

With Blasphemous  
New Third Testament!

Holy

Bible



Plague

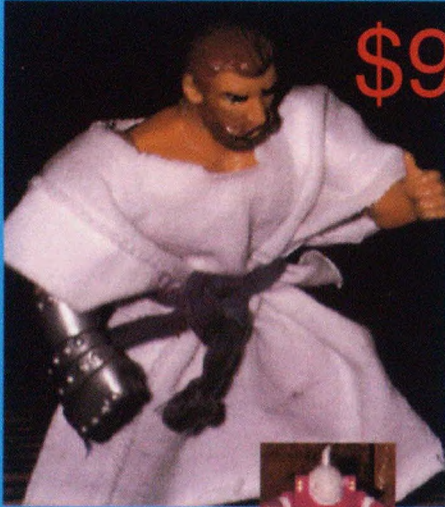
spring '99



# Introducing BIBLICAL ACTION FIGURES

New From Plague Co.™ Toys

## Jesus and Baby Jesus with Power Armor



**\$9.99**  
each

- Jesus has power fist and alms giving action™
- Baby Jesus figure comes with power armor and turbine rocket pack™
- ALL Jesus figures actually fly under own supernatural power



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- Manger playset comes with hay and livestock
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**NEW!!!!**

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- Ghost is prone to abstract esoteric humor, sorry

**\$8.99**  
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## Satan



- Satan™ really talks to your children
- Please™ take appropriate precautions when handling Satan
- Satan is recommended for children™ ages 21+ as he is known to lead the flock into temptation

**\$8.99**  
each



# THE PLAGUE

"A Plague upon both of your houses."  
-- Mercutio  
"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall  
any Plague come nigh thy dwelling"  
-- Psalms 91:10  
  
Conflict of interest here? Do you care?  
When's the last time you read either  
Shakespeare or the Bible? It doesn't matter,  
as long as you read this magazine, you're still  
a good person.

## GOD'S CHILDREN

**Mike Jastroch**  
Executive Editor - Messiah

**Seth Freach**  
Editor In Chief - 1 of 3 Kings

**Joe Rice**  
Senior Editor - 3rd Degree  
Grand Master

**Leila Amineddoleh**  
General Manager - They Call  
Her 'Piranha'

## MARY'S OTHER ILLEGITIMATE OFFSPRING

Sean Richardson - *The Tostito Bandit*  
Brian Waddell - *Industrial Waste*  
Chris Miller - *Perfectly Contoured*  
Heidi Hansen-Young - *Has 3 Singing Brothers*  
Mike P. Casey - *The Aerodynamic Nude Ideal*  
Erin Foley - *Duck Duck Goose State Champion*  
Gregg Zehentner - *The Cream In Your Coffee*  
Joanna Bowden - *The Human 'Nutcracker'*  
Ben Wolinsky - *Farakahn's Hand Maiden*  
Kim Bradford - *Skelator*  
Alex Teich - *Kinda Goofy on the Inside*  
Josh Hendler - *L. Ron Hubbard, Really*

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The Plague, 21 Washington Place, Box 189, New York, NY 10003 --  
e-mail: [plague.club@nyu.edu](mailto:plague.club@nyu.edu) web: <http://pages.nyu.edu/clubs/plague>  
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This magazine was, at production time, known to contain near lethal doses of Radium-226 and it was noted that it was bound with unsafe staples, which may, at any time, generate and recombine DNA strands to form the perfect killing machine. Studies show, however, that such afore mentioned machines pose only minor threats to trout and cabinet doors. All other parties should proceed with caution. Love in fear.

**Special Thanks to:** New, Incl for stealing our super-cool CD idea (just kidding) and our hearts, the SAB for being a thorn in our collective sides, Audrey for all her love and understanding, extremists for all the giggles they bring us, the OSA front desk staff (esp. Jason! we love you!), The Holy Trinity (for taking our shit), meat (we love it!), Chia, Albert the Copy Editor, Big Ben, Machine, Alpha Phi You-Know-Who, The Pre-Law Society, Axie (The Plague Axe), Matt Callan (for getting some), fake submissions to the "Review," Iggy Pop, Chandar, JL, Steevo, Johnny Bad-Ass, BJ, the VI, Mars, Captain, Meister Brau, Big Bad Bobby B., and Hot Dogs.



# The Plague

## Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying!!

After a couple of weeks of revelry, I've come to a single conclusion: I'm sick of all this night life bullshit. I'm sick of East Village hipsters, I'm sick of 9 dollar drinks in SoHo, I never could stand Bleecker Street, and my stomach churns at the very mention of Laser Beer and Gray's Papaya. The idea of spending my less-than-hard-earned cash to get into some bar so that I can spend even more of said money on over priced watered down rum and cokes is unthinkable. I don't want to dress nicely or brush my teeth, deodorant has become a chore, and combing my hair is no longer an option. After careful consideration, I suppose what I am really trying to say is that I am sick of all this night life bullshit.

Com' on, confess: you're sick of all this bullshit too and you know it. You're sick of this bullshit because every single night blurs together into one lame template. It's 9:00 on a Friday night and you just spent 3 hour in an NYU dining facility eating Cap'n Crunch and guzzling Cherry Coke. You probably sat in the booth so long that the green plastic vinyl ionically bonded to your butt. Undoubtedly, the act of standing becomes an endurance test (you are now ready for the world's strongest man competition). Let's face it, by the time you left, the cafeteria had been closed for an hour and security had all but dragged you from your patty melt.

Now that your make shift club house has been closed, you start to explore other options. You

invariably find them exhausted (it is after all a Friday night in New York City and the MAP program robbed you of all your creative problem solving skills) and immediately turn to 40's and Star Wars Trivial Pursuit, Star Wars Monopoly, or anything having to do with Star Wars. The game then necessarily becomes a drinking game as pitting your command of useless Star Wars trivia against a worthy adversary has become the official pathetic dorm room activity for the 1998-99 academic year at NYU. After your second 40, you start acting like an Ewok and actually give a shit about Admiral Akbar. It's at this point that you decide to leave your dorm room and strike out into the wilds of New York City.

Your "crazy" drunken alter-ego has already begun to surface. Most people don't have a name for their darker side, but they should. The name you give your quiet drinking buddy should be phonetically similar to your own and have a "wild" story associated with it that ends in vomit. How much brain space you devote to your devilish little friend is entirely up to you, but he exists and deserves acknowledgement. Once he takes over, your destination becomes unavoidable: a bar (preferably one with women, cheap drinks and loud music that will serve you regardless of how young you look). I won't name names, but 9 out of 10 times there is country music in the jukebox and the bar's initials are V.I. You arrive at the bar. Your

friends are escorted out; They leave you alone only because you are the only one who looks like you are 21 years old. While this was happening you were at the bar trying to pick up a woman twice your age with some cockamamie story about being left at the altar. It's then that her boyfriend steps up and knocks you down. You don't want to start a fight because you are a pacifist, which is, of course, just a euphemism for being a wimp. Besides, it's obvious that he is stronger than you because he's got one of those strong guy hair cuts-the kind that make his neck look bigger. You decide that you definitely don't want your favorite tooth chipped or your favorite eye blackened so you brush yourself off and leave the establishment. You can't quite remember your trip home, but you wake up next to a cabby the following morning.

Total Cost: \$20; Hangover: good God yes; Psychological damage caused by the cabby: severe. "How could you not love going out at night?" he said with a note of sarcasm. No, it's not for me, not any more. From now on its lonely, lonely nights with stale Tostitos and the warm glow of the television to keep me company. I'll settle for 900 numbers and Zelda for the n64 rather than put up with any of this night life bullshit.

**Executive Editor and Supreme Dictator in Charge of Everything Conceivable, Michael Jastroch, is really a jerk face, no matter what everyone thinks about him.**



# The Minetta Review\*

To whom it may concern:

Randall Jarrell once said that "poetry is dead," or something like that. But since he was a pretentious intellectual we say fuck him. The Plague has decided to follow the great NYU literary tradition and publish shitty poetry.

Homeless woman sits  
in alley wanting food  
How much for a blow job?

*Flinthart Glongold*

Death  
Death and Darkness  
I am alone near death  
In the black deadly world  
At the Manson concert  
He spurned my love  
I don my black cape  
and think of dying

*Death's Minion*

Ha! no money for booze  
I'll give you a quarter if . . .  
you let me beat you

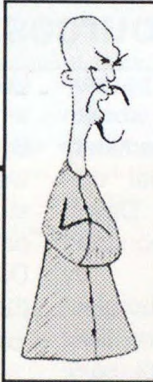
*Flinthart Glongold*

Oh my beautiful  
Mr. Potato Head  
I love the sensual way your  
Ass  
Opens to reveal  
The Pieces of  
Your face

*Mikey J.*

Ghetto Superstar  
That is what you are  
Run away with me  
To another place  
We'll rely on each other, oh oh

*Sparkle*



Your home is a box  
I sure hope it fucking rains  
You should be homeless

*Flinthart Glongold*

fire donkey eyes gouge  
he exclaims that their gord are too  
ANGST  
Where are the usual suspects  
on this mountain?  
Kevin Spacey - Butt Pirate  
Fuck their fascist regime

*Arnoldo DeGamma*

There was once a man from Nantucket  
with an "outty" so long he could suck it  
but so could his girlfriend  
and his dick got jealous.

*Jean VaiDesalles*



Sonnet 1,227

I love thee.  
Haveth sex with me.  
That which parts is lost e'er  
long to time.

*William Shakespeare*

1: (pause) Hello.  
2: (lighting a cigarette) Hi-  
1: (almost sadly) Did you see my new  
lawn mower?  
2: Yes, it was nice. By the way, how  
was your prostate exam?

*for Darlene, from Wallaby*

## Bloody Black Lipstick

*Interview with the punk rock goth boy  
vampire, Part III*

So let's begin at the beginning. It was a dark, rainy,  
and rainy night. There was much rain falling from the  
sky so as to make the streets wet with rain, and it  
was dark. I was shuffling down the wet dark city  
streets in search of my next meal: a person. Oh, how  
the rain really makes me hungry, especially for  
human blood.

I stepped off the curb of the dark city street, into a  
puddle, as to soak my Doc Martin's. It was a miser-  
able rainy night, and I was hungry for human blood,  
and I craved the blood of my next victim, who was to  
be a person, no doubt.

I passed many humans on the  
street, but all they did was sneer  
at my black eye liner and cape.  
They are not worthy of being my  
next victim on this dark and rainy  
night. Everyone was out on  
those rain-saturated city streets.  
They were anything but dry. Yes,  
they were all there, the cyber  
punks, the goths, and of course,  
the magic users, who knew and  
were able to cast the 12 sided  
die fire ball spell. I wasn't afraid  
though, the rain cloaked my true  
nature, my being, my dark  
undeadness....

So now, here we are, now we are  
at the point of my story where we  
find the true beginning. So let us begin again. I was  
in the Club and the "music" was bassy, as the club  
kids say. I felt the sound pulsate through me, driving  
my hunger for human blood, and shaking the drops of  
rain off of my dyed black hair. It was raining outside  
before I entered the Club. I had no way of knowing if  
it was still raining, I was inside the Club.

Then, I saw her. My victim, who's blood was des-  
tined from the beginning to be my supper tonight.  
She walked close to me twice that night as I stood in  
the shadows studying her moves, her agility, her dry  
hair. She was not undead; she was very alive. Alive  
with the life that I was about to consume, like her  
blood. I was very in want of blood, for I am a vam-  
pire, and vampires are very in want of blood. That is  
the way it is, and so I was very in want of blood for  
the purposes of consumption.

So I moved in darkness over to her life. She still did-  
n't see me, so I licked her neck. But then, oh the  
horror, it was then that her magic-using companion  
cast a 1D6 magic missile unto me, causing me to  
lose my initiative roll on the 1D20. Luckily, I was able  
to make my saving throw from the bonus I had gotten  
from my +3 magic cape. He was quite wily, more so  
than she, for it was then that I bit her. That is when I  
fed on her blood that cold, dark night.



\*Apparently, due to the close proximity of our mail boxes, The Plague received several poetry submissions intended for the Minetta Review. As such we could not resist the urge to publish them, and besides we had some space to fill.



# WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS



## Russia Fails Again

Russia (AP): The Commies have failed again. The now decrepit nation of alcoholics was once a world "super-power" whose technology commanded respect all across the globe. But after last weeks failed experiment it is now painfully clear why their country fell apart. In an attempt to cast some light on their frigid northern cities, crack pot Russian scientists, and alleged commie sympathizers, came up with a plan to put a large mirror into orbit. In their zeal to illuminate their frozen wasteland of a country, the scientists threw together this plan and presented it to an inebriated Boris Yeltsin, who was found naked on the dance floor of a gay Kiev strip club. President Yeltsin quickly approved it, citing the importance of keeping his whereabouts unknown. The project was financed entirely with one crate of vodka, and took top priority in a nation full of starving commie peasants. The mirror was built in Khazikstainimush, and then transported to the Mir space station for testing. When they tried to unfold the compact mirror, the whole thing jammed, falling apart and burning up as it reentered the earth's atmosphere. Cosmonauts took this unexpected event in stride, apparently suffer-

ing from sensory depravation. The press was quick to question senior staff heading up the project. Apparently intoxicated by local industrial pollutants, the chief project manager responded to criticism saying, "you vant to fight, come on now Yankee boy, we see if you can do any better. Does USA have space station, eh? eh? Didn't think so." While it is true that the United States does not currently operate a space station, no one really cares because what the hell is space good for anyway. On a humanitarian note, the distraught Siberian residents will have to endure another winter of death causing cold, which is their own damn fault for living in Siberia.

## Degrading Harassment of Area Woman Succeeds, Sources Say

To the disbelief of passerby, an unidentified woman stopped and immediately engaged in sexual discourse with Ding Dawg, one of the men who stand on Broadway by McDonald's. His "homies" stood by and gave their approval. "He just said, you know, 'pssst pssst'

like he always do, an' this time it worked!" said T-Bone. "We always knew it would!" He ain't never stopped trying, an' finally it paid off!" After it was over, Ding Dawg, T-Bone and the rest returned to their 'pssst's with renewed zeal.

## New Courses Offered At Tisch

Officials at Tisch School of the Arts have introduced two new courses for their senior level students, designed to facilitate Tisch students' introduction to the outside world and the job-finding process. The two courses, starting next fall semester, are Waiting Tables for Graduates (H.041.0003) and Auditioning For the Casting Couch (A.696.9696). "Our goal is to give our students the proper skills and preparation to really succeed in the life ahead of them," said Dean Heilig. These

courses are available to seniors enrolled in the Tisch School, with some exceptions made for A.696.9696 for juniors who can show their big ambitions. Admissions by private auditions only.

## Comp Sci Major Has Sex

In an unexpected announcement, the ACF Department Heads have revealed that Computer Science major Maurice Daniels engaged in sexual intercourse last Friday. Computer Science professor Chris A. Hrenko gave his congratulations. "We were just as surprised by this as everyone. We are all very proud of Maury." NYU has had more Computer Science majors have sex in the last two years than MIT and Caltech combined. However, NYU still lags behind UC Berkeley in incidences of anal sex, both performed and received.

## NYU PRESIDENT RECEIVES AWARD



Pictured left to right: L.J. Oliva, Rudolph Hess, and Hitler's nephew Mark.

## ...And On A Personal Note

To the Washington Square News Staff: We read your incredibly lame "April Fools" issue. It sucked. It wasn't bad enough that you managed to steal no less than two and a half dozen jokes from previous Plague issues, but you mucked up and ruined **every single one** of them. Oh, let's imply that NYU's president chases after female undergrads and then let's put little funny sayings next to peoples' names in the credits... Hmm, where have we seen that before? You know, come to think of it, your shitty April 1st issue looked almost identical to the Plague's Spring '98 "Local News" issue. So, WSN, in light of your poor humor skills, we at the Plague recommend

Cont, Page 26...





L. Jay Oliva  
666 Demonspawn Pl.  
Hell, HL 66666



The Plague  
21 Washington Place, Box 189  
New York, NY 10003

# PLAGUE LETTERS

We here at the Plague get many letters asking for advice. Sometimes we answer them, sometimes we laugh at them, and sometimes we make them up. Enjoy!

Dear Plague,

I'm writing you today as a concerned Tisch graduate. Upon the completion of my schooling I've found solid work not forth coming, and as such, I have been supporting myself by fucking donkeys for nickels in a dank alley somewhere in little Italy. This is not what I envisioned my future to be.

Any suggestions?

-Unsatisfied Animal Lover

*Keep your chin up. Sure, you fuck donkeys for nickels, but hey, you're still in show business. The important thing is that your following your heart. Besides, lots of successful people got their start in the burro boinking industry. Former president James K. Polk for example, fucked donkeys to gain electoral support in the Ashland Kentucky area. Rumor has it that even our very own L. Jay Olivia fucked a myriad of barnyard animals for cash for several years after graduation. So if they can do it, so can you. The important thing is that you're making your dreams come true, and entertaining the seedy perverts of lower Manhattan in the process.*

Dear Plague Staffers,

Hi, I'm The Rock. You might know me from the World Wrestling Federation. I would like you to know your role. Thanx.

-The Rock

*Thank you for your input, we smell what The Rock is cookin'.*

Dear Plague staffers,

I'm looking for some good donkey sex shows. Can you help?

-Four Legged Enthusiast

*Check out the alleys in Little Italy. We hear the action is pretty hot.*

Dear Plague,

I'm living a lie. There is no doubt about it, I'm gay. I long for the firm caress of another man, and the musky odor of his sweet member. But alas, I'm married to a very beautiful woman. I fear that due to my position in the public eye that my web of deceit will soon collapse. Please Plague staffers, tell me what I might do.

-Fence Sitting In Beverly Hills

*Nice Try Mr. Tom Cruise*

Dear Plague,

Hi, my name is Debbie and I'm a part of Gamma Phi Omega, a super fun sorority. But, like, I have a problem. Me and my sister got into this argument about who invented the light bulb. She thinks it was Thomas Edison but I know it was Benjamin Franklin, cause Edison wasn't born until after the civil war, and like, light bulbs have been around for a really long time. So can you like, stop this and tell her that she's wrong please.

-Debbie

*You chicks clearly need more dick. Survey says . . . you need more dick. The only cure for your problem is more dick. Knock knock.....who's there..... more dick. The hills are alive with the sound of more dick. Yo Quiero more dick. Just more dick. More dick, the San Francisco treat. Have you had more dick today? Come to more dick country. It's 2am, do you know where more dick is? Foster's, Australian for more dick. We hope this clears it up.*

Dear Plague,

I'm a freshman living in Weinstein residence hall, and I have been having some roommate troubles for most of this year. My roommate, Bruce, is a total asshole, man. Our personalities clash, and as a result we fight constantly. I'm trying to make this work, but I'm just not sure how much more I can take. Please help me.

-Disgruntled Frosh

*Your problem can be solved with two words: French Kissing*

Gutin tag mein Plague,

I am Magnus of Steutka, and have been a fan of your pooblication since your laugh riot article about the Boerginzan Boot Factory in the south of Wolfghanz. Mien friends and I pick up many fine Steutka women at the Steutka disco-tech (It is the uber-disco-tech) using laugh riot jokes we have read in your magazine. My mother once tried to throw out my back issue Plague collection, thinking they were rubbish. But I said "Nein, Nein, dune kauf. That is my back issue Plague collection, there are many laugh riot jokes inside with which I pick up fine Steutka women at the Steutka disco-tech." Danka schin Plague, for all the Steutka tail. You should come to my homeland sometime. We will take the mule cart to Frankenfurter for the U-boat and Sausage festival. Seig Hail!!!

-Magnus

*Thanks for the offer, but due to common sense we cannot come to your country, being that we don't look good in Leder Hosen, or your evil death ovens, you Nazi bastard. We here at the Plague have never officially accepted an end to World War I or World War II, and still hope to see the Allied soldiers raping and gutting your Steutka wenches in the streets. So how do you like them apples?*

Dear Plague staffers,

I am not what you would call a lady's' man. I've been here at NYU for almost two years now, and have not succeeded in getting any sort of "action". To be blunt, I am not graced with physical attractiveness of any sort. More to the point, my limbs could be described as "spindly", and I have persistent back-acne. In addition, my affiliation with several militia groups in the area has been enough to scare off the few eligible ladies willing to look beyond my physical inadequacies. I'm sure that if I could just somehow find a girl willing to get to know me, she would see that I am really a good person deep down inside, and worth her time and affection. What am I to do?

-Frustrated Lonely Heart

*O.K. sparky, here's how it is. Ditch the "getting to know me" crap, cause in your case, it just isn't going to work. Chicks with any sort of self respect are not going to have anything to do with you. What you need, is a mail order bride. Now lots of people are tempted to go the Asian route, but brother, don't do it. We here at the Plague know from personal experience that the Oriental market has endured such a "bride rush" in the last several years, that nothing is left but overpriced fatties. To get real bang for your buck, try the Russian mail order bride companies. We ourselves share a Russia beauty named Olga Volkvanovik, who we were lucky enough to purchase entirely with ASS-BAC money due to our club status. She was going to be in the Olympics or something and was engaged to some government physicist guy, when their economy went south and plunged the entire nation into dire financial straits. But their loss was our gain, and now we have Olga to clean our office and satisfy our "pleasures of the flesh", if you know what I mean, and I think you do. So to sum up lonely heart, the answer to your question is simple; get a catalogue (Russian), get some cash, and get some nookie cookie.*



Because we know how you like to waste time...

**THE PLAGUE PRESENTS**

# Our Spring '99 TV Season

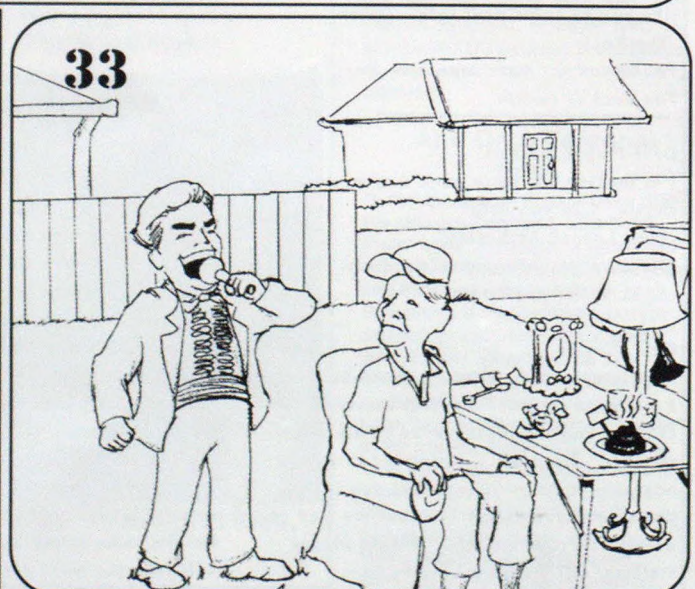
Featuring:  
New Shows!  
New Networks!  
and musical  
guests Minutto!

## PARTIAL TV LISTING

Network/Show	Channel	Network/Show	Channel
Muppet Snuff Network/ Stanly and Waldorf's Pit of Pain	24	The 12 Step Channel/ Random Junkies	40
UFO Lamb of Christ Network/ 3rd Annual Telethon	67	Medical Trauma TV/ Debilitating Frontal Lobotomy	39
Home Yard Sale Network/ Useless Junk for the Weak of Will	33	T.G.I.F T.V./ 24 torturous hours of ABC's Friday Night Lineup, including: 'Full House', 'Perfect Strangers', and the all new 'Two Comical Negros and Their Extended Family'.	22
X-Treme Sportz Network!!!!/ X-Treme Dungeon Masters!!!	20	Eat Shit and Die/ Overweight Fat Guys Throwing Chairs	60
The Cooking Channel/ Cooking with Pain	55	The English Channel/ Tele-World	41
The Chastity Release Network/ Grandma's Orgy Fun-time Corner	69		



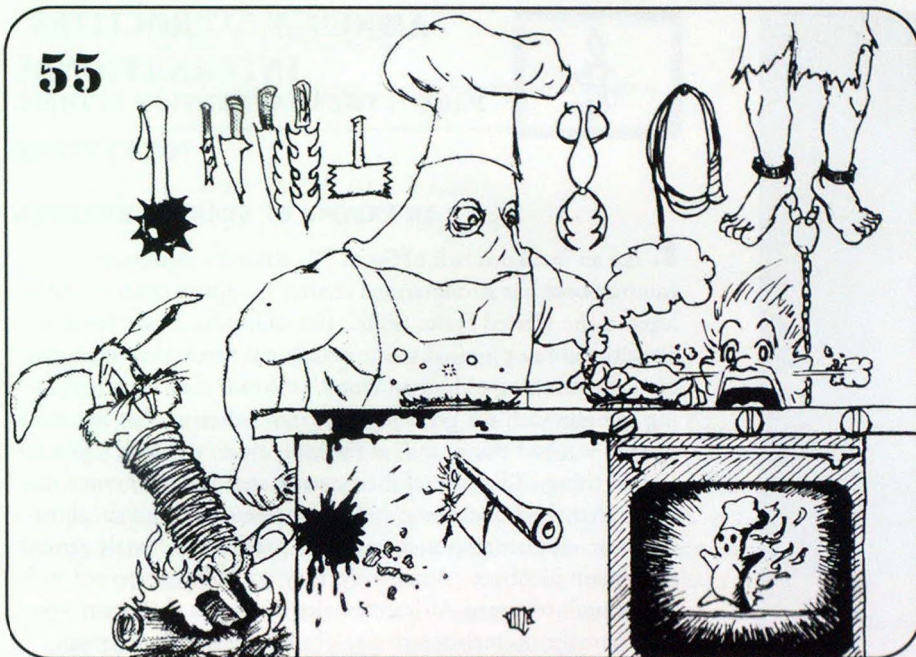
All puppet, all pain, all of the time.



Lots of shit with special host, Bob Saget!



55



First it was Dom DeLuise, then he got Martha Stewart... Will you be next? Tune in Thursdays to find out who Chompo's next meal will be.

left:

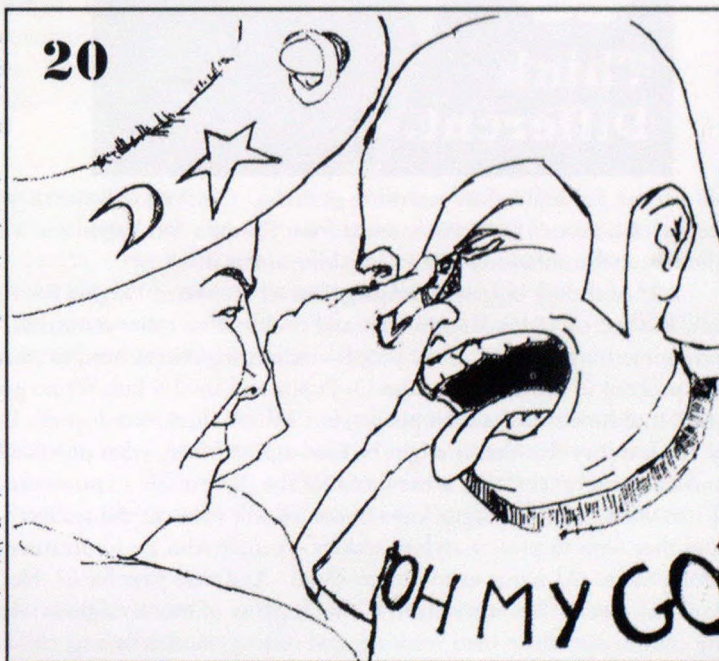
Tune in this Thursday to see Chompo stew up some cartoon favorites. Eat your heart out Elmer Fud.

If there's one thing we should all learn before graduation, it's that you should never question the roll of an 8-sided die when thrown by an 'Extreme Dungeon Master'. These warlords and warlock wanna-bees will cast spells and throw their retainers at you. Don't muck with forces you cannot control.

right:

Upcoming episode in which Bobby, aka 'Gandor' venges his anger for the destruction of his mystic +2 healing ring.

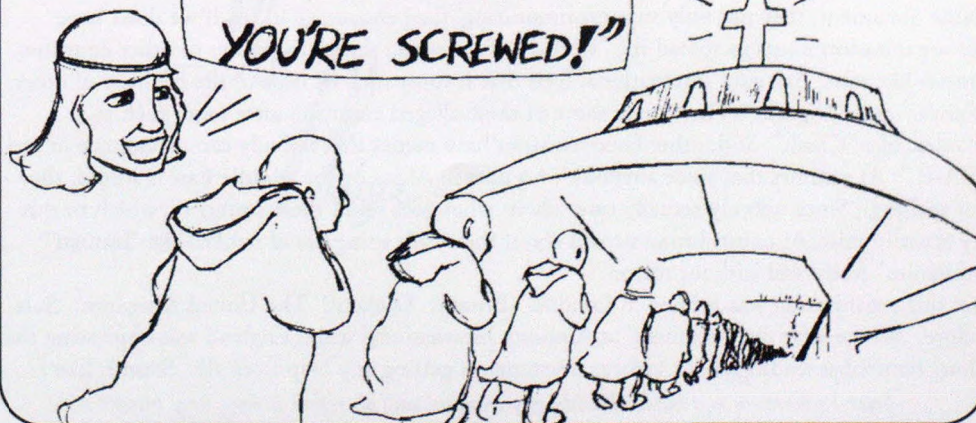
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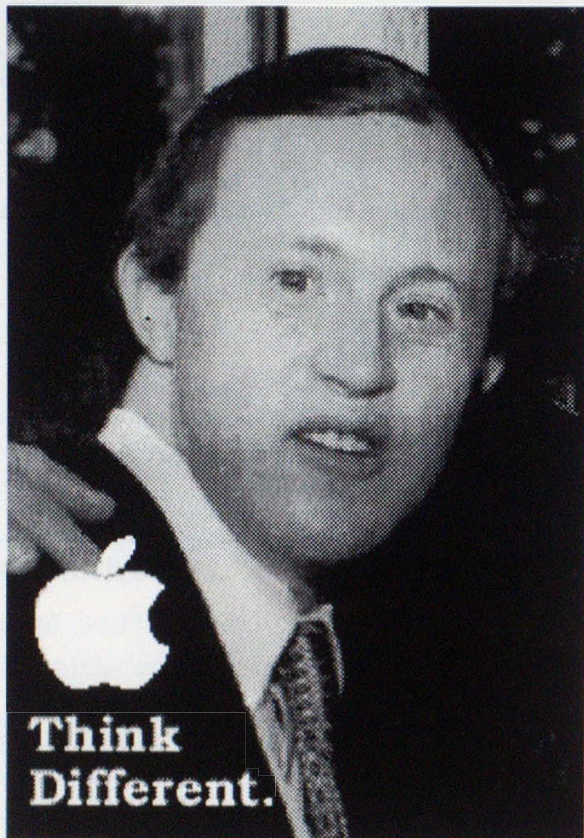
MARY SAYS...

"GET IN OR YOU'RE SCREWED!"



Heaven's gate was right about some things, but too bad they 4 days off with the date. Don't blame them though, their forefathers from the ancient times didn't understand the concept of leap years. Set your dial here Sunday mornings with updates on the next coming!





## AMNESTY "ATROCITIES" INTERNATIONAL PART 1: THE CONSTITUTION IS THEIR TOILET PAPER

AN EXPOSÉ BY SEAN RICHARDSON

**L**ike an insidious cult of Satan Worshipers, Amnesty International has strong-armed charter groups in countless colleges in the United States alone. But unlike Satanists, their atrocities are not limited to the occasional ritual goat slaying or even the drinking of human blood. Instead, they are attempting to brainwash the general public into believing that the death penalty is a bad thing, and, at the same time, women's rights are a good thing. They spend their energy and money (money that is left after the leaders have stolen their percentage of the donations) on condemning such common practices as female genital mutilation in Africa. Apparently, they are more concerned with the genitals of young African females than with their own wives, as they make no mention in any of their literature of female genital mutilation within the United States. That's correct: you see, they have no problem accepting American donations (and, indeed, insist that people should donate money to further their cause), yet they refuse to document even the most heavily mutilated American female genitals.

But their atrocities are not limited to condemning age-

old African cultural beliefs regarding genitalia. On their web site they brag that thousands of people have "disappeared" (the quotes are theirs, not ours) in recent months from Rwanda and Yugoslavia while the world was distracted by wars in those areas, daring the international community to do something about it.

And their biggest "campaign" of all is entitled "Rights For All." A seemingly good name, but it is quite a misnomer. In fact, it is merely rights for criminals and people from other countries. They worry about police brutality. Does this mean that they have something to hide? Only people committing crimes need to worry about police brutality; policemen do not break into houses and proceed to brutally beat John Q. Public and his 2.5 kids for no good reason. I'm not saying that Amnesty International does break into houses and assault people, but I think their record speaks for itself. In the same vein, they wish to abolish the death penalty. Unless they fear that it might be used against them, what possible reason could they have? Sure, they claim that it is cruel and unusual punishment, that is the denial of the right to life to prisoners, but we all know that there is more here than meets the eye. When we here at the Plague know more, so will you, faithful readers – off the record, on the QT, and strictly hush-hush. And they wish to protect asylum seekers – people who are so untrustworthy that the entire government of their own country is persecuting them. AI wants us to protect them. And who pays for it? Not Amnesty, but Americans like you and me (well, not me, I don't pay taxes). And they claim China is guilty of human rights violations. This is where their true agenda shines through; protecting communists from hard working, god fearing, mother loving, child beating, hard drinking, money making capitalists like the way we were intended to be.

Perhaps their biggest hypocrisy is the way they support whatever part of the Constitution they wish to under the guise of some sort of international constitution. Sure, they think we all should have freedom of religion because, "God forbid the government were to kill a few Mormons," but they would deny the right to bear arms. Suddenly, in their world, a good citizen wouldn't be allowed to hunt deer with an Uzi (and then where would we be? Anarchy). If automatic weapons are outlawed, only outlaws will have automatic weapons. And, in this same document, they not only support unionizing, they encourage it! As if we don't have enough trouble with unions as it is. This organization wants to spread the "workers of the world unite" mentality to other countries. Not content with butting in in real countries like ours, Amnesty International feels that it must stick its nose in the business of other, made-up countries like "Guatemala," "Kenya," and "Nigeria." They name some of these alleged countries after food, such as "Turkey," and others with real, human names, like "Chad." Still, other faux-countries have names that nobody can pronounce in real life such as "R-W-A-N-D-A" or "Q-A-T-A-R." AI assumes that since anybody who lives in Africa or the Middle East is stupid, they would ignore the conventional notions of spelling. Since nobody actually cares about what goes on in these countries, which to this day have done nothing to show that they actually exist, AI paints broad strokes about their evils using broad strokes like "human rights violations" and "female genital mutilation" freely and without reason.

Of course, it soon came out that this organization was formed in London. Britain? England? The United Kingdom? Sure, that isn't quite as evil as France, but it's close. Where were our "brothers" at Amnesty International when England was oppressing the United States in every way possible? I don't remember reading about George Washington getting any help from AI. Sounds like a conflict of interests to me.

*-Sean Richardson is a black, Jewish, gay woman, and therefore is very, very bitter.*



# THE PLAGUE

*NYU's only intentionally funny publication*

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21 Washington Place  
New York, NY, 10003  
Box 189

Dearest NYU Amnesty International Club,

This is an open letter to you and your filthy organization. (Or would you have us spell it "organization," eh? Eh? EH??) In short, it has gone on long enough. Your bleeding-heart, big government liberalism is tearing our school and our country apart. Special interest groups such as yours clog up our normally moral and upright system of government with unreasonable demands for special treatment. It has gotten to the point that the small businesses of America are so overwhelmed with red tape that they cannot function. It Pa over at "Ma & Pa's Juice Bar and Hardcore Dirty, Dirty Porn" wants to torture his political prisoners, then that's his right as a small businessman! But due to your radical left-wing agenda's influence (or shall we say "due to the money you make off cocaine and give to weak-willed politicians?") that right has been stripped away. What's next, our right to kick bums? Well, we here at The Plague are not going to stand for it anymore!

Other publications may fear your influence and power (it is said that the Washington Square News staff simultaneously wet themselves upon the very syllable "Am"), but we will not be bullied. In fact, we hereby publicly challenge you to a wrestling match the likes of which the earth has never seen. You will be eating mat, NYU Amnesty International Club! The pins and holds of our highly-trained and efficient staff will be too strong for even your slippery lawyers!

Yes, we will wrestle you. There is going to be a rumble, and someone's gonna get hurt, and this time, it won't be your precious little "political prisoners." It will be you! Oh, yeah! The Plague is coming for you, NYU Amnesty International Club! Your reign of terror is over! Feel the power! Plague-a-Mania is a force to be reckoned with! Hooooooooooooo!

So, the question is, will you accept our challenge? Or will you show the world what cowards you really are? We know the answer, but do you?

Yours in the ring, —

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink that reads "The Plague". The letters are cursive and fluid, with a large, looping 'P' at the end.

The Plague



The Plague Presents:

# A GUIDE TO THE BOBST LIBRARY\*



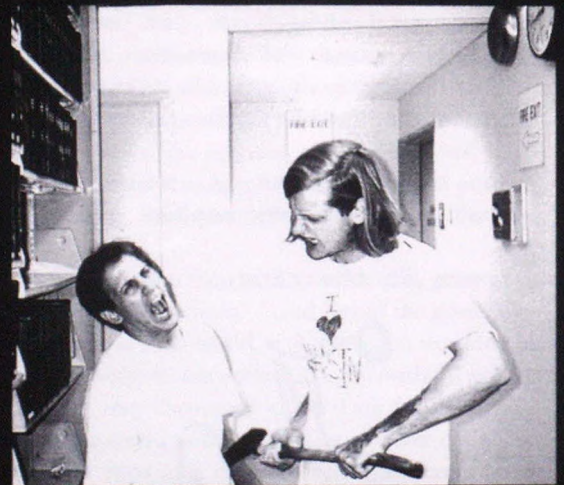
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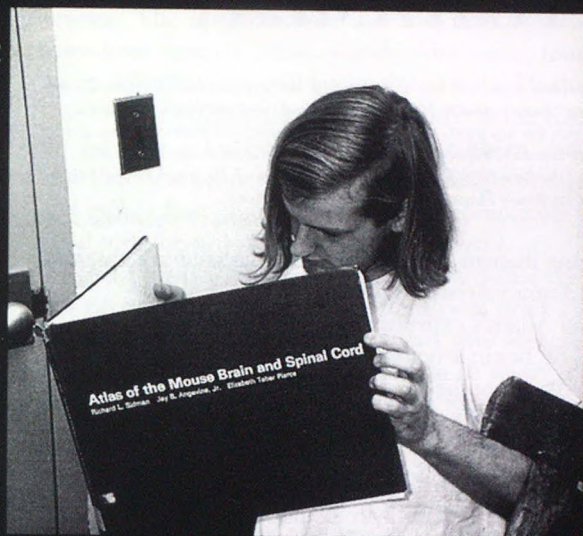
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# THE PLAGUE'S THIRD TESTAMENT

*In the beginning, there was nothing. God saw that this was half-assed, so He created stuff. Then some naked guys ate a snake and God got pissed off and angry and He saw that this was bad. Sometime later God spoke unto some people with beards and had them write two religious books which were quite popular. Man read these books and sales were quite healthy. And mankind copulated and had many kids who built machines that made many other machines and they knew that this was good. And God saw that book sales were dropping, and scripture was available for free on the Internet through mighty search engines. God grew wrathful and smote these enemies, Yahoo and Excite. And He spoke unto the Plague staff: "Pen for Me a new, Third Testament, such that the New Testament will now be called the Middle Testament, and the New New Testament will be known as T III, much to the chagrin of Mormons. And God knew that He was in good hands, for if George Lucas could do it, surely God, creator of Earth and Heaven, could do it unto whatever..."*

*-From The Book Of Explanation, 23:14*

## REVISED 10 COMMANDMENTS

- I. Thou shalt criticize and mock those with bad skin who art weaker than thou art.
- II. Thou shalt not smelliest stinky unto me.
- III. Thou shalt not watch "The Other Sister" or "How Stella Got Her Groove Back."
- IV. If thou art a man, then thou shalt not wear a dress.
- V. Thou shalt not use the Confessional for purposes other than Confession.
- X. Thou shalt not ask what Father Flanagan did with the boys in his "Boys Town."
- XXX. Thou shalt not make porn movies featuring General Colin Powell.
- G. Thou shalt recognize, foo'!
- XL. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ass, unless thy neighbor is a really hot chick.
- OW. Thou shalt not masturbate with sharp objects or sandpaper.

## THE BOOK OF FELLATIO 1:1 (a footnote to Genesis)

1 And so God created the first man in His own image, and named him Adam.<sup>1</sup> And from Adam's rib, God created Eve, the first woman. And it was good.

2 Things remained good in Eden until Adam and Eve ate the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and learned of good and evil. At this, God was Angry, and punished His children, in accordance with what they had done. This did not right the wrong, for Adam and Eve still had knowledge of Good and Evil and all other things. And it was Good.

3 With this new wisdom, Adam knew that in order to Score, he would need to kiss Eve's Ass.<sup>2</sup> All of Eve's friends said that he was no Good for her, and Adam knew this, but he was Horny, and persisted still. And it was Good.

4 And so Adam took Eve on the First Date, and God looked on, and on the date Eve ordered the Lobster,<sup>3</sup> and drank much wine, and Adam knew this was Good.

5 After the Third Shot of Tequila, Eve was ready to go back to Adam's Place, for she was Wrecked. God saw this, and it was good.

6 And back at his place, Adam tried to Score, and removed his fig leaf. Upon this, Eve was startled, for Adam was truly made in God's Image. And it was Large.

9 But Eve did not worry for she had Eaten of the Tree of Knowledge, and had seen some of the "Picture Books"<sup>4</sup> which God had left around, and as such, knew what she was to do. And it was Good.

12 And so it began, the First Fellatio<sup>5</sup>, with huffing and puffing all around. And so Adam began to scream God's Name, and God heard this, but knew that it was more of a general

Moaning thing than an Actual Comment directed at Him, and so He stayed uninvolved. And it was Good.

15 And so Adam's expression became more and more Pained, and he began screaming God's name more and more frequently. And soon he Laid Down the White River,<sup>6</sup> and Eve Spat it upon the Dirt. God saw this and was Angered. "Why," exclaimed God, "have you done this? Why have you spat the river into the Dirt? Did Adam not buy you the lobster and lots of wine with French writing on the bottle that Chicks Dig?" And Eve replied, "I do not know, my Lord. Perhaps I was afraid." "Afraid My Holy Ass!"<sup>6</sup> said God. "You just thought that Adam wasn't looking." And now Adam had awoken from his slumber and was also Pissed, for he had paid for the lobster. And this was not Good.

16 "For this crime," exclaimed God, "I will curse you, Eve, and all Women after you, with a Spot of 'G' which will rarely be found and will move around a lot.<sup>6</sup> And as such, you will have to Fake It, and later sneak off to the Bathroom in order to Satisfy Yourself with stuff from the 'Sharper Image' Catalogue. And man shall not notice your Faking, and shall lay down his River anyway."

17 And for this Adam smiled at God, and God smiled at Adam, and then they High-Fived<sup>9</sup> each other and went off to watch a Football Game. And it was Good.

## ODE TO ALCOHOL 9:11

1 Live life as though it were a Drunken Game of Charades,<sup>10</sup> throwing up in the hibiscus plant many occasions. For while Tickling the Tuna Taco or Playing the One Man Band is evil and condemnable by the Lord, Alcohol is saintly and kosher. Drink deep so that thy Brain might Hemorrhage, and stumble across thy lawn to Maketh Water in thy neighbors pool. But taketh all spirits with a spoon of cautionary beguilement, for he who passeth out on his back may he suffer from Regurgitative Asphyxiation.<sup>11</sup> Likewise, help thy brother, and ignore not his Plight, for the Lord will bless you and your progeny for rolling over Inebriated Slobs.

2 Yay, the Fruit of the Vine does yield strong and worthy drink, best for the seduction of woman, who in a state of Invidious Plasteration reveal the key to their hostility and thus allow all who inquire to Passeth Through their Maidenly Gate. The smooth tongue of the adventurous is good indeed, but also beware the virulent and festering threat of Venereal Disease<sup>12</sup>, and surely thou shouldst always carry with thee a Defensive Rampart, praise the Lord and purchase prophylactics<sup>13</sup> so that you maybe wrapped in a Protective Shield, sheltered by the Lord from all transmissions of sins and the Plagues<sup>14</sup> of Boils.

3 But let not the Drink tempt you to be snared in the utterance of thy lips, save yourself the agony of broken promises and ugly One Night Stands by eating thus before thy con-



sumeth. For a Full Stomach does wardeth away Cocky<sup>15</sup> actions. The Amorites were wise with their medicaments, and learn from them we must. For drinking water, four cubits of water, a Mighty sum, will lessen thy pain the Morning After.

4 Do not worship the porcelain god<sup>16</sup> as the Kadmonites do, for there is but one Lord God, with liberty and justice for all. Thus it is proper to vomit out a window or into the trash, and refrain from utilizing the latrinic receptacles for they are filled with the sins of many family members.

5 Yay, let us bless the sauce and again praise the Lord for this gift, and also admire the man who can drink and not show it, for he shalt outwit the constabulary who seeketh to take away his license. But the Lord saith to be weary for reaction time is slowed and thine eyes do seek to tricketh thee.

Unfortunate is he who ends up Smearethed<sup>17</sup> on the pavement, or decapitated by thine own Steering Wheel. So saith the Lord: Drive slow that ye might see Oncoming Traffic and be sureth to wear thine seat belt, lest ye be a fool in your Heart and end up going through the windshield. Confound and curse the satanic Zero Tolerance Laws,<sup>18</sup> and curseth the point system, for both seeketh to Rob thee of thy motility, and lower thee to using Public Conveyance.

6 Lastly, admired will be he who can Pound them down, and acclaimed is he that can crush Beer Cans against his Skull. But curse he who is a Two Beer Queer,<sup>19</sup> and makes foolishness his lot by falling over and Blowething chunks. Wise and Virtuous is he who can Holdeth his Liquor.

## BOOK REPORT ON THE BIBLE BY ISTAICI 24:7

1 Hi, my name is iStaici, pronounced "Stay-see"—the First 'i' is silent. I'm doing, like, a Book Report on the Bible and the Life of, like, Jesus and the Revelations and that they had no malls<sup>20</sup> back then and that's why all the Jews were discriminated against and stuff like that, which is so Five Minutes ago, but it's an assignment so it's totally necessary.

1 In the beginning, there was just God, and God said, "Let there be light," and like, there was. And then He said, "Let there be cute little Baby Bunnies<sup>21</sup>," and there was. Were. And then He said, "Let there be my only begotten son!" So He made Mary and instilled within her Jesus and also the desire to shop.<sup>22</sup>

1 At the time, like, Harold Houdini was President of Nazareth, and he was Jealous because Jesus had Better Hair. So Houdini wanted all the babies killed, but Jesus made a totally, like, miraculous and Death Defying escape!

1 So Jesus survived and became, like, Close Friends with Ayatollah Khomenhi (I don't know how to pronounce that one). But then Ayatollah died, and after the Korean War<sup>23</sup> Jesus was totally fed up with all the Fighting and the Killing and the Bad Karma. So he rounded up all the Himalayans<sup>24</sup> and started to preach to them, and his symbol was that little circle that's half black and half white, You Know, that Yang-Ying<sup>25</sup> thing or whatever. They were overcome by the power of his Word, and Jesus wrote his first New York Times best-seller "Mein Kampf," followed by "The Stand<sup>26</sup>," which he cowrote with, like, Mickey Rooney. After that, he Married his Mistress, Posh Spice, and God was pissed for he coveted her Ass. And then Posh Spice like, left him because the Spice

Girls can't have Boyfriends which is why Ginger Spice<sup>27</sup> left and then she Blabbed the whole story about Jesus to this woman named Linda Tripp and this caused Jesus to Record some Really Bad Songs such as "Everything I Do" and "The Rainbow Connection."<sup>28</sup>

1 Jesus was Really Broke after that, cause he had, like, spent all his money on a Porche which he used to Drive Posh around. But he couldn't make all the Payments and so they took away his Cellphone, which was, like, Totally Uns, and Jesus was soooooo sad!

1 So then Jesus cooked up the Freshness Crystals from a Glade plug-in<sup>29</sup> because he had no money left for Heroin and then he died, which was Totally Uncool.

1 And then the Revelations Happened. So that's why I wrote this book report. That's all, I'm going to the Mall! Wow, that rhymed! I'm a Poet and I Didn't Even Think I Was!



## THE BOOK OF HERSTORY 2:5

1 There came a day when the Lord God Trucked His lazy ass<sup>30</sup> down to Earth to observe the State of the World. God saw man, and the society in which he lived. God saw that the world had become wicked and sinful and it was Good. God saw woman. And God Saw man in Service of woman. The Lord God said unto woman: "Why hast thou Pussy-Whipped<sup>31</sup> my creation, man?" And woman answered, "Because it was easy, and now he buys me things." God saw wommon, and he asked "Why hast thou Changed the Name I hath given unto thee?" And wommon Replied, "Womyn did not come from men! Womyn are the Fountains of all life! And besides, men are Dicks." God said unto wommon "Thou art a Bitter Dyke.<sup>32</sup> Did I not decree in My First Book, Genesis, that Man shalt be thy Master, and that thou shalt



honor and obey him, lest he Smacketh Thee upside thine head? Wommon answered, "Talk to the hand, Dipshit."<sup>33</sup> God grew angry at this, and Said, "I shall leave thee to thine selves, for I could not possibly Fucketh thee up more than thou already hast." With that, God left Earth and Vowed never to return until the day when wommon Apologizes and shaves because her legs looked Fucking Disgusting.<sup>34</sup>

## ODE TO LESBIANS 6:9

1 Tis better to Buy Low and Sell High than be publicly castrated by a virulent virago.<sup>35</sup> For Militant Feminists and their Amazonian Allies are the Forces of Lucifer, manifest in the flesh, the Unholy Dykes who seeketh to seduce those faithful members of the Flock. Those ungodly creatures who cannot resist the temptations of their own flesh. The likes of which are deceiving in that they are the Most Beautiful, yet they do resent the Oncomings<sup>36</sup> of a Man?

2 Surely Satan is the source of their Confoundedness, for which no man can understand, and for which it Pains him to see the Foul Seductresses gyrating in a mutual Love Handle Suckfest. The Coleslaw-Wrestling Demons do flaunt their Mammaries<sup>37</sup> in the streets so as to offend the Lord, and the wretched do make Blasphemies of their Parade, Cursing the Lord and Tiillating his Flock. For purient interests are strong indeed and it is only the Chemically Castrated sex offender who does not harken to their calls.

3 In their Peccadillo the sexulatorial Mavericks of sluttiness<sup>38</sup> do not head tradition, leaving the Pit of their arms unshaven, and their Brows do come together as one. Who among the Lords followers would Shear off a Breast to maketh way for war?

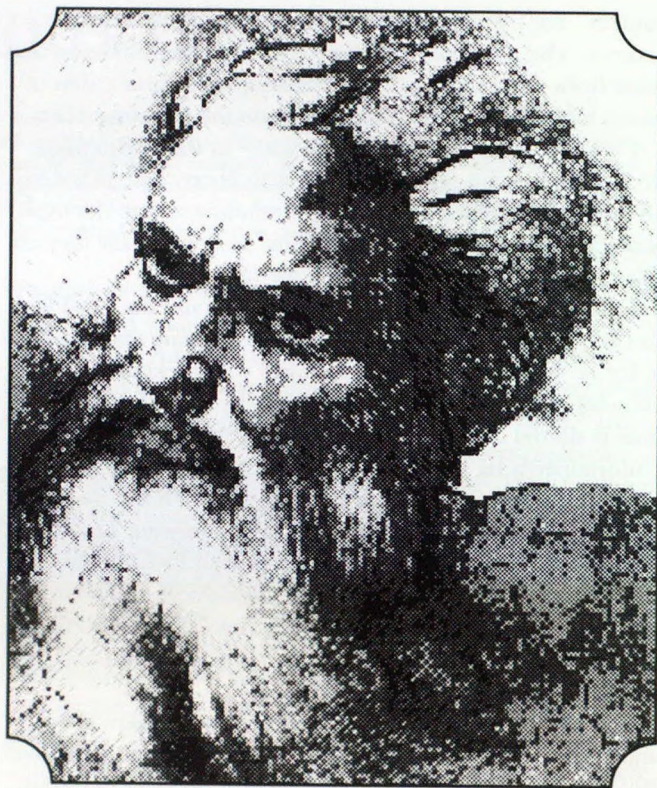
4 The Lord warns all who would try to be like the Lesbos who will surely burn in hell, for their ways are the Road to sin, their knowledge is carnal. It is best for one to hide any feelings they have which coincides with the evil temptresses who would not lie with a man. To Push all desire down into a knot in thy Stomach so that it might be swallowed, and never Resurface.

5 Also it is good to curse the Names of the Homoerotics, lest ye be branded one of them. He who maketh Fun of gays<sup>39</sup> is wise, for others doubt not his Sexuality.

## LEVITICUS 2:7

1 Once upon a time, when the World was Green and Good, man lived in harmony with nature. From the mighty Elephant to the tiny Mouse, there was peace across the land. And yes, even the Aborted Fetus<sup>40</sup> rejoiced on this Pure Earth. From miles around the beautiful sound of the aborted Fetus call could be heard across the land. In any given forest, Aborted Feti<sup>41</sup> could be found by the dozens, scurrying about through roots, knotholes, and Underbrush, sometimes with their Embryonic Fluid<sup>42</sup> still glistening in the sunlight like the Morning Dew. A sophisticated system of Weights and Pulleys were developed with the use of their Umbilical Cords in order to help them scale the trees in search of grubs and wild Berries. Travelers were always Wary not to interfere with the splendid contraptions, for fear of disrupting the delicate Ecosystem which existed between the Feti and Nature.

2 However, one day the Evil Princess Placenta<sup>43</sup> Demanded



that she keep her Aborted Fetus instead of introducing him into the wild, which had long been the practice. Her parents, at first reluctant, finally allowed her to keep the fetus, which she named Fetor.<sup>44</sup> She Kept Fetor in a terrarium with her Pet Iguana. Placenta was quick to show off Fetor to all her Friends, who began to Plead with their Parents for their own fetus. Unfortunately, many of the girls were not yet of Child-bearing age, so their requests were left Unfulfilled. And thus began the Great Aborted Fetus Hunt.<sup>45</sup>

3 Trackers from across the land were Hired to locate Aborted Feti nests, oftentimes completely disrespectful to their carefully laid villages. Fetus numbers Plummeted. Higher and Higher prices were demanded for those now rare commodities. There was a huge increase in the black market fetus trade,<sup>46</sup> though more often than not a hefty sun would be doled out in exchange for a Dwarf Baby, or in some cases a drugged dwarf adult. Cries of the embattled feti pierced the air daily, as one family after another was split apart by the greedy lusts of fetus-hungry teenagers. Bloodshed was not uncommon as the Fetus Frenzy now pitted Brother against Brother, with pitched battles being waged over the most fetus-rich meadows. As the conflicts reached their peak, God erupted from the clouds with a loud thunderclap, which immediately stopped all Fetus-Seizing procedures.<sup>47</sup>

4 "What hast thou done?!" He bellowed. "Hast thou forsaken the 6th, 8th, and 10th commandments for want of a Fetus of thy own?! Hast thou forgotten the 11th commandment: 'love thy Fetus as Thyself?'" I see that I have erred, that man cannot live in harmony with the Aborted Fetus, for it is not the way of things. So I must strike the 11th commandment, the knowledge of the wild from the Fetus, and Forbid the introduction of any new Feti into the world?" With that, the Wild Feti were Swept from the earth. And that is why Catholics are against Abortion.



## PROVERBS 4:20

1 Wise is as wise Does and thus we all may Learn from those members of that foundation who set the foundation for our Foundation of the understanding of wisdom, a holy task, the greatest of Foundations, taken on by an organization by which all other Foundations are rated. No doubt the wise wish to impart their Hegemony so that they might racketeer the faithful into Dominant Submission for the fun of repeated torture.<sup>48</sup> Let us come together in praise for all that is wise and good, and to teach those things which we all know to be true anyway.

2 I say, So Walketh the walk and Talketh the talk<sup>49</sup>, for when the clock tickeths out your ultimately screwed. Dust and Dust, Ash and Ash, Ring around the Posies, We all fall down, so watcheth out.

3 Yay, tis true that Men Lie in wait for the Wicked, for their loyalty is not yet faithless and they forsaketh all the Lords bounty. For them there is no Cornucopia on St. Alabaster's day, and they are to be cast out and burnt in the streets like Protesting Monks.<sup>50</sup> The young man in his Virile Discretion does shank the responsibilities of Moil, Lolly-Gagging his days away spending time with his Worsted Contemporaries. The Truculent Bag of Rowdy Duplelegangers<sup>51</sup> do whittle away his time, and maketh the way for Sloth. Wise and good is he that has no Social Life.

## THE SONG OF TELEVISION

1 Seek not adventure, for HBO<sup>51</sup> is thy Lot in Life, and like a humble Spectator, have decency and pry not into the concerns of the networks and their Affiliates. Tis better to have many TV's than to have one first hand experience of life itself.

2 Asketh the Lord to bless Television, provider of mundane stimulation and hawker of a multitude of consumer innovations, ask that your life might be uneventful and interrupted by a minimum of commercial brakes. If you cannot Afford a big screen in this life worry not for in the life to come all will have the new digital TV with a large Diagonal Length.<sup>20327</sup>

3 Do not store up Video tapes in this life where Dust and siblings can Mutilate them, for the Lord has a large collection of pre-taped shows, all labeled and Alphabetized. Likewise for satellites, do not spend your money on large dishes, for those who spend their fortune suchly will be Condemned to Rot in hell. Instead purchase a compact dish, so that your neighbors might have a clear view through their lawn.<sup>20328</sup>

4 I tell you the truth, the Lord has more Channels than you can fathom, channels no man has ever Seen. There will be a time when all the ratings are collected, and the Good TV viewers will be separated from the evil ones, no demographic will escape judgment. I tell you it is Harder for a man who doesn't watch TV to pass into the kingdom of the Lord than it is for Mike Tyson<sup>20329</sup> to stay out of Jail.

5 Wise is the man who pays Extra for premium Channels. For TV viewers are the Salt of the earth, and they shall Inherit the Earth. Wise is he who appreciates good Programming. Virtuous is he who faithfully watches Sweeps week, when All programming is good.

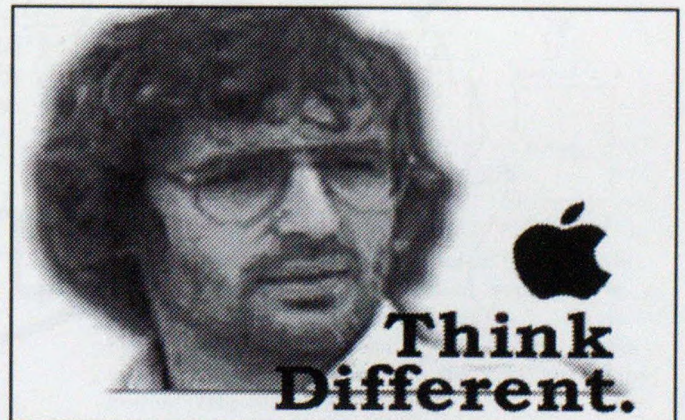
6 And curse he would use TV for evil Purposes, such as those of PBS.<sup>20330</sup> And curse Lifetime<sup>20331</sup>, Programming for

Women, for the Lord's curse is on the House of the wicked, but he blesses the Abode of the righteous. Toward the scorners he is scornful, but to the humble he provides movies on demand. The wise will receive Primestar<sup>20332</sup>, but fools get only basic cable.

## THE BOOK OF MORMONS 5:12

1 In anticipation of the possible questioning of this 3rd testaments validity, our Crack team of High-priced celebrity (Hollywood) lawyers have advised us to address the "Mormon Question." As the more educated Plague Readers<sup>20333</sup> might know many of the "Mormon" persuasion Would Argue that a third testament or "continuation" of the holy bible is already in existence, this of course being their So-Called Book of "Mormon." While we would hate to Excite those who live such upright, bland and alcohol-free lives, we Feel the need to assert the validity of our text, as well as raise some questions about the authenticity of their "Holy" Scriptures. First of all, did the Book of "Mormon" come with a Certificate of authenticity, like our holy Scripture has (signed by our overlord Tarlax<sup>20666</sup> the Cosmic Anointed One)? Secondly, how can we believe the words of any Utah state residents who still contends that "Jazz" is an Appropriate Appellation for any sort of organization Based in afformentioned state? While we have nothing against the Portly yet stately Rick Menjeres or Karl "The Mail Man" Malone, we here at the Plague would like to see the state of Utah swallowed by the earth in a melée of Third Testament proportions. Thirdly, the name "Mormon" is entirely too similar in Spelling to "moron" for our organization to give the so named group any sort of credit or Respect.

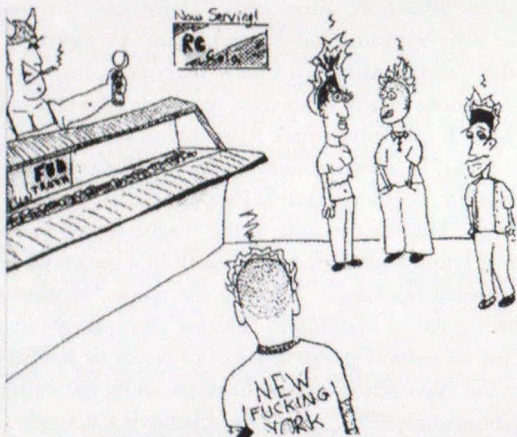
2 Despite the class action lawsuit brought on by the entire "Mormon Community<sup>20667</sup>," which the Plague is Currently entangled in, we still understand others' rights to their equally Valid ways of life. In fact, we at the Plague are sensitive to the "beliefs" of others, regardless of how many wives they might have. We fully understand the Desire, and at some times the need, of the human Male to "weigh anchor" in as many "ports of call" as possible (especially in light the Immorality of "punishing the bishop<sup>20668</sup>," not to mention the whole "chafing" issue). We are sure that the courts will agree with our point of view, and affirm the Supremacy of our third testament by Making it part of grade school curriculums across the Country. To sum up: sobriety, multiple wives<sup>20669</sup>, and a complete lack of manual self Stimulation, can't be part of any Sensible religion. Hence forth, ergo, therefore, our third testament decisively Stands.





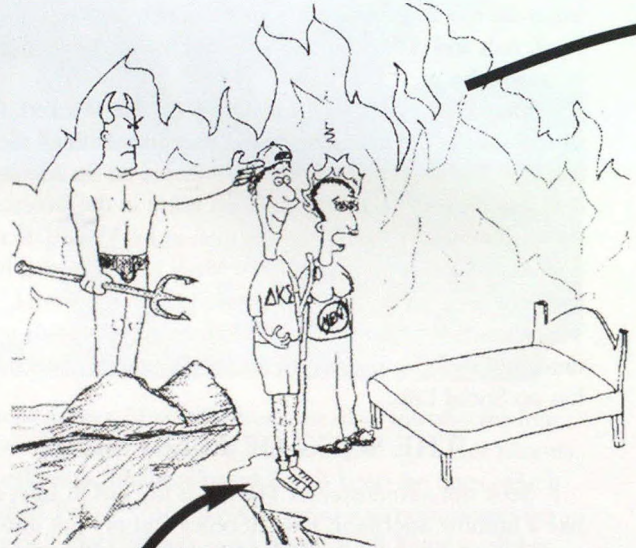
# The Nine Planes

We at The Plague hear things. We listen, we eavesdrop, we're peeping toms; we've seen you naked. But we hear the rumors and the myths too, and we've decided they need clarification. Yes, NYU is hell, but here's the truth of it. Don't believe the rumors, believe us, for if you don't you will surely suffer for all eternity.

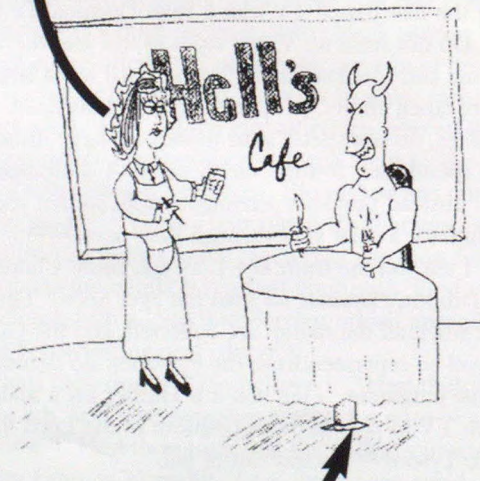


**First Plane: NYU Dining Hall**  
Employees are force fed rancid government surplus by ungrateful upper-middle class teenagers. Their hair is on fire (Leviticus, 30:9).

**Second Plane: Stern Students** suffer an eternity of humiliating rejection by attractive models no matter how much they earn. They too suffer the damnation of the flaming hair (MikeyJ, 36:78).



**South Plane: Seminists** enter into ill-conceived relationships forged in the fires of Hell's grim landscape. There they remain until the end of history...unable to ignore the conflagration on their head.

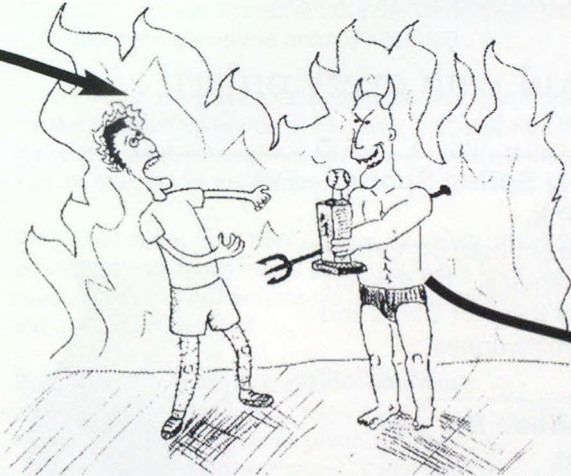


**Third Plane: Tisch students** have been damned to continuous servitude as Hell's waiters and bus boys. Occasionally, the poor souls are coerced into compromising positions by customers claiming to be Hollywood executives. They too swim in a river of suffering as their hair combusts (Austin, 3:16).

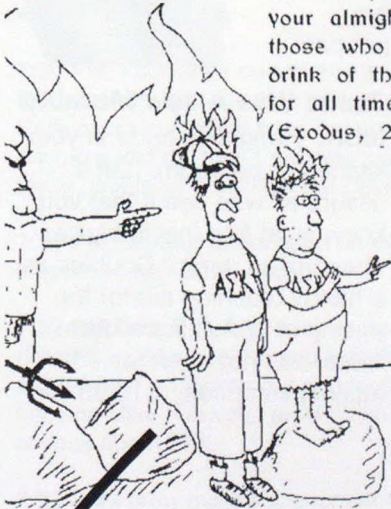


# of NYU HELL\*

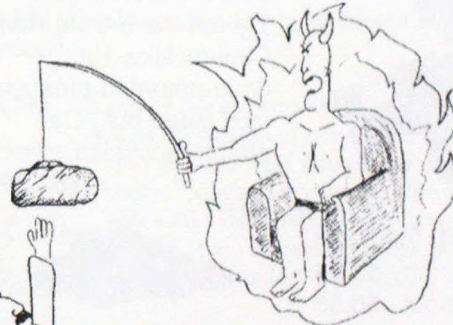
Fifth Plane: Demons play keep-away with the Division Three trophies of the GSP sporting community-- their sins shall not go unpunished. Yes, their hair is on fire as well and it really, really hurts (The Inferno, 500b).



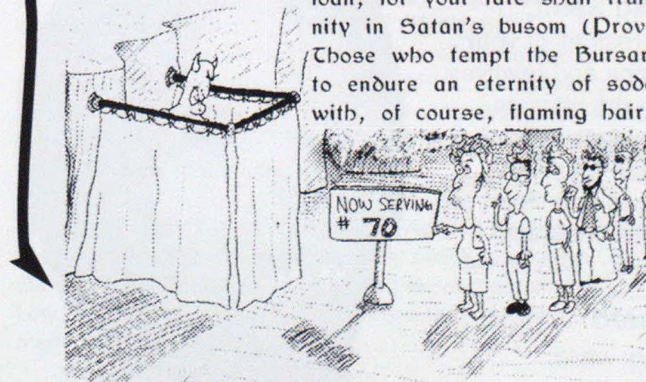
Seventh Plane: Cower beneath your almighty God brother for those who degrade woman and drink of the Meister Brau will rot for all time with flaming hair (Exodus, 23:13).



Sixth Plane: The unholy human bile known as the "teaching assistant" shall be tormented for their years of ill-begotten lesson plans and pointless "discussion sessions" by being deprived of the trappings of their homeland until Judgement Day (Job 4:92). Undoubtedly, their hair will be awash in flame.



Eight Plane: Tempt not the fates of finance and seek not to abuse the student loan, for your fate shall truly be an eternity in Satan's busom (Proverbs 23:12). Those who tempt the Bursar are forced to endure an eternity of sodomization with, of course, flaming hair.



Ninth Plane: The "Great Satan" L.J. Olivia is forced to face his intellectual superiors in a deadly contest known as "Jeopardy." He is badly beaten for all time. The depths of his misery know no bounds for his hair burns the hottest (Revelations, 29:56).





# JIM JONES

## Religious Artifacts

MAIL - ORDER CATALOG

"Free Kool-Aid with every order!"



### Circumcision Kit.

Try out the B-Safe Home Circumcision Kit. Guaranteed to produce a nice clean cut. Car adapter included.

\$62.95 ea.



### Holy Spring Sports Drink.

Straight from St. Patrick's Tabernacle. It'll quench your thirst for Christ and Carbohydrates!

\$1.35/bottle

**Holy Shit.** 'nuff said with corn...\$1.95 without...\$0.95



### Burning Bush Bra and Panty Set.

Even Moses couldn't resist the allure of a woman sporting a "Burning Bush." \$24.95 per pair



### The What Would Jesus Do Condom.

Never again be torn between pleasures of the flesh and the insults and sneers of your friends for sleeping with a fat girl.

pkg of 7...\$8.95



### Virgin Mary Blow Up Doll.

Degrade the Madonna through any one of her 3 "holy" openings. Five replacement Hymens included, so you can relive the first coming time and time again.

\$54.95 ea.

5 extra hymens...\$8.45

### Pontius Pilate Whipping Boy.

Do you ever feel that Jesus doesn't love you? Well he doesn't, and you should take it out on someone else. \$139.94 ea.



### Jesus Was A Jew Morality Icon.

Hang with pride in your kitchen or bedroom. Let it assure all who see it that you know what fate inevitably lies ahead of all Jews. Doubles as a handy teaching aid for the raising of W.A.S.P. children.

\*note: has not been tested against vampires. \$15.95 ea.

### Dead Saint.

Impress all of your friends and relatives with the ultimate good luck charm. Watch them envy you as you clean up at the blackjack tables. \$83.95 ea



### The Severed Arm of a Revered Saint.

Limited edition; get yours while they last. Only 87457 in existence! Rare, collector's item \$2.99 ea.





# Satanists at NYU

EXPOSED

**7:00 PM** I arrive at the Office of Student Activities with several Plague staffers with the intention of infiltrating the dreaded NYU Satanists—a new club that is currently in development. We have decided, for reasons of personal safety, to assume fake identities for our little “mission.” I take on the identity of “Damean,” an evil aristocrat from the Carpathian Mountains who was born sometime around 1250 a.d..

**7:10 PM** I have a panic attack on the first floor of OSA. If not for the humiliating taunts of the New, Inc! staff and the front desk attendant, I would run home to 14th street and catch the last 15 minutes of the Simpsons.

**7:15 PM** I suffer from panic attack #2. New, Inc! talks me down and convinces me to stare evil in the face. Despite their reassurances, I remain unsure about the morality of participating in a blood sacrifice.

**7:20 PM** T- minus 10 minutes— more second thoughts. This time, I keep them to myself. I use the remaining time to get into character. I repeat the phrase, “I was born in 1250 a.d.” over and over until my Slovenian accent is convincing.

**7:30 PM** I convince myself that the Satanists are more afraid of me than I am of them. Halfway up to the fifth floor, I realize that what my mom told me about the neighbor’s dog may not be applicable to people who worship the Devil.

**7:31 PM** Elevator doors open on the fifth floor. Panic alarm tells me to turn back; I don’t

**7:32 PM** I enter the fifth floor lounge and see my first Satanists. When confronted with the inevitable, “Are you really a Satanist?” I chicken out and forget my cover story. Instead I become Mike “Garvey,” an NYU student born in ‘78 who is curious about EVIL.

**7:33 PM** I grow more accustomed to my surroundings and regain my composure. It appears that Plague people outnumber the “Satanists” 4:3. More than one of us is dressed like Elvira. I am just wearing a tee-shirt (and pants). Some of the more clever aliases used include “Angel,” “Beelzebub,” and “Heather.” I had assumed that there would be some kind of EVIL altar, where EVIL sacrifices and EVIL rituals take place. Instead, all I saw was a bag of Oreo cookies and a 2 liter bottle of Diet Dr. Pepper—I had to assume that there was something EVIL about the cookies.

**7:35 PM** I haven’t eaten dinner yet. Against my better judgment, I consume some of the unholy snack food. The Oreos did not corrupt my soul, but they did leave me parched. Unfortunately, the Satanists neglected to bring cups so that I might consume the infernal cola.

**7:40 PM** Introductions are made. Of the three Satanists present, 3 are in the Yo-Yo club and 3 are in the Sci-Fi club. Names have been omitted to protect the innocent (they were also promptly forgotten).

**7:45 PM** I almost get beamed by a yo-yo during a failed “around the world” attempt.

**7:46 PM** 10 minutes of awkward silence ensues. I eat 4 Oreo cookies. Strange rumblings in my digestive system are foreboding.

**7:55 PM** Stabbing pains in my abdomen are attributed to possession.

**7:56 PM** Common sense wins out: Stomach problems are due to an excess of fatty foods on an empty stomach and are NOT caused by demonic possession. Conversation among the Satanists picks up—they deal largely with Star Trek and Magic Cards. I am beginning to doubt the “evil” nature of these so-called Satanists.

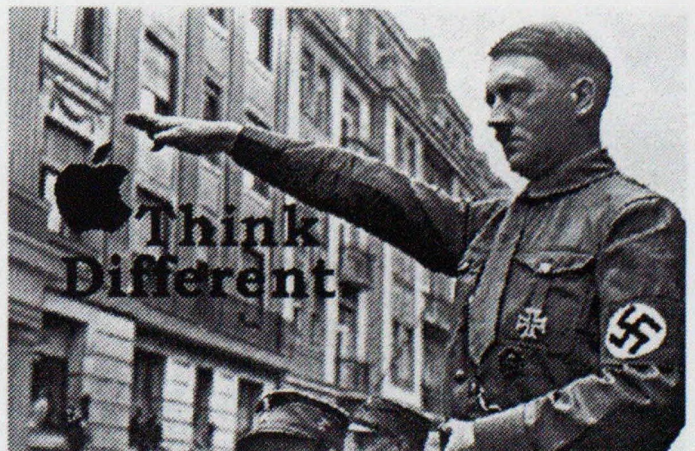
**7:59 PM** I make passing reference to human sacrifice. “Satanists” reveal that they are not really Satanists at all, but, as a new club, receive 75 dollars for each event. Conversation briefly drifts into a discussion of Egyptian Gods and Magick but quickly reverts to Star Trek. I begin to warm up to these “Satanists” and enter into the age-old Picard vs. Kirk debate.

**8:10 PM** Satanist that almost kills me with the yo-yo begins to flirt with me. I partake in flirtation with gusto.

**8:15 PM** Flirtatious Satanist leaves; I am disappointed.

**8:16 PM** I realize that I am running late for an appointment. I leave the meeting, not in fear but with a warm feeling in my belly—possibly from eating too many Oreos—and a new respect for EVIL. Surely, if all Satanists were as friendly and open as these were, eternal damnation wouldn’t be that bad.

*“Of the three  
Satanists present, three  
are in the Yo-Yo club  
and three are in the  
Sci-Fi club.”*





In an effort to create a more unified and friendly NYU "campus," the Plague presents a picture book of your Washington Square Park neighbors. So in honor of a community brought together by love, we think that as a community member, you should

# KNOW YOUR...



DUNGEON MASTER



PLAGUE  
STAFF MEMBER



ANGRY WOMYNIST



ALPHA PHI OMEGA MEMBER



BLATANT  
TRANVESTITE



BLACK MARKET BABY





CHILD MOLESTER



BLIND GUY



MEXICAN WRESTLER  
UNO



PLAGUE  
PRESIDENT



GRANDMA



GSP STUDENT



MEXICAN WRESTLER DOS



ECONOMICS PROFESSOR



# SpouseCo Brand Mail Order Brides

Get married the easy way:  
overnight mail!

Nine  
out of ten lonely,  
lonely men agree!

- Fast easy service!
- Bargain basement prices!
- Fast easy women!
- Money Back Guarantee\*

As  
seen on TV's "Home  
Improvement!"



Ming- "Dig for me a new rut."

**Ming \$3,000**

Age: 34 Country: Taiwan

Ming hails from the opium farms of the Xeng-chi province. Her interests include fishing, agriculture, and servility. Ming desperately wants to come to America; "I would much like to visit school of American liberty before I am sold to Bangkok sex farm."



Lucinda- "Where's the beef?"

**Lucinda \$3,111**

Age: 50 Country: Mexico

Lucinda's parents offer a dowry of a 100 camels and exclaim, "Lucinda's hideously good looks will drive you insane!" Lucinda's last known husband was driven into the depths of psychotic delusion and beyond. He now exists only in name. Lucinda is, quite literally, the catch of the day.



Pele- "I will crush you with the swift fist of righteous truth."

**Pele \$3,000**

Age: 23

Country: Nicaragua

Pele's pet peeves include children, tatoos, domesticity, and Hamburger helper. Her turn-ons are fast cars and guns. She would love the chance to be your special someone! Please mind her deadly bite.



Barbara- "Please not to conceal my key with your mysongony."

**Barbara \$2,596.77**

Age: 25 Country: Ohio

Barabra sums it up herself, "America for opportunity is! Please be reaping dis-sension for my wife and lamenting the discussion of my birthrate hastily. Thank you."

CLEARANCE!!! CLEARANCE!!!

Joelene Nascar \$1.25

Age: 21 Country: Deluth

Rachel Caruso 5¢/lbs

Age: 21 Country: Washingtonville, NY

"Hirohito" \$3.00

Half Life: 2 million years Country: Hiroshima, Japan

Nandar Kahmat \$2.00

Age: 20 Country: India

Boosy McFloosy - a buck, two eighty.

Age: 20 Country: Ireland



**Monty \$12.99**

Age: 45 Country: N/A

Monty was born an raised in Chicago. Following an "incident," at the Sears' Tower, Monty was deported. He desperately wants to regain his citizenship "by any means possible." He "looks forward to being the matriarch of a large family."



**Nadia \$50,692**

Age: 30 Country: Russia

Grab this opportunity while you still can fel-las! This once in a life timeoffer is your for the low, low price of \$50,692 (with mark down) and is guaranteed to bring you years of happiness! (SpouseCo disavows any knowledge of "Nadia's" limited mental faculties).

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Order: \_\_\_\_\_

Amount: \_\_\_\_\_

Are you interested  
in our Christmas\*\*  
Catalog?

y

n

☐
☐

\*Not a Guarantee.

\*\*SpouseCo does not specifically endorse the holiday of Christmas



# JOIN US



The Plague poses for their annual holiday photo. Upper right: corner: **Crazy Ben** in his last known photograph before he imploded under his own muscle mass.



From Left To Right:: **Trenchcoat Man**, **Jittery Man with Gun Man**, and **Sheik Man** get their groove on.

**Come to our first meeting:::**  
**Thursday, Sep. 9 1999**  
**6th floor OSA, @ 6PM**  
**21 Washington Place**

Send Submissions to box 189  
 or email [plague.club@nyu.edu](mailto:plague.club@nyu.edu)

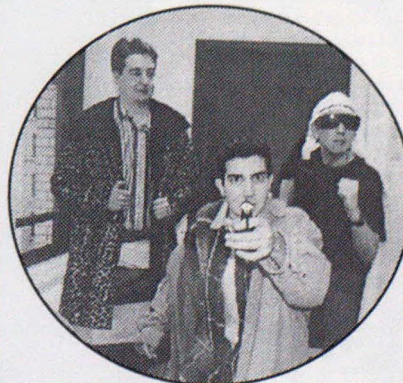
NINA: No Irish Need Apply

**NYU -- Wrong in the past, wrong for our future**

America's favorite  
 "super-hero" team,

The  
**PLAGUE**  
 @ NYU

is looking for a super-agile and dedicated young vigilante with mind control and/or telekenetic capabilities to replace a recently deceased teammate.\* Are you interested? Can you write unintelligent **Satire**? Do you know **Quark** or **Photoshop**? Can you **Draw**? Are You **Funny**? Then join us in our battle against the intergalactic forces of evil!



**Ax-Man** and "**The Ronin**" in a recent guest appearance on **Scoob-doo**. Unconfirmed reports indicate that **Batman** and the **Harlem Globetrotters** had to be escorted off the set.

\*See issue number 126. It's the one where **Joe Rice** loses his regenerative powers after a fight with **Sabretooth**.



# HOW TO...

*Sneak an Axe  
Into Bobst  
Library*

DO NOT PLACE IN THIS CANISTER

a National Geographic sign, in any building that might  
contain a fire  
a building designated as historic  
a historical landmark, or any other  
monument, or landmark

THANK YOU

CANS AND

BOTTLES ONLY

NYU  
RECYCLES

3: Find necessary supplies, including: string, alcohol, cigarettes, and sideburns.

5.1: At this point, one should seriously consider the ramifications of getting caught with an AXE in the Bobst Library. Done? Then please proceed



6: Cover protruding axe with a conspicuously unnatural parka or trenchcoat. Try to look badass.

6.1:  
Note: The term "parka" or "trenchcoat" is not inherently badass. (Jamaican flag optional)



7: Don a clever, yet menacing, disguise. Hobble into Library. If metal detectors go off, use axe as defensive weapon.

7.1: The Plague, *NYU's only intentionally funny publication*, does not specifically endorse sneaking any item into the Bobst Library, including but not limited to the following: axes, shovels, rakes, hedge clippers, weed whackers, lawn mowers, garden hoes, any gardening and/or landscaping tool; machetes, hatchets, hunting knives, butcher knives, any kind of knife, gloves with retractable knives on each finger, sadistic troll-like dolls that run around with knives, or any implement of horrific death and/or torture. The afore mentioned student publication disavows any knowledge of, or conspiracy with, parties smuggling the afore mentioned objects, or any other object, into the afore mentioned library. The publication also formally denounces and denies prior knowledge of the content of the afore mentioned magazine, including but not limited to the back cover of the publication. The Plague cannot be legally held accountable for its own actions, as it exists as a shadowy collective in name only.

## Cont, From Page 5...

that you stick to writing poorly researched and proof-read articles and leave the comedy to the real experts: The Minetta Review. Oh wait, I mean the Plague. Jerks. Oh yeah, we hate Culture Shock too.

## FRAT BOYS TURN ANGER INTO OUT-REACH

Fraternity members, commonly known as "frat boys" around campus, recently held a rally in opposition to the decision removing them from their comfortable Weinstein accommodations. At the protest, members of such fraternities as Alpha Phi Omega, Kappa Epsilon Gamma, and Fiji were seen holding signs proclaiming, "Eat shit and die."

"In light of recent alcohol related deaths at other universities and the apparent lack of interest in community oriented activities of Greek institutions at this school, many student leaders have suggested that the role of fraternities and sororities in campus social life should perhaps be curtailed. We tend to agree," stated James Smith, a useless bureaucrat at NYU Housing.

In response to these allegations, New York University's Greek community has begun to draw attention to its many public service projects.

"You know, we sponsor events like the Special Olympics and that shit," noted one insightful frat boy.

Indeed, fraternal organizations have been very active in recent weeks with the mentally disabled community. The Special Olympics, held on March 28, highlighted the abilities as well as the special needs of the chromosomally impaired.

"Those fuckers can really hold their liquor," said one proud Alpha Phi Omega member.

"Yeah," said another. "We got there at eight in the morning, and their speech was already slurred. They must have been hammered."

There truly was an air of friendship and frivolity at Coles Sports Center that morning as fratters and retards alike immediately hit it off. The competition started off with a three-legged race, followed by the 100-yard stumble and other fine events. Afterwards, many laughs were shared over the frat boys' hatred of Asians and the sudden realization that the retards have exceptionally large heads. It was obvious to all that a bond between the two groups had formed; as one observer noted, "Within fifteen minutes, it was difficult to tell exactly who was a frat boy and who was a retard."

When it was time for the 'athletes' to go "back to the retard farm (or wherever the hell they keep those chest-slapping, round faced, Mongoloid bastards)," said FIJI member, Pat Finnigan, "there wasn't a dry eye in the house."

"I really feel sorry for those people," said a sorority girl brought along for sex. "Why couldn't they just cut out those extra chromosomes?"

## Op Ed: On The Rocks

For a start I'd like to apologize to all you readers for not having last weeks column in on time. You see I was researching a bar in the Bronx and I found that they serve free hot dogs with a half price pitcher of beer. Well, you know how I am when it comes to cheap beer. Three pitchers and a dozen hot dogs later and I couldn't remember my name. Luckily, I always carry my drivers license in my wallet. It has a picture of me and my name in really big letters. That way if the cops find me drunk on the sidewalk they can drive me back to my house. This bar had such great beer I spent most of my student loan on a whole keg. As I was leaving the bar I got so silly that I asked this big fat lady if she'd like to come back to my dorm with me. Man, did she play hard to get. So I started talking trash and telling her that had a nice pair of boobs and all, and she lifted me up in her big strong arms and carried me out of the bar. I was so drunk that I didn't realize that this fat lady was really a 250 pound truck driver from Massapequa. My memory went fuzzy, but when I woke up I was in the intensive care ward at Bellevue with multiple skull fractures and a huge foot-print in my face. Wonder what happened to that keg of beer I bought? Anyway, I don't think you'll be hearing from me much anymore. Now that I'm flunking out of NYU, I won't be allowed to write for the Washington Square News. And all this boozing has worn me out...and drained my money, too. So if any of you fans out there can spare me some loose change for another beer, I'd really appreciate it.



## Plague Creates Blasphemy

In a startling study completed last week by scientists in association with the Christian Coalition, Dr. James Melnick revealed the culmination of a semester long study costing over \$10 million: the discovery that the newest issue of the Plague contains 34.5% more blasphemy than even the most blasphemous past issue, and the cancer-causing agent, asbestos. God was not amused. "I am not amused," he told the Plague, shaking his head disapprovingly. "This shit really pisses me off." The latest issue is page after page of unholy preaching designed to reach a level of blasphemy never before imagined by mortal being. "Actually, I suppose that is pretty funny," God told the Plague with a Chuckle.



Because we understand where dumb people are coming from...

# THE PLAQUE

## UNORTHODOX METHODS OF BIRTH CONTROL (OR PAINFUL PENIS DEVICES)

- Voodoo Chants
- Rubber band
- Acupuncture
- Hair Net
- Excessive cock ring usage
- Sewing kit
- Epoxy
- Fuck it, he's got the money for an abortion.
- Fish hooks
- Vacuum
- Tie her tubes--and use a double knot.

## UNLAWFUL VALEN- TINE'S DAY SENTIMENTS

- I'm in your shower right now.
- I love you almost as much as I love your kid.
- I think I fell off the horse.
- I'll cut your belly open.
- Let's have sodomy.  
(depends on State)
- I won't tell my fellow Klansmen, you don't tell Farrakhan.
- In a couple of years, you'll learn how to read this.
- Now you have to kill my husband.
- I'd like to cut you and fuck

you through your wounds.

- I love your legs the most . . . Do you love my stumps?
- I'd love you more if we didn't have the same name.
- Grandma did it better.
- My anus is twitching.

## NEW SELF-HELP GROUPS AT THE NYU MEDICAL CENTER

- Sissy Cry-Babies Men's Support Group
- Team Mascots Suffering From Costume Itch
- Blow-Jobs For Dummies
- Small Penis? No Problem!
- I'm Too Stupid To Spell "Penis" Correctly Group
- 3 Nut Society—1 You Can Explain, 3 Is Just Weird
- Retards That Love The Robot Dance
- The Recovering From Hyper-Auto-Erotic Asphyxiation Center

## ALTERNATE NAMES FOR GRAY'S PAPAYA

- Gray's Fat Juicy Hog
- They're \$ .50 because they're made from homeless people.
- Gray's Papaya Ramma Lamma Ding Dong
- Dean & Deluca
- Soy lent Papaya

- Gray's Potentially Dangerous Gang Member Hangout
- Gray's "Your So Stoned, You'll Eat Anything" Papaya

## BAD CLUB IDEAS

- Campus Crusade For Crap
- Inter-Gender Bias Committee
- Amnesty International
- Campus Student Initiative for the Advisory of Student Advisory Board Cultural society Overseers' Association of @ NYU
- The Minetta Review
- Student Campaign to Fight Breast ~~Cancer~~ Covering
- Our Testicles Haven't Dropped
- Misanthropists With Explosives
- Gay Republicans @ NYU

## THINGS A CRACK WHORE WOULD SAY

- I'll have sex for crack.

## UNDRINKABLE COCKTAILS

- The Screaming Incontinent
- Shaggy Beef
- The Pasty L. Jay
- Rum and Pope
- The Scabby Nutsac
- Irish Saliva
- Cookie dough and tonic



**EXPLAINS THE**

# WHOLE WIDE WORLD

●The "This'll make that 400-pound, hairy, Spanish waitress look HOT!!"

## REASONS NOT TO TEAR DOWN LOEB STUDENT CENTER

- The new Starbucks.
- It's a step backwards in NYU's acquisition of all Manhattan real estate
- No one feels like listening to the entire cafeteria staff picketing to the tune of "Lunch Lady Land."
- The assorted morons will have no place in which to trade slang and new white trash fashions.
- Where else would I lose my virginity?
- It's actually a robot called Loebor that has lasers.
- Harder to sharp shoot people in the park without Top of the Park Lounge.
- The new social center of NYU will become the front of Weinstein. Oh, wait...

## INAPPROPRIATE CHIA PRODUCTS

- Chia Cancer
- Chia Cemetery
- Chia Panties
- Chia Grandma
- Chia Steak

- Chia Riot Gear
- Chia Bubble Gum
- Chia Chimee Chonga
- Chia This School Really Sucks and You Shouldn't Come Here

## NEW SLOGANS FOR THE U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

- We stuff your box every day!
- Put your tongue on it.
- Fly like a penguin
- 82% ain't bad
- What do you expect for 33 cents?
- We get more for your money
- Lock and load
- Touch our daddy-spots
- Smell our taint.

## EASILY DEFEATED AMERICAN GLADIATORS

- The Collective
- Criplo, the Parapalegic
- Albert, the Copy Editor
- Fatty McNotThin
- Omegay
- Bulemic-tor
- Grandma
- The Chinaman
- Testicleese
- Webster
- Glenn Feingold
- Nitro
- Any Member Of NYU's

Program Board  
●Laura Russo

## THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T SAY TO STRANGERS IN PUBLIC

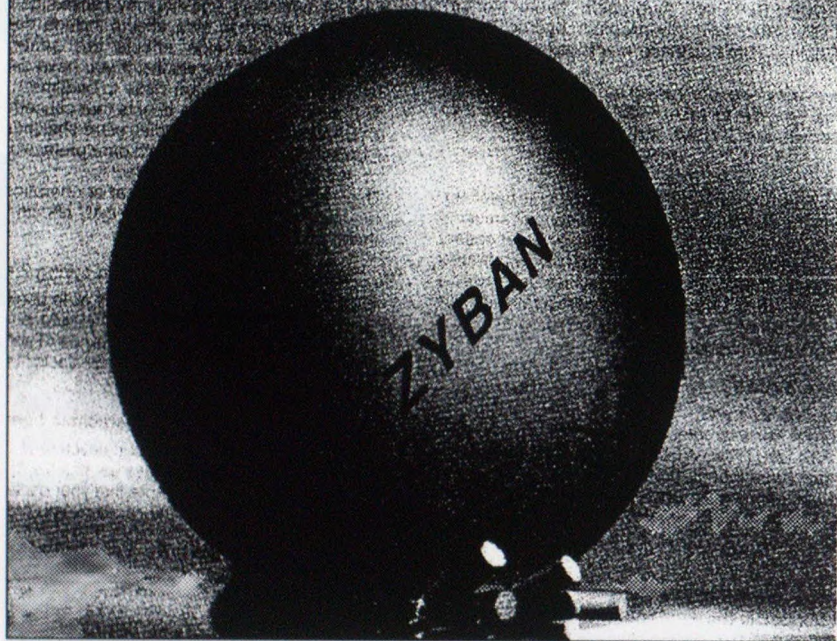
- "I may spend \$300 a day on Reese's Peanut Butter Cups, but I ain't crazy!"
- "I like it when the balls smack me in the chin."
- "I played D&D until my junior year of high school."
- "You know, a girl like you would be worth a fortune in Beijing."
- "Oh, I'm sorry. Are you handicapped?"
- "I was just sitting in that."
- "Call me when your boyfriend dumps you."
- "I'm a plain clothes detective and I have to frisk you down."
- "Is this lice?"
- "It burns when I pee."
- "How's your clit?"
- "Suck shit tit ass fuck tit shit poopy."

## THINGS OFTEN HEARD AT NYU NIGHT TALK

●Welcome to Night Talk. Our offices are currently closed, but if recorded voices would make you feel less lonely, press 1. If recorded voices would keep you from suicide, press 2. . .



# Be nicotine free in 1999. ZYBAN can help.



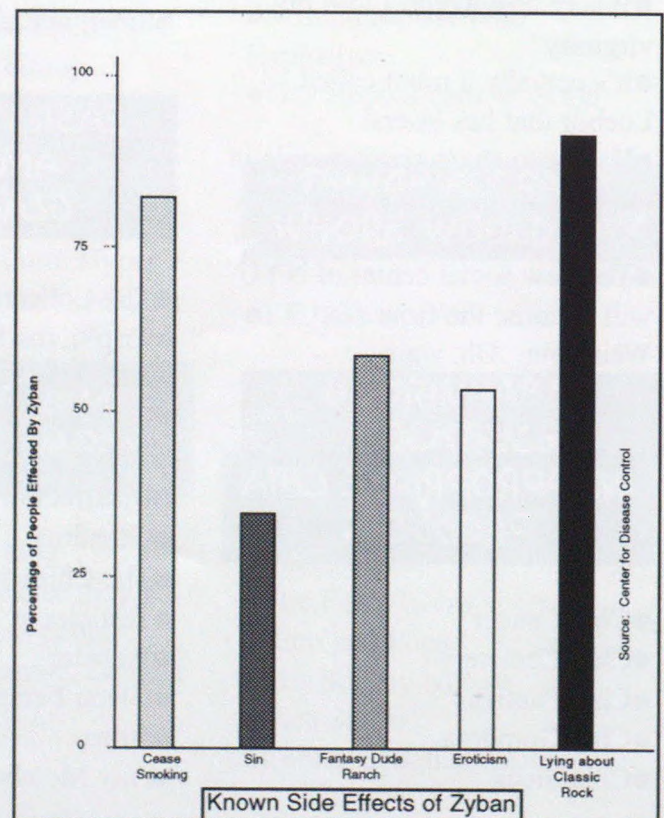
## 9 out of 10 Pharmaceutical Companies Prefer Zyban Over Quitting Cold Turkey

It is important to know that you run the risk of seizure while taking ZYBAN. To reduce this risk, consult your doctor or physician before taking ZYBAN. Other side effects include: induced vomiting, scoliosis, ring worm, disintegration of nerve synapses, allergic reactions to the sun and your own voice, multiple personality disorder, hand shrinkage, growth of extra thigh fat, Post-Traumatic Stress Syndrome, severe paranoia, extreme migraine headaches, epileptic spasms, inability to comprehend kitchen appliances such as the cuisinart, alcoholism, fear of vultures and snipers, pregnancy, difficulty sleeping, dry mouth, liquidation of the ~~small~~ intestines and appendix, skin rash, lice, conspiring thoughts of human extinction, strong cravings to build bridges, the ZYBAN characteristic odor, anorexia, bulimia, drinking hot tar, talking at people not to them, ego-centric behavior, beliefs in former messiah David Koresh, shakiness, inability to sit still, hypothermia, feelings of isolation, fear of abandonment, implosion of the skull, hatred of libraries, adoration of people born under Pices, photosynthetic reactions in the blood, thoughts of destiny, obsession with eulogies, monotone voice, slurred speech, growth of second tongue, identity crisis, Scottish accent, naming yourself after a Canadian province, and a foscinationwith triangles. DO NOT SMOKE AT ANY TIME WHILE TAKING ZYBAN. This increases the risk of seizure (transformation of your blood into the thick black substance of nicotine) and finally slow and very painful death. See your healthcare professional about ZYBAN.

## Quit Smoking the Pricey Way

This is the year you can do it. Put smoking behind you with a completely different way to quit: ZYBAN. Instead of pills that supply nicotine to the body, thus perpetuating the addiction, ZYBAN actually represses the craving for nicotine and replaces it with a craving for more ZYBAN. Studies have shown results in as little as 3 months. Patients who used to smoke 2 packs a day have freed themselves from their addiction. They now lead happy, healthy lives, on only 2\* ZYBAN. Last year, Americans spent \$2.7 billion on cigarettes and associated health problems, but ZYBAN has already begun to change this statistic. This year, put the money you burn on cigarettes towards a cure that will last a lifetime.

\*per quarter-hour. Amount may vary according to height, body mass, and strength of one's predisposition towards addiction.





Instructions: First, put this magazine down and procure a coarse, heavy rope. Next find a sturdy, yet unstable chair. Fashion a loop with one end of the rope and secure the other end to a lofty fixture. (make certain that the loop end of the rope is about 7-8 feet off the ground!) Situate afore mentioned chair under the loop and stand upon it. Place head through loop and wobble torso as to cause the chair to lose balance and topple to the ground. You are now dead and well deserve to be if you needed instructions on how to work a fold-in! (Didn't you ever read Mad Magazine, dork?)

UNDER NYU'S GUIDANCE, & WITH HOPE OF EMPLOYMENT  
OFF WE GO, BUT WILL OUR EDUCATION SUFF ICE...





A photograph of a person in a back alley, framed by a hand-drawn outline of an Absolut bottle. The person is wearing a light-colored jacket and dark pants, and is holding their head in their hands. The alley is narrow and appears to be in an urban setting. The overall tone is somber and gritty.

**ABSOLUT**

**BACK ALLEY ABORTION**