

"Tony Danza's best cookbook yet... full of great italian food and Who's The Boss anecdotes." Tony Danza, "Tony" on "Who's The Boss?"

The Plague

FOR

DUMMIES®

*A Pestilence
for the
Rest of Us!™*

*It says "dummies,"
not "losers." So
fuck off, dickhead.*

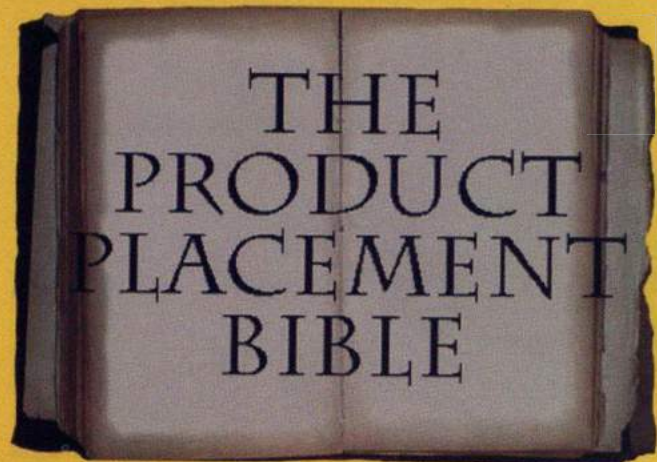


Fall 2001

First there was the King
James Version...

Then the New
International Version...

Coming this summer...



Mark 14:23-25

Jesus came and stood among them and said, "Peace be with you!" After he said this, he showed them his hands and side. And Thomas placed upon one hand Neosporin® and a Band-Aid®, and upon the other hand only a Band-Aid®. And yea, verily, the hand on which the Neosporin® had been placed healed 7 to 10 days faster than the hand without.

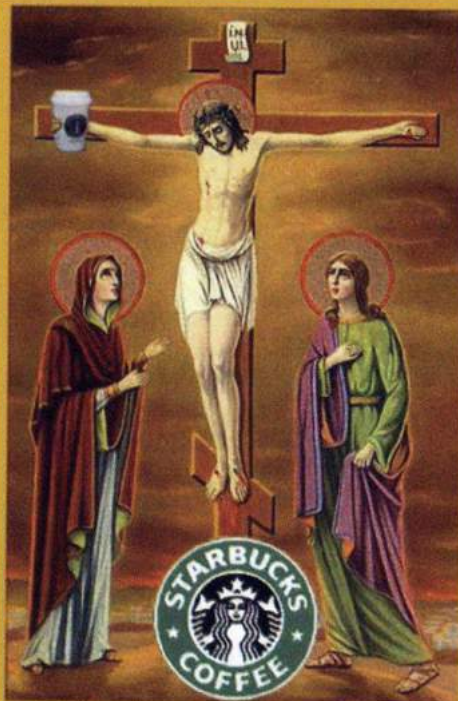


Exodus 20:1-3

And God spoke all these words: "I am the Lord your God who brought you out of Egypt, out of the land of slavery. American Express®: Thou shalt not leave home without it®."

Deuteronomy 14:7-8

You may not eat the camel, the rabbit, or the coney. Although they chew the cud, they do not have a split hoof, they are ceremonially unclean for you. I scream, you scream, we all scream for pork loins™. Pork, The Other White Meat™.



Colossians 3:12

Therefore as God's chosen people, clothe yourselves with compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness, and patience. And also Tech Vests from Old Navy®, just \$19.95 for a limited time.



John 20:19-21

"Then He took the case of Budweiser® tallboys, gave thanks and offered it to them, and they all drank from it. "This is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out of many," he said to them. "I tell you the truth, if I am the King of Kings, this is truly the King of Beers™."



THE PLAGUE

"Let's just stay in tonight..."

Your Fall 2001 Staff

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"Cover your baby!"

Pat Stango

Oat, The Dream Crusher

Blaine Perry

Lacerated spleen and all

Erin Rose Foley

Doing it with sex goggles

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Head Artist

Lukas Kaiser

Ready to kick your ass

Sergeant-at-Arms

Michael P. Casey

A Schlitz and a slice

Victoria I. Pingarron

We all love you, Gabriel

Helen Tompkins

The reigning grammar queen.

Vera Shneyerson

Russia's finest export

Jesse Shaver

Flammable when on fire

All of the Work, None of the Credit...

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Audrey (we love you!); Livingroom Basketball; Comedic Thieves; Free Crunchy Things at Panchitos; Lloyd Kaufman and our new buddies at Troma; Egg McMommies; Bull McCabe's Irish Pub; Those wonderful minstrels; Wet Hot American Summer; Our little scheme; Ashley Banfield; Blaine's brilliant stand-up; Jim, aka "God"; Porcelain nose; Nathan Gessner; Dirty Jessica; Horrific car accidents on Long Island involving the executive editors; Romantic confusion; Leila Amineddoleh; Stone Temple Pilots; Beulah; Mysterious Morbid Dreams; The Harvard Lampoon's utter lack of talent

Plague-(n) 1. A widespread affliction or calamity, especially one seen as divine retribution. 2. A sudden destructive influx or injurious outbreak. 3. A cause of annoyance; a nuisance. 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, a pestilence. 5. A motley crew of satirists, determined to prove their own self-worth through the mocking of others. 6. The greatest humor publication ever, in the history of the planet, ever...Ever. 7. You. 8. Your Mom.

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VISIT OUR WEBSITE: <http://pages.nyu.edu/clubs/plague>

OR E-MAIL US: plague.club@nyu.edu

Note: This publication denies rumors that our honorary Editor-in-Chief, William Randolph Hearst, started the Spanish-American War, had a hand in slandering of political rivals, was the inspiration for *Citizen Kane*, or invented hate.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...



All About Me

BY GREGG ZEHENTNER

I am so famous. So horribly, indescribably, unbearably, wretchedly famous. It is almost too much fame for one man to bear. What am I famous for? How could you ask such a question? How could you read these very words and possibly question the validity of my fame?

What is it you think you're reading? Are you under the illusion that someone other than I had anything to do with the content of this magazine? I assure you, the names listed in the Table of Contents are merely templates for my thought, spreading my word for all to hear. God had Luke to pen the Bible. I have Plague staffers.

I am faced with many difficult questions these days, as my fame has reached its zenith. When Tom Hanks and I both happen to be dining at the same local hot spot, who approaches who? And how long do I have to discuss with him how famous I am before I can get back to thinking about how famous I am? Not long, I hope.

There was a time when I was like you, not famous. I was merely an infant, living in obscurity. My various triumphs on the toilet went unnoticed then (unlike today where they are videotaped and broadcast throughout the land). But one day, something changed. My mother noticed it first. I was famous.

Alas, with fame has come boredom. I go to a play, I look at the actors. Not famous, not famous. I listen to the story. Not my life, therefore not interesting. I look at myself in the mirror. Famous.

Countless nights with countless women have failed to soothe me as well. As recently as last night, the faceless fuck rag I was pillaging had the audacity to ask me if I was the jealous type. I replied, "Sometimes. For instance, I'm jealous of you because you get to have me inside you. The one pleasure I could never know."

So where do I go from here? Having mastered the English speaking world, I suppose my only recourse is to branch off into bilingualism. But upon further inspection, a better step would be to abolish all languages that are not spoken in my native tongue.

It's only logical, considering the absurdity of such languages as Spanish. If I want to eat, or you want to eat, or we want to eat, we all just say "eat." In Spanish, I would have to "eato," you would have to "eatas" and we would have to "eatamos." What the fuck? I am a college-educated famous person and I can't believe that while I struggle to conjugate their verbs, a Venezuelan baby is in a crib gurgling "tambien comimos."

But I digress. The issue at hand is not abolishing Spanish, but figuring out what to do with myself now that I am famous. If the President throws out the first pitch of the World Series, need I settle for anything less than pitching the first inning? And don't think I won't use my fame for good as well. I've poured millions into my foundation for researching the creation of a spectacularly horrific disease that shall bear my namesake. Lou Gehrig. Mr. Alzheimer. Señor Parkinson. Gregg Zehentner. Damn, that's famous.

In the end, unfortunately, you cannot ever understand me, nor can you help me with my problems. For you see, you are not famous. So stop wasting my time.

ANNE FRANK,

The Meanest Little Girl in the World

While the world knows the story of Anne Frank, few are aware of Tina John, the young girl who spent her childhood hiding in the 5-foot by 5-foot hole in the ceiling right above Anne Frank's attic. Besides simply hiding from Nazis, Tina also had to fear being discovered by Anne Frank herself, who had bullied and abused Tina throughout their elementary school years. Discovered by the Plague editors on a weekend outing to Poland, here now is the *Diary of Tina John*.



The evil one plots her next move.

January 21, 1942

I can't believe my luck. First, the Nazis start killing all the Jews, then I forget to set my alarm on the day my family escapes to America, and now this: living right above my arch-nemesis, Anne Frank.

March 5, 1942

I spend most days curled up in a ball. Uncomfortable as it is, I dare not move for if I make any sound Anne Frank will surely discover me and deliver a horrific beating! I remember one day in school when she pushed me down an entire flight of stairs. As I lay on the bottom step holding my cracked ribs, I looked up at Anne Frank and asked why she would do such a thing. She glared at me, her eyes cold and unforgiving, and simply snarled: "Because I can."



The calm before the storm.

April 11, 1942

I know not exactly why Anne Frank hates me so, but I imagine it is because I am fat. Months of starvation have made Anne Frank even more thin and beautiful than ever, and it has only intensified her hatred towards "fatties." I am

so jealous of Anne Frank and her perfect figure.

June 1, 1942

Last night I dreamed that I was living with my family in a big house in America, watching American television and drinking American orange juice. Unfortunately, I was woken from my dream by a

large rat that was trying to burrow its way into my inner ear canal. He is my only friend.

July 6, 1942

Today I watched as Anne Frank and her family engaged in what began as a perfectly peaceful game of duck-duck-goose. But midway through, Anne, consistently and thoroughly confused by the rules of the game, flew into one of her psychotic rages and began pummeling her father with a rotten banana. "Hurry, get her medicine!" he yelled as her mother quickly searched for the elephant tranquilizers that often provided Anne Frank's family with their only moments of peace and safety.

August 17, 1942

I can see that Anne Frank is too keeping diary entries. "Those suckers are gonna eat this shit up with a spoon," I overheard her cackle as she wrote in it yesterday. I doubt it will be any good anyway, as Anne Frank often failed phonics. Nope, I couldn't imagine anyone reading the diary of Anne Frank. Mine, on the other hand, is going to be a bestseller. Though she may have the upper hand now, surely history will reveal her to be the true devil she is.

September 11, 1942

Oh joy of joys, my dreams have finally come true! At last the Nazis have discovered that vile beast and are delivering her from my home. Why, you truly are the agents of heaven! From now on the SS shall always stand for Sweet Saviors. Perhaps I had misjudged you, as I now doff my cap to thee.



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

NYU's Daily Student Newspaper

God Finally Calls it Quits; Plans to Pursue Other Interests

"I'm ready for a little 'me' time," said God yesterday as he announced His retirement at an awkward press conference before various members of the French press. "And I always said that I'd get out the day it stopped being fun." After spending a few weeks catching up on his golf game, God plans to pen His long-awaited sequel to the Bible, which He says will contain all the secrets that were too risqué for the origi-

nal. "Did you know that black people were originally supposed to be orange?" He teased, though when asked for more details He laughingly replied: "Well, you're just gonna have to buy the book." God says His decision to finally call it quits was spurred by recent setbacks, such as the September 11 attack, and His inability to facilitate a new collective bargaining agreement in Major League Baseball. "Terrorists are one thing, but that Donald Fehr..." the Immortal One lamented. So what exactly will happen to the universe once God ends His reign? "Hmmm... Haven't really given that much



"I've had a good run," says God as He announces His retirement.

See God Retires, page 4

Guy with Limp Walks Funny, Is Modest

Terrance Heartlander, a 49-year-old frequenter of Washington Square Park, is a favorite among residents and tourists alike due to his hilariously off-balance walk and modest personality. "It's not funny! It's really not funny at all," Mr. Heartlander modestly exclaims. "I wish you'd all stop laughing! I'm a war victim. What the

hell is wrong with you people? Have you no souls?" But despite Heartlander's shyness about his gift from God, Villagers simply cannot help themselves from having a good chuckle. "I just love crippled people," said NYU student Josh Harvey, "and Terry's my favorite. But does he gloat? Does he brag? Does he flaunt his talent? No. He just gets mad and screams at us to stop laughing. I really respect that."

Nation's Spirits Lifted As World's Largest Man Eats World's Smallest Pizza

At a time when America needs something to cheer about in the wake of September 11th, a Long-Island born chef and an 8-ft. Ugandan giant may have found the cure for the nation's ills. It all occurred this past Tuesday when 8-ft. 4-in. Dikembe Shazad broke the record for eating the world's smallest pizza in front of a sold-out crowd at New York's Madison Square Garden. Praise and adulation also were heaped upon chef

Todd Seyfarth who cooked the 10-millimeter pizza pie that Shazad ate out of a petrie dish.

"I'm just doing what I can for my country," said the modest Seyfarth. "Those fireman and police officers are the real heroes." But New Yorker Mildred Pierce, who witnessed the historic event live, feels Seyfarth is being too humble.

"Sure the firefighters may risk their lives once in a while, but for someone to

See Pizza on page 4

Art Sues Life for Unauthorized Imitation; Life Files Counter Suit

Following the September 11th disaster, there was a time when the unity of our nation stopped the flow of lawsuits in America's courts. That time has come to an end. For the first time, Art is officially suing Life for the imitation that philosophers have theorized for years. "It was all too obvious when I saw the towers collapse," Art told reporters, "that that was totally something right out of one of my movies. Life is ripping me off." Life, however, quickly responded with a counter suit. "All Art ever does is imitate me. Guess what, idiot - if I didn't exist you wouldn't have



An exciting day in court yesterday as The Mona Lisa testified on behalf of Art; today Life is expected to call Fetus to the stand.

anything to put in your stupid action flicks." The case is slated to be heard in the Federal Court of Academic Abstractions on February 30, 2001.

In tommorrow's edition of the *Washington Square News*:

- *Baby Too Cute For Own Good Beaten For Own Good*
- *Man-Child Eats Wolf*
- *Magic Johnson Gets HIV Again*
- *"Future Kinda Lame," says Local Time Traveller*
- *Another Horrific Plane Crash in New York; Bored Public Demands: "Give Us Something Different"*
- *Local Pizza Party Ends In Bloodshed; Local Gunfight Ends In Pizza-Eating*

Toilet Paper Roll Unhappy With Current "One Recommended Use"

Years of silence have now been broken as a toilet paper tube voices his discontent: "Use me for other things."

Paper towel and toothpaste tubes have long been the staples of children's arts and crafts projects. Approximately 100 copies of the Mona Lisa are made each year out of these reusable container things. Yet toilet paper tubes have gone unused since their invention in the "Things of Convenience Fair of 1903."

Analysts say paper towels and toothpaste tubes are associated with their respective products and believed to be "clean, safe, and cleansing, and filled with safety." Most everyone believes toilet paper tubes are bound to be covered in shit and caked in pubic hairs.

The fears of a nation are not unfounded—thousands of citizens get lazy and don't change their roll until the bitter end, and thus somehow get shit on the cardboard tube—thousands a day, that is.

The toilet paper tube's rebuttal



This toilet paper tube is forced to become the clothing of a guinea pig.

was poignant, however, "I know you always use a roll as Kleenex—save the tube from that one for your children's fantastical robots and ships".

Will the American people be willing to give their kids booger-

covered cardboard rolls when they can easily give them clean ones from paper towels, or, better yet, buy them real toys made out of plastic? Only time's three-haired camel hump can tell.

Bin Laden's Approval Rating in U.S. Takes Unexpected Dip



Osama bin Laden's US approval rating has taken a sharp decline since September 11, according to bin Laden's American spokesperson, Michelle Garrett. "Americans have simply become disenchanted with the idea of a renegade extremist, hell-bent

on the annihilation of an entire country. They feel that BL has lost his playful spirit of the past, when he used to charm us all with his crazy hijinks." Garrett referred to previous bin Laden pranks such as the American Embassy bombing in Africa and the USS Cole incident. "Those were all wacky antics that we could really get a kick out of," said Garrett. "Now people are suddenly aware of their own horrible mortality."

Most Americans agree. "I didn't have a problem with the USS Cole thing. After all, I didn't know none of them sailors," says Lukas Kaiser, a part-time fry-cook at a Hoboken bowling alley. "But this is different. This time they killed actual Americans." Other reactions were more bewildering. "I don't care how many llamas there are, I still can't find my jacket!" said Christopher Benson, a homeless man who lives in the northwest part of Washington Square Park.

According to Garrett, bin Laden's approval rating has dropped from 0.9% to 0.57%. Garrett cites a demographic shift as the reason for the decline. She says that they have lost the coveted 18-35 year-old bracket, but plans on focusing more upon the 1-4 year-old range because of their low speech capabilities and inability to form cognitive thoughts. "It's best to hit 'em while they're young," said Garrett. "We need to completely re-evaluate how Osama is presented in the US. With a little time, I think we can get BL back up to 0.9% and back into our hearts." Mr. bin Laden could not be reached for comment.

Seth's Girlfriend Finally Jerks Him Off Inside That Gazebo: "Best Handy Ever," Says Teen.

After eight agonizing months of pleading, local teen Seth Freach finally convinced his girlfriend Jackie to give him a hand-job inside the gazebo outside of their



high school. "From the first day I saw that gazebo I was like 'I gotta get me a hand-job in there.' And now my dream has come true," said a jubilant Seth. Even Seth's mother was ever so proud of her son's determination. "He's really

earned it," she said. "When that boy puts his mind to something, there's no stopping him. Now if only he could focus on his studies." Seth said that the

hand job was made even more special with a little bit of fantasizing. "My girlfriend's kinda ugly so what I did was imagine that it was Jessica Alba jerkin' me. Dude, her hands are the hottest." So does Seth plan on asking Jackie for a bit more in the gazebo, such as a blow job or anal sex? "No way man. Gazebo's ain't meant for that. That's for water fountains or a green house."

WSN Reporters Filled With Pride as He Contracts Anthrax From a Letter

"I always told everyone that I'd be the new Tom Brokaw," beamed student reporter Gil Cabochan as he lay in intensive care after contracting a fatal form of skin anthrax from opening a letter sent to *Washington Square News*. "I can't wait to show my parents all these lesions." Cabochan deemed this his greatest accomplishment as a journalist, ranking it slightly above the time he wrote an editorial about the wrongness of hate crimes. It seems as if the entire WSN staff took great pride in being the latest news organization to be mailed anthrax. "For years they've said that we're not real journalists, that our opinions are inane, that we write at the level of a mentally handicapped 3rd-grader," said WSN reporter

See *Anthrax*, page 4

Memories of My Best Day Ever

Ever have one of those super fantastic fun days where everything goes right and you never want to wake up because you know the next day can never be as perfect? Well I just did! It was September 11, 2001 to be exact and it was better than 10 Christmases and 3 birthdays combined! It all began when my roommate Vicki woke me up and told me that classes were cancelled. Hooray! She was about to explain why, but frankly I didn't care!

All I knew was that I had a bio test that day (and I forgot to study... oopsies!) and whatever happened couldn't have been nearly as catastrophic as me getting a bad grade. Oh, it was just like the time in 8th Grade when it snowed on the day I was supposed to give a science presentation.

Wowzers, thanks again God! Angela owes ya another one.

"Awesome Day" then continued with a surprise phone call from my mommy, who was crying as she told me that my dad (a big time executive over at Cantor Fitzgerald) had indeed left for work already. Why, that's good news you silly mommy!

Working is how daddy pays for things such as food and my doll collection. But she would hear none of that. It just made me so happy that mommy loves daddy so much that she can't bear to be away from him, even for just a few hours. As I hung up the phone I heard on the radio that all exits from Manhattan were being closed and that no one could leave the city. What a grand idea! That's like the biggest sleepover ever. I'll bake the brownies!

Probable Certainties



Angela Camillinis

So I was in the kitchen baking the brownies when I then realized that I didn't even have a pan. Oh boo! As I stirred the brownie mix with nowhere to put it, I thought to myself that there couldn't possibly be anyone in the world with bigger problems than me. But then joy of joys, a sobbing Vicki informed me that I might as well use the pan of our suitemate Erin, as she said Erin would never be able to use it again anyway. I wondered what she meant by that. Did Erin give up baking? Well whatever. I just chalked it up as another September 11th miracle!

Pizza, continued

cook something so small, and have it eaten by such a large man... This really gives our country something to get behind."

The accomplishment is especially sweet for Seyfarth on a personal level, as his previous attempt to cook microscopic food, the world's smallest potato in 1992, resulted in the death of his third wife.

Anthrax, continued

Martin Bell. "But look at us now, the target of an international terrorist syndicate. Can the *Harvard Crimson* say that?" But fellow NYU publication *The Plague* feels that the *WSN* is once again behind the times. "We were the target of bio terror before being the target of bio terror was cool," said *Plague* editor Michael P. Casey. "I remember back in '84 when the Ayatollah sent us a Christmas gift covered in small pox. Wiped out nearly half the staff. But did we start gloating? No. We just celebrated amongst ourselves and moved on."

God Retires, continued

thought. Guess I'll just let the whole thing implode upon itself into a blaze of infinite nothingness," God answered to a somewhat disappointed crowd. "Yeah, kinda sucks for you guys."

Campus Crime Files

Dec. 28:

11:57 PM- A non-NYU male came into Protection Services with a severe stab wound to the abdomen. He was promptly asked to leave.

3:07 AM- NYU student reported

the theft of his solid gold bar, which he left unattended in the middle of Washington Square Park.

3:57 AM- Female NYU student reported not being raped at a Phi Iota Alpha party. Police are baffled.



The Cat in the Hat

And then something went bump!
How that bump made us jump!

We looked! Then we saw him step in with a blur.
We looked! And we saw him! Zeus, God of Thunder!

He said, "I've come to Earth in search of a mate.
Your sister is young, but I think she'll do great."

I cried and I yelled and I screamed in protest,
But he knocked me aside with a blow to the chest.

Our fish said, "No! No! Make that Zeus go away!"
He was promptly destroyed, my first lesson of the day.

The Lost Works Of

Dr. Zeuss

Green Eggs and Ham

You would not like them here or there?
You would not like them anywhere?

Then I will smite ye in a box.
Or shall I smite ye with a fox?

For in the endless night of the new earth under
my watchful eye, Bee, the honey maker, carried
the first human seed to a dew-covered flower
which would germinate and spring force a race of
mortal the likes of which had ne'er been known.

And now you disobey my command, when with a
single utterance I can erase the very concept of
your existence?! Your insolence will be your
undoing, Sam-I-Am.



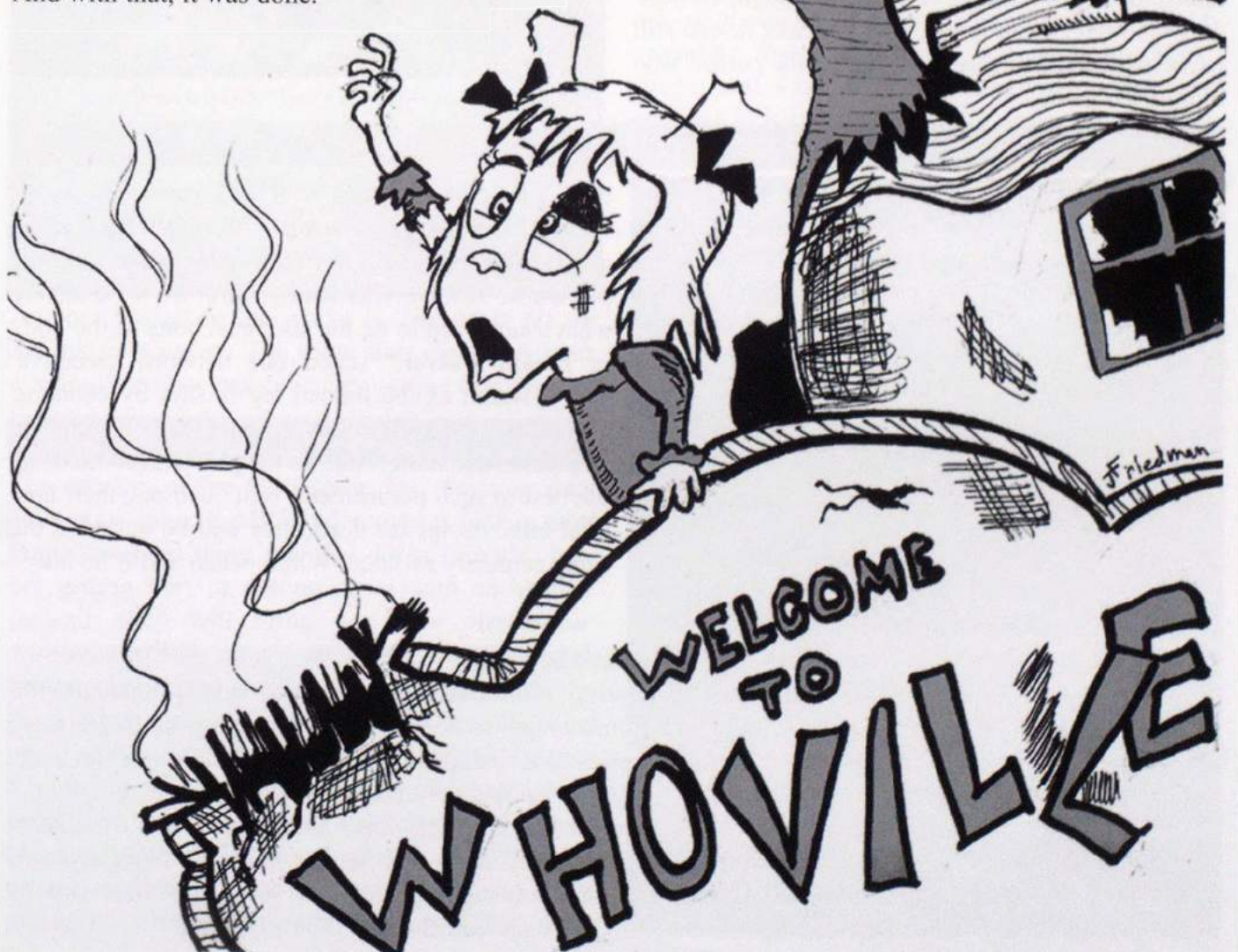
How the Grinch Stole Christmas

And from the flaming wreckage that was once Whoville there bellowed a laugh so malevolent that it shook the few remaining Whos right down to their Who-bones.

"Your worship of this blasphemous religion has reaped the whirlwind. Let all ye who will deny me be forwarned."

With that the King of Gods burst forth, casting rain after terrible rain of thunderbolts upon the trembling townspeople. With smoke clinging to the charred bodies of the disbelievers, one final Who could be seen crawling weakly toward an embankment.

Leveling his trident at the last remaining of her race, Zeus proclaimed in a mighty roar, "Little Cindy Lu-Who, ye shall reach no more than two!" And with that, it was done.



The Plague, in conjunction with a variety of network TV scumbags, brings you:

New Reality TV Shows

SURVIVOR IV

CBS, the people who started the reality craze with their first big hit in *Survivor*, have added the moniker to an outlandish new series entitled ***Survivor: Circumcision***. Eight men with "hoodies," between the ages of 15 and 85, will be placed in a huge Austrian castle, knowing only that they will be taking part in a new reality TV show. They should be surprised to find enough food, water, and porn to last them a few months, but their common bond and goal will eventually be revealed. Sixteen surgical scalpels will be strategically strewn about the premises, and we can only hope that the contestants know how to use them properly. The last man left with his "anteater" will be the winner (so to speak) of an undisclosed prize. There is a catch, though: contestants who have been bitten, as CBS calls it, can still participate and try to get revenge on the person who eliminated them.

INSIDER: Tip to potential contestants: The Austrian winter is cold; keep your turtleneck on if you want to survive.



Rabbi Slepowitz is this year's favored contestant.

FEMUR FACTOR



NBC has decided to stick with the format of its week-to-week series, *Fear Factor*, with only minor alterations to the premise. "In *Fear Factor*, we tested people whose resolve was strong; now we'll be testing what's supposed to be the strongest bone in the body in ***Femur Factor***," stated one network executive. You'll watch as the human leg is shot by cannons, guillotined, savagely bitten by genetically engineered elephants, and more. And for the person who holds up the best to such punishment, NBC will pay their hospital bills. As for the dead, they will be buried in the same cemetery as Jaleel White, when and if he dies.

Also In Development

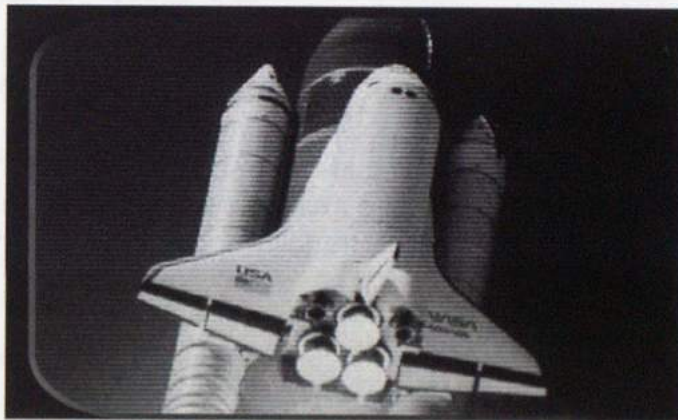
From the producers of the hit *Blind Date* comes *Literally Blind Date*, in which two visually impaired individuals will be paired up for love while at the same time having to find their way out of a giant hedge maze in the middle of North Dakota. To add to the fun, a series of amusing comment bubbles will pop up to make light of their various romantic foibles and utter inability to navigate our enormous death trap.

Sauron Gorsky, the East German innovator known for creating such thrill-a-thons as *When Crocodiles Attack* and *The World's Scariest Cliff Dives*, brings you next season's new heart stopper: *Family Christmas Video 1993*. This pulse pounder features Sauron's children unwrapping Christmas gifts while Mrs. Gorsky overcooks the turkey. Critics are calling this one, "A Christmas home video. I have one too."

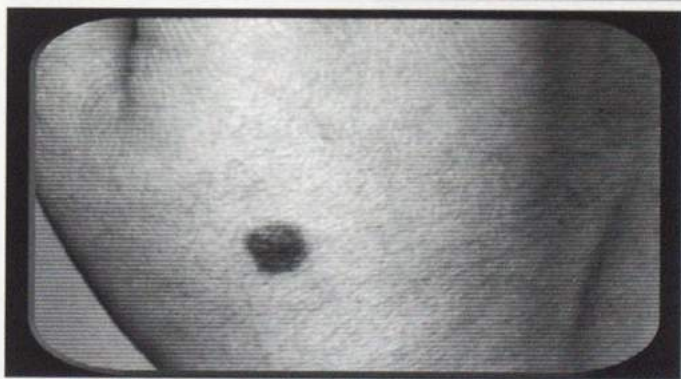
LOVE FAILED SPACE-SHUTTLE LAUNCH

FOX, the innovator of the "love" reality series, has taken its shows to a completely different plane. The geniuses who brought you *Love Cruise* are returning again with ***Love Failed Space-Shuttle Launch***. This series was originally entitled *Love Orbit* and was slated to keep sixteen people in a craft around the Earth for 2 months. However, the entire show was changed dramatically when one of the producers replaced a small portion of the rocket fuel with Bacardi 151. You'll watch as the remaining contestants attempt to form relationships in the sparse minutes after the first engines explode. Will anyone even have time to have sex or bitch-slap that whore who is trying to steal their man? We really don't know about that, but we do know that the series will only run two weeks, as the entire duration of the flight was less than 45 minutes. In the end, we did speak to the pro-

ducer who doomed the passengers of this sexy mission. He told us, "I don't really care about what happened; people will still watch this junk, and because of the shortened length, we might even be able to stick in a few of the more raunchy scenes that would have been cut otherwise."



THE MOLE II



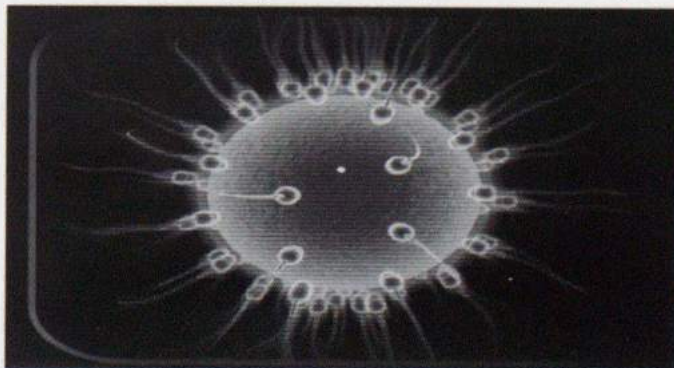
Another project in the works is ***The Mole II: the Search for Cancer***. The show stars Gordon Allport, a retired shoelace manufacturer, whose body is cov-

ered with over 43 hairy moles. The fun part is that one of these moles is actually cancerous, quickly spreading the fatal disease throughout his bloodstream and vital organs. Each week, contestants compete in a variety of exciting physical challenges, such as skydiving and skateboarding, in order to determine who gets to cut a mole off of Gordon's body. If they choose correctly, Gordon gets to live and go on a picnic with Baseball Hall of Famer Robin Yount. If not, Gordon has to die of cancer, all the while knowing that his collection of celebrity toenails will be given to his estranged brother Sanchez.

THE MIRACULOUS JOURNEY

The creators of the CBS show *The Amazing Race* have gone over to ABC and come up with a more family-oriented show, one that doesn't involve people getting hurt or getting nasty with each other. Instead, they will bring you ***The Miraculous Journey*** this fall, a show about creation. You'll follow ten sperm after unprotected sex in their quest for the ultimate goal: fertilizing the egg. But all is not well inside the female reproductive system. Spermicide from an earlier sexual encounter waits eagerly to consume the tiny contestants. Malignant two-headed sperm swim around in confused circles, redirecting their gametic brothers. And, as one of the potential contestants said after filming, "Damn, them

Fallopian tubes is twisty!" Even if they make it all the way through, will the woman be ovulating? If she is, you can remember to watch for the follow-up series, *Probability of Genetic Defects in the Baby*.



MEMORANDUM

TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE NYU COMMUNITY

IMPORTANT INFORMATION REGARDING CAMPUS SAFETY

From the Office of Terrorist Prevention

We live in a different age since the September 11 attacks on our city. Because of that, we should all be a little more conscious of our surroundings and of what we can do to avoid future attacks. The following memo will provide tips to ensure safety on our campus.

In times like these, it is best to consider everyone your enemy. Most terrorists are of Arab descent, but as an extra precaution, keep your eyes peeled for anyone with dark skin. This includes, but is not limited to, Indians, Chinese, Koreans, Japanese, Polynesians, Spaniards, Italians, Native Americans, Central Americans, South Americans, Puerto Ricans, Cubans, and especially Mexicans.

Terrorists can be identified by their shifty eyes, perpetually scanning for their next target. If you spot a terrorist, remain calm. Remember, he is just as afraid of you as you are of him. Do not approach him. Find a safe, distant location to give him a stare that conveys, "Hey man, I'm on to you." This will defuse a terrorist 97% of the time.

Terrorists are attracted to the smell of fresh-baked Tollhouse chocolate chip cookies. Conversely, terrorists are repelled by the smell of 3 day-old Pillsbury cookies. Use this knowledge as appropriate.

Terrorists possess certain supernatural powers that can be detrimental if utilized correctly. All terrorists have X-ray vision and the ability to shoot lasers from their eyes, or "ocular fire" as it has been dubbed by the Pentagon. For one day on the winter solstice, terrorists are infused with an ancient supernatural force that makes them capable of destruction so unimaginable, that we will not tell you here, for fear of mass panic. But trust us, if they figure it out, then God help us all. Also, terrorists have the ability to recite the cube root of any integer, but so far that has proven useless.

Additionally, bioterrorism has become an evident threat to our daily lives. It seems that you can't walk three feet without someone dying of Anthrax. Here are a few tips you can follow to prevent contracting Anthrax without altering your everyday routine:

- Do not accept any packages from terrorists
- Immediately call authorities if you receive any white powdery substances with an unusual taste or odor
- Do not taste or smell white powdery substances
- Do not open any packages or touch your mail
- In fact, don't touch anything
- Don't even get out of bed in the morning



CLASSIFIEDS

PERSONALS

Long Island girl seeking adoring male best friend-type to lead on as she dates some other guy who could never love her the way you do. Low self-esteem a plus.

Fat guy running low on underwear seeks a woman whose supply of underwear is quite plentiful. Not of fan of briefs, but would be willing to try.

Angel of Death seeking Christopher Lloyd. It's time, old friend.

Ancient Theban king seeking recently widowed middle-aged maternal figure. Must agree not to put two and two together.

Wealthy, white male seeks female of similar financial stature and race with whom to enter into a loveless marriage and attend various wine and cheese parties.

Male falling from sky seeks woman with a parachute, for the love of God.

Attractive 20-something Woman seeks unattractive boorish asshole who

doesn't appreciate her in any way. Willing to initiate yet another doomed relationship despite promises of extreme emotional distress. Ask for your ex-girlfriend.

SWM seeking white Protestant female with blond hair and blue eyes to produce the new master race. Must be willing to forfeit undesirable children.

Married NYU alumnus seeking cute Tisch actress for loveless sex in order to get back at my slutty, cheating whore of a wife.

Young, Southern boy seeks black man for fun-filled excursion down river. Must be able to teach lesson on racism, without getting too preachy. Apologies beforehand for lack of funds and poor means of travel.

XRT75 model cyborg seeking MLQ3-compatible robot with 12-pin female connector to run erotic fantasy simulation software.

I'm looking for a hot bitch who will make me a gooddamn sandwich and knows when to keep her fucking mouth shut.

Hobbies should include bowling, drinking, and watching me watch ESPN.

Aimless wandering poet seeks companion. Must be willing to travel to the 9th Circle of Hell. Protector type.

HELP WANTED

High profile news organization needs someone to open mail. Must be immune to all forms of bio-terror and insults from Tom Brokaw. Reply to CNN.

Looking for small, adorable babies in order to test the effects of fire on small, adorable babies. Babies will not be returned.

Always Wanted A Job In The Exciting World Of Fashion Modeling?

Well, too bad. We're a factory that makes tiny screws. You start on Monday, you jerky model face.

FOR SALE

1984 easter egg blue Chevy Astrovan. Less than mint condition.

Used in movie. Also used in murder. Will not accept anything less than Blue Book value. Remember, used in movie.

Mud. You need mud for planting as well as gardening and any other processes involving soil. So come buy mud.

LOST

Lost purse at Penn Station. If found, I plan to enjoy it. No reward because you probably took it in the first place, you fuck.

Lost leg in Vietnam. God, it was painful.

FOUND

Found twenty bucks on the ground the other day. I don't plan on returning it, I just really wanted to tell someone about it.

Found shirt, folded, in store in the mall. May I have it, please?

Found expired heart medicine. Your name and address are printed on the bottle, but I didn't have time to take this ad out until now. Still want it?

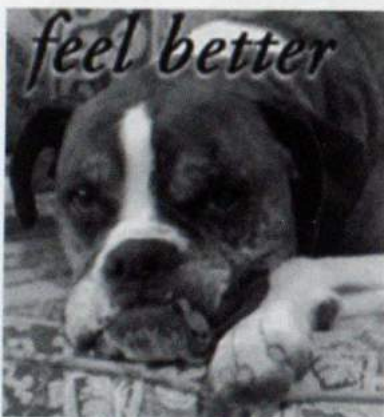
Apologies to Plague Readers

Last year, in order to get the name of our magazine out to a wider audience, we played some practical jokes on our steady readers to show others how funny we really are. While "The Plague" thought that these pranks were downright hilarious, some of the people at the brunt of the jokes found them offensive, off color, and even debilitating. Now that the 'victims'—as they call themselves—are demanding retribution, we've decided to console them with written apologies in our now world-famous magazine. (Thanks guys!)

Dear Plague Reader # 6,

We at "The Plague" would like to express our regret for digging too deep into your personal files and posting your name, address, social security number, phone number, and bank information on over 100,000 commonly accessed web sites. We NEVER expected people to use these things in a manner that

would affect you in a negative way, such as purchasing illegal firearms or faking your death to cash in on your life insurance. In fact, the only reason that we did this was because we were hoping that others would use the information to call and/or visit you; we were only trying to help you make friends, really! Perhaps you should be more social.



Dear Plague Reader #19,

We would like to whole-heartedly apologize—myself especially—for beating your 19-year-old dog that your parents bought the day you were born to be your childhood companion, into a coma from which it has not

yet recovered. You see, we misconstrued the idea that dogs age about 7 human years for every year they live (making your dog the equivalent of about 133 years old) and were instead under the impression that a dog's strength increases exponentially by its age. I later realized that

if this were true, dogs would be the most powerful beings on Earth and would attain immortality by the age of 15. Instead, most dogs die by that age. It is a blessing to have a dog for 19 years that is still alive.

Dear Plague Reader #37,

We from the magazine are sorry that we hurt your feelings by taking your grandmother hostage for six "excruciating" days, as you call them. I mean, I thought that it was pretty obvious from our outlandish demands of Bill Clinton's head and three stout oxen that the whole thing was just a joke, but we can see how you might have been concerned for her welfare. Plus, if we had realized that she was devoutly Kosher, we would never have fed her Ball Park chili cheese dogs everyday, nor would we have forced her to wash it

down with a glass of pig's blood and/or urine. However, because she had held to her beliefs for 90 years prior to this, we are still pretty sure that she will be allowed into heaven. In fact, we are pretty sure that all of us here at "The Plague" will be allowed into heaven as well, where we can play more tasteful jokes on you and your grandmother.



Dear Plague Reader #68,

Our most humble apologies go out to you after our little prank has left you without the ability to walk for a minimum of two years. Who knew that the Belgians made such powerful rifles? I mean, come on, we were aiming all the way from the top of the next building; we figured that the window would absorb most of the momentum and that the shell would bounce harmlessly off of you, giving you a

momentary scare. But instead, the bullet pierced the skin right above the kneecap and went straight through, rupturing everything in the area. Even though the doctor said you will most likely need a series of surgeries to repair your tendons, my grandfather once told me that "cock and balls were more important than any of those stringy things that connect muscle to bone or bone to bone." Well, he said something like that. I'm not so sure

that anyone is going to want to have sex with you while you're in a wheelchair as it is, so don't worry too much about the exact quote. (Note: This only refers to people handicapped by "The Plague." We have no particular beef with invalids in general.)



Dear Plague Reader #90,

I personally apologize for telling you that the volume of a sphere is $\frac{2}{3}\pi R^3$ when I knew perfectly well that it is $\frac{4}{3}\pi R^3$. I'm not sure how this has affected your grade and/or your life, but if it has in any way, I've learned my lesson.

Dear Plague Reader #104,

We ask for your forgiveness after exposing you to the disembodied head of Medusa ala Gwyneth Paltrow in the movie *Seven*. The guy who sold it to us told us that it had lost its potency after 2,000 years in formaldehyde, but it

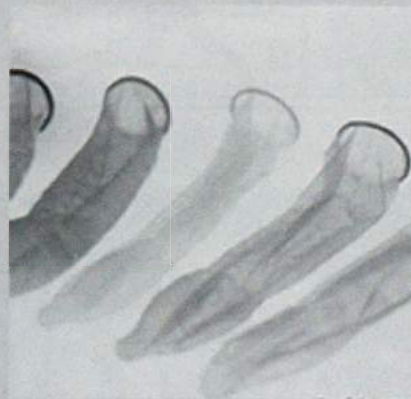
appears as if he was wrong. I guess we should have tested it on a squirrel or something, but we are suckers for old Asian guys in shady witchcraft stores. Just imagine what a great conversation piece it would be if gazing at it were not so permanently fatal! Now that you are pretty much a stone statue

(or a person trapped in stone forever, we don't really know which one), it appears as if it will be impossible for you to read this apology personally. We at "The Plague" can only hope that someone in your family will read it and pin it to your face as a memorial.



Dear Plague Reader #136,

All of us here at the magazine are very sorry for playing our old-school trick that has negatively affected your life. You see, when we were poking the holes in your condoms, we never expected you to use them. But you did, and multiple times at that. From what we can gather of this experience, the first girl was the one that gave you HIV. Before finding out, you then had sex with another girl, who did not get infected with the disease, but the baby you implanted in her did. When she gave birth, all of the doc-



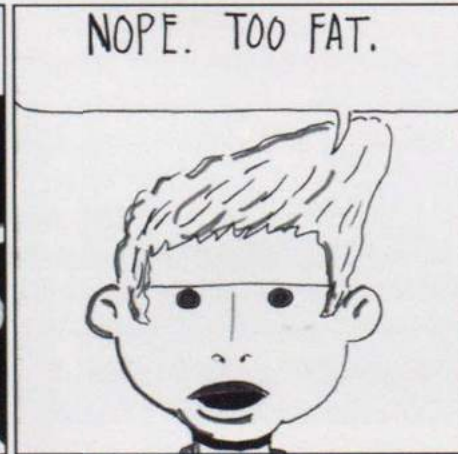
tors and nurses in the OB-GYN also contracted HIV regardless of having no direct fluid contacts. The baby was then placed in a nursery, where $\frac{3}{4}$ of the other babies came down with pneumonia and fungal infections, most likely caused by an immune system failure. Even though this mutated, airborne strain of HIV that was created in your love child may change the world as we know it forever, I think one day we will look back at this and say that it was a pretty good joke.

INSPECTOR GADGET

Rapes Penny and Blames It on a Random Attacker



A Fat Lady is refused a ride on Disney's STAR TOURS Attraction



*A Funeral for a
Baby Who Died
from Eating Glass*

WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY
TO MOURN THE LOSS OF BABY JOHNSON.



IT IS ALWAYS DIFFICULT FOR
US TO COME TO TERMS WITH THE
DEATH OF A CHILD BECAUSE CHILDREN
HAVE SO MUCH POTENTIAL.



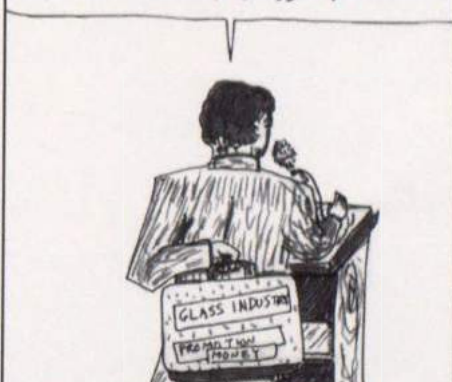
WHY, LITTLE BABY JOHNSON COULD HAVE
BEEN ANYTHING - A GLASS BLOWER, A WORKER
IN A GLASS FACTORY, OR EVEN A CONSUMER
OF FINE GLASS PRODUCTS.



NOW ALL HE MAY DO IS LIVE ON
IN OUR HEARTS AND IN OUR
COMMEMORATIVE GLASS
STATUETTES.



LET US BOW OUR HEADS IN PRAYER



His name is Prot.
He hails from a planet
called K-PAX

HEY! YOU'RE
KEVIN SPACEY! I LOVED
YOU IN "K-PAX!"



MY NAME IS PROT,
NOT K-PAX.



Father *Insists*
His Child Try
Ketchup



...NAH, DAD, I JUST DON'T LIKE IT.



LISTEN- YOU
GOTTA LOVE KETCHUP.
IT MAKES FRIES TASTE
SO MUCH BETTER.

BUT... NO UNACCEPTABLE. BOTTOM LINE?
KETCHUP IMPROVES THE TASTE
OF FRIES. YOU'RE GROUNDED.
PUNISHMENT? YOU BETTER
LIKE KETCHUP!



What if I told you that axes lived? That you had to take a subway ride with a spoon? That you would kiss a spatula? Inanimate objects, by definition, don't move, but what if they did? What if indeed. Welcome, friends, to...

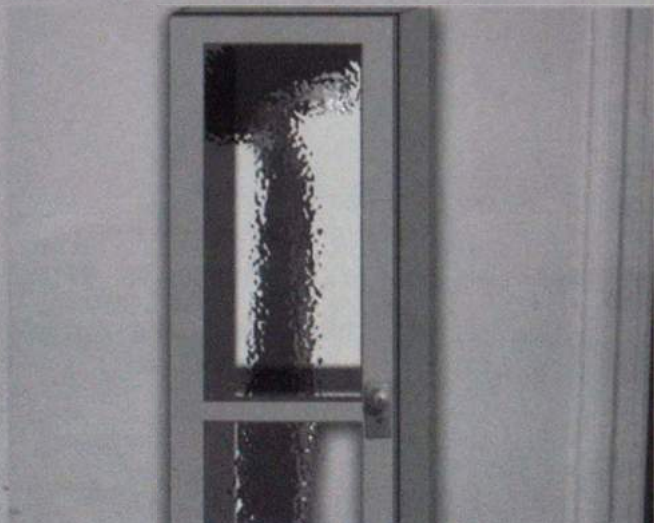
A Day In The Life of Axie (as told by Axie)



6:42 am
"I had sex with a knife."



8:46 am
"I am an axe and I am wearing a tie
and a hat."



10:32 am
"Hard at work. Time to catch a few 'Z's,"



3:01 pm
"Damn, the building is burning again, and with
me asleep, no one can get out. Such is life."



3:45 pm

"My supervisor scolds me for sleeping on duty."



3:46 pm

"No one tells Axie how to do his job."



3:51 pm

"Shower..."



4:01 pm

"After a hard day of work, it's time for some forties."



4:03 pm

"What's your sign? Is it, perhaps,
'Do Not Touch, Hot Pipe'?"



6:42 am

"I had sex with a pipe."

Official Plague Minutes

The Plague is known for many things: poignant melodrama, ribald yet witty social commentary, and dick jokes. Finally, *The Plague* has published a collection of records from its meetings. Here is just a sample of the hilarity you will receive when you order the Time Life Books series:



*As recorded by Secretary
Rose Heinz*

America: *Plagued* by Funny

10/8/01, 6:32pm

President calls meeting to order. Asks if any members have written any new material. Lukas makes genital herpes joke. Is commended. We try to write that satire on the Bosnian conflict and are completely stumped, so Tina brings out the dog carcass and we all spit in its open wounds. The jokes flow like wine.

10/8/01, 6:37pm

Andrew reads his Lynching Manifesto and the club erupts into laughter. Later, the president points out that the piece was mostly funny because of Andrew's facial expressions, and it is ditched for a donkey punch cartoon. The President then proceeds to donkey punch his girlfriend.



10/8/01, 6:42pm

Jake challenges Tina to a thumb war. Greg challenges Jake to a dick war. Jake proceeds to call Greg a huge fag and starts doing his "Greg is a Fag" dance in front of the entire club. Greg admirably argues that dick wars are not necessarily gay if handled correctly. Jake agrees, but admits he is not ready to take that step towards being a guy who has dick wars.

10/8/01, 6:57pm

The President calls recess and Mike chooses to spend this free time refreshing his comic genius via a long swig from his flask of rubbing alcohol. Homeless style is *Plague* style.

10/8/01, 7: 15pm

Drinking rubbing alcohol for the past 15 minutes has left Mike in a state of extreme dementia. He launches into a spirited rant on the merits of ass-fucking giraffes over vagina-fucking elephants, but comes to the conclusion that he'd much prefer beak-fucking a parrot. Petey the Plague Parrot is then summoned into the room. Meeting is adjourned.

Order now!

- ☐ Yes, please send me this series of Time Life books to fuel your dying empire.
- ☐ No, please do not send me any more order forms. But thank you for the offer. I appreciate the thought. I hope your dad feels better.
- ☐ Hmmm... You've got my attention. Win me over. I'll tell you what, I'm going to put on a pot of coffee, and we'll talk this out.



"Order now!"
- Satisfied Customer



"Time Life Books grant
me sight beyond sight!"
- Cheetara



"To the pain!"
- Westley

The Plague Media Watch takes a look at the latest smear campaign for religious supremacy



The Catholic Church



Bishop Ignatius AKA Bishop Anger



YOU ALWAYS WONDERED WHY THEY HAD THAT COLLECTION PLATE

The Catholic Church is a monster. A Capitalistic monster. For every cent you put into the collection plate on Sunday, the Pope buys six cat slaves trained to kill other Catholics. Do you want to die at the paw of one of the Pope's hate cats? Think twice before reciting your next Ave Maria, my friend.

PAID FOR BY LUTHERANS
AGAINST CATHOLICS

DO YOU LIKE HITLER? NO? THEN WHY ARE YOU A LUTHERAN?



FACT: Hitler, a man reported to have ordered the death of *Millions of people*, was a Lutheran.

FACT: Lutherans don't sing in church. And they don't like smiling either.

FACT: Ever heard of the Protestant work ethic associated with the Lutheran Church? Slavery.

If you don't like people, smiling, or freedom, give the Lutherans a try. But I'd hope you would give humanity a chance.

PAID for by His gracious Bishop Ignatius and the Citizens for a Responsible Religion

Ever Wonder How Washington Square Park Got It's Name?



Let us minstrels sing to you the way things used to be
When the earth was pure and our ship sailed the seven seas.
You won't believe our story, the greatest ever told,
But listen closely, youngsters,
for the ill wind's blowing cold..

His name was Washington, though first name was Joe, not George.
An evil British twin, he had pissed on Valley Forge.
Backed by loyal a army of British prostitutes,
His brother George he sought to kill, after they fed him fruits.



Meanwhile basking in the glow of the recently won war,
George and his confidants laughed, and played, and laughed some more.
Unbeknownst to them trouble loomed on horizons high.
Once the sun had set, one of two Washingtons would die.

"A pox on thee!" screamed Joe as he leapt upon the scene.
"Ye head shall be my crown, my cap, your very spleen."



The Brits struck hard and fast without uttering a word,



And on the battlefield, the line 'twixt right and wrong was blurred.



No greater fight was fought then the one waged by the twins.
As they clashed they knew the victor'd be the one who wins.



Joe's sword was straight and true when he struck his brother down,
As Cain had done to Abel the day that Moses drowned.



He plunged his scabbard deep inside his brother's brain,
For it is a warrior's sworn oath to end the other's pain.

Joe Washington then ruled atop his throne of mangled dead.
"George would have wanted it this way, I'll make his corpse my bed."



Then they were gone, both Joe and George, gone without a trace.
No one knows quite why, and no one knows to where the place.
Some say that they went far away, some say they stayed close by,
Some say they took that long, cold path where dead men go to die

One thing's for certain, no matter whose story you believe:
Their presence can be felt here even long after you leave.
Our words ring true and clear, our story? Greatest ever told.
You listened closely youngsters, now the hour's getting old.



What's in "The Plague" trash bin this month? Some guy's...

Letter From Prison

Dear Mama,

It's been almost a month now since I've been in jail. I still don't know what was wrong with touching that horse in its secret place, but I believe this is a fair and just land, so I will accept my punishment. I just wanted to write you this letter to tell you that it's not so bad in here. I've been eating good, even though they don't have any Chunky Soup here. And guess what, Mama? They give me THREE meals here every day! Not just me either, Mama, EVERYBODY! Sometimes I laugh and wonder how they stay in business.

I'm already making friends, Mama. My roommate Flesh Wound is very nice and he gave me the nickname "Bitch." I think it means "friend" in French or something. And he's always giving me compliments. Just the other day he was talking about how pretty my mouth was. I can thank you for that, Mama, cuz you got a pretty mouth too. At least, Daddy used to always say so to his buddies. And you don't have to worry about me, Mama. Flesh Wound would never let anyone take advantage of me. One time these guys wanted to toss my salad and Flesh Wound stood up and said, "No, I'm gonna be the one who pops his cherry!" I don't know when we're going to have this cooking class, but I'm glad to see that Flesh Wound was so excited to help me.

I also got a job here, Mama. I sew the "Made in the USA" tags onto Levi's jeans. It's kind of boring sometimes, but guess what, Mama? I'm making seven dollars a DAY!!! That's three times the five dollars a day I was making back home!!! And I don't even have to go outside to use the bathroom. I'm telling you, Mama, jail is sweet. Now I know why people do crime. It does pay, Mama!

So how are you doing? How is everybody? Did Julie still get married to Uncle Jim? If so, tell her that her big brother says "congratulations," and that perhaps the better man just won. Oh, and make sure you feed Buster so that he doesn't go through the trash. I swear, that boy is nothing but trouble sometimes! I'm gonna end this letter, Mama. Flesh Wound is going to take a shower and he wants me to hold his hand so that he doesn't slip and fall.

Your son,
Sun Young Chow



Hey everybody! Let's all enter the...

SPREAD THE PLAGUE

Contest

We've been busting our ass for over 20 years, bringing you the finest comedy that no money could buy, and now it's time for you free-loading motherfuckers to earn your keep.

Sure, we've gained a nice little reputation here at NYU, but now we're set to broaden our horizons. That's where you, our loyal Plague readers, come in.

Spread the word of "The Plague" by any means necessary! We don't mean just telling your friends or leaving an issue on the bathroom floor of your frat house. We're looking for creativity, ingenuity, and most importantly, high level exposure.

But don't think that there's nothing in it for you, old friends. Rather, the reader who finds the best way to promote The Plague will, get this, win a...

\$50 Plague Scholarship To NYU!


The Plague
244 GREENE ST.
NEW YORK, NY 10003

Date Fall 2001

0094
1-7264/2260
50

Pay to the Order of YOU \$ 50.00

Fifty Dollars


CFS BANK 93-22 Jamaica Avenue
FULL SERVICE BANKING Woodhaven, NY 11421

For "Make The Plague Famous Contest"

The Plague

⑆ 3260832965⑆ 9598 ⑆ 32783 2118 ⑆ ⑆ 0099

This is not a joke. This is a real scholarship. Finally, you can quit that work study job and pay back all those student loans. The only catch is that we're gonna need proof of what you've done. So be sure to send photographs or VHS cassettes to

The Plague
244 Greene Street
New York, NY 10003

So whether it be eye grabbing stunts, city-wide artwork, or getting "The Plague" mentioned on national television, one thing can be certain: it's time to let the world know of the beauty of "The Plague." (And oh yeah, no murders. Or if you're gonna murder, at least make it tasteful.)

Now back, by popular demand ...

The Plague

explains the...

Dorm Election Slogans

- I'm Jesus' Candidate
- Just don't vote. But if you're gonna vote, vote for me. But don't vote.
- I'm not a terrorist
- The President of Weinstein doesn't have to be Jewish (but it sure helps)
- NY not vote for me U
- I don't have syphilis
- Please help my self-esteem. It's been so low since high school ended
- I got a stash of weed in my room... anyone?
- Vote for me or I'll kill you, you little fuck
- One word: BUKKAKE!
- If you vote for me, I will smite the Irish

Reasons Not to Jack Off

- You're sleeping in the same bed as your mother
- You're in church (you don't want those gay priests seeing you jack-off)
- You're a girl (when you do, it's just fo' sho')
- You have a hook for a hand
- Your bed might get pregnant
- You're an amputee and mommy knows best
- If you're watching Alf. He's so funny you probably have already ejaculated.
- No opposable thumbs. Go figure.
- Ah, there are none.

Guinness World Records

- Longest turd
- Most fingernails
- Smallest pizza
- Thickest turd
- Smallest animal owned by a giant
- Hungriest Russian
- Oldest baby
- Longest compilation of meaningless statistics
- Lightest black guy, blackest white guy
- Craziest chicken without a head
- Longest fart
- Most virtuous race
- Most vigorous rape
- Biggest bearded axe-wound
- Most average club sandwich
- Sock filled with most jizz
- Spending the most time sitting in an easy-bake oven
- Latest-term abortion

Bad Ways to Break Up with Somebody

- I love you, but I'm not in love with you. Also, I just slit your sister's throat.
- I don't like the person you've become, fatso.
- Your nose gives me night terrors
- I'm looking for something more... Bigger tits, mostly.
- Did you always look like a donkey?
- We used to be thick as thieves, now I blow thick wads of cum into your best friend.

Ways to Fight Osama bin Laden

- Ball sweat
- Stricter trade embargoes
- Send a Terminator back in time to kill his pregnant mother
- Put him on Survivor 3, maybe Castro will vote him off
- Find Afghanistan on the map
- Blow up all those important buildings they have in his hometown
- Draft everyone from small communities, then send them abroad to die so entire towns lose their children and future... damn Charlie

New Kinds of Abortions

- Sex while pregnant (trust me, it does kill the baby)
- Sit on a pyramid
- A very long tongue
- Ossified fetus style
- Fetus Fucker Upper
- Waist Tourniquet
- Stairwells

Roommate Pranks

- Clean all his underwear, fold it neatly, and place it in his drawer
- Challenge his value system
- Cut off his feet
- Poke holes in his condoms
- Go caca on their face when they go sleep sleep

Whole Wide World

Cinemax Movie Titles

- Passion of Circumstance
- Death by Jury
- Judge And Jury 2
- Hot Tub of Deceit
- I Loved Her Too Much; She Loved Me Too Little
- Brotherly Lust
- Double Areola
- Just Love Me, Please
- Killer Keebler Elves: The Truth Behind The Factory Walls
- Amoeba Love IV: The Special Sauce
- Monkey Fucking: The Fur Will Fly
- Mother, May I Dance With Danger
- Antarctic Heat

Things That Are Hard To Confess To Your Parents

- Your dad is gay
- You've given head to a two-headed monkey
- You want to stop taking family baths
- You're adopted
- It doesn't hurt anymore
- There were two Darrens on Bewitched
- You never loved them to begin with.

Bad Ways To End A Conversation

- "So that's the time I bowled 39"

Things I Learned From Space Camp

- My asthma problem is more severe than I realized
- There is intelligent life on Mars, but it is white
- In zero gravity, fat kids are just as good at softball as normal kids
- It's not really camp. Or space.
- Matter sucks, Star Trek rules
- It's better than Swamp Camp
- It's good to be away from Father, he touches me
- My rocket is smaller than other boys' rockets
- The older the men are, the more they want me to play with their balls as I fellate them

Least Favorite Breakfast Cereals

- Cream of Wilfred Brimley
- Cheerio, you big English fag
- Chunks of Hysterectomy
- Placenta Crunch

Things That Make Sex Not Sex

- Pulling out before you ejaculate
- When Daddy believes she's a virgin! You are a virgin! Shut up!
- When she lacks a cunt

Things I Would Rather Do Than Watch Harry Potter

- Have sex with the mother of the actor who plays Harry Potter
- Tie two monkeys' hands together and watch them fight
- Read the books
- Kill the mouse in my apartment
- Guess how long it takes before that Harry Potter kid gets naked for Playgirl
- Watch The Neverending Story - That shit is tight!
- Ask some girl for sex, get denied, go watch Harry Potter, (damn, they finally got me).
- Eat shit.
- Enter the Plague scholarship contest

New Ways To Eat A Reese's

- Out of Dom DeLouise's asshole
- With donkey cum instead of peanut butter
- Between hits of crystal meth
- While watching a clown die of AIDS

New Words for Cunt

- Supercunt
- Tinytinytinytincunt
- Mycuntisold
- Yourcuntsmellslikecunt

It's...

The 12th Annual Plague Prom



"We support the carefully supervised fun of this event. Let loose, in the sterile and unforgiving Thompson Center."

When: April 26th

8pm-12:30am

Where: Thompson Center

Cost: \$3.00 (it all goes to charity)



"I regret nothing."

Send submissions to:
The Plague
244 Greene Street
New York, NY 10003

The Party
That Put
New York City
On The Map!

Bored?

Tired of
Great
Adventure?

Looking for a
creative outlet
through which to
express your
greatest hopes and
fears?

JOIN THE PLAGUE

You can't really express hopes or fears, but if you know Quark, Photoshop, Pagemaker, or just enjoy composing page after page of hilarious satire, this may be the place for you.

Just show up:
Mondays at 6:30
Student Events Center
Room 504



"We met at the Plague, and we'll never look back!"

FROM THE DESK OF THE DEAN

The Plague's team of crack reporters and infiltration experts look out for you. We know you want to hear the latest news, before it's news. So at great personal risk of bodily injury or legal action, we have managed to get this photograph of the desk of an NYU Dean who shall remain nameless. We hope it proves informative.

 **New York University**
A private university in the public service

College of Arts and Science
Office of the Dean
909B Main Building
100 Washington Square East
New York, NY 10003-6688
Telephone: (212) 998-8140

12 December 2001

Dear Constituents,

New York University is, as of 4th fiscal quarter 2001, running severely in the red. Between our intense commitment to working with the community, and our history of low tuition and reasonable housing rates, and in light of such recent monetary drains as the new student center and the upgraded computer infrastructure, NYU is accumulating debt at an incredible pace. This is only compounded by costs associated with the recent tragedies in this city, and the incredible alcohol and gambling habits of most of the administration.

In light of this, we will be making a few changes in the financial aid and administrative policies of this institution, as part of an initiative we call "Keep the Torch Burning." After a small adjustment period, we rest assured that our community of 20,000 students will be ready to shoulder the brunt of the result of 20-odd years of poor administrative choices and complete fiduciary misconduct.

Firstly, starting next year, NYU has put a stop on all new purchases of furniture and computing equipment. While we realize that this may in some small way impact our students in computer-related studies, we also realize that, on the whole, philosophy and history majors are more profitable and therefore more desirable. Also, on that note, the new student center will be decorated and furnished in the neo-eastern "barren" motif.

On a slightly more pleasing side, NYU will no longer be paying RA's or security officers to curb the excessive use of alcohol and marijuana in its dorms, as this has proven to be a losing, and costly, battle. Instead, NYU will be incorporating the sale of pot and fake ID's into dormitory dining halls and the NYU Bookstore, respectively. As for those dealers of such commodities in the village area who are unassociated with the part of the NYU workstudy program instead.

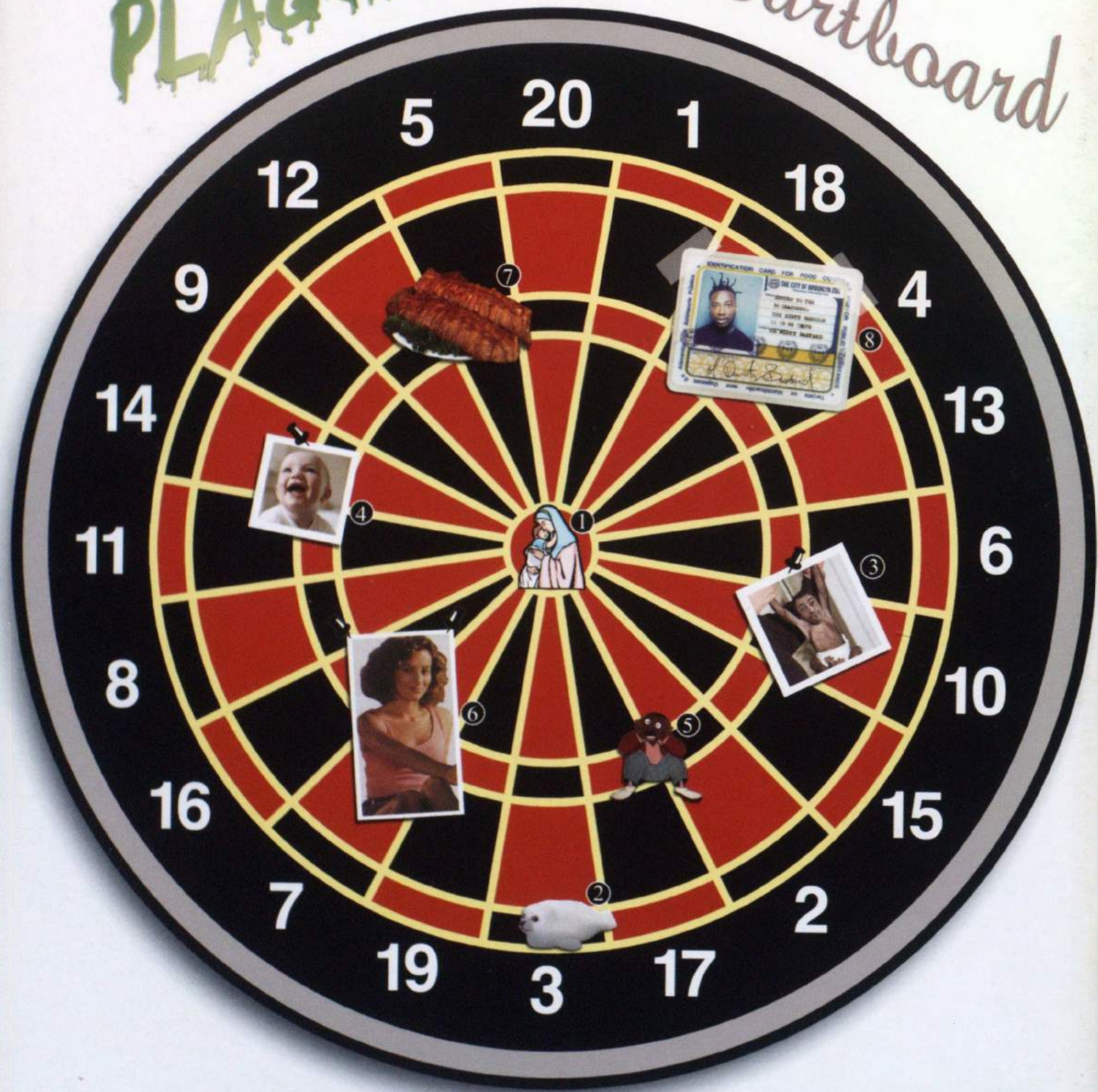
Additionally, NYU will be eliminating several failed programs that have been draining the university budget for years. Our first order of business is to remove the monkey that only eats dollar bills from the ground floor of 25 W. 4th street. This monkey has been needlessly gouging the school of funds for years, and frankly we regret purchasing it in the first place. We will also be, as of Spring 2002, cutting all ties with the Al-Qaeda network, and joining up with a more profitable criminal network, such as the Yakuza.

Finally, in an effort to maximize government benefits and minimize costs, NYU is now officially the Church of NYU. All students—or "disciples"—are advised that this will not affect daily routine in any way, but for the requirement of complete obedience and worship to the administrators—or "Gods"—and the abandonment of any previous religious commitments. The common lunch hour is now replaced with a mandatory prayer session, and all graduates—or "Preachers"—are advised that they will be required to spend the rest of their lives dedicated body and soul to the organization, or be burned as heretics. As for the athiests,

continued on page 2...

Failed abortion got you down? Take out your frustrations with the...

PLAGUE BABY Dartboard



Instructions: play darts as normal, add or subtract points for the quality of baby hit.

1) Baby Jesus	+800	2) Baby Seal	+150	3) Ugly Baby	-100	4) Cute Baby	+100
5) Bébé	-50	6) Jennifer Grey	+87	7) Baby Back Ribs	+14.99	8) ODB (Lil' Baby Jesus)	+420