

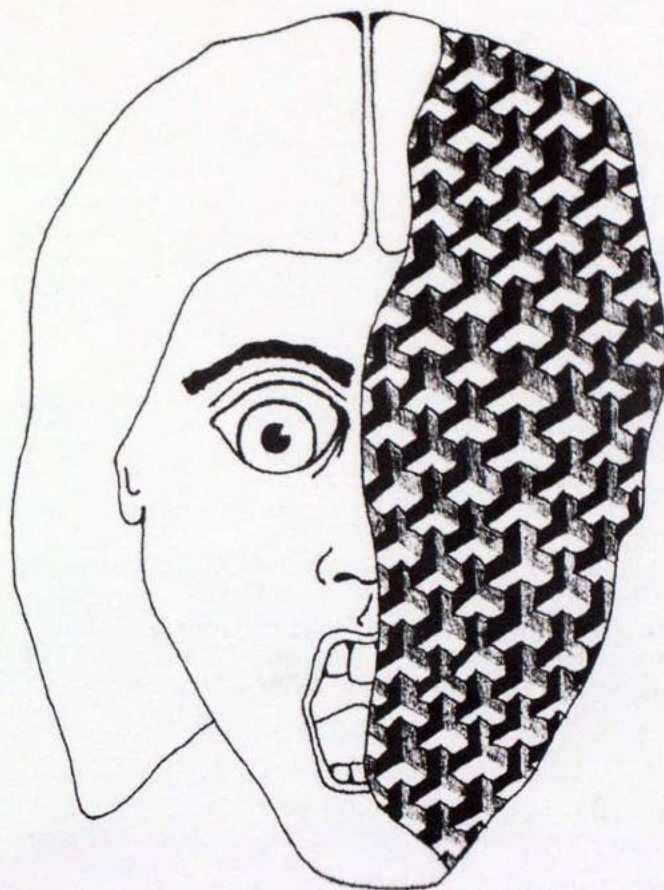
NYU
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NYU'S HUMOR MAGAZINE

special: HIGHER
EDUCATION AT NYU

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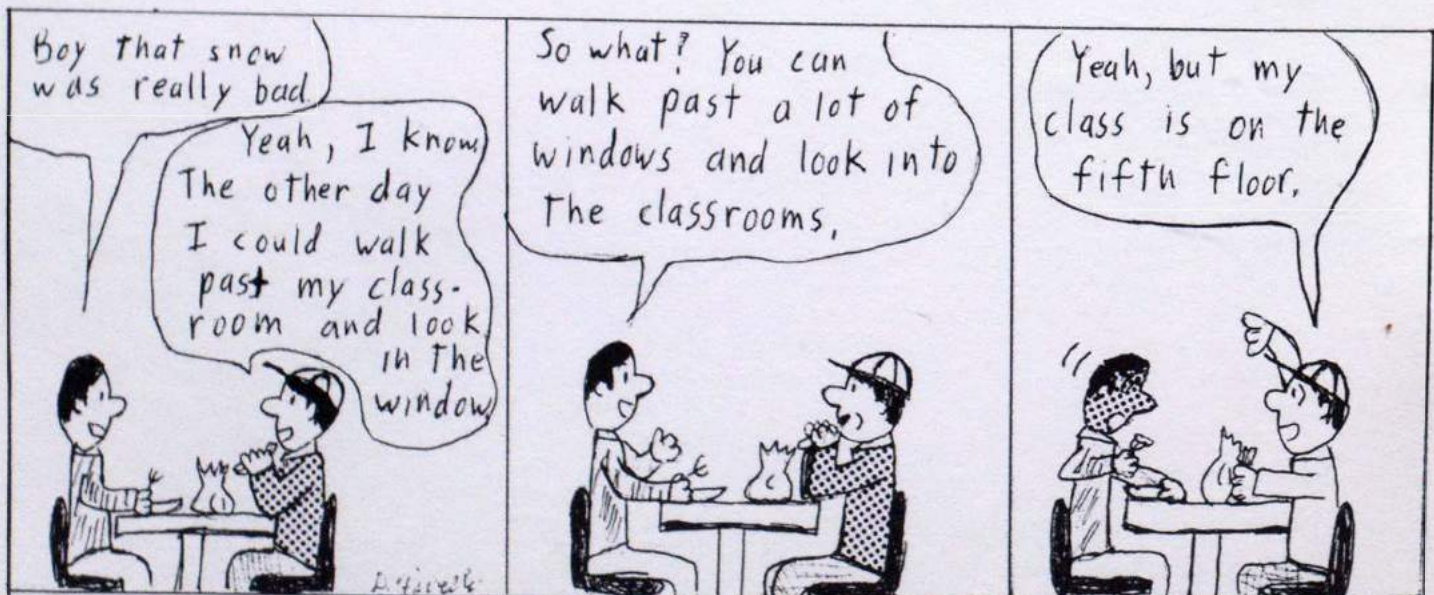
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A Crush

by Manley Lamarre

2 not 3, but TWO TOMATOES were visiting Broadway
While admiring the "42 St. scenery"
One got run-over by a big Yellow cab
The other partner rushed over to his injured friend
and said
"Come on silly KETCHUP, get up"



THE GRUENER NOTES



by Daniel Gruener

This afternoon I had lunch with my Uncle Sid who lost both of his legs in a poker game. Although I attempted to engage him in a meaningful conversation concerning the many uses of soy sauce, he refused to stop dipping his nose in the salad while shouting, "never bluff with a pair of threes!"

Freud said that dreams are the road to the unconscious. How can I be sure that the thruway is the road to Albany?

Finally decided to break off with Jane. I came to the realization that she's crude, insensitive, and completely undeserving of me. Perhaps I'll tell her that to her face when she returns from her honeymoon.

The Philosophy club softball game was scheduled for last Sunday. The game between the existentialists and the determinists would have been exciting had the determinists shown up. They claim that it would have been pointless since they were destined to win 4-0.

Thought of committing suicide by drinking a pint of whiskey and knocking a piece of flint against my front teeth. Fortunately, Jane talked me out of it. She said that I shouldn't waste good whiskey. Instead, we ate potato latkes and put on our gorilla suits.

Is there really a state of consciousness? If so, I believe that it's somewhere between Connecticut and Philadelphia.

I keep having a recurring fantasy. Ed Koch suddenly grows a full head of hair. He passes a law incurring the death penalty for bald men. That night I attend a performance of Carmen at the Met, wearing a tuxedo and a skin head wig. During the prologue I'm shot by an off duty bartender but although critically wounded, I deliver a rendition of Old Man River that brings the house down.

I'm thinking of breaking it off with Jane. Perhaps my feelings would be different if she hadn't called me, "some loathsome vermin fit only for making potato latkes."

If God is everywhere, then it explains why my underwear is too tight.

I had a nightmare last night in which I was attacked by a group of irate insurance agents. I emerged physically unscathed and fully protected against fire and theft.

THE GOD'S



The Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John are the basis for one of the world's major religions, Christianity. Yet none of these men knew Jesus Christ---Matthew's book, the first, was written some sixty years after the Crucifixion. It is felt by the experts that they all based their writings on the original writings of one of the Apostles, calling it Source X, and missing all these centuries. But now scholars have unearthed what appears to be the sought-for Source X in the deserts of the Middle East, under an Arab. This is a great religious and historical find, even though the authenticity of the documents is in doubt since it appears to be a xeroxed copy. So included here are some excerpts from the original writings on which the Gospels were based:

Jesus Heals a Blind Man

As Jesus entered the town, the crowd led him to the city temple. The people then brought in Beliza, the blind beggar, stricken since birth. And the crowd pleaded for Our Lord to heal him. Placing His Hands over Beliza's eyes, Christ said, "Go forth and see thy Father's wonders. Your faith has healed you." And Beliza opened his eyes exclaiming, "I can see! God be praised!"

Jesus then asked Beliza, "Can you see that wall?"

"Yes," Replied Beliza.

Then Christ asked, "Can you see that chart upon the wall?"

"Yes," Was Beliza's answer.

"Read the third line," commanded Jesus.

"P,Q,M,A,U," said Beliza.

And the Lord said unto him, "Read the next line."

And Beliza responded, "R,B,D,T,F."

And the Son of Man said, "Too bad, myopic. Here, get these eyedrops and your glasses will be ready next week."

Jesus Tells a Joke

And the Lord called Simon Peter to Him and Peter asked, "What do you wish of me, Teacher?"

"Peter, what happens to docks when they break the law?," asked Christ.

And Peter said, "I know not, Master. What happens to docks which break the law?"

"They are tried by a jury of their piers," laughed Jesus.

And the disciple Peter said, "I don't understand, Teacher."

"Get it? Docks, peers....," replied Jesus.

"Oh yes, of course. I see it now, ha, ha," said Simon Peter.

And the Son of God said, "Forget it. I think I'll tell parables instead."

HONEST TRUTH

Daniel Fiorella

Water Changed to Wine

At the wedding the guests were plentiful and joyous. The bride and groom served the wine but soon discovered the barrels dry and the guests thirsty still. The groom sought out Jesus pleading, "We are short of wine and the feast has only just begun. Is there nothing you can do?"

Jesus summoned the servants and instructed them to fill their jugs with water and bring the filled jugs to Him and they did so. Jesus took the first jug and poured out red wine to be tasted by the groom.

"Well?" asked our Lord.

"A little dry, but with an amusing bouquet. Bold, yet unassuming," replied the groom.

And the Lord asked, "Would you rather have a Bordeaux '45 or maybe a le Port '36?"

A Meeting with The Pharisees

--Jesus was called before the council of Pharisees to be exposed as a false prophet. Maccilfit, the chief Pharisee, asked the Lord, "Rabbi, we are forced to live under the Roman armies, yet Moses, our forefather, did not stand for such treatment under the Egyptians and began the Exodus to the Promised Land. Should we now not overthrow the violators of our heritage and avenge the punishment of our people?"

And Jesus said unto them, "Let me tell you a story. A bus begins its route and picks up three people at the first stop. At the next stop two people get off and six get on. The next stop sees the exit of four people and the boarding of seven. At the next stop, seven get off and two get on. Got that? Now, dear elders, tell me how many stops did the bus make?"

And the Pharisees were shaken as Maccilfit spake, "I don't know. I wasn't counting."

Whereupon Our Lord said, "Of course not, you never listen to what I say. How do you expect to learn anything if you don't pay attention?"

Jesus Heals a Deaf Man

A woman came to Christ and asked of Him a favor. "Please, I have heard of your healing powers, please heal my husband as he is deaf, but a good man. I know you can heal him for God works through you."

And Jesus said to the woman, "Go home to your spouse for he is healed."

And the woman ran home to her husband and cried, "Husband, I have seen the Savior and He has cured you!"

And her husband said, "Uh?"

rock scene

by Tinear Payola

This month ROCK SCENE has gotten a rare interview with local "punk rock" star Jackie Putrid, who is currently playing with his band The Nun Kickers at local punk palace GBDE's (that's Good Booze, Deaf Ears) for a week.

ROCK SCENE: Jackie, I understand that you and the boys first got together in a gang on the East Side.

JACKIE PUTRID: No, that's only a story our press agent made up. Actually, we all met playing in our high school marching band. Our lead singer, Ugly Dick Ontario, was our drum major.

RS: As lead guitarist for the group, you have distinguished yourself as being the only person to play guitars with only one string on them at a time, usually the sixth or E string. Why, in God's name?

JP: Well, ever since I first started playing some six months ago, I've had trouble forming chords and hitting the right strings. This makes it a lot easier.

RS: A lot of mostly older critics dismiss you and the other new wave groups because you're really not doing anything new.

JP: Listen, man, just because our music might be identical to the music that the Who and the Stones, that ol' bastards, were playing fifteen years ago, that don't mean it's the same, Unnerstan'?

RS: Quite. Tell me, does your mother know what you're doing?

JP: Who?

RS: Nevermind. What do you think of your English counterparts, groups like The Sex Pistols, The Vibrators, The Jam, The Clash and Yes?

JP: Well, ya' know, the whole thing started over there, what with the socio-economic implications of an enormous national debt, incredibly high tax rates, and a bored young middle class, most of whom are on the dole. But while I can understand the violence and the social apathy, there is one thing that scares me.

RS: What? The possible future for the self-proclaimed "blank generation?"

JP: No man, it's the spittin'.

RS: The spitting?

JP: Yeah, over there the punks spit at you if they like you, I think.

RS: Well, Jack, I would like to thank you for a very interesting interview, and before you go, SPITTOUU....

SHORTSHOTS: A new album from BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN is scheduled for release within the next few weeks. Said to be a chronicle of the last three years of inactivity, as well as the rest of his life, the mammoth twenty-seven album package reflects back all the way to his childhood days, represented by "Ring Around the Rosie." When asked why such a large package, Bruce responded that "I haven't recorded an album or performed in public in a long time. When that law suit came up, I was hot, so that's a lot of money I missed out on. So the quickest way to make it back is by screwing the public who'll buy anything I put out." The package will contain live versions of every song he has written as well as a special non-sectarian Christmas songs, as well as an original song especially for the occasion.. Ex-BEATLE PAUL MACARTNEY is reworking his single, which is a huge success in England but not here, for greater airplay on this side of the Atlantic. New versions are titled "Mull of Fernwood" and "Girl's School (or Statutory Rape is a Serious Offense)"...JOHNNY ROTTEN will make the cover of this May's Sixteen Magazine...JOHN TRAVOLTA has been cast to play in ROBERT STIGWOOD's sequel to the huge movie hit, "Saturday Night Fever." The

new flick is to be called "Sunday Morning Hangover."...The New York Police Department has uncovered a plot to kill an unnamed rock star. The defendant, TDJ Productions, had a lot of merchandise, such as jewelry, tee-shirts, greatest hits albums, and Women's Underwear, none of which was selling. The company alleged that by killing the star they would create a demand for their products like the buying of related items which followed Elvis' death. The Police were tipped off when a threatening letter sent to the star also contained an offer for a Kitchen Magician.

THE ROCK SCENE TOP TEN

- 1) WESSONALITY: Florence Henderson
- 2) DOES YOUR CHEWING GUM LOSE ITS FLAVOR ON THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT?: Eddie and the Hotwads
- 3) TURN THE DAMN MUSIC DOWN: The Deaf Boys
- 4) PALISADES PARK: The Ramones
- 5) SOCIETY AND ITS DISCONTENTS: Siggys Freud
- 6) SEND IN THE PIGEONS: Mel Brooks
- 7) FIFTY WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER: Cher
- 8) YOURUP: Steely Dan
- 9) CHICAGO: Boston
- 10) BARRACUDA: Diver Dan

== TV FAX == by David A. Lustig

WEEK OF
APRIL 16.3

Bob Newhart -

After losing all his patients, Bob begins counseling barnyard animals.

Family -

Unable to locate Buddy in the cereal isle, Willy yells "Peaches!" and is buried under a ton of fruit.

James at 16 -

James attempts to become the first person in history to lose his virginity twice.

Class of '65 -

The girl voted "Most Likely to Do It" is shown raising her 38 children.

What's Happening -

The police tell Rerun that if he doesn't lose weight, he'll have to get a building permit.

Hardy Boys -

Frank and Joe murder Nancy Drew after learning that she beat them in the Nielsons.

Eight is Enough -

The Bradfords run up a \$200 bill at McDonalds.

Maude -

Maude and Viv open a bordello to earn extra cash.

WEEK OF
APRIL 23.7

Bob Newhart -

Mr. Karlin shoots and kills Marcia Wallace after Bob tells him to be more assertive.

Family -

The Lawrence's try to get on "Family Feud."

James at 45 -

James discovers that he hasn't reached puberty.

Class of '65 -

Chata Ortega is voted "Most Likely to Die Young."

What's Happening -

Mama sits on Dwayne and crushes him after he calls her "tuba-face."

Hardy Boys -

Frank discovers that Shaun Cassidy is really Vicki Carr in disguise.

Eight is Enough -

Tommy accuses Abby of stealing his kitten; Nicholas runs for the senate.

Maude -

Walter loses his contact lenses while showing Maude how he won the roller-skating tournament.



WEEK OF
April 20-1

Bob Newhart -

Blaming himself for Carol's death, Bob asks Jerry to pull out all of his teeth.

Family -

Sada Thompson becomes an Avon Lady.

James at 82 -

Crippled and destitute, James dies of kidney failure.

Class of 65 -

Don Rickles guest stars as a college professor turned child molester.

What's Happening -

Raj, Dwayne, and Rerun are held after school when caught setting fire to the principal.

Hardy Boys -

Frank and Joe are electrocuted when an amplifier short circuits on stage; Shaun Cassidy sings "That's Rock and Roll."

Eight is Enough -

Tom and Abby admit to the kids that they met while filming a porno movie.


Maude -

Walter hides a tube of Krazy-glue in Maude's sandwich, sealing her mouth forever.



GRANDPA REMEMBERS

By Mike Cohen



Grampa sighed as he settled into his big chair for Sunday dinner.....The children gathered round him in eagerness....

"Dick Jensen. Now there was a man. Made his first million 'fore he reached the age of twenty-five. God, I remember him like I remember yesterday. Aahhh, good old Dicky Jensen..Used to deliver wood over the mill with ol' Dicky."

"Heh-heh..I remember one time, me and Dicky, we were lookin' for trouble one afternoon in the summer. Summers were different back then, none of this 'vacation' stuff like you've got now. Well, Dicky and I had just finished working, see, and this other kid, Stuey was following us from the mill. Stuey was one of those little pesty fellows, and we weren't in any mood to cart him with us on that particular day."

"So Dicky says to me, 'Elwood, let's get rid of this guy, okay?' You know, cuz' he was such a pest and all..And damned if I knew what old Dicky had in mind! So we walked on a ways, and then we came to the edge of the woods and Dicky says to Stuey, "Hey Stuball, come on with us!" (Dicky always used to call him Stuball. Heh-heh, in fact everybody used to call him Stuball.) And old Stuball followed us into the woods; and after a while, his shoelaces came untied. You know, 'cuz he never could tie 'em right in the first place. Well, when good old Stuball bent down to tie them, Dicky smashed a big rock on his head! Ha-hah, ol' Stuball never was the same after that..."

"But, Grampa, didn't you and Dicky get in trouble?"

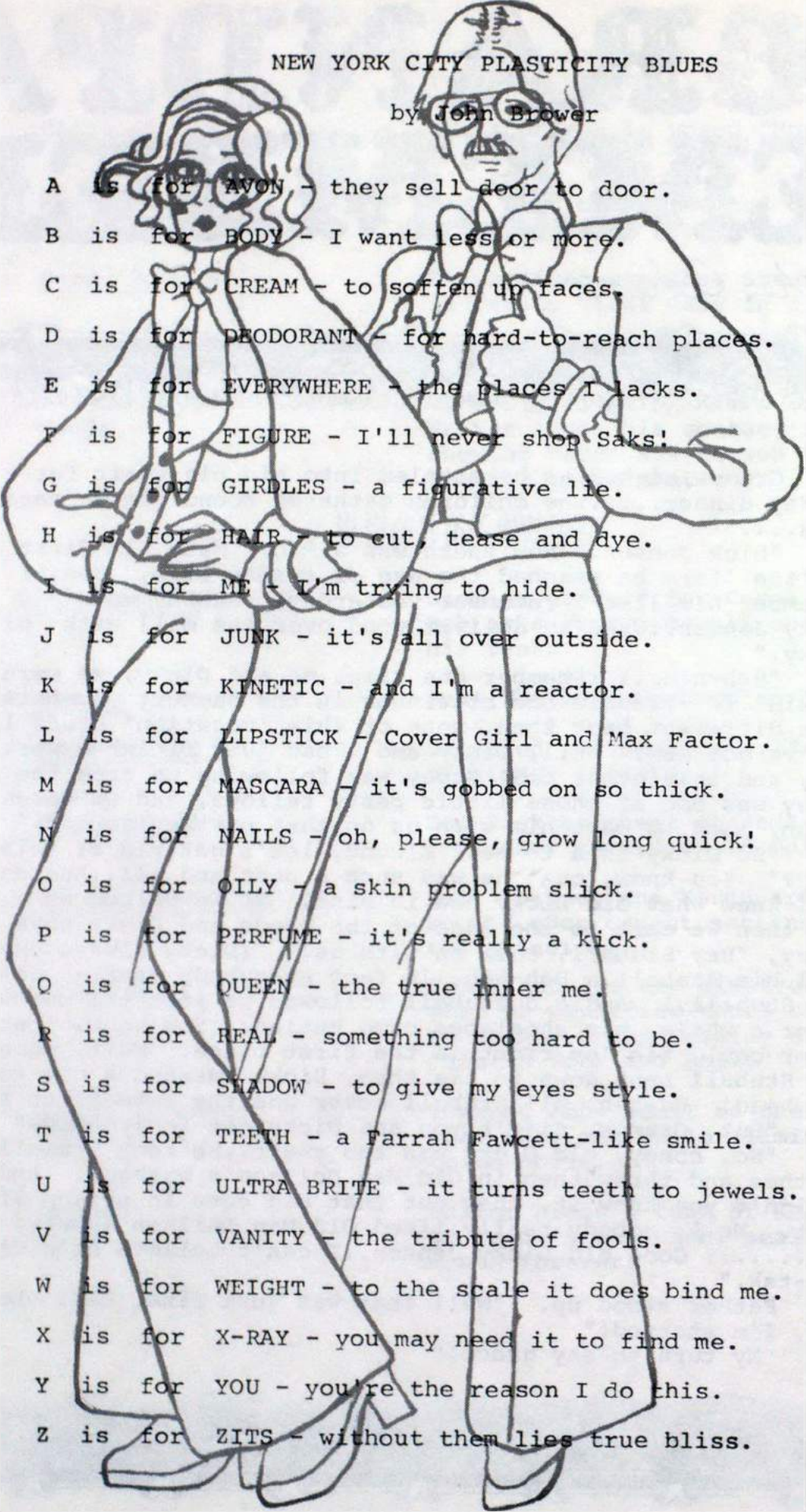
"No, honey, old Dicky was too smart..he took Stuball's clothes and threw them in Old Man Neilson's garbage. And wouldn't you know it, they put that old cuss in prison after that. Well, nobody really liked Old Man Neilson anyway, you see.....; Good old Dicky Jensen..I can't believe he's dead. Tsk-tsk."

Father stood up. "Well that was just fine, Dad. Let's eat, I'm starved!"

"My turn to say grace!"

NEW YORK CITY PLASTICITY BLUES

by John Brower



A is for AVON - they sell door to door.
B is for BODY - I want less or more.
C is for CREAM - to soften up faces.
D is for DEODORANT - for hard-to-reach places.
E is for EVERYWHERE - the places I lack.
F is for FIGURE - I'll never shop Saks!
G is for GIRDLES - a figurative lie.
H is for HAIR - to cut, tease and dye.
I is for ME - I'm trying to hide.
J is for JUNK - it's all over outside.
K is for KINETIC - and I'm a reactor.
L is for LIPSTICK - Cover Girl and Max Factor.
M is for MASCARA - it's gobbed on so thick.
N is for NAILS - oh, please, grow long quick!
O is for OILY - a skin problem slick.
P is for PERFUME - it's really a kick.
Q is for QUEEN - the true inner me.
R is for REAL - something too hard to be.
S is for SHADOW - to give my eyes style.
T is for TEETH - a Farrah Fawcett-like smile.
U is for ULTRA BRITE - it turns teeth to jewels.
V is for VANITY - the tribute of fools.
W is for WEIGHT - to the scale it does bind me.
X is for X-RAY - you may need it to find me.
Y is for YOU - you're the reason I do this.
Z is for ZITS - without them lies true bliss.

NAKED NURSE

by Mortimer

I first saw her in my Philosophy of Philosophy II lecture. She was sitting on the far side of the room, near the Anatomy of an Argument wall chart. She was wearing a white uniform, with a nameplate above her right breast. Obviously a nurse from the university's R.N. program, taking her token Humanities course. My mind immediately filled with lewd, lustful, alliterative thoughts of undressing her, taking off her cute little nameplate, her prim white uniform...I would talk to her after class.

And I did. Her name was Sonya. No, Sonya wouldn't mind if I walked her home. She lived in one of the university's dorms, "a very liberal dorm", she told me with a knowing wink. I had hit the jackpot! A promiscuous nurse! Granted she was kind of homely, but one can't have one's make and eat it too.

Outside her door, as she fumbled for her keys and I for her nameplate, Sonya invited me inside to rest awhile before I left. I couldn't believe my luck! It is a physical fact of nature that a horny nurse is a contradiction in terms. "Sure", I said.

Inside, I grabbed at her. But she pulled away, saying, "I hope you don't think I'm the type of girl that you think I am."

"What? I thought you wanted to F _____!"

"I want to have...", she hesitated, as though searching for a word, "sex." Sonya swallowed. "But I'm into a wierd kind of sex...Look, I really love Philosophy. I'm taking the course because I want to, not just because I have to. But I need a break from it once in a while, especially during... sex. You see, I'm into S & M!"

These non-sequitars were starting to give me a headache, not to mention losing me my erection. But I couldn't help gasping, "Sadism and Masochism?"

"No, you fool!" She yelled, taking off her nameplate and white dress, "Sophistry and Misinformation!"

I was taken aback. She was taking all her undergarments off. Then she took all my clothes off, sat me down in a chair, and ordered me, "Lie to me, confuse me, tell me half-truths. I love it!"

Sonya forced me to comply. Everything I told her was untrue, or contradictory, or complete nonsense. I "disproved" the Theory of Relativity. I showed her how the fact that Goedel's proof is derived from known existing axioms "proves" that his whole theory is meaningless. I "proved" to her not only is the earth at least flat, but that it has a negative curvature. I told her who really wrote the Bible. I told her that everything I had just told her was false, then I told her that was false, that in fact everything I told her was true, but that alas, this was false, because nothing could be true if nothing was false...

At this point I came all over her. I think she came too. It was never so good before.

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SURVEY: *higher education at nyu*

In this section The Plague focuses on the higher education system and the wonderful job it's doing in taking an uneducated mass of people and turning them into an uneducated mass of people with diplomas. Hats off to a system that both takes your money through outrageously high tuition payments and guarantees you a spot on the unemployment line thanks to the useless information you study. As my friend Zøl Umäträ says, "There isn't much call for people with Phds in Pneumatic Basket Weaving". But Zøl is not bitter since he has expanded his horizons in such studies as, Integral Calculus and the Sonnets of Shakespeare, The Meaning of Pot Roast and Constipation in the Middle Ages. With education like this who needs ignorance? Without further ado let's move on to this section of totally unrelated articles on higher education tied together by this inept introduction.

H.O.
J.O.

EDITORIAL

Joe PINTO

On the Job Training

In this university, one of the largest in the country, bureaucratic tie-ups and foul-ups are rampant. Just ask any of the students here and they are sure to have at least one horror tale involving financial aid, course changes or course cancelations. Too many students have spent hours trying to track down that elusive person who can answer your question or solve your problem (rumor has it that this person does not exist). Most students are outraged that these conditions can exist in an institute of higher learning where education is supposedly the object not spending countless hours in line to eradicate bureaucratic hassles only to find out that they are in the wrong line. But in the administration's methodical madness, they justify this situation as being a better preparation for the outside world than any of the countless courses being given here ever could. We at The Plague strongly agree with this viewpoint as these hassles are the perfect on the job training for a post college occupation as an administrator of the future. Those who can discover why the system doesn't work and how to keep it that way.

guide to financial aid

\$
C



Meet Your Guide

Zøl Umætræ is a recent graduate of SHENAPOELA, the school of Health, Education, Nursing, Art, Pneumatic Origami, and Excessively Long Abbreviations. Since last year's graduation ceremony Zøl has gotten up and shaved daily, looked for a job, ("a 'meaningful employment experience'," says Zøl.) and finally received one as your guide to financial aid. We pitied him.

H.O. J.O.

STEP 1: The Forms

Zøl takes us to Krieb Tokenblak, chief financial aid administrator and "dispenser of monetary information forms."

KREB: "We use these forms to get some basic information (hopefully some hot stuff, too) about every detail of the applicants personal life. True, all of this is already known by the government and is readily available, but in order to hire our relatives we have devised a lucrative system of paper forms. Each form has seven sub-forms. A sub-form is one of twenty six alpha forms which correspond to the letters of the alphabet. Let me explain, Zøl, since I know you are slow. A=1, B=2, C=3....." Zøl then left Krieb as stomach pains ensued.

26a.z2.01	Do you want financial aid?.....	NO	NO
26a.z2.02	How much money do you need?.....	\$0-\$0	\$0-\$0
26a.z2.03	Will you work 60 hours/week?....	YES	YES
26a.z2.04	Can you do without aid?.....	YES	YES

figure 1-1 Example of a sub-form

STEP 2: The Form is Processed in the New Financial Aid Computer

THE PLAGUE is lucky to have Zøl as a guide since his friend, Migachewy Isoparametric is the senior programmer of the new computer at financial aid.

MIGACHEWY: Ya Zøl, we really got a good new machine in this computer. Here. For years Zøl, these forms were processed by hand and the longest that we could believably delay them was about three weeks. Now, by the use of a special new semi-conductor- wood - we can delay the forms for three YEARS! And that means that I get more time to play Star Trek with the financial aid computer. Ya.

SAMPLE INPUT

- blue eyes
- blue car
- blond hair
- No sexual problems

SLIGHT ERROR

OUTPUT

- blond car
- blue hair
- no sexuality
- no financial aid

figure 1-2 One of Migachewy's flowcharts

STEP 3: A Slight Delay...

Zol next takes us to the office of financial aid to have the forms stamped by a person who takes so many coffee breaks that he has lost all control of his bladder. After exhalling and falling out of an elevator along with 360 other people, Zol asks one of the amiable guards in the Main building where the form stamping line ends.

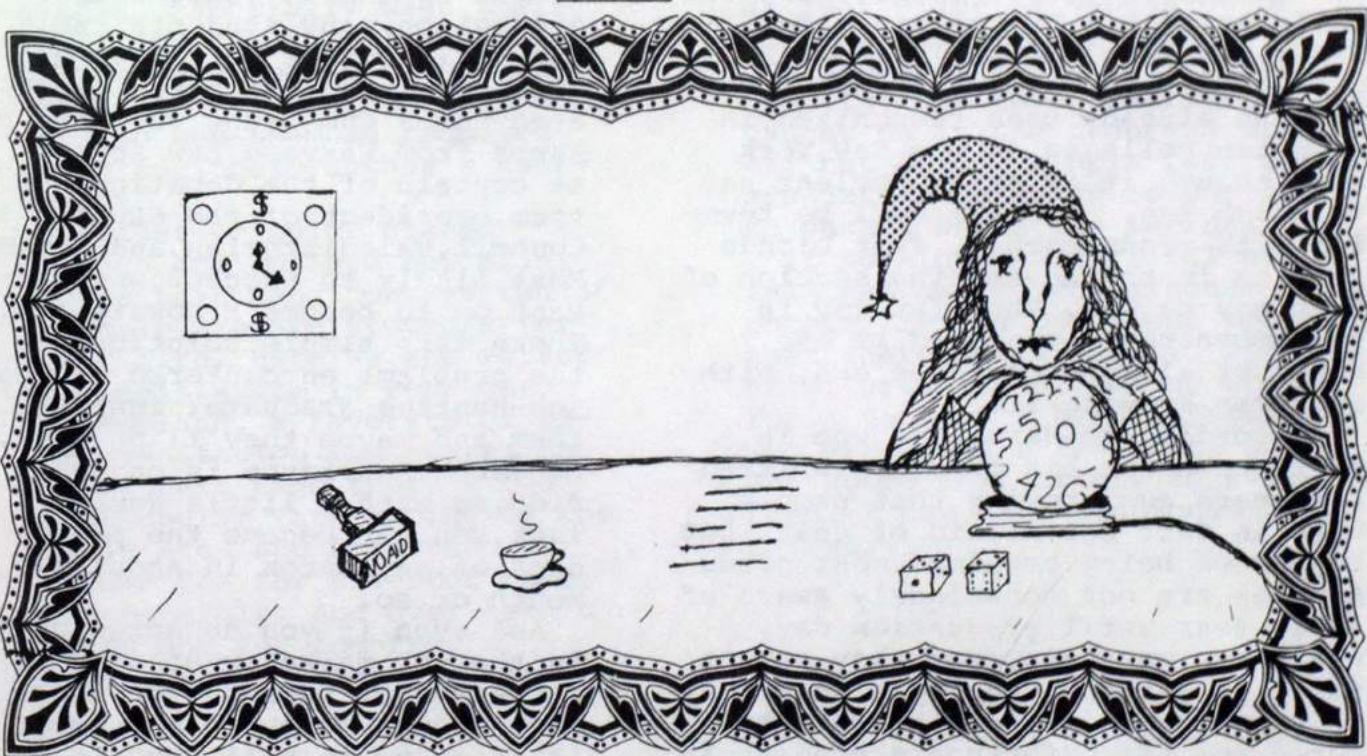
"Columbia," says the guard.

That was the last we saw of Zol. It is believed that the guard meant Columbia University, but at least Zol is getting a vacation.

STEP 4: The Financial Aid Formula

The following formula is used as an objective way to determine financial aid eligibility.

$$\text{AMOUNT OF AWARD} = \$ \frac{(\text{DATE BORN})}{\sin 3.22y} 6X^2 + \tan(\text{AGE}) + \frac{(\text{NEED})}{\infty} \quad \text{XO+O}$$

STEP 5: But How do They REALLY Determine your Aid?

GRADUAPHOBIA

BY JOHN RAWLINS

As any reader of cheap gossip rags knows, phobias are as chic today as biorhythms were last year. Wherever you look, you see newspaper articles like: ARE YOU AFRAID TO EAT OLIVES?, SURVEY REVEALS HUNDREDS OF AMERICANS ARE AFRAID TO LOOK STUPID, DETERMINE YOUR PHOBIA QUOTA, HOW TO OVERCOME FEAR OF CERAMIC OBJECTS, etc. (This is true, provided you look only at supermarket newspaper display stands.) Anyway, we in the college world are proud to say that we are not going to be left out of this current phobiamania, although we did miss the biorhythm boat. Professor Emeritus Doctor Reverend Second-Lieutenant Archie Hart III of Yuckataw Combo Garage, University, and Exterminating Service (Beetles our Specialty) says, "Many college students today have an acute fear of finishing their required credits and graduating."

Cute or not, this graduaphobia, or "Hart's Disease," as Dr. Hart III calls it in his bestselling book: FEAR: HOW TO DISCOVER IT, HOW TO CLASSIFY IT, HOW TO BE FRIGHTENED BY IT, has already been recognized in over ten colleges in the New York area, though it is still unclear as to which ten. NYU may well be teeming with graduaphobes. That blonde sitting in the no-smoking section of Loeb may be one. That fat guy in your morning class could be one. Worst of all, you could be one, without even knowing it.

According to Hart III, who is best known for his treatise written two years ago proving that people were in fact not afraid of death but rather of being embalmed, most graduaphobes are not consciously aware of their fear until graduation day, whereupon many discover they cannot stand up without wearing a scarf. By this stage, graduaphobia cannot be cured, and the unfortunate student is mercily killed by being read T.S.

Eliot poems until he is overcome by incomprehension.

Fear of graduation, Hart III says, "stems from a lack of planning of a student's future life. No one is sure of what they want to do, or what they will be able to do, after graduating." Rumors that the quality of education has taken a nosedive in the past years, and that grads in the job market don't fare quite as well as snowballs in hell are also parts of the problem. Yet it is known for a fact that, at least for NYU students, both these ugly rumors are just that...ugly. Though perhaps not quite as ugly as that fat guy in your morning class.

First the job market. Even though it is commonly known that most grads find fulfilling, well-paying jobs such as stypic pencil vendors, circus freaks, and lightbulb repairmen within twenty or thirty years after graduation, many students feel they will not be so lucky. We all know someone who has graduated Summa Cum Laude Phi Beta Kappa from Harvard Law School as captain of the debating team, president of the Student Council, valedictorian, and voted Most Likely to Succeed, who then went on to become a Bowery bum. There is a simple solution to the problems encountered by the job-hunting graduate: ignore them and maybe they'll go away. Remember, ignorance is on your side, so with a little dumb luck, you can become the president of, say, Xerox in about a month or so.

And even if you do screw up in the job market, what does it matter? Just because you don't have enough money to buy food, is it going to kill you? It ain't like your aunt is flying

in from Idaho to spend two weeks with you because her house is being fumigated and she doesn't want to stay with anyone else in the family because they all have dogs and her ears all swell up and she begins to alternately sneeze and hiccup when she's around animals and you've never liked her because she always talks about her husband who was squeezed to death in a motor-driven wood vise, and how he never should have gone to that hardware convention in the first place because he was a photographer all his life. Now that's a problem.

Along with the myth of lack of jobs, there is also talk that colleges don't educate their students as well as they did ten or twenty years ago. "Bah," I say! "Hah," I say! "Preposterous," I would say, but I don't know how to pronounce it. Education is the prime function of a university. Well, it's one of the top ten, anyway. What do you think the faculty is here for? To get books published or something? The faculty shouldn't be denied the right to get published, especially when their books are selling so well. Though many people have said they only sell because students have to buy them as required texts for their author's courses.

Besides, a quick glance through any college bulletin, proves that many courses taught directly prepare students for later life. Here we see Pottery and Legislature in Post-war Switzerland, a favorite of future sanitation engineers. And on the next page there's the ever-popular Tap-Dancing in the Middle Ages and Renaissance, recommended for elevator operator hopefuls. And over here's a good one for tomorrow's leading dock crowd: The History

of UFO's (Prerequisite: Golf in Contemporary fiction). As one student was heard to say while looking through his school's catalogue, "With courses like these, who needs enemies?"

To look at this from the positive side for a moment, with all these uneducated graduates walking around how competitive can the job market really be? Just think of it: apathetic sophomores who spend their evenings in their dorms getting so stoned they begin to maul their houseplants, SOA seniors who are preparing to move into a cave after graduating and spend the rest of their lives chanting "Om," buck-toothed freshmen planning a major in finger painting, that fat guy in your morning class: these are the kind of people you're going to be competing against for a job. Encouraged?

Hopefully this article has somewhat dispelled your graduaphobia, secret or recognized. Graduaphobia, Hart III admits, is "really kind of a dumb fear. Students should worry themselves with more mature phobias, such as fear of being danced on or fear of radio volume knobs." "Voluaphobia," Hart III sadly reports, has never really caught on in the under-25 bracket; but still, simple fear of graduation pales in comparison to such a worldwide terror.

If nothing Dr. Hart III has said has eased your graduaphobia, let me point out to you that there definitely is life after graduation. I know this for a fact as I have a friend who graduated a few years ago. Was voted Most Likely to Succeed. I may have mentioned him before...

MAIN BUILDING'S problem with people

by JOE PINTO

If you are a student or teacher here at NYU, I am sure that this probably sounds familiar; after a long and exhausting trip to campus on the subway, you arrive barely on time at the Main Building, only to find what looks like the cast of Ben Hur in line waiting for the elevator. By the time you get in front of the elevator door, they open to let out your professor and most of the people from the class that you were on your way to. Exasperated, you bite the elevator attendant in the leg. Anyone who has been in Main knows what I am speaking of. There are five elevators for the eleven floors of the Main Building, and seldom are there more than three operating at a time. During class changes, hundreds of NYU students and staff members use the elevators as the only way to get to and from class.

This in itself does not pose an insurmountable problem, but other factors add to the outrageously long waiting times. (Legend has it that one pregnant woman came to term while waiting for the elevator and her son was old enough to enroll by the time the elevator arrived.) Certain elevator operators have been known to come to work a little tipsy, and, in this condition, get a little 'playful' during class changes. One student related this story: One of these operators, after a businessman's lunch, opened and shut the doors of the elevator very quickly, allowing only a few unlucky passengers on. He then took these poor souls up and down the shaft quickly several times, causing general nausea, dizziness, and two cases of whiplash.

Are there any alternatives? Recently, funds were appropriated for the automation of two of the elevators. This would allow for the inclusion of one more passenger, replacing the operator, and little else, all at a cost of ten thousand dollars per elevators. Presumably, the elevators would stop at the current odd or even floors (since each passenger would have difficulty selecting their individual floors), causing inconvenience for those going down in a full elevator or using the elevators in non-rush hour conditions. Also being considered is the hiring of traffic directors, which would direct students to the right elevators and pushing them into the cars. This, in effect, is paying for two men, in these days of automation, to do the work of a sign. And you wonder why our tuition is always going up.

Other suggestions being considered (but not seriously) by the council is the installation of escalators, after the fashion of midtown's larger department stores, and the leveling of the entire campus and building a campus meant for students and not turn of the century businesses.

Few changes, if any, will come about while many of us are still going here, so what can be done? As most people have found out, you have to work within the system. So, how can you get to class and not go through the hassles of elevator travel? A friend of mine made probably the best suggestion that I have heard: cut class. But for those of you who do not wish to do this, a few hints follow on how to function within the system.

Most of us have two choices: Walk or wait. Should you decide to wait for the elevator, here are a few handy tips to make your wait more bearable and delay, at least for a while, your plans on transferring or blowing up the building. Bring a chair. Folding bridge-type chairs are preferable, but beach and lawn chairs are lighter and thus easier to carry. Bring something good to read to entertain yourself. You should bring books that can be completed during your wait. Recommended are such books as Shogun, War and Peace, Roots, and the everpopular Manhattan Yellow Pages. Texts should only serve as a last resort. Bring food. Considering the length of your stay, non-perishable items are best. Bring a thermos of coffee to help keep you awake. A crowbar comes in handy if you happen to be the last one in line and the elevator operator says "room for one more". If you should happen to be in the back of the elevator and need to get off at the first stop, lubricate your body with grease to aid in your escape from the car.

One enterprising student has found another way to beat the system. Shirley McCann, a WSUC junior from the Bronx, arrives at the front of Main at 5:30 a.m. in order to be first in line to get to the elevator. Says Shirley, "It's a bit of a bother, but since I'm there before they open the doors, I'm guaranteed the best spot on the elevator. Of course, my first class isn't until 10:30, but I then get to catch up on my sleep by taking a nap in my locker, which I've decorated in French Provincial." Shirley surely is innovative, as most students catch up on their sleep in the classrooms.

Of course, if you, like many other people, do not like to wait, your only choice is walking. Now most people do not mind walking up two or three flights of stairs. Some find it invigorating. So, knowing this, the bureaucrats at our school have chosen not to put classrooms on the first three floors. So, to get to class, one must climb four to eleven flights of stairs, which some find lethal. If you must walk up to get to class, first see a doctor. After getting his OK and getting confirmations from at least three other reputable specialists, get yourself an old track suit and sneakers. Pierre Cardin is now making coordinated warm-up suits and suede joggers for those wishing to be fashionable. We recommend PF Flyers with the action wedge for those wishing to run faster and jump higher. Cleated sports shoes come in handy for wading through those piles of trash which tend to accumulate on the stairs. An oxygen tank will come in handy when you get into higher altitudes. If you need a burst of energy on your ascent, always carry chocolate bars and diet pills. Although it is not recommended, some people use roller skates to aid their descent.

SPRING TERM

COURSES

1978

A93.0001 Introductory Sociology 4 points
Contemporary societies will be studied and you will discover why it is better to live in one rather than Newark.

V83.2345,432½ Philosophy- From Descartes to Hume and Back Again

In this course we will study philosophy from Descartes to Hume with a stopover on Kant for tea and cake. Students unable to prove their existence at the termination of this course will be given an incomplete.

Zt5.0008 The Growth and Development of Asian Society 3 Points
The emergence of Asian society and its interaction with the USSR, the Middle East, and Butte, Montana. Confucianism will also be introduced along with instructions on how to get egg roll with the main course when dining with a party of five or less.

Cl2-3312 The Philosophy of Pessimism 2 Points (if you pass, which is doubtful)
A course description is pointless since man will undoubtedly destroy himself by registration.


V23. 7890½ Psychopathology 1 credit and two tickets to a Broadway play.
Neurosis and psychosis will be explored in depth. Methods of therapy such as behavior modification and chemotherapy will be examined as well as the Plotnick method of hitting the patient over the head with a sterile ironing board.

M78,987.678 Comparative Comparisons
A study of the history and development of comparisons with an emphasis on midevil comparisons. Finals will be graded on the basis of comparisons with superior papers served as dessert in Loeb Cafeteria.

12.345.678 Seminar in Medical Ethics 2 Points
Are flavored tongue depressors worth the added expense?
Can you deduct the new white walls on your Mercedes
from your taxes? These and other life and death issues
which plague the modern day physician will be discussed.

9,10,11,12 The Universe: Its History and Maintenance
Is the Milky Way rent controlled? Is the moon made up
of low calorie yogurt? You will learn the answers to
these questions as well as the composition of the univ-
erse through lectures and field trips. You will also
learn why it is cheaper to send a probe to Mars than it
is to buy a seat on the Concorde.

- Dan Gruener



Today the New York University Commission on Academic
Planning announced the creation of a new series of inter-
disciplinary courses leading to a minor in social diseases.
The following courses will be offered at W.S.U.C. :

V69.0001 Introduction to Venereal Disease 4 Credits

The students will be introduced to some of the more
common venereal diseases through a series of informal lec-
tures and group work. The students will be encouraged to
contract, diagnose and, if time permits, perhaps even treat
these diseases.

V69.0101 Herpes Simplex I 4 Credits

Through the use of a tongue-in-cheek teaching method
students will be given a brief taste of this exciting
social disease.

V69.0102 Herpes Simplex II 4 Credits

This course, designed primarily for undergraduates,
will study in greater depth the Herpes family of social
diseases. Both V69.0101 and V69.0102 must be taken for
credit.

V69.0202 History and Venereal Disease 4 credits

A historical survey of venereal disease from "Vini
V.D. Vici" to Uganda's General V.D. Amin Dada.

M.T. EVEREST

GUIDE TO AFFAIRS WITH PROFESSORS

by ALISSA WOLF

Linda stared sullenly at the wrinkled paper in front of her. She shut her eyes and the sizzling red letter it bore blazed in her mind. She furled her brow and gently brushed a strand of silken hair away from her moist eyes. The raspy voice emanating from the front of the musty classroom buzzed in her brain. She laid a soft hand on a shapely thigh, thinking, "A 'D'! My Lord, is it possible?"

She knew what she had to do. It would be difficult, she realized, as she gazed at the bulbous creature snorting Veblen's principles of economics before her. His small red eyes set in a hammered pig's face made her want to emit remnants of ARA institution catering on the desk top. His body, which resembled mounds of Silly Putty stuffed into a suit, filled her with a sensation of Jell-o being splattered against her loins. But there was no other way.

When the last fragment of the lecture was spewed, she flinched and held fast to the desk top. She waited until the last furry-nostrilled, frog-faced student oozed through the door. She rose slowly and moved on rubber legs to the front of the class where the blob-like creature stood, mashing papers between fingers resembling small tree stumps.

"Mr. Vermin," She whispered as words caught in her dry, swan-like throat.

"Yes, Linda," He oinked.

"I want to make sure I never get a poor grade from you again."

"What do you propose to do, Linda?"

She glided to the rotted wooden door and bolted it. She floated slowly behind the desk and stared deeply into his beady, jaundiced eyes. She unfastened her Dior street dress and let it slip to her ankles. Small droplets of saliva oozed over his caked, livery lips as he gazed at the young, silken body before him. "For the love of Texas Instruments," he squealed as he bounced her off his balloon-like abdomen.

She soared backwards across the room and landed, spread-eagle, across a desk. He ripped his food-stained suit from his body to reveal shorts splattered with a banana print. His body was so riddled with folds that it looked like gerbils might use it for a step ladder.

He threw himself on top of her and the force filled her with images of the Blitzkrieg. She felt something jabbing her chest and screamed in terror. "I've been looking for this pen for three weeks," he exclaimed as he removed the implement from a fold in his stomach. "Let me plug my calculator into your socket," he gurgled, as he buried her lean body under his putty-like flesh.

Linda got an "A" for the semester.

The story you just read is true. The names were changed to protect the interests of an enterprising young female student. She was like the rest of us in her freshman year. She thought that hard work and dedication were going to see her through college. So, like the naive eager little beaver she was, she stayed up long hours and studied hard. She gave up her social life, boys, movies, dances. She only ate once a week and visited her parents every other Christmas. When her Grandmother died, she rented a girl to go to the funeral in her place. But when her average proved to be a mere 2.35 at the end of her sophomore term, Linda knew there was something terribly wrong.

Let's face it. This school is one gigantic bureaucracy. If you're lucky enough to be a male, all they'll take from you is a meager \$6,000.00 a year. But if you were unfortunate enough to be born a female, they just take and take. You'll have no blood before you get anything in return. So, baby, if you want to make it in this joint, be prepared to give, give, give.

Really, honey, it's not all as bad as that. To make it a little easier, a fellow sister who's been there and back has devised a little list of helpful pointers to ease your way down the path to Sum Cumme Laude. Won't you look stunning sitting at graduation in thos gold robes.

Helpful Hints for Affairs with Professors:

1. For English professors, sit in his office reading Melville and moaning.
2. For Media professors, wear a CBS t-shirt with the eye over each breast.
3. For History professors, come to class dressed like Horace Greeley and carry a whip.
4. If your professor is gay, bring your brother to class.
5. Take the paper containing the bad grade, place it between your legs and murmur, "This is where my bad grades will end."

CONTEST

"Damn, I have a class in Tisch in five minutes, and I still haven't gotten that Civil War book over in Bobst. And then I gotta meet Karen at Waverly at three, and see that old bison Cramer at Shimkin about getting my Psyche grade upped. Maybe I'll just go sit in Loeb and look at the ceiling..."

Does this sound familiar? Are you so involved in the hustle-bustle of campus life that you think of our buildings in this detached way? Many of us do. And consequently, many of us don't realize how funny the names of most NYU buildings are. Just say the name "Shimkin" five times and you'll see what we mean.

While to the unimaginative, the words "Waverly Building" means only a place where some dull classes are held, to the observant they conjure up an image of a towering jello edifice, undulating in the wind. ("Gallatin House" can bring to mind the same image.) "Vanderbilt Hall" seems fairly unfunny, until we remember the nearsighted F-Troop regular of the same name.

And then other buildings are simply funny-sounding, such as Rufus D. Smith Hall, Barney Building and the downright uproarious Hagop Kevorkian Center. The only question is, which is the funniest?

Here at the Plague, we've been asking ourselves just that same question. And we've decided to let you readers figure it out, 'cause it's got us treed. So between now and April 31, we're having a "Name the Funniest-Sounding NYU Building Name" contest. The winning building will receive a handsome battered pie plate and a cardboard sign proclaiming it The Funniest Building on Campus. Send in your vote TODAY!

Use one of these ballots yourself, give the other to a hat-manufacturer!

NAME THE FUNNIEST-SOUNDING NYU
BUILDING NAME CONTEST ENTRY
BLANK

I think the funniest-sounding
NYU building is: (check one)

Loeb Student Center
Rufus Smith Hall
Bobst Library
Barney Building
Tisch Hall
Hagop Kevorkian Center
Shimkin Hall
15 Washington Mews
Gallatin House
Waverly Building
Vanderbilt Hall Other: _____

MAIL TO: The Plague
Room 411
Students Activities Cent.
21 Washington Place
New York, N.Y. 10003

Att: John Rawlins

NAME THE FUNNIEST-SOUNDING NYU
BUILDING NAME CONTEST ENTRY
BLANK

I think the funniest-sounding
NYU building is: (check one)

Loeb Student Center
Rufus Smith Hall
Bobst Library
Barney Building
Tisch Hall
Hagop Kevorkian Center
Shimkin Hall
15 Washington Mews
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Vanderbilt Hall Other: _____

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