

# THE PLAGUE

SPRING 2004

NYU's Only Intentionally Funny Publication

~~Anne Frank~~

ets • 120 per



# DIARY



What's *The Plague* listening to?

Q- Celeb...



Search Musi...

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## Source



Library



Radio



Music Store



Shared Music



Light Jazz Music



My Top Rated



Recently Played



Top 25 Most Played



Songs for a Rainy Day :(



Songs for a Sunny Day :(

Songs for coming out  
to my parents (Rufus!)Songs I pretend to like  
to seem coolSongs recommended  
by that guy who won't  
call me back

&lt;3 Josh Groban



School Shooting List ;D



Celebrity ...

Beyoncé's Pl...

Account:

Sign In



## Beyoncé's Playlist

	Song Name	Time	Artist
1	Dangerously in Love	3:45	Beyoncé
2	Naughty Girl	3:28	Beyoncé
3	Independent Women	3:41	Destiny's Child
4	Dangerously in Love 2	4:53	Beyoncé



Celebrity ...

Charles Manson's ...

Account:

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## Charles Manson's Playlist

	Song Name	Time	Artist
1	Around the Way Girl	3:25	LL Cool J
2	Around the Way Girl - Clean Version	3:25	LL Cool J
3	Around the Way Girl Megamix	8:17	Jermaine Dupri & ...



Celebrity ...

Frankie Muniz's P...

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## Frankie Muniz's Playlist

	Song Name	Time	Artist
1	Diceman Cometh, Black Man Runneth	55:18	Andrew Dice Clay
2	My Wife Ran Off With a N——	4:25	David Allen Coe
3	I Have a Dream As Well (Speech)	43:17	David Duke



Celebrity ...

DMX's Playlist

Account:

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## DMX's Playlist

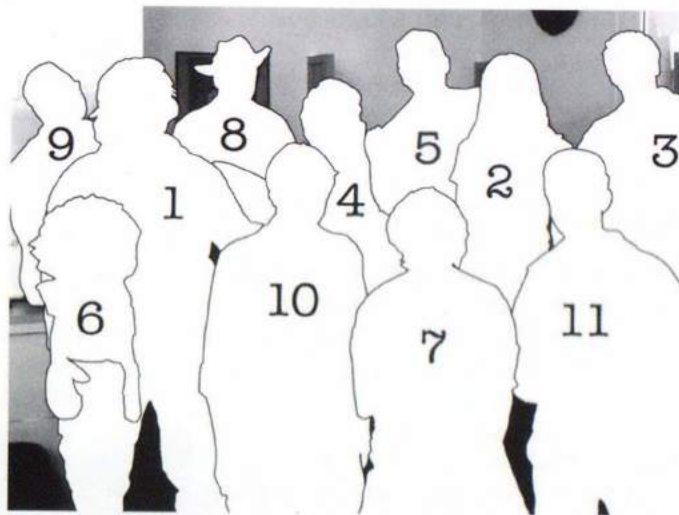
	Song Name	Time	Artist
1	The Sound of Settling	4:32	Death Cab for Cut ...
2	Across the Sea	5:44	Weezer
3	C'mon, C'mon	3:23	The Von Bondies
4	Ocean Avenue	2:35	Yellowcard..



# THE PLAGUE

"TV's fucked, bro?"

## Your Spring 2004 Staff



### Executive Editors

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*Your mom cleans up well [1]*

**Vera Shneerson**

*I kinda meant to choke you [2]*

**Michael Klein**

*Out selling Cookies 'n' Crunk ice cream [3]*

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*Fulfilling requirements [4]*

**David Mellisy**

*Foreskin is awesome! [5]*

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*Enjoying a Royale with Cheese [6]*

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Audrey Underwood (We Love You!); Nanci Cooke; Bob Butler (Official Plague Advisor For Life); Jerry Perez; SAB & ASSBAC; Marissa Kaiser; JTM&R & Miles; Pasquale Stango; John Savarese; Mike Duerr; Vicki Pingarron; Carol Young; Will's room; Jenn Mao; NYU Fencing; Slow Kids at Play; J-Kwon; Dave Chappelle and Neil Brennan; Country; Bobby Sanchez; Anthony "Holla Holla Holla Holla" Berry; Bobby French; Steph and dem; Chat and Chew & Acme; Riffi and Antonio "Tone" Farragins; James Kennedy; Marcus "Acne Penis" Estrada; Tamara Federici; Michele Arnoir; Steve Smith; Paulina; Lil' Jon; The Robot Man; Jeffrey S. Gould; Mark Lockard; Jane Kim; Brian Daitzman (think the Smiths, the Cure, and Radiohead as a singer-songwriter); Janet Jackson's tiny; Ghostface; All of our mommies;

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**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. Us. 6. Something found inside Dave's forehead. 7. Stopping at someone's dorm room to play poker after you've graduated and succumbed to working at Chipotle. 8. A thing where a lot of people died. Sure, some of them were Jews. Like I said, a lot of people died, it was the Black Plague. 9. The thing an Asian girl reads before jumping to her death. 10. A deuce, floating in the toilet. The one that won't flush but it doesn't matter anyway because you like him.

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OR E-MAIL US: [plague.club@nyu.edu](mailto:plague.club@nyu.edu)

Dear Diary: Picked up *The Plague* today. It was pretty funny. I was glad they didn't make any jokes about suicide. I knew some of those kids! I was kinda sad they didn't print my "Lesbian Vampires" thing, though. Oh well. Back to Lafayette.



# THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Not being adopted is the best, isn't it? I wouldn't know. I'm adopted. I just found out three weeks ago and you know what? Being adopted is gay. Yeah, my "parents" told me on my 22nd birthday that my point of origin wasn't my "mother's" twat-hole. Thanks, guys. And to make matters worse, not only do they not know who my birth mother is, but, believe it or not, they don't know what I am. Like, what I am, as in "Hello, my name is Condoleezza Rice and I'm a black chick," or "Aloha, this is Don Ho..." Uh, I guess he's Spanish or something. Basically, my parents don't know what dirty blood I have in me — be it from a wispy-bearded Chinaman or a husky, full-bearded Korean. So last week I set out to discover what race I belong to and I've chronicled my investigation here in the magazine. In fact, it's directly below these words. See?

## Am I Mexican?

When I was growing up I got grossly obese from eating at this Mexican restaurant every day. My mom told me I loved Mexican food so much because she ate it while she was pregnant with me. Fucking lying whore — you could've just helped me go on a diet but instead you saw me balloon so large I had to wear waistless, cylindrical underwear—all so you could indulge in some strange pregnancy fantasy!

So if my love of Mexican food didn't come from my "mom's" preggers diet, perhaps it was rooted in my real ethnicity — that of a filthy, ignorant Mexican. To find out (and to help deaden the pain of the discovery that I was adopted) I did what I was known in high school to do best — eat Mexican food. (*The Trident*, my high school yearbook, said I was "most likely to drown [my] depression with a double order of Nachos del Grande.")

I decided to grab a table at Chili's in Times Square. "Hola!" I said to the Kentuckian waitress. "I'd like some Mexican food—perhaps the kind your dishwashers eat." She brought me a bucket filled with chicken legs and beaks and a bottle of hot sauce. Though I didn't enjoy the taste of my bucket grub, I had some fun with my meal anyways. I pretended I was competing in one of the many *Real World/Road Rules Inferno* challenges. "Will I beat Amaya?" I thought to myself between bites and gagged mini-vomits. "Only if I can empty the bucket!"

By the time I finished my chicken parts and temporarily subdued the storm within my adopted belly, three Mexican dishwashers were standing over my table. "Hola, gentlemen!" I said through my teeth (as to not expose these hard working chaps to the fumes brewing inside me). "I was wondering...am I a Mexican?"

As my bruises would later show, I'm not a Mexican and these underpaid gentlemen were hungry—hungry for the very novelty food I'd just finished eating. Oh well.

## Am I Black?

I got home after my tussle with the Mexicans and decided to nurse the pain away with some "me" time—meaning I sat sprawled out on my tweed couch, a bowl of ice cream in my naked lap, my balls sweatily stuck to the lining of my childhood blankie. I turned on the TV—ESPN2's coverage of competitive Double Dutch jump roping. Two lily-white girls walked out, a long jump rope in their hands. Then a black boy ran out, his arms moving in spirited motions as if to signal to the world that he had been watching reruns of *Amen* and had what Deacon

Frye would describe as "the holy fuggin' ghost!"

This fellow, who was quite handsome despite the shortcomings of his complexion, began jumping rope, which...well...dazzled me.

I ran to my closet and found an old neon-green jump rope from when I participated in that charity jumpathon to raise money for kids who couldn't afford tickets to a U2 benefit concert for AIDS. Did I still have it?

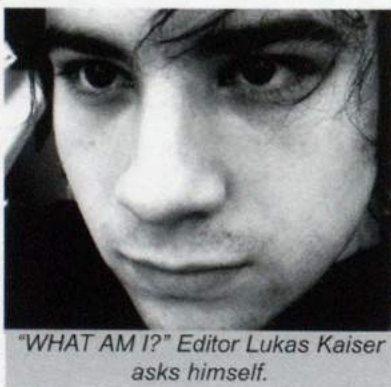
You bet I did. I was great. But was I good enough to be black? It was time for the scientist to go to his lab (meaning I took the subway to a shitty neighborhood in the Bronx).

I emerged from the subway and got to work. My jump rope in hand, I flagged down a carload of blacks. "Help! Help!" I screamed. "I need someone's help!"

A woman emerged from the car. "What's wrong?" she asked me in a concerned voice.

I started jump roping. "Am I black?" I asked. She looked puzzled and started to turn away so to get her attention again I whipped her with my jump rope. "Am I black?" I asked again.

She seemed angry, and soon enough a large fellow emerged from her car. I resumed jump roping and was going to ask the large fellow what he thought of my skills, but he beat me into a coma.



"WHAT AM I?" Editor Lukas Kaiser asks himself.

## So What Am I?

I woke up four months later in a hospital in the Catskills. A hand was rubbing my forehead but I couldn't see who it was because gauze was wrapped over my eyes.

"There, there, son" a voice said.

"Son? Am I your son?" I asked.

"Yes. And I am your mother. Your birth mother."

"Mommy!" I yelled out and we hugged. "But Mommy...Mommy there's just one question that's been bugging me for a while."

"What is it, my son?"

"Well..." I began to stammer. "Mommy...Mommy..."

"Yes, Son...go ahead and say it."

"Uh...what race do I belong to?"

She removed the gauze from my eyes and pointed to a tattoo on my arm that had been there my whole life. It said "White."

"I'm white! Of course! How could I not know?"

Mommy shook her head and pointed to a tattoo below the word "White." It was a series of numbers.

"What does that mean, mommy?" I asked her.

She laughed and then closed the door on the gas chamber.



# THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

This past winter, I decided to get out of New York for a little while and go relax someplace where the weather was warmer, but I didn't want to get stuck in a tourist trap. One of my do-gooder buddies told me that I could accomplish this and do something good for the environment at the same time by going out to the rainforest. He also told me how freaky those Greenpeace chicks get when they are out in the wilderness. At first I wasn't convinced, but that last bit helped me realize that if I didn't make it out there soon, I might never get the chance. By going with an environmental organization, I would get my supplies and lodging paid for; all I had to pay for was airfare. Besides a couple of required protests, I figured that it would be three weeks of fun in the sun. So, I present to you my journal of

## The plunder of North America's last rainforest

**December 19, 2003**

I'm so excited about my trip that I almost peed my pants today. Luckily I wasn't wearing any pants when the incident occurred.

**December 21, 2003**

It turns out that North America's last "rainforest" is mostly in Alaska. Great, I didn't pack a single long-sleeved shirt. I guess I wasn't paying attention when I bought my ticket. Ever since I arrived, I've been trying to convince the other visitors that my bicycle shorts were just a joke, but they know what I was thinking. They tell me that I can avoid hypothermia by staying active an average of 14 hours a day. Well, that or sleeping nude with the resident fat guy. He told me he wouldn't mind.

**December 23, 2003**

Today I learned that even though we are in the middle of Alaska and not balmy Brazil doesn't mean that the wildlife lacks diversity. Just this morning, I discovered two new insect species after scraping them off the bottom of my Timberlands. One of the guys on the trip is an entomologist; he told me that not only were the finds fascinating but that I also had the right to name the little buggers. I told him that my boots were for stomping queers...as well as undiscovered insects. I think I'll call one of them a "Purple Fatty Chode" but I haven't decided for sure yet; my best friend is color-blind and I wouldn't want to exclude him from my scientific genius.

**December 24, 2003**

We woke up early this morning to sabotage some of the loggers' heavy machinery. I did my part by clogging their portable toilet. Then I hopped on a bulldozer in an attempt to mock them but ended up turning it on and running over a pack of saplings that the workers had planted in conformation with environmental codes. Later, everyone spent the night bitching about how it was Christmas Eve and that they wished their families could've been there. I laughed all the way to the Synagogue and told them that Hanukkah was great this year, even though I have no clue when it began or ended.

**December 25, 2003**

Everyone exchanged secret Santa gifts this morning. Needless to say, I was not included. At least they gave me some slivers of tofu ham at dinner...which would have been a nice gesture if it wasn't for the fact that they didn't share their latkas with me.

**January 1, 2004**

I brought in the New Year by chopping down one of the biggest and oldest trees in the forest. Guess I had a little too much champagne last night. Made the best of it though; I hacked out a big hunk of the center where the rings are like 1000 years old. It'll make a great conversation piece when I got home. The rest of the tree will most likely be ground down and fashioned into pencils or, if its lucky, fancy stationary.

**January 3, 2004**

Seeing a bald eagle in the wild can really change the way you look at the world. At least that's what some of the Greenpeace



*Mike Klein: a lover of all things exotic*

people told me; I really could've used one to eat this woodchuck that woke me up from my midday nap by biting me on the crotch. The intense pain led me to believe that I could find a cure for my wounds in the exotic plants of the rainforest, so I made a hopeful concoction of berries and leaves. What I ended up doing was inventing yet another salve that could be used to cure ED. Let me be the first to tell you, the Alaskan rainforest is no place for a raging 24-hour boner. Looks like my fat heat buddy is going to have an interesting night. On the plus side, I'll get to hire a professional athlete as my drug's spokesperson.

**January 7, 2004**

I overheard that we were running low on food so I went out and shot a deer. It was pretty hard to bring down, probably because I couldn't find our rifle so I used our flare gun instead. As I was bringing back my kill, I overheard that we were out of flares. Then I overheard that someone had sighted a very endangered species of deer close to camp early that morning. I decided to eat my meal alone in the woods; most of the people are vegetarians anyhow.

**January 10, 2004**

Well, my three weeks in the rainforest are just about up. Although I didn't cop a single knob job, I'd still say it was one of the greatest experiences of my life. I learned about wildlife, I'll be marketing a competitor to Viagra when I get back, and I got some great souvenirs. Lucky I got so much accomplished this time because both Greenpeace and the logging industry have placed a strict ban on me ever entering a wooded area again. With that in mind, I've already begun planning my next vacation: a week long road trip across Staten Island. Au revoir!





# WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

THE PLAGUE, Spring 2004

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## NYU In Ghana Students Return Home With Great Experiences, School Credits, AIDS

After much begging and pleading, NYU's Study Abroad program has finally established an outpost in the great country of Africa, in the jungle known as Ghana. Fans of all things African were elated and hurriedly handed in their applications for an exciting chance at spending a semester in an environment yet to be discovered by American college students. African-philes sharpened their spears and brushed up on their Bushman clicking language in anticipation of the adventure that lay before them.

Everyone involved, however, overlooked one major factor when they visited the wonderful land: AIDS is a bitch. Underestimating the prevalence of HIV-positive people, plants, and animals, the students and faculty of NYU in Ghana all returned with an unexpected surprise nestled deep in their cells.

Speaking on behalf of the students, Jonathan Grove made this telling observation: "No one real-

ly told us that everyone in Africa has AIDS. We thought those sad looking fellers were just hungry. Turns out we were wrong. Those frowns were cuz they were slowly dying from the inside out. That sort of sucks and I wish I did not fuck them and share needles."

Some students abstained from sex and chose to pet village puppies and kitties instead. "Turns out we got AIDS from that, too," student Hal Mankey said. "The animals had AIDS, the desks in our dorms had AIDS. Even our complimentary breakfast each morning had AIDS. The least they could've done was tell us that the word AIDS in 'African Denny's Grandslam AIDS

Breakfast Buffet' means the same thing in English as it does in Africanese."

Representatives for the NYU in Ghana program declined to comment, as they were desperately trying to get in contact with Magic Johnson.



PHOTO: Yeah, these bitches got AIDS too. The only thing that doesn't have AIDS was me, the photographer. Ima go fuck raw dog now.

## Crime Files

**9:25 AM** -- Student at Carlyle reports drilling waking him up early.

**12:15 PM** -- Water in swimming pool still a little too cold.

**2:30 PM** -- Cubs fan beats wife with corked Sammy Sosa bat.

**4:00 PM** -- My mom's getting married. In the

Bahamas. Uh...right now. I wasn't invited.

**6:00 PM** -- California Pizza Kitchen sues California Pizza Oven.

**9:00 PM** -- Another train bombing.

**11:40 PM** -- Students report being gassy after eating partially cooked brownies.

## Be My Angel!



**Adopt Ralph, An Adult Man Who Sleeps In A Doorway. He Likes Baked Goods From Dean and DeLuca.**



Sympathies are in order! Weird Al's parents died yesterday!



## NYU Security Guards: "We're Finally Getting What We Deserve"



PHOTO: And then I spotted the Luscious Lisa. My night stick and I were going to take her down.

For years, the NYU Protection Services has been on par with the finest rent-a-cops of New York City. They've dealt with the horror of 9/11, Blackout 2003, and that guy who stumbled inside drunk while smoking a cigarette. However, an official survey by *Washington Square News* has found that they hadn't felt satisfied with their jobs until recently.

"Last week, I went to see my boyfriend at Weinstein. We were going to have a night of intimacy, you know," said Patricia Healey, a College of Arts and Science freshman. "While I was waiting by the front desk for him, the guard started talking to me. After a few minutes he said that I should go behind the desk. I told him I was waiting for my boyfriend. He said he could give it to me better than Alex—that's my boyfriend—could. And you know what? He did."

The NYU Protection Services

has recently begun engaging in sexual activity with the scantily clad freshman population. After years of late-night guards ogling these girls, it appears they're finally acting on these urges.

"These chicks just got to me, you know?" said "Carl," who has worked the 4-12 afternoon shift at Weinstein for the past two months. "Every day they come in looking all fine and shit. And they flaunt it because you know they just want to get it from behind. Man...on Fridays? I could show those Princesses some real chutzpah! And when I say chutzpah, I mean my 8-inch Dominican penis."

"Carl" is one of many guards who has had relations with students during working hours. It is believed this has occurred because guards are simply lonely and would enjoy nothing more than having relations with the very women they protect. Dr. Santos Cutty, a specialist in the field of security guard psychology, has conducted a study on the matter:

"It's very normal for a young woman to be attracted to the guard. They believe if they sleep with them, or perform fellatio, then the guard will allow them privileges: not asking about a black plastic bag, signing in more than three friends, or not calling the real police when she brings down an unconscious guest."

## Exclusive Basement Soiree

Good tidings, party enthusiasts!

I just got back from an orgiastic mess of a party and I've put my fanciful pen upon my serendipitous pad of paper. Oooh, how poetic! Partying and poetry? A must! So sayeth Megan Cox, Party Girl extraordinaire.

And what a party it was! One second I was in class, sipping on a soda given to me by a stranger, and the next moment I found myself bound and gagged while tied to a chair in one of the most exclusive party rooms in New York! It was me and three other girls—all with the same color hair and all named Megan—and the room was bleeding with hip, much like one of the Megan's faces was bleeding with blood.

Our gracious host ran into the room dressed as a hooded executioner and told us one Megan would die an hour. Oooh, creative theme! I thought. After the host left, I managed to stumble to my feet, the chair still tied to my body. I hobbled over to a dusty old refrigerator and prodded the door open with my nose. It was stocked with bottles of Dos Equis. Open Bar! Score! If only I had a bottle opener...or free use of my hands.

The black-clad host barged into the room again and started playing some tunes on an old Barbie Fun Time record player. It was "Flight of the Valkyries." Sweet music, I thought, our host certainly thinks outside the bun. Then he dragged one of the Megans away by her hair. Now the party was turned up to 11!

We heard a loud bang in other room and then our host's ghoulish laughter—perhaps he was playing with some party favors! But alas, I'll never know—some ironic kids dressed as cops ran in, untied us and told us to go home. Boo! New York, your irony always rains on my parade—let me party! Let me wear my '80s denim jacket for a couple more months, I don't want to move on to the '90s yet!

Until next time!

Megan Cox!



If you want Megan Cox to glorify your shitty party, e-mail her at [abductpartygirl@wsn.com](mailto:abductpartygirl@wsn.com).

## Boyfriend Complains Online Love from War-Torn Country Has Turned Into Real Whiny Bitch

Just yesterday, Bob Rogers of the University of Massachusetts voiced doubts about his online romance with Preethi Patel, a resident of an anonymous war-torn country somewhere over there.

"It used to be, you know, smiley faces and little, cute forwards," he confides, looking over the archives that sparked the long-distance loving, "but since she got captured and tortured, it's all, 'I miss my legs, I miss my family, I miss my teeth.' She's bringing me down."

Asked whether he will end the relationship, Rogers states, "Well, the cyber is so good I can't justify it. I'll just frequent

more underage chat rooms to make up for what Preethi can no longer give me."



PHOTO: Bob is still holding out for cyber-anal. "It may not hurt as much as the real thing," he explains of his overseas girlfriend's reluctance, "but it involves a lot more mentally to let someone insert themselves into your ass through text. When will someone invent emotional cyber-lube?"



# OPINION

## Don't Assume That Just Because I'm in College, I Know What "Adjunct" Means



**Dave Mellisy**

David Mellisy is not a regular contributor to the Washington Square News. Rather, he is an adjunct contributor.

As you undoubtedly already know, NYU's adjunct professors threatened a strike earlier this semester. A strike date was set for April 21st, and a work stoppage looked all but inevitable. Fortunately, a job action was narrowly avoided by means of an 11th hour contract agreement.

The demands of the adjuncts? Well, uh...it was about the...uh...well hell, I don't know, really. Benefits or something. Let's say benefits. Health benefits. Honestly, all I know about labor relations I've learned from sports, so I guess there's some kind of proposed adjunct salary cap or mandatory adjunct steroid testing.

I won't comment on the specifics, mostly because I don't know what they are and I wouldn't understand them if I did. But I will proudly stand up and let my voice be heard on the issue. I know that I'm not alone among the NYU student body when I say, "I have no fucking clue what adjunct means." I would guess, but I might seem stupid. I could look it up, but I only look up words that make me giggle. For example, did you know that the plural of "penis" is "penes"? That's a lot more interesting than adjunct professors, unless "adjunct" means "karate," which I'm gonna go ahead and assume it does not.

The strike would have caused many NYU students to miss class sessions. It's a shame that this was avoided, because I was looking forward to hypocritically complaining about losing classes that I paid a king's ransom for, when the truth is that I would have spent the time happily sleeping, drinking, and playing *MVP Baseball* on my X-Box. In any case, congratulations to the adjuncts for getting what they truly deserve. If they deserve it. I don't know.

*This month's editorial is written by our headline editor, Frank P. Quattrone.*

**They Can Send A Man To The Moon, But They Can't Genetically Engineer Winged Monkeys To Fetch Me Things That Are Too Far Away And, In Their Spare Time, Entertain Me With A Selection Of Dances, Rhythmic Chants, And Humorous Faces Which Would Remind Me Of My Dear Departed Aunt Eliza, Causing Me To Become Disheartened And Swat At The Monkeys With My Control Stick (Of Course I'd Have A Control Stick), Making The Monkeys Become Ornery Almost To The Point Of Rebellion, But Not Quite, Because I'd Show Them My Copy Of *Planet Of The Apes*, Not The Classic With Charlton Heston, But The Crappy Tim Burton Remake With Marky-Mark, And The Monkeys Would Be Forced To Realize The Error Of Their Ways And Continue In Their Faithful Service To Me, Their Supreme Lord And Commander Who They Will Address From Now On As "Oh Supreme One," Or They Would If They Could Talk, And Not Just Squawk In Their Monkey Tongue**

Well, why can't they?

## Where Have All The Novelty Toys Gone?

So the other day I, Shankar Gupta, was banging two models while having a root beer float when I thought to myself, "Whatever happened to Pogs?" Now that may seem like a strange thought to have had at the time, but I should add that I was drinking the float out of the 20-foot plastic tube which used to house hundreds of my beloved Pogs. I can still remember the days when I would sit by Pop-Pog (that's what I called my grandpa) and play with my Pogs. That's right, just me, Pop-Pog, and a freshly microwaved Tombstone pizza. And while I certainly miss Pop-Pog since he died four years ago of a pizza-induced heart attack, my uncle was kind enough to keep the family tradition of Tombstone Tuesdays alive. Unfortunately, uncle could do nothing about keeping Pogs alive. Neither could my Native American cousin, Sitting Bull Gupta, who once saved a whole village from the perils of E. Coli by volunteering to eat a hundred-pound shipment of bad meat that was given to the townspeople by a local veal interest group.

You probably want to know why I care so much. "Just Play *Snood*," friends tell me. Can you trade versions of *Snood* for four hamburgers, which was the prize I received when I skillfully gave a friend in 9th grade what he thought was a limited edition ALF Pog? More importantly, Pogs are always there for you. They are there when you have five minutes to kill before class, when you need a break from a long night of studies, and even when your prom date calls and cancels on you due to whooping cough only to show up with Brian Jenkins, the only kid at school who had a bigger Pog collection than you did, to the prom that you went to by yourself. Who needs real women when you've got a Slammer showing the titillating *X-Files* star Gillian Anderson hunting down various erotic paranormals?

But Pogs go even further than just entertainment. We can go back and forth all day on which skin color is better—my vote, of course, going towards South Europeans and yellards—or we can all sit down to a civilized game of Pogs.



# LIFE + IDEAS

## GSP Student Discovers Synchronicity Between Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory Movie and Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory Soundtrack

Last Sunday, GSP student Phil Meyers was proud to announce that, in the grand tradition of Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* lining up with *The Wizard of Oz*, he had discovered a synchronicity between the 1971 Gene Wilder movie *Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory* and the album *The Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory Soundtrack*.

"It's almost freaky," Meyers related excitedly. "Like, when Charlie gets the Golden Ticket, if you play the album, there's this song called 'Golden Ticket' that's all about a kid named Charlie getting a golden

ticket. Then later on, when the oompa loompas roll the blueberry chick out of the room, there's this song that totally lines up. The lyrics are all like 'oompa loompa doobidie doo' and 'gum chewing's bad for you.' I don't know who put this shit together, but they definitely had this movie in mind."

Meyers spends most of his time searching for significant match-ups between movies and albums, also known as synchronicities. While the Wonka/Wonka connection is Phil's first discovered one, he claims a "near miss" with *The Matrix* and *The Matrix Soundtrack*.

*Editor's Note: We were supposed to interview Mr. Monroe but he decided to review a movie instead.*

## NBA Legend Earl "The Pearl" Monroe Reviews *The Girl With the Pearl Earring*

Hello everyone, it's me, 6-foot 3-inch tall NBA legend Earl "The Pearl" Monroe! Did you know I weigh 190 pounds? You didn't? Well, you not knowing my weight is much like me not knowing anything about the film *The Girl With the Pearl Earring* before seeing it at the mall last Thursday (I tend to watch



PHOTO: "The Pearl" was often fined for wearing extra-long shorts.

Ashley Judd thrillers). But back to the "Pearl" movie. It's 17th century Holland, and 7-year-old Griet must work as a maid to famous painter Johannes Vermeer in order to support her father, who was recently blinded in a kiln explosion. I really felt for Griet. When I was 17, my only worries were perfecting my jump shot and not getting my boopreggers.

The movie shows how Griet

overcame her obstacles to become Vermeer's model for his famous painting, *The Girl With the Pearl*

*Earring*. I really connected with this teenage Dutch maid. I also had to overcome adversity - the rough and tumble streets of Philadelphia - to become 1966 NBA Rookie of the Year. I wonder if Griet would have to say yes.

The end of the movie was pretty sad, I'm told. I don't know myself - I fell asleep an hour into the movie because I ate an entire pizza for lunch; you know how Earl "The Pearl" Monroe do!

Uhm, I guess I recommend this movie. But, you know, do whatever you want.

## The Plague Profiles

Though NYU can seem to be a place of anonymity and sexual confusion, it is important to remember that each and every student is a unique human being. That's why here at *The Plague*, we go way the hell out of our muthafuckin' way to make the NYU community a little tighter and more snuggly secure. Our latest attempt at bringing the individual person to mass attention is a segment we like to call *The Plague Profiles*. This issue's profiled student is Jeremy Polermo, a junior in the Gallatin School of Individualized Study. Jeremy's chosen concentration is "Containers and Their Contents."

As a freshman, who wore a Short Circuit T-shirt featuring the visage of Johnny 5 nearly every day, he quickly aligned himself with the ironic hipster crowd in the Weinstein dormitory. Early sophomore year, Jeremy and his comrade (who changed his name from Bradley Fabriani to the ultra-common John Smith to be kind of ironic) noticed the many subcultures of hipsters at NYU. Between the punky hipsters, the dirty hipsters, the hippy hipsters, the rich cab-to-class hipsters, and the ironic hipsters, they saw no amnesty. After a clove cigarette and

bubble tea at Café Café, the two revolutionaries devised a plan to create one hipster community, oozing with solidarity. They decided to create the club IHUAHTMOREM, (or Ironic Hipsters Uniting All Hipsters Through the Music of R.E.M.), not only for the hipsters themselves but to create awareness of those around them. For instance, at family gatherings Jeremy was tired of explaining to his grandparents why it was funny that his girlfriend at the time wore Care Bears socks.

As of now, the club's only members are John Smith and Jeremy, and its numbers may be decreasing yet. Last week, John threatened to ditch the meeting, hoping to achieve a state of hyper-irony by quitting the very club he had helped to ironically create. Jeremy responded with a sincere sob.



PHOTO: "Does this name tag make me look ironic?" No, it makes you look fat.



These are trying economic times and *The Plague* has had to go the route of Nike and Morgan Stanley and outsource some of our work to Indians. We couldn't pay the American rates to all our writers so this page is...

# Rajiv Sangari's Outsourced Follies

## *Things Rajiv Damn Well Feels Like Saying*



My name is Rajiv and I work at Bombay Techno Link in the writing division as an American Journalist, a sitcom writer (*Two and A Half Men*), best selling novelist (I ghostwrote *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* with a team of Seiks) and now a comedy writer!!!!!!!!!!!!

My supervisor informed me "The Plague" magazine has hired me to write and lay out a page. I was told "The Plague" magazine was a comedian magazine. My father has "The Plague" disease. Can you explain your joke to him? He needs laughter since his neck has enlarged with "The Plague" puss balls.




My supervisor also told me comedy guys tell jokes. Here's one: why did the cow cross the road? I can't translate the punchline into English but it's quite funny.



I was told by Jankar Singh (the actor who plays Kramer in India's version of *Seinfeld*) that amusing observations could elicit laughter from a reader. Could this be, reader? Let's see. Have you ever noticed how in Cinema when the heroine breaks into song, the chorus dancers wearing top hats tip them forward? What is the explanation of that? Perhaps their heads are itchy from wool hat lining?

I met a Hindu man on the road one day, and he looked sad. "Why do you look sad?" I asked him. He didn't respond because he didn't speak English.

My friend was in the warrior's class and he was so proud he wore a shirt proclaiming his membership to the Kshatria Varna caste on the sleeves. One day, while wearing this shirt, he broke his arm. He went to the doctor and soon after, he wore a cast under his sleeve whilst wearing his caste on his sleeve. This is a proverb from my hometown.

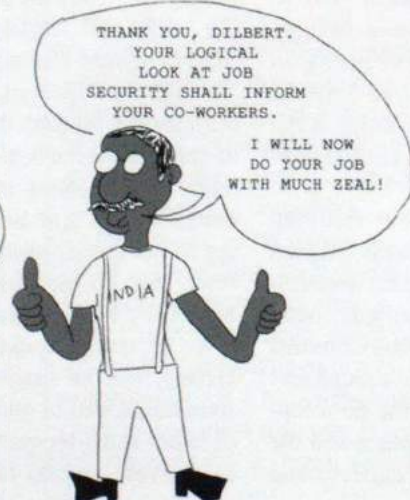
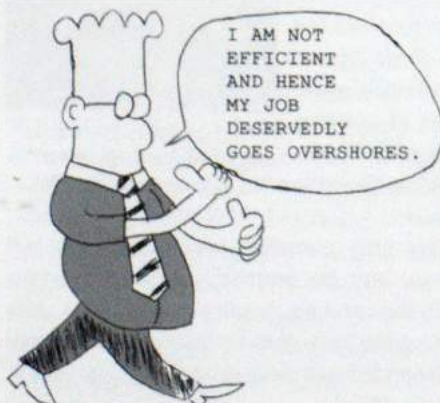
Here are some Rajiv-patented gags.

I can't afford a  or  so I must use my bare  to get to work.

Americans love to  while I can barely find a clean glass of  Excuse me. I'm thirsty.

I know you want it, so...

**DILBERT** by Rajiv



Don't you hate it when you cook Nan bread and the cumin settles in the middle of the dough? Perhaps this is a sign that the almighty Ram disapproves of you? Perhaps.

"The Plague" magazine told me many a student was committing suicide and that I should provide a comedic anecdote about such. Kids, don't commit suicide! I need you to live to get computer jobs that we Indians can steal. He he... That's a little R-Flava!

Outsourcing is cool.



# GAY ASIAN NEWS

Serving the Gay Asian Community Since March 2004

Sunday, April 25th, 2004

## TODAY'S TOP HOT GAY-ASIAN STORIES

**Gay Asian Loses Bid for  
Political Office, But Only  
by a Little Bit**  
Story, Page A3

**Gay Asian Newsletter  
Gains Circulation**  
Story, Page A2

**Gay Asian News Profile:  
Bobby Trendy, Gay  
Asian to the Stars!**  
Story, Page B1



**Celebrity Report: Bobby  
Trendy's Star Rises!**  
Story, Page B2



Kaz  
Tadano,  
most defi-  
nitely a  
pitcher, is  
quite possi-  
bly a gay.



Thomas Wong, wearing a fireman's  
hat for purely symbolic reasons.

## Gay Asian Knocks on MLB's Back Door

Kazuhiro Tadano, a pitcher for the Buffalo Bisons of the AAA International League, nearly made the major league Cleveland Indians squad before the season. Why does this interest you, Gay Asians? Because Tadano, while in college in Japan, appeared in a gay porn film! Tadano claims that he's heterosexual and that he did it "only for the money" - but didn't we all start out saying that? Let's hope that he'll come around, because his fastball isn't the only thing that's blazin'!

## Finally, an Asian Presence in Mainstream Gay Porn

I was browsing the Gay Aisle in Manhattan's Pornium Emporium on West 29th street when I noticed a particularly striking man on the cover of a film. What caught my eye? It wasn't his penis...it wasn't his pecs...it was his beautiful eyes, bronzed skin and straight black hair...I was looking at a true Gay Asian Porn Star!

Unlike many films featuring Gay Asians, *Gay Russian Roulette 3* was not Asian themed, produced by an Asian

porn studio, or filmed on location in Asia. This is a big step up from dreck like the disappointing 1995 release *Dildo Dojo*, in which most of the Asians were portrayed by Mexicans, or the 2001 Japanese import *All-Cocky Bukkake* (see "Gay Asian Knocks at MLB's Back Door," this page). I'd give you his name, but I'm not sure which actor in the credits was the Asian guy...it was either Kip Harding or Bruce "Egg Roll" Hung.

## Gay Asian Volunteers at Local Fire Department

Gay Asian Thomas Wong, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, volunteered at his local fire department Tuesday. "I guess I've just always had an attraction to the whole firefighting scene, ever since I was a little boy," he told *Gay Asian News*. His addition to the Lancaster Fire Department made waves throughout the town.

"We've had gay firemen before, and Asian firemen, but never somebody who was both. So I guess this is noteworthy, kind of," said

Lancaster Fire Chief Hank McGrady.

Wong will not actually be fighting fires, but will provide typing, phone and other clerical services for the Fire Department, along with coordinating the station's fund-raising bake sale. "It's a dream come true," Wong said. "It's a special feeling to help men who put their lives on the line to save others be a little more efficient by filing paperwork and stuff."

## Condoleezza: Black Ice Queen, or just an Asian Queen?

Rumors have been flying about the sexual orientation of National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice. There's no evidence that she's gay, and she's not Asian. But let's look at the facts:

1) The comic strip "Boondocks," by Aaron McGruder, said "If there was a man in the world who Condoleezza truly loved, she wouldn't be so hell-bent to destroy [the world]." DO YOU SEE? She doesn't love men? Everybody's got to love somebody. That leaves women. Which would make her gay.

2) She may be black, but her last name is Rice. Let's face

it, Gay Asians, you all like to eat rice. Like, how many of you have eaten rice in the past week? What's that you say? Yes, it includes sushi. All of you? That's right. All of you. You all ate rice. And you are what you eat, so what you eat is what you are, and all kinds of Rice are Asian, including Condoleezza Rices. Now the question is, does Rice like being eaten [by women, which would make her homosexual]?

Sorry guys, that was a reach. But here at *Gay Asian News*, there's not many stories coming down the pipeline. We have to take what we can get.



A *Gay Asian News* artist's interpretation of what a loving relationship between Rice and fellow Gay Asian Margaret Cho might look like.



Think you're a Civil War buff, buddy? Sure, you might know how many people from Chattanooga, Tennessee died in the Battle of Antietam, or which low-ranking sergeant in the Confederacy was having an affair with Robert E. Lee's mother, but do you know the truly

# Little-Known Facts About the Civil War



Grampa DeSade is a self-described "Civil War buff in the buff." This is his weekly newsletter.

**Fact #1:** It's almost common knowledge that more people died of dysentery than gunshot wounds during the war, but did you know that even more people died of AIDS than both dysentery and gunshot wounds combined? Oh, and even more people were killed by the Loch Ness monster than all of those causes combined. Beware the Loch Ness Monster of Richmond, Virginia.

**Fact #2:** You may have heard and even cited the eerie connections between Lincoln and JFK, who were elected in 1860 and 1960, respectively. But what about the link between their successors, Andrew Jackson and Lyndon B. Johnson? Well, it turns out that both of them began their terms after the previous president had been assassinated.

**Fact #3:** Stonewall Jackson, one of the greatest Confederate generals, was shot and killed by his own men accidentally. Ambrose Burnside's shaggy chops on the side of his face eventually lead to them being called "sideburns." Philip Sheridan revolutionized warfare by burning his enemy's crops and food sources after defeating them. But the most interesting general of all was Stand Watie, the last Confederate commander to surrender. He slept with the most Oriental hookers West of the Ohio River, before and after the war.



Nessie prepares to share another soldier with her pet vulture, Sir Edmund Waltham.

**Fact #4:** All Civil War aficionados should know that rudimentary submarines were actually used in naval combat during the war. However, they were not a part in any North-South battles. Instead, the Union sent submarines to Japan in order to sink their naval fleet before they could get involved in the war.

**Fact #5:** It has recently been revealed that Lincoln, the liberator of the slaves, actually owned slaves himself. But were you aware that Frederick Douglass, a freed slave and one of the biggest proponents of abolition, was also the proud owner of several slaves? Here's a shocking personal letter from Douglass himself, addressed to Harriet Tubman:

*And with the reparations I received from my former master, I bought 40 acres of prime tobacco land in South Carolina. However, I soon decided that I could make more money by turning the area into a cotton plantation. Then, I sold my mule in order to buy another slave family from a nearby trader to work the plantation; that brings my total to thirty-six laborers.*

*Frederick Douglass*

*P.S. Our plight as slaves will be remembered but reparations will be forgotten in the next hundred or so years, so black people should demand them from white people every so often.*

**Fact #6:** Wounds from musketballs and shrapnel led to a record number of amputations during the Civil War. Although it is commonly cited that surgeons at that time did not use anesthesia, it turns out they did have a way of numbing the pain of losing an arm or leg: a swift kick to the sack. This became known as the "Varina Howell technique", named after the nut-kicking wife of Jefferson Davis (apparently he didn't take out the garbage very often).



*I have a black belt in anesthesia*



We're avid animal lovers here at The Plague. Our office, high above Washington Square in the Kimmel Center, is crawling with birds, beasts and (although they're not animals in the traditional sense) a vast collection of microscopic germs. And three of the editors are Jewish! We're also experts on the animals we love. Did you know there are over 80 kinds of animals? Let's face it, folks, that's just not enough. That's why we started the Ani-Mall, the mail-order catalog dedicated to inventing new and improved animals.

# THE ANI-MALL

For All Your Exotic Animal Needs

May 2004



A

## A - GREAT WHITE LION

This half lion/half great white shark was created specifically for a Midwest farmer by the name of Bobby Meyers. Now it's available to you by auction! Bobby sure was smart when it came to ordering animals from our catalog, but he wasn't so smart when it came to ordering the right handling accessories to go with his new pet. After failing to order the correct shark-lion gloves, Bobby was brutally attacked by his new friend. He has since unsuccessfully tried to sue us. I guess Bobby didn't remember Johnny Cochran's famous words "If da glove don't fit you must acquit." Maybe you'll have better luck with the Shark-Lion than poor old wheelchair-bound Bobby did. Enter the auction today!

Item #145888D7K

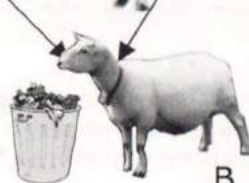


B

## B - THE SHOAT

Half sheep and half goat, this animal was invented to help economically suffering petting zoos everywhere. Now the zoos can spend half the money for twice the animal! Finally children can simultaneously enjoy the sheepish behavior of sheep with the non-sheepish qualities of goats. For farmers.

Item #225886L6E

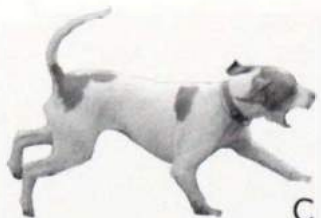


C

## C - THE ULTIMATE DOG

For years, zoologists have said that it's impossible to mate a Chihuahua with a Great Dane. At the risk of repeating an old joke, maybe they just didn't give them enough tequila. Believe it or not, this dog, which combines the massive size of a Great Dane with the miniscule size of a Chihuahua, is neither big *nor* small! It's the ultimate average dog for the average person who has everything.

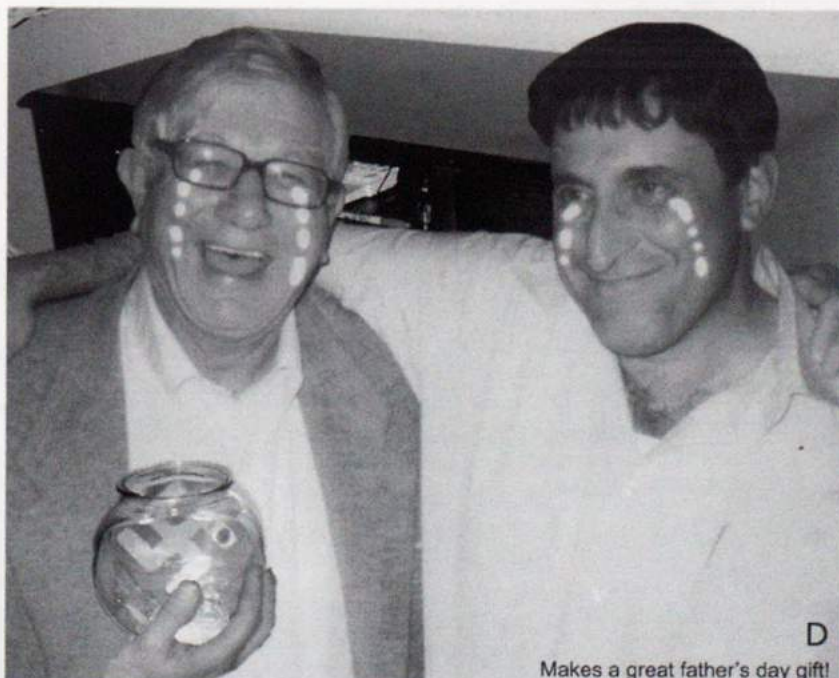
Item #6694211D5X



## D - HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE FISH

This half Jewfish half starfish will make your aquarium complete. But beware, Jewish friends! While you might imagine the minglings of a Jew and a Star would produce a fish adorned with the holy Star of David, you'd be wrong. It is shaped like a swastika. We are confident, however, that the companionship this darling fish provides (through the window pane of its fish bowl!) will far outweigh any and all sad memories of the Holocaust that it will most definitely bring back.

Item #559934K5L



D

Makes a great father's day gift!

## E - CENTAUR

The shame of those who enjoy receiving fellatio from horses will forever fade in our memories. With its head and upper bodies being that of a human, the Centaur will leave you free of guilt, knowing that you're no longer committing bestiality as the Centaur's young-boy upper-half blows you. But when it's his turn, beware! You still have to suck horse penis, you sick fuck!!! Also available in female.

Item #8848860D5L



E

ORDER  
NOW!!  
1-800-  
ANI-MALL





We receive scores (that's "twenties") of e-mails every day about what may or may not be happening in the world around us. Now, much like the hot and sexy cast of the 1998 film *Urban Legend*, we're obsessed with these bits of pop culture folklore. But some just aren't very compelling. So without further ado, we present the most thoroughly uninteresting page of the magazine. It's *The Plague's* guide to...

# BORING URBAN LEGENDS

## Case 74185G78: Roller Coaster Mayhem

**Subject** Be on the lookout!

OK GUYS THIS ONE IS REAL!!! This group of college kids went Six Flags and was sitting in the second to last car of the Superman roller coaster. One of them felt a slight prick on the back of his neck but didn't really pay any attention. About halfway through the ride he felt some discomfort and so he started scratching where he had been pricked, only to discover that he was bleeding!!! As he got off the ride his friends noticed a sticker on the back of his neck that read "Welcome to the Real World: You've got the Flu!" At first he thought it was a practical joke but sure enough a couple of days later he had a slight fever and had to miss class for a few days. BE CAREFUL ON ROLLER COASTERS because this could happen to you!!!

TRUE OR FALSE? Partly true!! A group of college kids did go on the Superman roller coaster, and one of them did find a sticker on the back of his neck. But it was just because he forgot to remove it off his newly-purchased T-shirt, and the sticker just said "Medium." But that kid was a size SMALL! Explain that one, Snopes-Dot-Com!

## Case 4960185XZ1523: True Fantasy

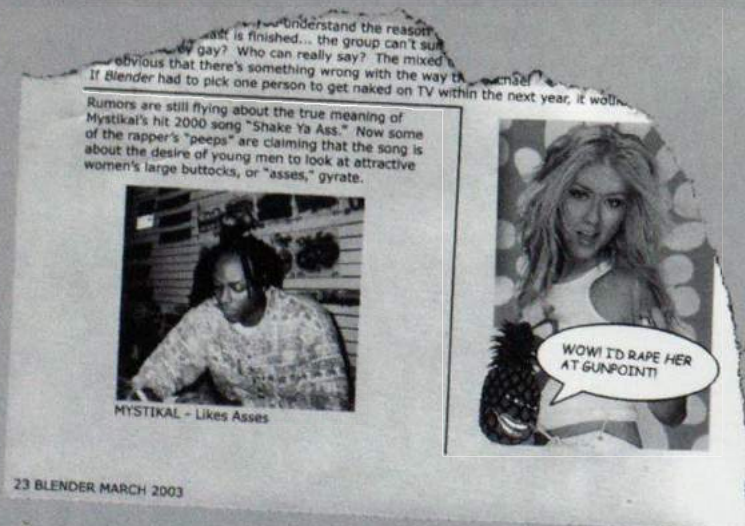
**Bcc**  
**Subject** Wow! What a story!

Hey guys, thought you might like this one...

>>>> Mike LaRoche of Ebbetsville, IN won his YAHOO! Fantasy Baseball League last year... for the 10th year in a row! He's won every year since YAHOO! started the service in 1994. "I guess I'm just lucky," said LaRoche, whose team was led to victory by Alex Rodriguez's MVP season. "My wife nags me sometimes for spending too much time on it, but I take it pretty seriously."

TRUE OR FALSE? This story is true. The selection above is taken from the *Ebbetsville Standard*, a monthly community newspaper.

## Case 411940LP27D6: Shake my WHAT?



TRUE OR FALSE? Cannot be determined. Mystikal could not be reached for comment, as he is currently in a California prison serving a five-to-ten-year sentence for his involvement in the July 2002 gang-raping of his hairdresser. SMMMMOKIN'!

## CASE 62235W25Z: Innocence Lost

According to my school psychologist, Tanner Dinkens...



"Divorce has a negative impact on a child's quality of life, leaving them scarred permanently."

TRUE OR FALSE? Completely false! There are tons of kids I know whose parents got divorces and they're totally cool! Most of the kids I used to play D&D with had parents who split up. Ronnie, that kid who had like six twenty-sided dice, his dad got like six divorces (hell, when his pops got hitched last summer I knew that marriage had a worse time surviving than a white mage in a Palladin Dragon's stomach!). I mean...my parents got a divorce and I'm fine! I write this cool Urban Legends page, for heck's sake! I mean, whenever I feel sad, I just, you know, hold my feelings in. Sometimes I take off my boxer shorts and slip on some panties I found in the "lost laundry" bin in the basement of my dorm. I mean, damn it! When will people stop judging me?

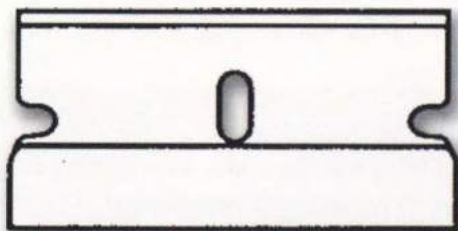


Editor Lukas Kaiser's cousin Jerome is a longshoreman from Rhinelander, Wisconsin. He's also an aspiring writer. His mother, Lukas' Aunt Joanne, begged Lukas' mom to have Lukas print some of Jerome's writings and Lukas begrudgingly agreed. So without further ado, here are...

# The Musings of



I played a lot of *Zelda* in 1<sup>st</sup> grade. It was a nice escape from thinking about my grandfather's death from the year before. He died in a car crash coming back from Toys 'R' Us after buying me a Nintendo.



My mother would keep a jar of razor blades on a mirror on her nightstand. They were clearly for chopping up the cocaine she and her boyfriend would share but she told me the blades were for cutting off dead skin on the bottom of her foot. I believed her because I was 8—meaning there were at least two occasions where I almost lost toes to self-inflicted razor wounds. Happy Mother's Day, mama.



I just got an email from my grandma:

Just got email!!!!

Dear grandson

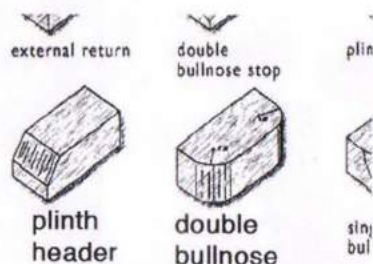
I just learned how to use email.

-Love Grandma

WHEN WILL SHE FUCKING LAY OFF!!!!!!



# Jerome Kaiser



Poetry?  
Maybe.  
A Leaf?  
YES!

The Ku Klux Klan would like to believe whites are the "Plinth Header" of races. Silly Klan. You're as silly as double bullnose.



Ladies? When I'm talking to you, this is what I'm thinking about.



Seth was my favorite babysitter when I was 3 because he let me eat a whole pizza.

But now, I kind of hate him because it's sort of his fault I was fat for 14 years.

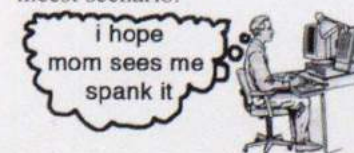
In high school my only means of pornography was my home computer. When I say "my" home computer I am misspeaking--it was the family home computer, conveniently located three feet from the foot of my mom's bed. But the fear of my mom watching



Don't be fooled by this photograph--this man's not actually surrounded by clouds. It's a backdrop.

But you are correct in assuming he's a virgin and that he has every episode of *Dark Shadows* on tape.

didn't bother me because it wasn't pornography that "got me off." I "got off" on the thought of putting my mother through a reverse-incest scenario.





## THE DIARY OF THE LEAD SINGER OF THE EMO BAND ..XX THE BEAR & THE BUTTERFLY XX..



**EMOtionalCowboy**

***No one will ever love me because I am dumb, fat, and ugly.***

[archive]  
[friends]  
[user info]  
[my thong pics]

<< Previous 697 entries

[February 12, 2004]

My chain is too short. I want a wallet chain that's not too long, but not as short as this. It doesn't dangle across my narrow hips as well as it should. I don't know how I'll be able to play tonight at Kimmel. Man, what a show that'll be. We're playing with this band from Brooklyn. They sound like Xiu-Xiu with the first EP style of the Wrens. It's going to rock.

[February 14, 2004]

The show was awesome. We had 9 people show up. It was so intimate, like that time I saw the Nimrods in the basement of CB's. I met this girl afterwards. She had Bettie Page eyes, and we talked about +/- until three in the morning. She said to call her, but I won't. It just can't work. She was wearing a Unicorns hoodie. That's so gay.

[March 2, 2004]

Practice rocked today. Ian was tight on the bass, especially on our new song. But Brandon is really starting to piss me off. He wanted a longer prog solo, and we just can't have that, man. Our fans want deep lyrics. We can't just break off into instrumentals. That takes away from my songwriting ability. Later, when I was walking on St. Mark's, I saw this girl with blue hair. She looked very deep. She had a paper coffee cup, and that shows her ability to think outside the box. I think she works in the comic store. I might stop by tomorrow.

[March 6, 2004]

Man, my thong broke. I have to go break a twenty and buy a new one. This day sucks.

[March 8, 2004]

I wrote a new song while I was drinking some SoCoke with my friends. It's about how when you've got the motivation to go out, you know there's nothing out there. So you just sit inside, and you remember that one girl who really got to you. I'm dedicating this to the girl with blue hair. Maybe she'll hear it. I hope so. But it won't happen because life is unfair.

[March 10, 2004]

I've decided to become straight edge. It's a much cleaner lifestyle, and chicks dig guys like that. This isn't like the time I became vegan. That was just to score with this chick, but she wasn't like that. We found we were too deep. I didn't want to ruin our relationship with sex. I met her girlfriend a few weeks ago. They seem really happy. I wish I could be this happy.

[March 11, 2004]

Tonight I was really depressed. Jake called me and said we should go out, but I didn't feel it. The world seemed like it was choking me. I wanted to call Jae. We hooked up once at Roseland while Death Cab was playing. She was wearing a Homestar Runner hoodie. I just want to feel warmth. I need to feel a soft body. I tried masturbation, but the only thing that came were my tears. We're playing a battle of the bands in Queens next Friday. We're sounding really tight. But Brandon still wants to play prog. Fuck.

[March 20, 2004]

The show was miserable. There was this hardcore band, and their guitarist kept yelling at me. I don't understand where this aggression comes from. I told him I was edge, but he kept calling me a poseur. I don't need that. I told him that all his ignorance came from his inability to see the real enemy: authority. We played an all right set, but the guitarist was yelling at us. He brought a bottle of beer and threw it at me. I kept playing though, while beer, blood, and tears mingled together. Right then, I felt alive. We came in second and I met a lot of cool people afterwards. They all agreed that one guy was a dick. I met a really cute girl. I think I've seen her before at Generation Records. She said her name was April, but she could end up being my Miss NYC. Hey, that sounds like a good title for a song.



February 12, 2004

Last week, my father said I was a lousy Jew so I decided to try to get a job at the United Jewish Appeal Federation as a telemarketer, raising money for poor Jews. Then I realized that I had misinterpreted his statement, seeing how he hates all Jews and only married my mother because he wanted to legally beat her. Earlier this week, my therapist said I was a lousy person so he is forcing me to keep a journal so I can reflect or some shit. So I decided to combine my miseries in this here diary. Why do goyim always seem happier?

February 16, 2004

Today at my interview, everything was going just peachy until the lady asked me wanted to work there. I didn't know how to answer because if I told the truth she wouldn't but if I lied I would be a bad Jew. So I did what I have always done in any morally demanding situation: run to the shitter after mumbling, "I have a condition." This is why I can never get married.

why I hire me,

February 27, 2004

After a week of waiting, I finally got a call the other day saying that I was hired. They went out of their way to tell me that I wasn't their first choice, but they were forced to hire my "Jewish ass" due to equal opportunity laws. When I got to work, I was told Jelly Dawson, the UJA's top caller, was going to show me the ropes. I found it odd that he was a 6'4" black man from Morningside Heights. He told me his trick is to change his name to Danny Goldberg while on the phone so the rich Jews think he is a son of a rich Jew instead of the dude who stole their trampoline. Danny Goldberg is my name and I can't seem to get any donations. Maybe this is why I'm sexually insecure: black people can always do it better.

March 9, 2004

I finally got a donation. I was smooth and confident, but not too car salesman-esque. She couldn't give a lot, but \$36 is OK, right? The victory was tainted when the lady told me to say 'hi' to my mother. It turns out my mom had told some of her friends in the Jewish community (the ones that never ask about her black eyes) that I was calling for donations and to act like they were being persuaded into giving, all to boost my sinking confidence. I'm thinking of replacing my therapist with opium, or just more porn. Probably the porn.



mom

Jelly

April 15, 2004

I haven't made an entry in a while because this job is so goddamn monotonous it would be like having a tooth-brushing diary. The only money I ever raise comes from family friends that pity me. Depression is surfacing. My therapist says I should take up a hobby to filter my angst, so I started masturbating in period costumes. Tonight I'm a 19th century Georgian socialite. I wonder if Jelly could come over to bring me cocktails and call me 'mastah'?



Dad

Dad hates this.

April 17, 2004

Things are actually starting to look up. When I looked up after making a call, a piece of the ceiling fell and hit me in the eye.

April 20, 2004

Work today was a disaster. I called this guy and started giving him the sales pitch. He could not have been more pissed off about being asked for money. He started screaming into the phone: "Why don't you fucking parasites stop calling me? I'm old and wrinkly and poor. How 'bout this, sonny, you do me a favor and go fuck yourself." I didn't know what to say, and I couldn't pull a "fake poopoo" so I decided to finally stand up for myself. "Sir, I would appreciate it if you weren't such a cock. I am just trying to be a decent Jew here and if you don't like it, well, I'll see you in the Hell we don't believe in." I was fired on the spot and I had never felt so good. This will be my last entry.



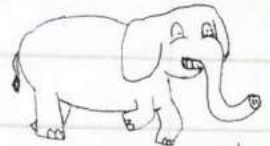
My Boss



# THE PLAGUE GIL [REDACTED] HEMORRHOIDS

Here at I  
guides a  
care abc  
about he  
sure thin

## Yara Gouldsey's



If I could be  
anything, I'd  
be an elephant  
in a butter  
factory!!!

My principal, Mr. Gershwin.  
This is the outfit he wore  
on "Expand Your Horizons"  
Day at school. He talked  
funny the whole day and  
me and Mr. Rosenbaum got  
to go home early!

This is the good  
grade closet from  
school. All the girls  
go in there with the  
boy teachers and  
when they come  
out, they get A's!  
Well, I guess I  
still got B's.



Now tha  
A baby li  
peapod!  
Hell, I'd



Here's a picture of  
my best friend, Sharone  
Ansvari. She's so cute!  
This is a picture of  
her from when she was  
modeling glasses for  
O magazine.



Erbst Dry Cleaning  
11 East 3rd Street  
New York, NY 10011

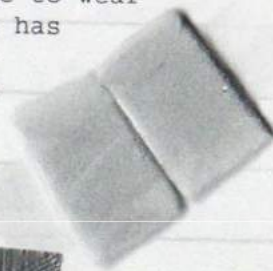
11-19-2002 8:12PM 06-76872

For bloodstain removal of  
following items

Long skirt (x2)	\$ 6.50
Underpants (x8)	\$10.00
Oversized L.L.	\$16.50
Bean Backpack	
Blouse (x3)	\$ 9.00
Bloodstain surcharge	\$ 5.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$47.00</b>

Here's the dry cleaning  
receipt for when I got  
my first period. That  
was the best weekend ever.  
First I got to go to  
the Olive Garden for my  
sixteenth birthday; then  
I officially became a  
woman!

These are the earplugs  
Mommy gave me to wear  
for when she has  
sex with her  
pickle-juice  
drinking  
boyfriend.





# THE PLAGUE GUIDE TO PLAGUE GUIDES

## Scrapbook!!!

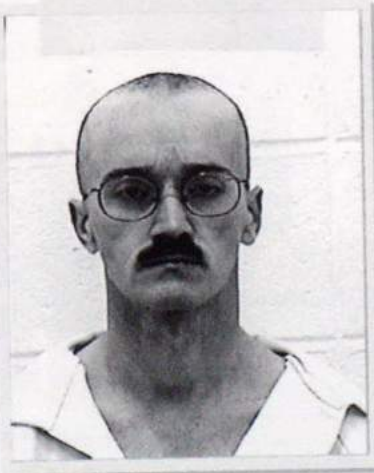


This is my dog, Thumper. He was the best dog ever but for some reason we never took any pictures of him when he was alive, so I had to take this one at the pet cemetery. I love you Thumper!

Here's a guitar pick that I caught at the Clay Aiken concert. Actually, it was from the opening act, a Christian rock group called Ten Shekel Shirt. They weren't as cute as Clay but they still rocked!



I was so inspired by Ten Shekel Shirt that I decided to convert to Christianity. My Evangelist friend baptized me in her bathtub. This is some of the water that I saved from it.



A note from my boyfriend, Chad!

I got a picture of the guy who killed my aunt as proof that the American judicial system doesn't work. He had been in jail twice for domestic assault cases but released again with no rehab. Oh, he's also my uncle. Hi Uncle Fred, you silly goose!

Dear Yara,

I miss you! Why am I so dependant on your hugs? Don't worry about those guys who said you would look better if they cut your head off. Still you could consider getting plastic surgery.

Love  
Chad

P.S. How was your test?

It's  
ome  
Jes-  
say  
lon'  
un





On January 4th, a female McDonald's employee died in the emergency room of St. Vincent's Hospital following a heart attack that doctors say was brought on by high blood pressure. The only thing found on her body was this...

# Employee Diary

## September 12

Work was OK today until I had to stay a little later than usual. After I closed the store, I got robbed. The mugger asked me for my money, so I gave him my wallet. I thought he was going to leave but then he said, "You know what? Why don't you super size it?" Then he raped me.

## September 30

Long day at the cash register, whew! Luckily, my favorite "Friends" episode was on TV when I got home. But unluckily, a masked man broke into my house while I was watching it and raped me. Although it was extremely painful, I could not stop myself from yelling out "I'm lovin' it" as he thrust me, which thereby caused him to thrust even harder.



the rapist

## October 20

Joined the Klan today. I've decided to cut the dark meat out of my life now that McDonalds did the same with their all-new white meat Chicken McNuggets.

## November 1

Started going out with one of the workers from Burger King down the street. We had a nice date in the park before going back to his place for a little while. Guess he thought he was getting an Extra Value Meal but it's still early, so I just gave him something off the Dollar Menu: an unlubricated hand job.

## November 29

Thanksgiving dinner didn't turn out to be the Happy Meal I expected. I went to my parents' house, but they just fought over whether or not they should go on low-carb diets. Maybe next year I'll take my turkey at the Ronald McDonald house; I hear that place is great.

## December 14

I drove my car through JC Penney by accident today. I thought all places had the convenience of a drive-thru window. If only McDonald's sold Keds, then those three schoolchildren would still be alive.

## December 23

Had our Christmas party this year; it was the best one yet. We had everything you could ask for: food, folks, and fun. Everyone drank triple thick eggnog milkshakes. Then for my bonus, they gave me an overstuffed bag of eight-year-old wind-up Talespin Happy Meal toys. Merry Christmas!

## January 4

I've been having chest pains the last couple of days. I suppose I should see my doctor, but I really can't afford to co-pay on a physical right now. I like working at McDonald's, but the health benefits aren't all that great. Oh well, I'll just smother the pain with a couple of quarter pounders.



We couldn't find a picture of actual Crash Test Dummies, but we did find this picture of that band from the '90s.  
Mmm mmm mmm mmm...

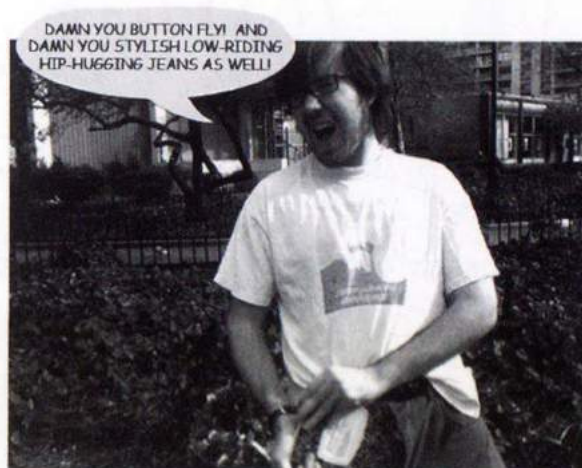


## Making a Diary

# PLAGUE STYLE



STEP 1: Obtain the necessary items. You'll need a notebook in which to record your ideas and dreams, something to write with and lots of mind-altering drugs to help make mundane events "heavy."



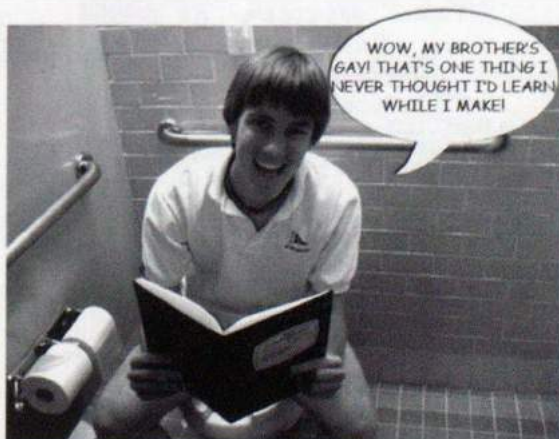
STEP 2: Make sure you keep your diary in a readily accessible place at all times. You never know when inspiration will strike!



STEP 3: Remember, your diary is where you keep all of your private thoughts, so lock it up and hide it away where no one will see it!



STEP 4: Get out there and look for adventure!

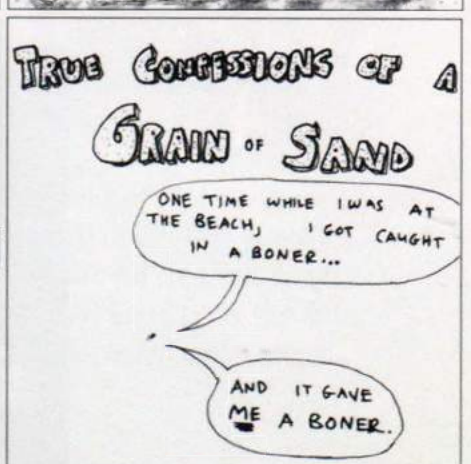
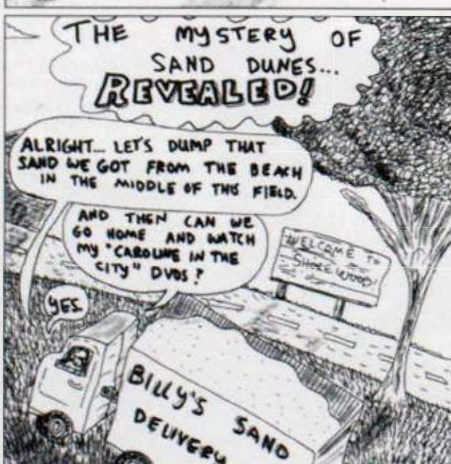
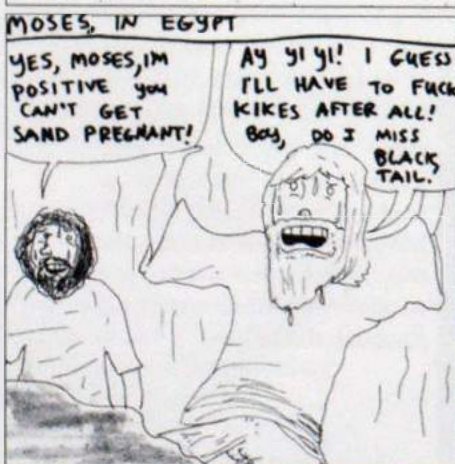
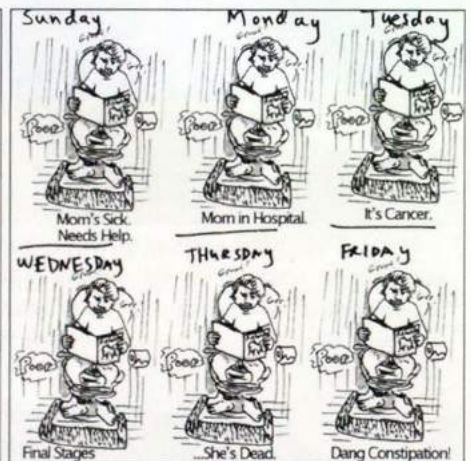


STEP 5: After you've filled up every last page, leave your journal in the bathroom as reading material for friends and family. Who knows what they'll discover about you when they take their turn on the porcelain throne!

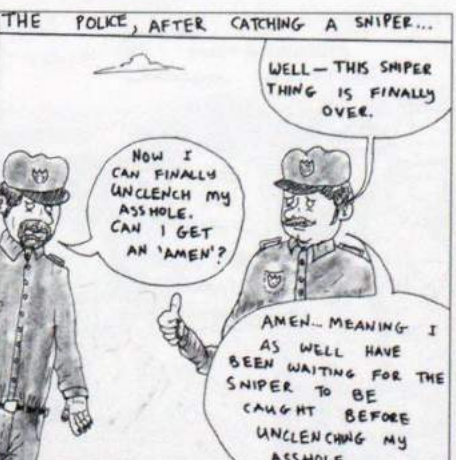
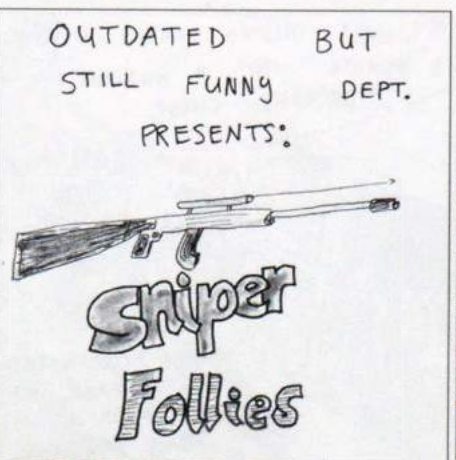
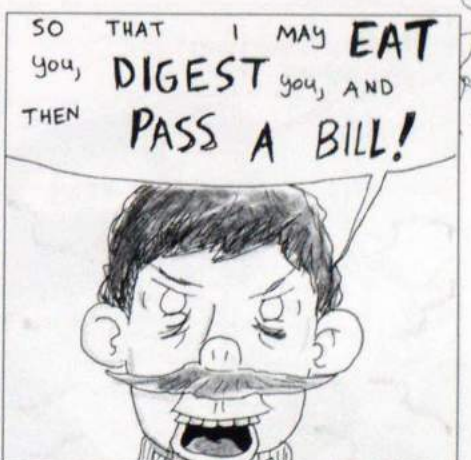
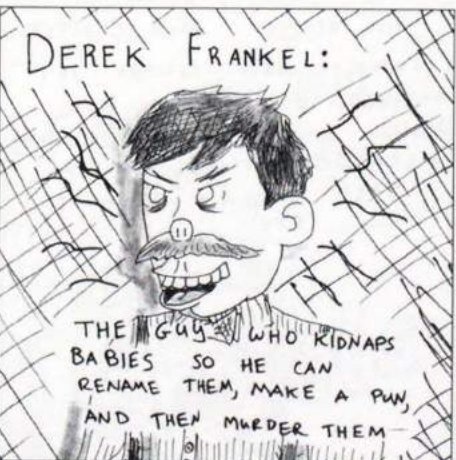
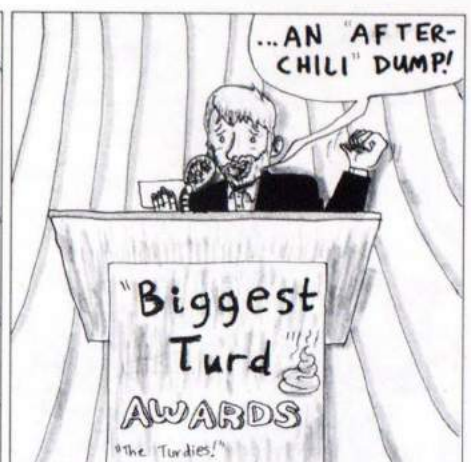


# ComiX!!!

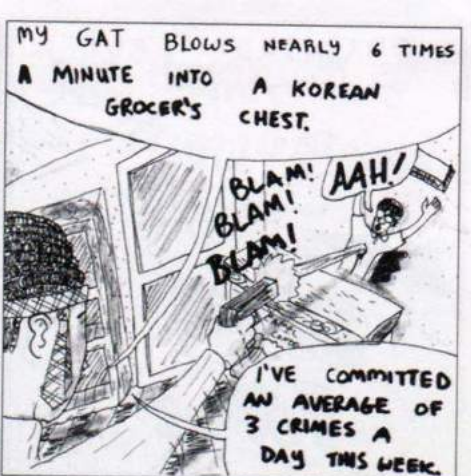
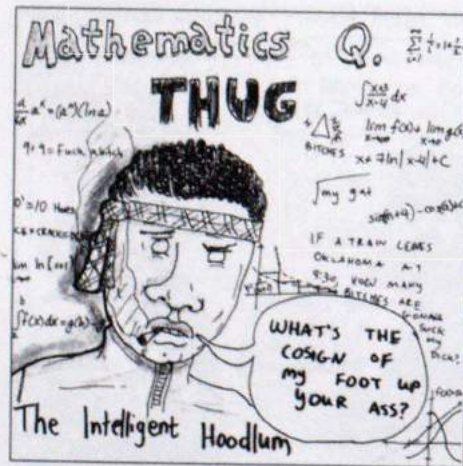
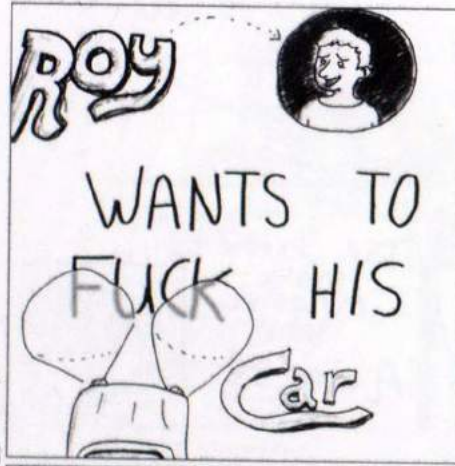
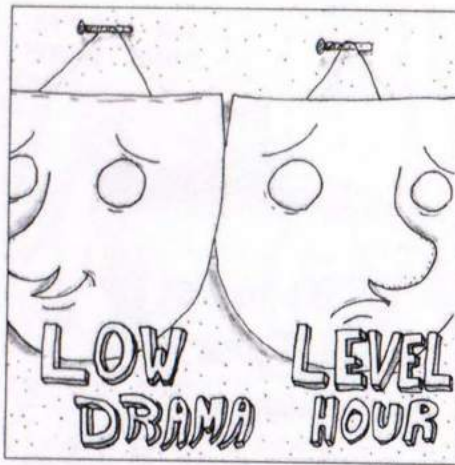
PETER ROSS  
The flower who wished  
he was a person!













HATE TELS  
AND I WANT  
LET THEM  
USE AOL

Literature  
Master **Ficis!**  
Theatre Presents

ALICE IN...

Through  
The  
Smelling  
Glass

by Lewis Poop

WHERE AM I?

IT SMELLS  
TERRIBLE  
HERE!

YOU'RE IN  
MY TOILET  
BOWL!

AND SAYING  
IT SMELLS  
TERRIBLE  
OFFENDS ME!

VIETNAM WAS  
FUN!

OH! I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, SIR!  
I SHANT OFFEND YOU AGAIN!

THAT'S NICE.  
ENJOY HEAVEN!

FLUSH!

AAAAAAA...!

YOU KNOW...  
IT DOES STINK  
IN HERE WELP...  
IMA GO BUY  
ME A PREPARED  
CHICKEN AT  
D'AG AND EAT  
THAT SHIT!

ADVERTISEMENT

FUN, ONE PANEL  
GAGS ABOUT

Shovels

I LIKE DIGGING WHITE GRAVES  
MORE THAN BLACK GRAVES.

AND THEN THE CELTIC  
PEOPLE INVENTED THE  
SHOVEL WITH A HANDLE IN HIS

THAT MAY BE, BILLY...  
BUT THIS ISN'T A QUIB SHOW  
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE  
TESTIFYING AGAINST SOME  
MOTHER FOR THE STABBING  
DEATHS OF YOUR THIN  
35TEES...

O.O. OKAY... WELL, MANDY AND  
MORRIS'S HEADS BROKE OFF--  
MUCH LIKE WHAT HAPPENED TO A  
SHOVEL'S HEAD WHEN IT HIT'S  
AARW AT A 70" ANGLE. SHAMELESS...

OKAY... OKAY!  
YOUR PASSION... UGH...  
FOR SHOVELS... UGH...  
ISN'T BECAUSE OF  
PENIS ENVY!

ONCE I HIT MY FRIEND IN THE  
HEAD WITH A SHOVEL.

ME  
Telling  
A True  
Story.  
No Gag.  
He went  
The Hospital.  
Nah, it's a Gag.  
(Nah, it's True)

AT THE DEDKATION CEREMONY FOR THE  
MEMORIAL FOR SHOVELS KILLED IN 9-11.

BRAVE? PERHAPS. DEAD?  
ALSO UNDER REVIEW.  
BUT... SHOVELS? YES. GOD YES!

DIGGING HEAVEN'S  
HOLES NOW





Hey baby, I think you're kind of hot...woah, what the fuck?! Is that a "bun in the oven," bitch? Are you fucking pregnant? Shit, bitch...you fucked up. You know, you shoulda just used...

# The Plague Guide to Abstinence



Hello, my name is Jeremy Schon.

I am an expert in teaching teens to abstain from what the youth-oriented poet Jigga Man calls "sex." Mine is a three-part process.

## Part One:

It's out there. On the streets, on packs of cigarettes, even inside cigarettes themselves—it's SEX, that dirty little word that sells. I know what you're thinking: "Why can't I just smoke my cool, smooth flavored Camels without having to think about that sexy and sweet talking Joe Cool and his female counterpart Camelina Cigarette?" Yeah. Why can't you?

Well, because the world is designed for people who like to fuck. People who like to put their engorged genitals inside one another's engorged genitals, sensual juices and pleasures

## The Temptations We Have to Fight

spilling abound. But those feelings, those juices—they're not for you, sweet teenager. Your only pleasures are your deliciously smoky cigarettes. (Unless you're pregnant, which you're not, because you abstain from sex, don't you?)

So what do I suggest you do? Close your eyes and cross your legs, son. And lady, keep your wonderfully erect nipples under wraps. And keep smoking those cigarettes, perhaps while sipping on a Pepsi and listening to your Ray Charles long player.

## Part Two:

You're at home, playing *Ninja Turtles* on the Nintendo Entertainment System your stepfather Todd bought you. Little sis? She's got her door closed, her Cyndi Lauper tape cranked to 12 on her boombox. Mom? At the frozen pizza factory, working an unexpected night shift. There's a knock at the door. You pause the game and go see who's there. It's Lauren Tyler, your high school's gorgeous, requisite slut. She's standing in the pouring rain, only wearing a pair of lily-printed panties, now

## When Sex Jumps Into Our Lap

tensely clinging to the folds of her shaved pussy.

"Fuck me," she says.

What do you do? Close the door, dear teen. Slam it in Ms. Tyler's face. Now double bolt that front door and run and get your father's shotgun. Fire a warning shot into the ceiling and let Ms. Tyler know you're not ready for sex just yet. She'll understand =)!

## Part Three:

Nope. Don't tickle yourself into wantonness ever! That's right, ever! I mean, even by accident.

"By accident?" you ask. "How does that happen?"

Oh, come on now, you stinky-handed liar, I know you've been there...I just know you've accidentally jerked off your Hawaiian Bagpipe before.

We've all been in this situation...wrestling's on TV, you're sitting on your couch with a bag of microwave popcorn at your side. You go for a delicious kernel of your Pop Secret ambrosia and your hand accidentally slides across one of your testicles that has accidentally fallen out of your shorts. Suddenly your gonads contract and your veiny, tulip-shaped penis becomes enlarged. Just then, you sneeze and the top button of your pants pops off. You reach for a piece of Kleenex and suddenly your shorts are at your ankles. The female professional wrestler Sable comes onto your TV screen. You sneeze again, this time accidentally on your upward-pointing penis. You clean off your

## Don't Masturbate Either

penis with some Kleenex and in the process a milky-white fluid generously spills forth.

Yes, a typical situation, as I've said before. But it's still horribly wrong.

"Hey Jeremy, how could this situation be avoided?"

Well, I'll tell you a secret. That little scenario happened to me. And it wasn't Sable I was watching. It was Hulk Hogan. And you know what was really, like, kinda funny? Like...it would happen to me a lot. I would accidentally masturbate a lot. I guess I was pretty clumsy in high school.

Anyways...what I did when I found myself in that situation was a simple little something we could do—I removed my sinuses. Now I never sneeze and, more importantly, never masturbate. Or cum, for that matter. It's kinda funny actually—my sack's pretty big. Like, it drags on the ground behind me when I walk and stuff. No kidding.

In conclusion, if you follow my abstinence methods, your life will be s-s-s-smokin' in no time!




# AVOIDING RAPE





Don't let  
this happen  
to you


## WHAT IS ACQUAINTANCE RAPE?


Most people think that a forcible sexual act can only be considered "rape" if it is performed by a stranger. But did you know that if your prom date forced you to have sex with him when you really didn't want to, this is another form of rape known as "acquaintance rape?" This is a prosecutable offense with many damaging psychological consequences. However, since many women are afraid to go to court (he DID drop \$60 on that room in the Best Western, after all), prevention of acquaintance rape is the first step. Here are some ways you can protect yourself:


 **DON'T** walk around after four in the afternoon. Only whores go out then. Don't go out before 2 AM, either, or you'll look like a loser. Losers get raped.


 **DO** cry as loudly as possible everytime you leave your house. Rapists only go after the emotionally stable, otherwise it wouldn't be any fun.


 **DON'T** cluck like a chicken in public. Rapists love chickens.


 **DO** carry a Wiffle bat. Rapists would much rather play a game of Wiffleball than rape you.


 **DON'T** wear your hair in a ponytail. That makes you a target for rape. How, we're not sure, but what we do know is that all those Trench Coat Mafia guys are in trouble, and they had ponytails. And rape is trouble. So...you know.

 **DO** go braless while wearing tight shirts. It will probably make you look like a fat chick with small tits. Nobody wants to hit that.

 **DON'T** dance. It's slutty.


 **DO** not take the Lord's name in vain. God hates a sinner. And he rapes them too. And sinners rape other sinners, as well.


 **DON'T** give your boyfriend a lap dance, get into bed in sexy lingerie, and then decide you're not in the mood. You'll definitely get raped. And he's your acquaintance, so that ups the risk of it being acquaintance rape.


 **DON'T** have any acquaintances. That way, you won't be raped. Or if you are, it will be by a complete stranger. Your case will make it to preliminary hearings that way. Or make an acquaintance.


## HOW NOT TO RAPE SOMEONE


Studies show that about one in every eight women is the victim of rape. Other studies show that if you are a male, chances are that you will rape someone at some point in your life. How is this disparity possible? For some reason, the victims are often raped multiple times by different people. Not only is it unsatisfying to realize that you just raped someone who has already been "used," it also turns out that you can go to jail and/or be slapped with a hefty fine. As usual, the best way to avoid committing a crime is by stopping yourself before you get started:


 Don't stick your dick in anyone under eight (this includes all orifices).


 Come to think of it, just don't stick anything in anyone under eight.


 Realize that next time you're with your girlfriend and she says, "Have you raped anyone?", you'll have to say "Yeah".


 Consider actually paying her to do it. No one likes a cheap date.

 Next time you're feeling sad, just cut yourself instead of using your wang to cut someone else's hymen.


 Walk around with an owl on your shoulder. Owls are wise and will advise you not to rape in most situations.


 Picture her taking a shit. Nah, scratch that. That's pretty hot.


 Pretend she's a guy. Unless you're homo. If that's the case, pretend she has the HIV.

 Pretend she's your mom. Unless you're homo.

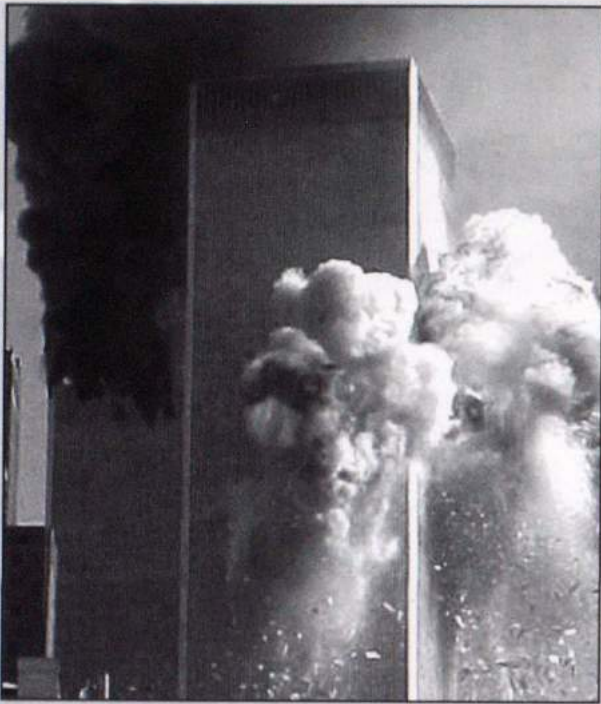
## WHAT IF I DO RAPE SOMEONE?

 The victim will probably be frightened, so it's important for one of you to remain calm. Don't make sudden movements, especially not with your penis.

 Make sure you carefully hide the condom...what do you mean you weren't wearing one? That's unsafe.

 Rape carries a sentence of around fifteen years in most states. Murder only adds on another ten usually; we recommend going for it all.





On September 11th, 2001 two hijacked planes were crashed into the World Trade Center in downtown Manhattan.

# NEVER AGAIN!

*because*

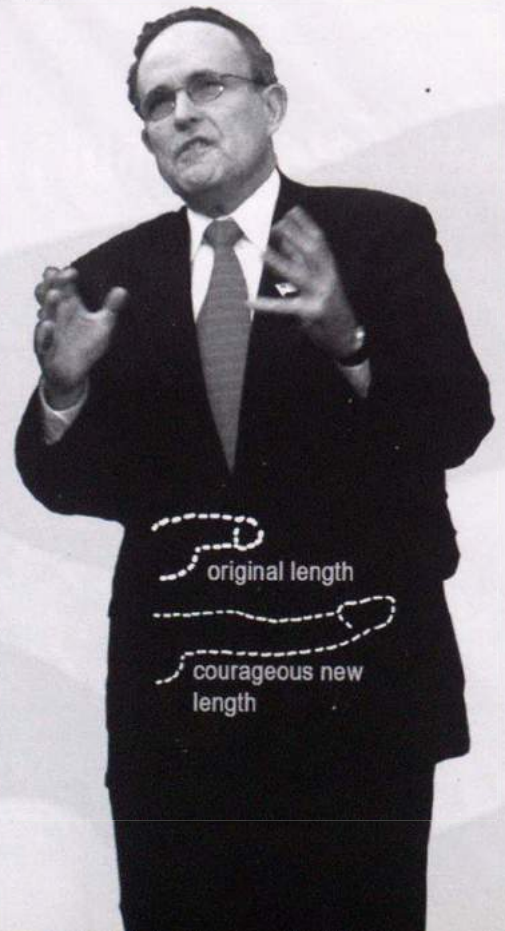
## GIULIANI PARTNERS, INC.

IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE

# Gronadochlor™

**A NEW TECHNOLOGY THAT CAN  
INCREASE THE SIZE OF YOUR  
PENIS BY UP TO 40%**

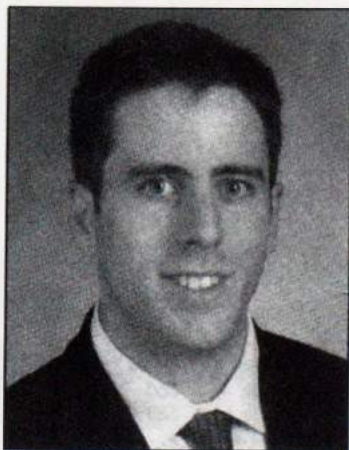
Our CEO and founder, Rudolph I. Giuliani, showed great courage and strength of character on September 11, 2001 thanks to the self-confidence a larger penis can give you. Knowing that you'll never feel inadequate in an intimate setting with your partner means you'll never feel insecure staring down the bearded, unbrowed visage of a terrorist attempting to hijack your plane. Everyone can use a few extra inches, and our state-of-the-art chlorine dioxide-based Gronadochlor™ technology can give you that extra length and thickness, imbuing you with the sense of security and virility we all need in these trying times. The terrorists may have reduced our beloved towers to rubble on that fateful day, but they can't stop Gronadochlor™ from strengthening your penis the way our CEO and founder Rudolph I. Giuliani strengthened our resolve to stand up against terrorism in our city after the tragic events of 9/11. The choice is yours.





# The Quatrain Group Mutual Financial Network salutes Joseph Q. Gandiels.

The Quatrain Group Mutual Financial Network has taken an ad in this magazine, as per Mr. Gandiels' request. Right now he's holding us, the Mutual Fund specialists at the Quatrain Group, hostage at gunpoint. We fired Mr. Gandiels because he was using his office for a medium-sized child pornography ring. It would appear Mr. Gandiels is not only a pervert but also a violent-minded criminal and a gun aficionado. So now I'd not only like to salute Mr. Gandiels, but also Tom Robinson, the wonderful fellow who runs background checks for our Human Resources department. Good going, Tommy! Boy am I glad I convinced Mr. Quatrain not to fire you. Well, I just heard some gunshots and some blood just splattered on the computer screen, so it's time for me to say goodbye. I'd say "Let's Roll" right now, but that'd be cliché and one must retain their sense of rhetoric, even when a gun is pressed to one's temple. Toodles!



**Joseph Q. Gandiels**  
Financial Representative  
The Quatrain Group  
55 E. 10th Street, 8th Floor  
New York, NY 10003  
(212) 443-8000  
[Joseph.Gandiels@Quatrain.com](mailto:Joseph.Gandiels@Quatrain.com)



## The Quatrain Group

*"It's time for a Quiet Conversation."*

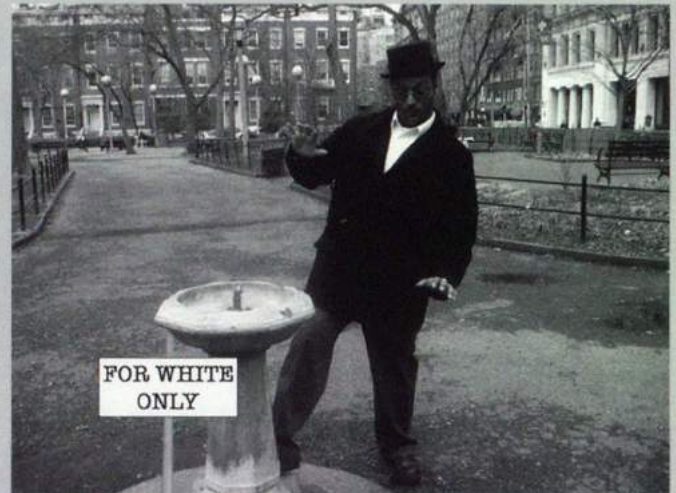


The following piece has been seen as racist by some, but we consider it a literary classic that outlives its flaws. So now *The Plague* presents Mark Twain's...

## A 1940's Negro in Modern Day New York City



"I sho' am thirsty on this beautiful day in the 1940s."



"This water is a little too clean."

What our hero doesn't know is that he's just travelled forward in time after drinking from the White Only fountain.



"Good day to you, suh."

"I don't know why you're doing this...but I know I like it!"



"Super..cuts? Looks like a fine establishment for getting my hair conked. 'Tis gettin' a tit bit nappy in back."



"I'd help you, but they'd blame me for the your accident."

"The pain..."

"I imagine. Buts I like my life, suh."



"What's really hood, son?"

"'What is really hood'...I like the razzmatazz of your jazz, suh."





"Don't mind me, Ma'am. I'll just take these to your room."  
 "It's 215, there're more bags in the van when you're done."



"Hey...uh...thanks for that, buddy...I guess."  
 "But of course, for you are of a higher standing."



"Keep singing them spirituals, Jigga Man, and I'll keep on tapping ma' feet. I got the spirit in me."



Suddenly our hero spots something he doesn't care for...something he doesn't care for at all.  
 "Ugh...a darkchild...not the caddy? Something ain't right here. It must be that water I drank, got me feelin' all high and mighty."



"A black folks' water fountain! My only way to set things right!" After a few sips, our hero is sent back...



"My brothers and sisters, I am home again! Mama Raptor, put the stegasaurus in the deep fryer. Your boy is back."



Because you're homeless and look like Jerry Springer

# The Plague explains the...

## WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM "THE PASSION OF THE CHRIST"

- The real miracle of Jesus was how they filmed that nail through the hand scene.
- How quickly Americans can forget about 9/11. Sure, one thing has nothing to do with the other. Sure. I...hey, I believe you. Enjoy the film.
- Jews didn't kill Jesus. God did. Let's all hate God, that fucker.
- That much like The Hulk, the Jews only grow horns when they're angry.
- The book isn't always better.
- Danny Glover still can't get a cab.
- "Passion" isn't short for "passion fruit".

## IT'S NOT GAY SEX IF...

- You wear a coon-skin cap.
- You think really, really hard about girls. Straight ones.
- The balls don't touch.
- You're not gay.
- You pay more than \$50 for it.
- It's Father's Day.
- It's good.
- He makes more money than you do.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO RU PAUL?

- He's huge in Uzbekistan
- He started a marmalade factory - "Ru Paul's Raspberry/Ball Marmalade."
- Reverse sex change back into a non-cross-dressing gay male.
- He's in your women's studies class.
- She's the new sandwich maker in Weinstein.
- Ever see her and Wayne Brady in the same place? Think about it.
- Come to think about it, how about LeBron James?

## DON'T YOU JUST MISS...

- Tamagotchi?
- September 10th, 2001?
- Furbies?
- Timothy McVeigh?

## NEW ATTRACTIONS AT THE COUNTY FAIR

- Dunk the breast cancer survivor.
- Watermelons. It's weird, they never had them at county fairs before.
- WNBA games. That's right, they've brought the WNBA back. And they're at the county fair!
- No pants!
- Women with inverted nipples.
- Equal opportunity lynching.

## WHAT'S IN ROBERT BLAKE'S PURSE?

- The severed heads of all the Little Rascals.
- That damned parrot.
- Potluck noodle coogle. And his wife's vulva.
- Tampons.
- Pudding, mostly.
- Metallica's *Black Album*.
- The gun he used to kill his wife and the knife he used to kill Nicole Brown Simpson.
- Tasti D-Lite.

## EUPHEMISMS FOR WHEN YOU GOTTA SHIT SO BAD THAT IT'S ALREADY STICKING OUT A LITTLE

- Hanging Chad.
- Dangerboxing.
- Hanging Poop.
- Steve Perry.
- Not Watching Your Bean Bag.
- Touching Cloth.
- I Gotta Shit So Bad, It's Already Sticking Out a Little.
- Tasti D-Lite.

## THINGS I WISH I WAS TIPPING OVER RIGHT NOW

- Crawling babies.
- World Trade Centers.
- My parents, midintercourse...
- Ray Charles.
- The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.
- Steve Perry.
- Third world governments.

## COMMON MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT MISCARRIAGES

- It's your fault mommy's baby died because you're selfish.
- You don't have to bury it. That's why they're called "Garbage Pail Kids."
- If you tell the dead baby a joke, it'll come back to life.
- Dead babies in the morning, Mommy's mourning / Dead babies at night, Daddy's delight!

## NEW WAYS TO LOSE WEIGHT

- Looking at mommy's naked bundt while she cooks me potatoes.
- The South Beach "Nothing But Sand" Diet.
- Breakfast, lunch and dinner all mashed up and put inside a burrito.
- Lifting weights while on the shitter.
- Getting my hair cut.
- Feasting solely on American Eagle eggs.
- Don't be so fucking fat, dick.

## WAYS WE'D PREFER TO DIE

- While receiving a blow job.
- Make that a blow job and a pulled pork sandwich.
- Thrown out a moving train, just like what happened to those kids in the last installment of *The Boxcar Children*.
- Not of AIDS, ball cancer or sword wounds.
- After everyone else is dead. It wouldn't be so bad if I was the last dude on Earth.

## WHAT'S UP WITH SEAL'S FACE?

- His mom threw acid on him because she thought he sang like a bitch.
- He was hurt in a teenage run-in with, ironically, a seal.
- Jeff Goldblum sliced his negro ass.
- Wounded in a duel with Usher.
- Lupus, you insensitive fuck! Just kidding, I don't even know what the fuck Lupus is. Who's Seal?



# WHOLE WIDE WORLD

## WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN THE OZARKS

- A town where Mexicans own businesses and Jews are busboys.
- A lot of power cords plugged into one outlet.
- Not much in English. Fucking terrorists.
- One of NYU's sophomore dorms.
- Multiple sclerosis.
- I dunno, not Christmas?

## REASONS FOR ITALIAN PRIDE

- *Stop! Or My Mom Will Shoot!* And other classic gangster films.
- Jimmy Pants!!!!!!!!!!
- Gay pride is too expensive.
- Chef Boyardee and his delicious pasta.
- Strong Island!
- Our country still looks like it's kicking the shit out of Sicily.

## FUTURE NYU CORPORATE SPONSORSHIPS

- Elevators sponsored by Tower of Terror Ride.
- NYU Security sponsored by the fat rent-a-cops from the *House Party* movies.
- NYU buses by the movie *Speed*.
- NYU's ROTC by *Major Dad* on TBS (Monday Nights!).
- The NYU Health Center by *Major Dad* on TBS (Tuesday Nights!).
- Bed sponsored by I'm tired of working on this magazine.

## GIRLS WE'D LIKE IF WE "CUT THE HEAD OFF"

- Sarah Jessica Parker
- Camryn Manheim (I got no use for the face, but I could use the ass for days).
- Omarosa.
- Daniel Pearl.

## CHARACTERS ON *WILL AND GRACE* WHO AREN'T GAY

- Grace.

## KILL BILL VOL. 2 DELETED SCENES

- The scene where Michael Madsen stands up after taking a shit and remarks, "Wow, this stench could Kill Bill!"
- Tarantino, realizing he has yet to make his cameo, appears as The Bride's daughter
- Another 40 minutes of her getting a sword made.
- Jackie Chan-style bloopers.
- Uma Thurman fouls up five-point exploding heart technique, causes Bill's penis to fall off.
- The scene with Uma's tits.

## QUESTIONS BEE KEEPERS OFTEN HEAR

- Did you ever get stung...on your ass?!
- Can you make that buzzing noise stop, please?
- Do you get tired of Bill Maher referring to Muslim women's berkass as your suits?
- Can you tell me how to get to 42 Elm Street? (a lot of bee keepers live on Elm Street).
- Did you ever get stung...in your mouth?!
- No, really...can you make that buzzing stop?
- Did you ever get stung...on weed?!
- May I buy a bee please?
- Why did you molest me?

## WAYS TO DODGE THE DRAFT IF IT COMES BACK

- Join the Army.
- Be an Arab. They won't send you to war. You *are* the war.
- Duck.
- Grow a beard.
- Be a woman.
- Be an android.
- Commit a rape and go to jail. Yes, it has to be rape.
- Move to Vietnam.

## LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT UNCIRCUMCISED PENISES

- They're very common in Europe. Especially since 1939.
- They're self cleaning!
- They taste like cotton candy and smell like cotton candy machines.
- Rob Schneider has one.
- Rob Lowe has two.
- You have one. Go ahead, look. Nah, just kidding. But while you're down there, pump one out for us.

## THINGS WE WANT TO DO BUT CAN'T

- Fly...naked. Clothes hold me back, yo!
- Eat a knife the size of my body.
- Catapult things.
- Make love to caring people.
- Wear an executioner's outfit without having to kill someone.
- Fuck *X-Men's* Jean Grey.
- And Spiderman.
- Play meaningful games in September.
- Stop crying. And also, stop writing down why we're crying in my LiveJournal.
- Finish this magazine.

## NEW JIM BELUSHI SWITCHEROO MOVIES

- *Mr. Coincidence*. Jim switches with a guy.
- *What's the Deal with France?* Jim switches places with our editor Jesse Meyerson.
- *K-912*. This time Jim switches with his partner...A DOG!!!!
- *According to John*. Jim switches bodies with his dead brother so we can laugh again.

## NUMBER OF UNCIRCUMCISED SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

- 1,000,000,000,003



Folders Inbox Sent Trash Drafts Addresses Options

dps000@nyu.edu: Inbox

Compose Reply Reply All Forward Delete Add Addresses Previous Next Close Move message to folder:

From The Plague Staff <plague.club@nyu.edu>  
Sent Friday, April 16, 2004 1:10 pm  
To  
Cc  
Bcc  
Subject Do||'t MiSs this cha.NCe!

Hey baby  
Now you can have this **one of a kind experience**

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Yeah, what they said...

The Plague meets on **Mondays** at 6:30 PM in the  
Publications Computer Lab at the Kimmel Center

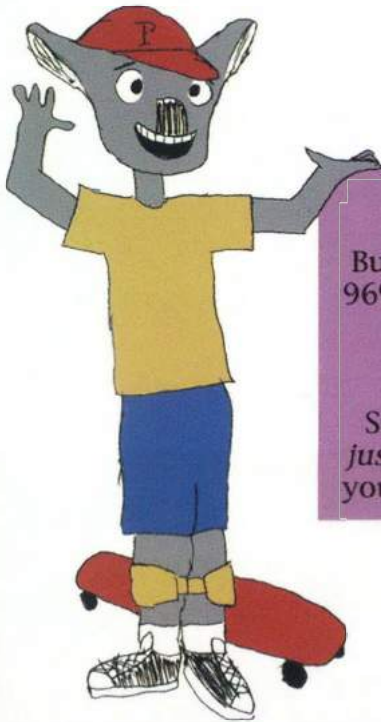
60 Washington Square South, Room 708

**Come to Meetings** **Send Submissions**  
----->

The Plague  
60 Washington Sq. South  
7th Floor, #152  
New York, NY 10021  
or  
plague.club@nyu.edu



# THE PLAGUE FOR KIDS

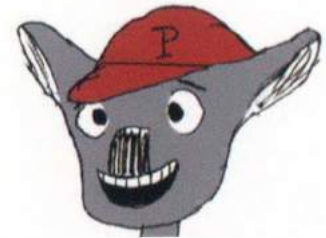


The Plague is obviously adored across state and national borders. But we often fail to recognize that over 96% of the nation's residents are under 12 years old, and these children have an average of \$1.5 million per year of disposable income. So, to make things right, this page is just for kids! Adults? Leave the room... your kids are in our hands now...mmm.

with  
**PLAGUEY  
THE KOOL-ALA**

FIND THE ANSWER  
BY FILLING IN  
THE BLANKS!

1. HARRY and the Hendersons
2. The Villain in *It's a Wonderful Life*: Mr. POTTER
3. Dracula SUCKS the blood of his victims
4. Pardon MY French
5. DICK Tracy, detective



HARRY POTTER SUCKS MY DICK

Special Advertising Section

## KIDZ STORIEZ!

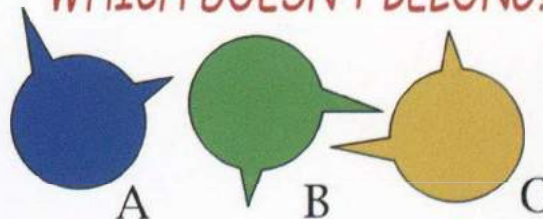
My trip to the grocery store  
By Rachel Rowland

Last month I went to the grocery store with mommy and I saw a candy bar. I wanted to eat the candy bar so I took it and I ate it. Then mommy punched me a lot and said "You ate the candy bar and now I can't buy my cigarettes" because she only had enough dollars for cigarettes and she had to pay for my candy. Sorry mommy. Love Rachel



Mommy and Plaguey both love KOOL cigarettes. Don't you love Mommy and Plaguey?

## WHICH DOESN'T BELONG?



## CONNECT THE DOTS!



Solution: The physical manifestation of intangibility

## CHANGE YOUR PERSPECTIVE!



CANDLESTICK?  
OR TWO FACES?

NEITHER!  
IT'S A  
VIETNAMESE  
BOY'S HEAD  
BROKEN  
INTO PIECES  
BY G.I. FIRE!



This gun



makes up  
for my short  
penis

**ELECTRICIANS  
DO IT WITH  
THE LIGHTS  
ON!**




Yes, I saw  
**Waterworld**

and I really wish  
you'd stop asking  
me if I saw it. I don't  
care if this T-Shirt  
is the only reason  
why you ask me...  
**STOP ASKING!**

**BABE  
MAGNET!**

*I wish someone  
would invent  
one of those things*

My mom died  
at a Great White  
Concert  
and all I got  
was this  
stupid t-shirt

I wish I was  
wearing an  
NYU  
  
FOOTBALL  
T-shirt right now

**ORDER NOW!**

**My friend Larkin  
bought this one!** →



This old man may die soon,  
but he'll live forever on my  
novelty T-shirt.  
Well, at least until I throw the shirt out.