League

Gerald Nicosia
Fourth Positon
Superior Management, Inc.
Second Time Virgins

Carraras, NYU Security

Dave Amram
Herbal Ecstasy
TUNNEL

World Domination

Andrea Warhol
DOOM™
The Metropolitan Museum
Pam Bolen

The Lottery System

Beau Kennedy
Dunkin' Donuts
"Them Fuckin' Bloody Fucks..."
Fox 29 News

E. E. CUMMINGS

Steve & Claire
Mistress Formika
Lazarus

The King's Corpse
Charles Olson
John Woo
Miracle Butt

History of Communication

The New 42nd Street

Patrimony
Java Works, a la TSOA
Tom Snyder
Neil Postman
Non-Smoking Establishments
New R & B

Janice Cutler, Chemistry bitch
Betty Crocker
Susan Molinari
Guy Molinari

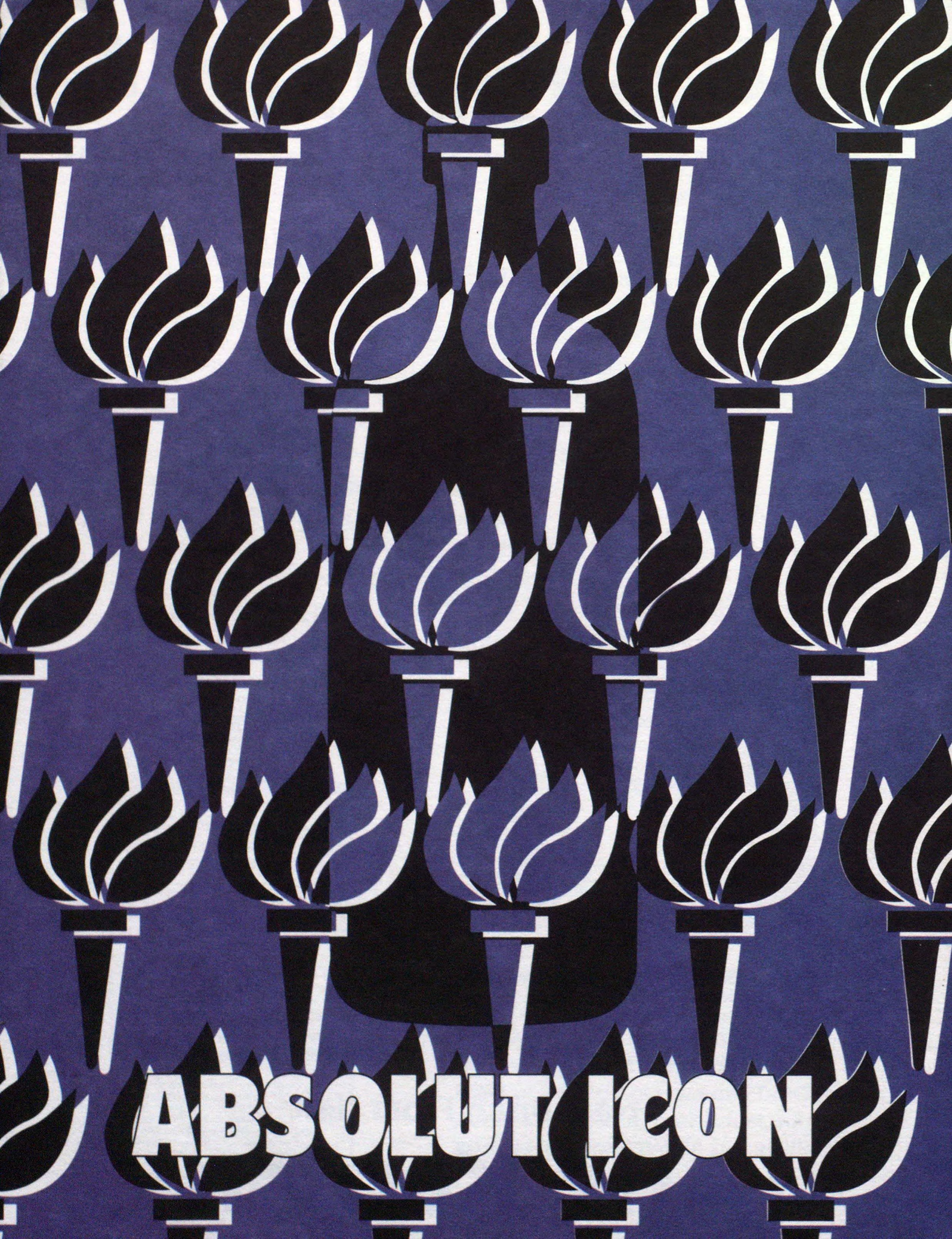
Nepotism

Mini-Backpacks
The Elderly
Coyote Ugly
Toilet Paper
Art

The Fun Tongue
Service Station Alternafashion
Michigan Womyn's Festival
Mom and Dad

Nazi Bitch From Hell

• **Arie Kaplan** •



ABSOLUT ICON