

FALL 2004

Diet Plague

NYU'S ONLY
INTENTIONALLY
FUNNY PUBLICATION

THE PLAGUE



ME-VT-CT-MA-NY-DE-OR: FREE

INGREDIENTS: COMEDY,
ASPARTAME, POTASSIUM
BENZOATE (TO PROTECT
TASTELESSNESS), PIC-
TURES, CAFFEINE.

PHENYLKETONURICS:
CONTAINS
PHENYLALANINE.

Nutrition Facts

Serving Size 1 iss. (36pp)

Servings Per Container 1

Amount Per Serving

Calories 0

% Daily Value*

Laughs 12g 25%

Giggles 52mg 14%

Chortles 16g 40%

Winces 3g 4%

*Percent Daily Values are based on
a 2,000 joke diet.

[thefacebook]

VS



friendster®

bobby fischer

quick search **go**

My Profile [edit]

My Groups

- The Plague
- Placenta Falls to the Floor
- Yeah, that's right, I shave
- BDSM Fiends
- Cinemax Fans

My Friends

My Messages [0 new, 0 old]

My Away Message

My Mobile Info

My Account

My Privacy

Cool New People



Another Fake Lil' John



Manuel the Friendly Ass



A Baby

Welcome Robert Sherman!

Since I came to college in the Big City, I've often wondered how to balance masturbating into a sock on Thursday nights— or “doing the laundry”— with keeping up a pretentious outlook. There's really nothing wrong with a good cry. Or sock.

But I thank my lucky stars that I found Friendster! Here, I found a plethora of other like-minded people who would rather spend hours online writing about things they did a long time ago than walking around outside like a schlub. Even better, I could finally do my laundry with other people who lived in my area! And maybe masturbate with them, too!

A lot of the Friendster people, however, are jerks. I need to be in a degree or something to even talk to them. What's a poor schmoe like me to do? Why, find thefacebook.com! Here is the college equivalent of Friendster! Better yet, I could make a profile and begin “poking” people to be my “friend”. Best of all, I may not even see these people ever again! You just keep adding friends to your list to look social; no one on Facebook is *really* friends with each other. Yet here is my conundrum: which of the two is the better way for me to branch out into the world? Plan meals with the aging hipsters on Friendster and discuss fondue, or hit up the vibrant new Facebook with its ability to show Instant Messenger Away Messages and let me stalk the girl in my psych class?

To the untrained eye, these two websites for the hollow, shallow folks may seem similar. But each offers its own distinct advantages – read on!

The Facebook

- Makes tracking down old friends easy
- Lets you continue your high school and Freshman year obsessions with Mary Jane Rottencrotch (that skanky bitch)
- Compare how unique and different all the “deep thinkers” who like Kerouac are
- See how many people say they listen to Radiohead
- Create a group for people who are desperate to get laid, but still can't get laid and just come off as pathetic Tisch kids
- Lets you use pictures to try and score with that pink-haired chick
- Facebook sex
- Write insightful comments on your “wall”, and pretend people like you for your wit
- Message system combines awkwardness of talking with nerdiness of e-mail

Friendster

- See how many degrees you are from a tattooed chick in Alphabet City or your cousin who works at Nathan's
- Participate in witty discussion on message boards about “state of government” and how “new fares really suxxors”
- Keep in touch with old friends, and only talk about that one time two years ago when you so totally almost had that chick. But then you vomited on yourself, and cried, punk-ass bitch
- Instant message people who don't know you, and ask them if they want to go to the supermarket with you
- Masturbate to a photo of someone you might see in real life sometime

THE PLAGUE

"What would a Klondike Bar do for you?"

Your Fall 2004 Staff

Executive Editors

Jesse "Stoic" Meyerson

Pronounces "Philadelphia" as "Tennessee"

David "Stoked" Mellisy

Motherfucker, do you speak it?

Amgad "Larry" Fawzy

In San Francisco, on business

John "John" Lichman

The Hardblogger Jogger Lumberjack Logger

Editorial Staff

John Savarese

The Venetian Treat!

Jeff Sauser

Dodgin' Jamonster

Colette Stango

*Nepotism ain't
never going out
of style*

Ben Joseph

*Sailing's not just
for the queers
anymore*

Brendan O'Brien

*This is not a
meritocracy*

All of The Work, None of the Credit

Ryan Grim

Bennet Moskowitz

Chuck Schaeffer

Josh Terrill

Christiana Yiallourides

Genevieve Mitchell

Joseph Origlieri

Abby Rosenbaum

Benjamin Harrison

Jose Mejia

Tyler Stypinksi

Maggie Epps

Will Shu

Henry Jacobs

This Page, Dumbass	3
Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying	4
Washington Square News	6
The POST Sports	10
Popular Science	12
P! Entertainment News	13
Election 2004	14
Defection Perfection	15
Smoking How-To	16
1-800-WEED-COACH	17
The Electric Diet-Coke Acid Test	18
COMIX!	20
Dos Factotum	22
Obscure Facts About German Empire	24
Obscure Facts About the Olsen Twins	25
Guide to General College Awesomeness	26
A Tapestry of Folly	28
Bobby Sherman	29
Transfer Student Guide	30
Memoirs of a Sunday Night	31
The Lists!	32
Join the Plague!	34
Come to the Prom!	34
New Truth.com Advertisements	35

Fight Killer-Pepsi! Support Diet Coke and Diet Coke affiliates such as Dr. Brown's, Coca-Cola and Mr. Pibb. Pepsico thinks killing Colombians is cool, but Diet Coke only kills Columbians. Those Ivy League snobs had it coming.

Special Thanks to:

Bob Butler; Audrey Underwood; Nanci Cooke; Jerry Perez; SAB & ASSBAC; Blaine Perry; Pasquale Stango; Lukas Kaiser; Vera Schueerson; Mike Klein; Mike Duerr's Ghost; James Kennedy; Marcus Estrada; Riffi; Chet Harding and Jimmy Owens at ImprovAsylum; Pauly Shore; Robots - or any kind of bots (even Cosmobots); Pride, but not Prejudice; Mark Zuckerberg; Scurra Vagas and Vagabond Roth; Terence Victor; MF Doom; Pavement; Those guys right there, then (yes, even him); Jim McGreevey's Special Hugs; Dave Gonzales; John Martinez; Todd Coletto; William Cosh; The Academy; Neck Face; Any and everyone we ever hated and/or loved or knew in any way, shape or form; Gracias a Dios por los animales
GM Printing: 212-334-3388

The Plague ©2004 Volume XXVII Issue 1

The Plague

60 Washington Square South, Box 152

New York, New York 10012

All rights reserved.

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

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

Hi kids! Can I ask youse a personal question? No? OK. Why are you reading this? The Plague will not relieve your sexual frustration so just give up. It is, however, good fodder for those long hours on the crapper. I guess you could wank to that...

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Plague Editor Jesse Meyerson neither condones nor condemns the views and opinions expressed within this magazine. Especially not the ones written by him. Especially-wecially not the ones on this page. Well, maybe kinda a li'l bit. Mostly, really. That is, he condemns them. Well, no, that was a lie. He condemns most of them, but he condones even more of them. He is apathetic to even more still.

I know a lot of people say that they like to take long walks along the beach, but worry yourself not; this is not going to be one of those cheesy personal ads where desperate losers try to say anything to get someone to call them or anything. Nah, it's not going to be like that at all.

Although, now that I think about it, a long walk on the beach does sound pretty money. You can discover all sorts of shit out there on the beach: Dolphin fins, horseshoe crab shells, boats... Yeah, man, all sorts of shit that you won't see anywhere else... well, maybe in a museum, but probably not. For me, I always found that the best beaches are those with sand on them. And naked ladies on towels...with the sand.

One time I saw a father who was letting his kids bury him in the sand. What a loving family moment! I felt I should help them out. I told the kids that their mom had bought them some ice cream and was waiting for them at the boardwalk. "Mommy came back? She loves us again!" they cheered as they hastily made off. The dad asked what the hell I was doing, as he started to get mad and tried to get up. I could forgive him for his poor parenting – raising kids who leave a man buried up to his chin for a man buried up to his scalp. However, I could not forgive his poor sportsmanship – not only trying to ruin his kids' work, but digging himself out of the grave they dug for him when they weren't even there to see him do it. What a pussy.

I slapped him across the face with his hat and finished the process, burying him right and proper. To make sure the job was done correctly, I dragged one of those lifeguard kayaks over the sand where I left him. I didn't do that to smother him or muffle his cries; nay, but to simply mark the spot where I left him – I was trying to help. After the fact, I felt a little bad about what I had done. I mean, I probably shouldn't have stolen his hat. They might not recognize him without it.

The best thing about a beach-walk is all the silly little babies out there, blowing in the wind without a care in the world. Whenever the mothers, fathers, legal guardians or illegal immigrant nannies are not around, I like to sneak up on those babies and spit on their faces. Right smack in the nose is my preference, but I often settle for the left eye. Spitting on a baby's right eye is just so amateur.

Now, I know what you might be thinking, but I'm not really a bad guy; after all, I don't just spit on babies. I also curse at them, kick their stupid baby strollers and have been known to douse them in turpentine on occasion. And sometimes, I even spit on them when they're down. I know people say never spit on a baby when it's down, but I do it anyway. I guess I'm just a bad mutha.

Another great thing about chilling on the beach is that it is a good place to buy some Kool-Aid. Aww man, Kool-Aid is so sweet. Literally, too. After I drink the Kool-Aid, I go out and spit on some more babies in cool new novelty colors. Most of the time it's just red. I have been meaning to get some different kinds of Kool-Aid, but hey, if it ain't broke...

So if you're interested in long walks along the beach – with or without spitting on babies – give me a call. We can talk about when, where and how many times you spit on a baby, and if you got the phone numbers of any especially hot babies. Aww man, there ain't nothing better on a cold day than a hot baby.

Please, give me a call, I'm desperate, no, really I am. But unlike all other guys, by which I mean all other desperate guys, I'm not afraid to admit it. Well, that's not entirely true, there have been times when I was afraid to admit it. Back when I was 17 with luxurious shoulder-length well-conditioned hair, eye-shadow and a voice as high as the heels on my pumps – who could blame me for being afraid to admit the fact that I was

born a masculine child? But, that was back before I hit puberty. That turbulent time in my life when everything turbuled.

I remember it distinctly. It was the summer of '96, Atlanta, GA. I was visiting my Pop-Pop (Yes, I call my grandfather 'Pop-Pop' – got a problem with it? And I continued to do so until he had a stroke, went senile and got Alzheimer's all within the same week and he started referring to himself as my Fairy God).

A lot of people will tell you that when you hit puberty you become a man. These people are called Jews. But I didn't bring you here to talk about pubescence. Or my severe case of bacne that came about soon after.

No, summer of 1996 was notorious for two things and two things only. The attention of the entire world – especially the sporting community – was turned towards Atlanta as the foundations on which our society was built were soon to be rocked. Event the First: a new Johnny Cash anthology CD set was released. Event the Second: I lost my virginity. What a magical minute or two. The hormones were raging. The twilight was fading. The batteries didn't die. It was pure bliss.

In conclusion, if you ever want to make some sweet, sweet love and drink some sweet, sweet Kool-Aid (the nectar of the gods); if you're looking for a man who is less hairy than a mountain goat, but more hairy than a billy goat; if you hate everything about babies except making them and spitting on them, give me a call.

Oh, and I look good in a dress.



"I hate corrugated cardboard!" muses Editor Jesse Meyerson

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Plague Editor David Mellisy only has two real skills in life: a near-photographic memory, and chugging beer. He finds it upsetting that one of his life's greatest talents is sure to be destroyed by another. It's similar to the quandry that Beethoven faced, being so awesome at music but being even better at deafness. Dave didn't even want to write an intro to his editorial, but Jesse did so he figured he might as well, too.

NYU's love for corporate cocksuckery has been well documented (namely by those bomb-tossing pinkos at NYU, Inc., the campus publication for the Ralph Nader/Saddam Hussein fan club set), but I still feel a need to speak out about an offense that I, personally, will not forgive. You see, NYU seems to have fallen in with the local Allen Wrench Concern, and is doing whatever it takes to force its students to buy thousands upon thousands of Allen wrenches.

I moved into my spiffy new digs at Carlyle Court in August and was eager to hook up my old reliable Power Mac G4 (almost five years old and still kickin' ass!) so I could rock out hardcore to some Andrew W.K. Imagine my dismay when I discovered that my G4's matching 17" monitor was too big to fit on the desk/shelf combo NYU had provided for me! In this modern age of slim LCD displays and tiny laptops, our institution has left its population of Cathode Ray Tube aficionados out to dry. Listen, NYU, my monitor weighs 150 pounds and takes up fifteen square feet of desk space, and that's the fucking way I like it.

In my posh Water Street apartment, the desk-backing shelves were unattached and easily removed. Carlyle's desks were less cooperative - the shelf was held tightly to the desk by what was unmistakably a small piece of metal. Sons of bitches - this operation was going to involve tools. Nobody likes tools, that's why "Tool" is an insult. Being an intrinsically lazy person and a hell of a procrastinator, I decided to boldly push the issue into the future. I propped my monitor awkwardly on a chair and put it next to my bed. I threw my keyboard and mouse on the bed and - bam - instant workstation. A truly heroic work of procrastination.

I should've learned from my under-funded elementary school's unusable Cafegymnasium. Or maybe I should've learned from the bleak concrete toilet bowls that were built as multipurpose sports stadiums in the 1960s. Multi-use spaces suck. Sure enough, over time, the drawbacks of a dual purpose bed/work area were becoming apparent. Treating my keyboard like a throw pillow was starting to have some negative effects on its inner workings, my posture was getting even worse than usual, and constantly getting *all the way up* to run to the kitchen or the bathroom was becoming a chore. Let's face it, lying down for several waking hours each day makes you want to lie down all the time. And, as mentioned above, I'm already pretty lazy. The last thing I needed was an extra excuse to never get out of bed.

On November 28th, I decided that the desk backing simply had to go. End of discussion. All I had to do was borrow a screwdriver from my trusty Resident Advisor and tackle the small piece of metal that tenaciously held the shelf to the desk, and presumably had done so since the dawn of time. Screwdriver in hand, I approached the desk, leaned in close, and... what's this? What awaited me atop the metal bit was not the reliable cross of a Phillips head bolt, but the God-forsaken hexagon of the dreaded Allen wrench, a tool that exists only to make people say, "Why didn't they just use a screw?" Those crafty motherfuckers.

I would not neglect my blood oath against the shelf and my solemn vow to get my hulking monitor on the desk before I went to bed that night. I didn't care if it was 9:26 PM on a Sunday night, I was going to get a fucking Allen wrench. I ran over to the Duane Reade on 14th Street. Underwhelmed by its selection of tools, I tried Walgreen's. Still no Allens - but maybe, just maybe, if I got a flathead screwdriver the right size,

and managed to work up the right amount of Super-Strength™, I could get 'er done. With that in mind, I picked up a modest \$3.99 toolset and headed back home. Imagine my surprise when I opened my recently purchased set only to discover that some enterprising individual had stolen a bunch of the pieces. I didn't know whether to be enraged, or amused that they had taken the screwdriver bits but not the adapter for them. Actually, that's not true, I knew that enraged was the right decision. After a few stress-releasing tosses of the heaviest remaining

tool (a pair of pliers, as it turned out) against the wall, I packed up my depleted toolset and headed back to Walgreen's to exchange it, prepared to make as much of a scene as it took to restore justice. As it turned out, all I had to do was ask. They didn't even want to see my receipt. Sometimes being white really pays off!

Back at Carlyle, I queued up a tiny flathead, wedged it in the Allen hexagon, made a counterclockwise turn, and... shit. Only then did I remember that I don't *have* Super-Strength™, nor have I ever had Super-Strength™. What a goof! This flat-head idea would never work. After a few more tosses of the pliers against the wall failed to get anything done, I was forced to admit defeat.

Ladies and gentleman, I wrote this on November 28th. And you can rest assured that on November 29th, I bought an Allen wrench. I hope you're happy, NYU. God knows New York's Allen wrench manufacturers and distributors are.



Dave Mellisy is kind of a luddite. Well, only when it comes to Allen wrenches. Every other technological advance of the last 10,000 years is okay with him... except for blenders.



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

THE PLAGUE, Fall 2004

INSIDE

Bobby Sherman completes 1/5 scale model of Disney World's Main Street in his backyard

Page 6

Sublimating side effect prompts flu shot recall

Page 7

America's priorities straighten as Democracy Plaza gives way to Giant Fucking Tree

Page 7

Stoned roommate correctly predicts surprise twist at end of Law & Order: SVU

Page 8

Student survives plunge from Bobst 10th floor, leads NYU diving team to championship

Page 8

Washington Busted for Selling

At 5:00 PM Tuesday, police arrested George Washington (also known as "Da Mother Fucking General") in Washington Square Park for selling marijuana and other substances. "El Presidente" (another moniker of the notorious drug dealer) was found with a frock full of marijuana, a boot of pure heroin, and a wig laced with roughly half a kilogram of pure Colombian Cocaine. When questioned by police, Washington (rapidly rubbing his gums with his fingers and sniffing) responded that he "was only holding it for a compatriot."

This marks a big bust for the NYPD, which has been hunting "Da General" since he started his cartel in 1790 as a way to support his vigorous drug habits without the luxury of a Presidential salary. In the last 214 years, he has been pushing kilos of vari-

ous substances through a rag-tag army of tax-hating peasant dealers.

"Washington's been running his 'Union' for years on these streets. With the trail of powder he's been dropping lately, we knew it was only a matter of time before we got him," said arresting officer Bob McGillicuddy after making the arrest.

Other notable dealers arrested, according to the NYPD, include Benny "the Snake" Franklin and Tommy "SoCo" Jefferson.

When reached for comment, Washington stated that

"My dick don't dance, I just pull down my pants and do the Rock-a-way!" He then proceeded to inhale a bag full of white powder whilst humping the leg of local Korean Grocer Oh Daesu.



PHOTO: Washington, being arrested by a cop who probably isn't a Federalist

Crime Files

9:25 AM -- Canadian border turns away 25 Americans, allows 167 Mexicans to cross

12:15 PM -- Tripping film student passes out in wheelchair on 3rd Avenue. "Best Apple Picking Ever," he says

2:30 PM -- Officer saved from massive explosion through well timed jumping

4:45 PM -- Oh shit, guys! I think I saw a ghost!

6:00 PM -- Pompous assholes riot in LA after Scott Peterson Verdict: "Nice people are always trying to hold us down"

7:00 PM -- Fox 5 reruns really shitty Simpsons episode

9:00 PM -- Legendary Nerd John Carmack builds spaceship. Way to go, fag.

11:40 PM -- Ron totally OWNZ0RS Jack with the battle rifle in Halo 2-PWNED, BICH!

College Found to Cause "Ugly" in Freshman Girls

In a recent study, the NYU School for Continuing Irrelevant Professional Studies released a report revealing that in the first eight to ten weeks of the school year, most incoming female college freshmen experience a dramatic increase in the condition commonly known as "ugly." Also known as "busted", "unsightly", or "only if I was drunk...and I mean really, really drunk," the "ugly" condition is a silent killer, often not accepted as a real ailment. Symptoms of "ugly" include low self-esteem, weight-gain, breakouts, and a tendency to consider sweatpants acceptable public attire. Although experts have yet to find a cure for the condition, researcher Mark Greene stated that, in the mean time, "they can always use more Gender Studies majors."

Catholic Center at NYU to be Bought by Unified Church of Gosset

The WSN has learned that the Catholic Center at NYU is in talks with representatives of the Unified Church of Gosset to sell the center to the upstart Hollywood-based religious group. The move represents the underground religious organization's branching out into major urban areas on the East Coast and Midwest, including New York, St. Louis and Atlantic City.

Founded two years ago by former crack cocaine addict Tyiesha Banks, the Church venerates actor Louis Gosset, Jr. as its diety and "spiritual ideal of superhuman perfection." Mr. Gossett is best known for his roles in such acclaimed films as *Sadat*, *Jaws 3-D* and *Finders Keepers*.

The group stresses traditional roles for both sexes, and has recently been criticized for condoning violence against women in its complex and often secretive rituals which include "transcendence", in which members communally partake of rock cocaine smoked via pipe, followed by "congress," in which male members assault and (occasionally) rape random prostitutes on Santa Monica Boulevard.

Such Hollywood heavyweights as Robert Downey, Jr. and Bobby Brown have been connected to the group, and are considered "elders of the church" by many members for their strict adherence to church tenets.

When asked about why the Church decided to make NYU's Catholic Center its new headquarters, High Priestess Banks replied, "Child, the Gosset came to me! He came to me in a apparition at that very spot. At that time I was filled with the Spirit of the Gossett, and the Lord Lou told me, 'And thou shalt buildeth a tabernacle for me in this place, that is currently in the clutches of the unbelievers.'"

While students and administrators at NYU are still confused as to why the Unified Church of Gossett would chose a university campus like NYU as its East Coast headquarters, some students welcome the group in the name of diversity. GSP Sophomore Lindsay Gray said, "Well I mean it is kind of a stroke of luck cuz they could have picked any other part of the city that would welcome them but their final choice was here. Now that's something."

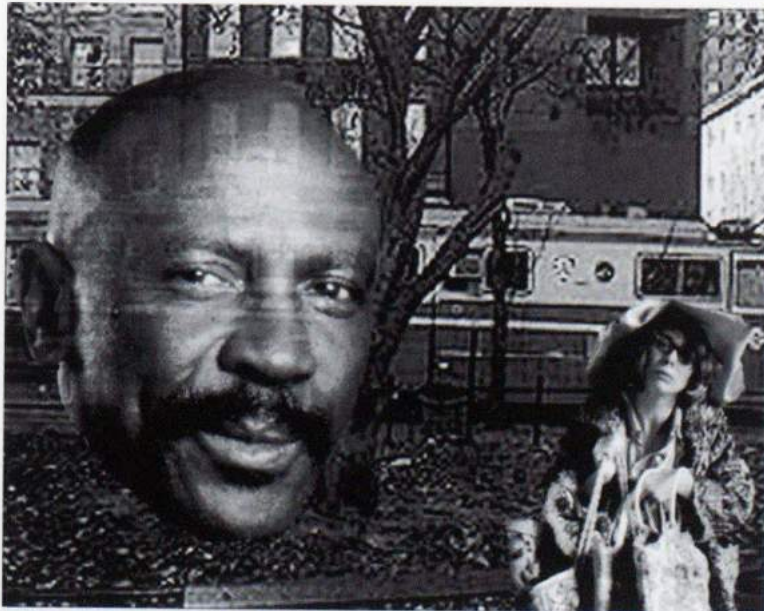


PHOTO: A WSN artist's recreation of Tyiesha Banks's prophecy

NYU Fire Alarms Crying Wolf



PHOTO: The unfortunate consequences of NYU's fire alarms: five poor children died in this fire

Recently, NYU has been midst of an epidemic. And no, it's not Olsen Twin Fever. And while you should always watch out for herpes, it isn't that either. Most recently, the favorite disease of NYU students everywhere seems to be "I-wanna-pull-the-fire-alarm-osis". From the spacious halls of Water Street to the slightly smaller corridors of Palladium to the downright skanky rooms of Weinstein, NYU students in recent days cannot seem to keep their hands off of those fire alarms. Campus security reports a 300% jump in false fire drills in the last month alone, and the problem doesn't seem to be getting better. Students, tired of being awakened at ungodly hours or forced out into the cold on a weeknight by these malevolent pranksters, have demanded action. And NYU, true to fashion, has provided a solution.

"Guard dogs," IHRC Representative Tony Mercer reported. When asked to explain further, Mr. Mercer continued - "Man-eating dogs have longed been known to be a natural deterrent, and a useful tool for keeping unwanted intruders away from a certain area. For this reason, we have, at random, replaced every one out of five fire drills with an exact, non-working duplicate that, instead of alerting the fire department and rousing the entire building, releases blood-thirsty, flesh-crazed hounds upon the perpetrator, leaving the rest of the building to slumber peacefully. Besides eliminating false alarms, this will also alert residence hall staffs to the identity of the prankster, when they find his rotting corpse laying in the hall the next morning." When asked about the potential danger of such a policy, Mercer responded, "Not to worry, all the dogs will be properly cared for by a staff of 24-hour, on call veterinarians. Additionally, they will be trained by this country's top attack dog experts, making sure that each kill is quick and tidy, leaving a minimum of mess for the staff to clean up the next morning." A reporter in the crowd from The Minetta Review asked how IHRC intended to defray the enormous cost for this operation without significantly raising tuition. To that, Mercer simply shrugged and said, "Hey, it'll cost less then Kimmel."

OPINION

High Time to Honor America's Bravest



Dave Mellisy

Dave Mellisy doesn't watch much CNN. He prefers the Nickelodeon Games and Sports (GAS) Network.

With so much tragedy in the world today, it's always good to have somebody to look to for inspiration. A boy in a well. Lance Armstrong. Sonic the Hedgehog (boy, did that rodent have a 'tude!). But there is another kind of tragedy going on today, and that is our failure to recognize the real heroes, people who put themselves on the brink of insanity while carnage and chaos unfold all around them. I'm referring, of course, to Marc Summers, host of Nickelodeon's "Double Dare."

As you may or may not know, Summers suffers from Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. To say that Summers is a "Clean Freak" is understating the issue—the very thought of a stray speck of dirt or an out-of-place rug tassel fills Summers with profound fear and regret. In one well-documented incident, Summers shot his dog for rubbing its ass on the carpet. I mean, we've all wanted to do it, but a smack with a newspaper should get the job done. Bottom line, Marc Summers is one seriously sick dude.

But still, every day, Summers would head over to Nickelodeon Studios in Orlando and host "Double Dare," the messiest game show on TV. To visualize the horrors that he experienced at the workplace, imagine yourself hosting a colorful kid's game show... surrounded by burning fields of charred human flesh and the tortured screams of dying babies. Yet Marc persevered, and in 1987 he made the ultimate sacrifice, agreeing to host "Super Sloppy Double Dare," an even messier show. You know what that meant for Marc: more fire, more more misery, more babies.

Today, Marc Summers is interred in a Los Angeles area mental hospital, having sacrificed his mental health to mildly amuse us on a show that, in retrospect, wasn't even really that good. And for that, he deserves our undying respect.

Ask Saywaniesha: Too Much Pushin' with Not Enough Cushion



Ask Saywaniesha 'Was Up?'

She ain't no goddamn sexpert because she be da master of da streets... livin' that shit up, yo!

Yo Saywaniesha,

My boy's ebony rhythm stick is just too got' dam' big. I know he be a fine-ass brotha, but I can't find no rubbers that be fitting him. I's wondering if you knows was up?

Word to ya mutha, Satisfied Ebony Mama

Yo Satisfied Ebony Mama,

First of all, darling, you best recognize that there be many ladies who be straight up jealous of ya ass. But I know where you needs to go. Get ya ass down to the store called "The Blacker The Sweeter The Juice" and they got all sorts of plus-sized paraphernalia, including those rubbers you be wanting for men of the well-endowed black race. If you be a beautifully bigger woman yo'self, then you might want to check out what's they got to make ya chocolatey, fine ebony body look better than ever too. And honey child, if you don't find nothing big enough to satisfy ya man there, you better customize some shit and use yourself a trash bag or something (I know those come in black). Cuz a fine mutha fucka like ya boy ain't want to be paying no child support and dat fo' sho!

Yo Saywaniesha,

I be keeping it real with da bitches

and all, but sometimes I ain't be satisfying my woman properly cuz the shit be hitting da fan too goddamn early, ya heard? I's try to control dat shit when my woman be all up in my grill and when we be bumpin' an' grindin' and dat shit, but when it goes, it goes. Baby, you gots to know what be up!

Peace, Untimely Playa

Yo Untimely Playa,

Whos you be callin' "da bitches," fool? And let me ax you who the hell do you think you be callin' baby, cuz shit fooooo I ain't yo' baby. If you'd be spitting dat shit in my face I'd knock you upside ya head and I HOPES you ain't be talkin' to ya mama like dat. Aight. I just forget you said that and get back to the way way yo' be doing ya thing. From personal experience, I think dat you be shooting ya shit early cuz ya women just be too fine. You gots to slow it down son, simmer down now and give ya woman a taste of some sensual chocolate. Give her a little goddamn respect. Maybe calm ya ass down with a good rubbin' of some cocoa butter. That shit works for everything. But shit man, practice ya moves or something! I'm just feeling for ya woman and I knows she knows what I's talkin' about! You know what I'm sayin'?

New on the McDonald's Dollar Menu



McCrack Ho



McHeroin Deluxe



McPoop

TODAY'S NEWS

Tisch Freshman Found Dead

An NYU student was found dead in his Weinstein dorm room late yesterday afternoon. The student, Herbert Manokowski, 18, was discovered dead at 4:00 PM by his roommate who then watched him "fold in on himself and disappear." Manokowski studied digital filmmaking at Tisch and was perhaps best known as the son of the famed video game star, Pac-Man.

According to a student who lived on his floor, Herbert was like his father in many ways. "He always ran up and down the hallway, shouting about ghosts. Hell, I'd believe a giant yellow sphere popping pills and talking about ghosts," the anonymous student said.

The Pac-Man family, famous for the game that described their addiction to painkillers, could not be reached for comment at the current time.

Herbert, or "Pac Jr." as he was called by friends, hardly could contain himself. He was described as being "full of energy" and constantly roaming around." Close friend Brandon Ecklemeyer, a CAS Sophomore, 20, thought something was wrong. "Pac Jr. kept saying he needed more. I thought he meant bitches or something. I should've known he was addicted. Imagine my surprise when it wasn't coke!"

Manokowski is said to have "popped power pellets", which allowed him to "see and then eat the ghosts" according to friends. Due to his body folding in on itself and emitting a hilarious sound, neither a toxicology report nor an autopsy can be performed. Herbert Manokowski leaves his father, mother and his beloved pet, Pac-Dog.

CORRECTIONS

- Yesterday's edition erroneously referred to the sandwich as being "stolen" when it was in fact merely misplaced.
- The Sexpert reported that a counterclockwise twist was most effective, it's actually clockwise.
- Oh no! NOW where's my sandwich?
- Wait, did I even make a sandwich?
- Oh man, I'm so high.
- Maybe Neil knows. YO NEIL!
- What, man?
- Um...
- What, what is it?
- ...Shit, I forgot. I'm never going to find my sandwich. Oh yeah! HEY! NEIL...

Sexton Reveals Mary-Kate/Ashley Shocker

In a breaking press conference to which the WSN was invited, University President John Sexton revealed disturbing news about NYU's two most famous recent additions.

"This is a crucial adjustment period for them," said Sexton. "Now that doesn't explain why Ashley is pregnant—but I'm afraid that if we don't separate the two of them immediately, it is

very possible that Mary-Kate will kill Ashley and eat her still-living children from the open womb."

The two hamsters to which the President was referring, named after Sexton's favorite publicity scam, were put in separate cages as of eight

o'clock this morning, and all involved consider the problem to be resolved, as well as a rather ordinary, if fascinating, part of hamster ownership.

"I guess we could refer to this one as 'Rehab'," Sexton said, giving a wink to the assembled crowd of two. Sexton then added: "Seriously, this



PHOTO: Mary Kate and Ashley pal around with their best Hamster Buddy, Paris Hilton

University will soon begin to walk down an important new

path. One that may well be seen seven years from now as taking the University to a new and better place. In other words, if you badmouth the twins, I'll kill your children. NYU desperately needs this. I need Bob Saget. Please."

NYU Introduces New "Don't Touch My Shit" Roommate Awareness Program

In light of certain "Building Jumping Aficionados" recently plaguing the university, the NYU Wellness Center announced a new program on Monday morning. The center has traced many of the delightfully eccentric "kill yourself" incidents at NYU to roommate disagreements. To resolve this dilemma, the center will introduce a new series of informative lectures, the "Don't Touch my Shit" Roommate Awareness Program. The program will consist of a series of embarrassing and awkward physical group activities, with the aim of clearing up some of the static between feuding roommates.

Classic roommate faux pas to be discussed include:

- Stealing the roommate's food.
- Pissing on the roommate's bed.

- Responding to all the Roommate's grievances with "Bitch, Please."
- Selling all of the roommate's shit on Ebay for coke.
- Sleeping with the roommate's mother.

These dilemmas, and more, shall be discussed at the meetings. As always, NYU has put its all into this and added a famous guest lecturer to the conference, Bronson Pinchot, who played troublesome roommate Balki on "Perfect Strangers."

Previous Wellness Center Programs

- Thrill Yourself, Don't Kill Yourself (2003)
- Is That Bitch Worth Crotch Itch? (2001)
- Dude, Where's My Insulin? (2000)
- When to Throw Up (1999)
- Dumpsters and Infants: Good Economics, Suspect Morals (1984)

The Best Sports In Town

TRAGIC LOSS IN NFL



NFL fans and players will both miss one of the game's bravest players.

The year 2004 will not be remembered for what it was, but for what it wasn't -- especially for one ex-NFL star. Through no fault of his own (unless self-sacrifice is a fault) one man paid the ultimate price as he gave up everything that he had to go to a far-off, distant land where his former status as a premier player at his position in the prime of his career no longer mattered.

A hero is someone who does what is right. Not because there are others who believe so as well, no, but because deep down in a hero's heart he knows it is what he has to do. A hero would be willing to surrender every ounce of material gain he had earned over the course of his entire life for just one chance to follow his heart and do the right thing.

Ricky Williams is not a hero just

because he rushed headfirst into the scary unknown as he had rushed for many a yard in his previous life. No, Ricky Williams is a hero because he knew that the public at large would reject his reasons for football defection and clamor for his return. With this knowledge at hand, he brazenly failed drug test after drug test, purposefully making any silly request for his return as futile as trying to cop an eighth of KB with seventeen dollars and some ABC gum in your pocket.

With the domestic opinion slowly but surely turning more and more anti-war, some are questioning Williams' motives and ultra-right wing ideals. Lighten up, America; get off the guy's case for doing what he believes. As Keanu Reeves says, "Relax man, it's just weed". Take two for me, Ricky, take two for me.

PATS' RUN HAS MAKINGS OF CONSPIRACY

You ever notice how right after the September 11th attacks New England won the Super Bowl? "Yeah, uh, of course," you're saying. But did you ever notice how they're named The Patriots??? Yeah, like that wasn't done on purpose. And then again, after the war in Iraq when people were all upset, what happened? That's right, the Patriots won it again. And don't act like the government and the NFL didn't do this on pur-

pose. There's no way this is a coincidence. This has all the makings of a conspiracy...

Let's look at the facts. First, the Patriots have a LOT of really, really good football players. Number two, the nucleus of the team has been together for the past several years allowing team chemistry to build and... oh yeah, they *are* a good team. I guess the whole name thing was just a coinky-dink after all.

JESUS SAVES

GAME SIX OF NLCS

ATLANTA (AP) - Jesus Christ successfully guided his woe-begotten team, the Philadelphia Phillies, past hated rival the Atlanta Braves in Game Six of the National League Championship Series, ensuring his team a place in the World Series against the winner of the ALCS between New York Yankees Intrasquad Team A and New York Yankees Intrasquad Team B. Jesus had thought all of his teammates were "joshing" him when they told him to give the Braves hell.

"But I guess it worked out after all, huh?" said a jubilant Christ, just moments removed from the action.

Christ entered the game for lefty Rheal Cormier with two outs in the eighth inning, asked to protect a 5-4 lead.

"At first I was a little upset, you never want to get taken out of the game, especially since I was pretty sure I could've gotten Chipper out. But hey, it's Jesus," said Cormier.

Outfielder Pat Burrell, who hit the game winning RBI double, said of his teammate, "When it comes down to the postseason, you gotta go with who you trust. And who do you trust more than Jesus? Well, maybe Bob Dole or Aretha Franklin, but certainly not Bud Selig. Yeah, I think the more to less trustworthy line goes like, 'Aretha Franklin, then Jesus, then Bud Selig, in that order.'"

Skipper Larry Bowa - 'L-Bo' as he's known on the streets - had only the finest words for his star closer. "Hey, this ain't as simple as resurrecting the dead here. This is baseball. Two things about baseball, one: there ain't no crying, and two: there ain't no God. But we're allowed one exemption, and well, JC is it."

* According to official News Corporation policy, "best" and "most made up" are completely synonymous

OUTRAGED STEINBRENNER FIRES SELF

NEW YORK (AP) - In what one insider described as "inevitable," New York Yankees CEO and Principal Owner George Steinbrenner formally announced his own dismissal yesterday morning in a tersely worded press release. Following his team's epic playoff collapse against the arch-rival Boston Red Sox, it was apparent that Steinbrenner's ire would be merciless; nevertheless many were

stunned by The Boss's sacking at his own hands.

"He did what?" longtime Yankee skipper Joe Torre opined, "He... how... oh come on..."

When reached for comment Steinbrenner refused to publicly castigate himself, only saying, "Those who rest upon their laurels lose their right unto them, such is the march of days. We will

fight on, and up, and through!"

"I have to say I am surprised", said Yankee GM Brian Cashman, "Although maybe it's the kind of wake-up call we need to get ourselves back on track after only winning 9 consecutive division titles, 6 pennants and 4 World Series championships."

Cashman, who is under contract through 2005, then added, "Please kill me."



George M. Steinbrenner III, former owner of the New York Yankees:

"It was a tough decision, but I had to go"

NHL FANS BY-AND-LARGE UNAWARE OF NHL STRIKE

As the NHL labor crisis plods into its second month, threatening to cancel the whole of the hockey season, NHL fans remain largely unaware of the lockout.

When asked about the recent events in the league, which has been on total break since the close of last season, Bruins fan Chris Maguire replied, "Management needs to put more money into the B's. Thornton can't carry the load himself." When informed that the season had been on indefinite hiatus for months, and that Bruins star Joe Thornton, like many of the NHL's biggest stars, was in fact playing in Europe, Maguire paused, then began talking about the Red Sox.

Maguire, however, is hardly an anomaly - fans across the nation, from Tampa to Los Angeles, refuse to let the absence of actual play diminish their lackluster, pseudo-passion for the game they generally kind of like.

Should the lockout result in the full cancellation of the season, and a de facto cancellation of the Stanley Cup, analysts predict it is only a matter of time before some die-hards begin to take notice. Hockey commentator Barry Melrose isn't optimistic.

"If fans became aware of what was happening it could really do some damage to the sport. You just have to hope that the players and the owners can put aside their differences before someone notices that they're not actually playing."



TV DOING ITS BEST TO RUIN "GAME"

PHIL MUSHNICK

People aren't the same they used to be and it makes me mad, even though I'm only roughly 45 years old.

Why, just the other day, I was watching FOX, and they had advertisements during the game. No, folks - not at the commercial break (when they play them) but during the actual game! I don't know what "House" is, or why he's risking a patient's life, or what it has to do with *the game*! Get out of here, FOX!

Why, just the other day, I was watching ESPN, and they had multiple segments on SportsCenter promoting beer! Coors Light beer, Bud Light beer, and some others that may not be fit for the pages of the New York Post. Since when have beer and sports become so aligned? I can't confirm that it wasn't like this 20 years ago, but I'm just going to assume that it wasn't. Morals have fallen by the wayside in the world of sports.

Why, just the other day, I was watching this so-called "'Professional' Wrestling."

But it was clear that the referee had no intention of enforcing the rules of the game! To be honest, the producers of the event seemed more concerned with dramatic entrances and big breasts than fair sport. Why, I tallied many a point for the red-thonged Samoan, but somehow all non-pin points were ignored completely. Rubbish! But what else would you expect from *television*? In the *twenty-first century*?

In conclusion, twenty-something black men don't have the same value system as me! I mean, I like sports, and they play sports, so shouldn't they have the same hard-nosed, team-first, put-your-head-down-and-jog-around-the-bases (did you know that Mickey Mantle used to do that?!?) attitude that I support?

Answer: YES.

Phil Mushnick, for some reason, writes a daily column for the Post and a weekly column for TV Guide.

AMGAD'S FALAFEL AND WAFFLE



Featuring the
"Feed Yo' Bitch" Special!
One Falafel + One Waffle
= One Satisfied Bitch!

22 E. Freedom Street, Newark
(607)AMM-GOOD

Praying Mandatory.

FIGHTING THE WAR ON TERROR...
THE TERROR OF HUNGER!

What this world needs
is some more stem cell
research and a little bit
of hard
liquor!



Popular Science

Oh, no, won't
somebody
save the babies????
and when will men
stop kissing men?



MMM, Savor that Delicious Diet Coke!!!

After years of research, there is new evidence that Diet Coke is the main cause of the disease known as "the Homogay."

"One minute, I was playing some basketball," said an anonymous NYU student, "and the next I was covered in semen, ass up in an all men's bathhouse in Chinatown. They kept chanting 'happy ending.' Oh god."

The disease was first diagnosed in the Chelsea section of New York City during the early 1980s. Originally, it was believed to be caused by a combination of crystal meth and David Bowie's "Aladdin Sane" album.

According to Doctor Millar, a research scientist in New York City, "DC" is "like homojuice. Instant cum guzzling homojuice, at least ten times more potent than Bowie's music."

The "Homogay" affliction should not be considered in that hot, sexy,

inhibitionless sorority girl way, but rather in a man-on-man, full-on ass-eating sort of way. While being in the Homogay stasis, seemingly straight men do incredibly gay things.

"All I remember is drinking some Diet Coke and then when I came to, my mouth was wrapped around a huge discharging penis. I just couldn't explain it," said Dave Mellisy.

Doctors have told patients and friends to look for the following signs if concerned about the Homogay: a compulsion to wear tight shirts and Capri pants; the constant need to redecorate; odd facial stains; and the condition known as "anus breath."

If anyone you know drinks Diet Coke and complains of phantom pains in his ass after blacking out, they may have the Homogay. Advise them to see a doctor and stay away from Diet Coke.

Notes from the Underlab

Underground reporting from the world's most publicized secret journalist.

(and he's also the tiniest)



Hey, you, over there! That's right, it's me, Experiment #3756, affectionately nicknamed "Mickey" – the common lab rat. You're probably familiar with my work, such as the Saccharin exposé of '93? That was me. Not ringing any bells? OK, regardless, I've got something to tell you and your esteemed colleagues in science.

While you and your labcoat-wearing cronies have been debating the remedial values of the Eburnean twisted root, my fellow rodentia and I have discovered something. Something that all of you Poindexters, even with your years of education, decades of research, and excessive government grants have failed to realize.

Lean your head a little bit closer; I want to make sure you hear this. Who, not too close, jeez, what the hell did you have for lunch? OK, that's better. Anyway, ready for the truth? Listen closely now...

EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN (including things that are the sun) GIVES YOU CANCER!!! That's right, everything. So you nerds might as well stop now, because we've been in the trenches, and we're here to tell you, it's all bad for you.

ESPECIALLY when you're forced to eat quantities of food twice your body mass for weeks on end. Poor Fred, he had tried to tell you. He lasted four months on the Formica diet before finally submitting to cancer of the uvula, just so you dweebs could force some company to slap another damn warning-label on their product.

And don't even get me started on Roberto – you had him chewing down that low-carb peanut butter for weeks, until his spleen finally gave out from the stress. Cease and desist, goddammit! Every man-made thing you shove down our throats is going to end up killing us. End of story, bub.

Crazy Cookie Catastrophe Causing Calamity

Scientists at NYU's new \$15 million dessert and pastry laboratory have come to a startling conclusion: the popular Fig Newton concoction, a blend of enriched flour pastry and fig-based fruit filling, is, contrary to the Fig Newton's \$300 million international advertising campaign, a cookie.

"For years, the Newton has been advertised as 'not a cookie'," said Vic Vanderhoofe, director of the project. "But research that we have done over the last fifteen minutes has proven that the Newton is a cookie, whether Nabisco and their Big Tobacco parent company, R.J. Reynolds, want to admit it to or not."



Webster's dictionary defines "cookie" as a *small flat or slightly raised cake*. "To say that the Fig

Newton does not fit into this category is intellectual dishonesty at its worst," said patent lawyer George Calvin, who was hired by the Department of Justice to investigate the matter. "Just who does Nabisco think this 'Newton' campaign is fooling?"

Webster moves on to define "newton" as *the unit of force in the meter-kilogram-second system equal to the force required to impart an acceleration of one meter per second per second to a mass of one kilogram*. NYU scientists call Nabisco's classification of the fig-based dessert as a unit of force "preposterous."

"Placing a Fig 'Newton' next to a one kilogram weight completely failed to move the object whatsoever," Vanderhoofe said. "Nabisco and R.J. Reynolds have very little ground left on which to base their claims."



entertainment news

Mary-Kate Speaks: A P! Exclusive

After receiving a series of veiled threats and compromising images (taken by our trusty P! paparazzi) in the mail, NYU's most controversial freshman, Mary-Kate Olsen, agreed to an interview with P! News. Topics included her battle with anorexia, her recent split with her boyfriend, and her love of anything shiny.

"I realized that I had even stopped eating romaine lettuce, my favorite kind. And then I knew that if I didn't get help soon, I was going to get really sick. So I went into rehab, and now I'm so totally, like, great now," said Mary-Kate with a smile.

P! asked her about a recent split with her boyfriend of two years, Bobby Sherman. Mary-Kate said, "Yeah, it didn't make sense to stay together when we both knew we were going to hook up with lots of other guys. But not to worry, I have a new boyfriend! He lives right by my plush, multi-million dollar apartment that none of you are invited to!"

But who is this mystery man? P! performed an in-

depth investigation to reveal who this new beau could be. Is it NYU Film School star Vincenzo Tripodo or Washington Square Park icon Percy the crackhead?

"Well, usually he hangs around the Silver Center for warmth. I gave him this really stylish looking pink Styrofoam cup to hold his coins. His name is Akbar," she giggled, with stars in her eyes. Mary-Kate made it clear that Akbar is named not for Akbar the Great, infamous muslim warlord and fondue aficionado, but rather his father, a cab driver. Well... whatever. That was probably none of our business. One last question: What's your favorite thing in the whole world, MK?

"Hmmm...wow! No one's asked me that before! Besides my organic papaya fruit, I have to say...shiny things! Yeah, definitely pretty, shiny things," she said, in-between bites of lettuce. MK then went outside to her massive Chevy Suburban that would take her the three blocks needed to bring her to the secret back entrance elevator at the Gallatin building.

Tonight on P!

7:00 PM



An Hour of Paris Hilton Drunk

8:00 PM



P! True Hollywood Story: Mother Theresa

9:00 PM



Stern makes Robin Quivers laugh... and nobody else

10:00 PM



More Paris Hilton. Suck the guilty pleasure down, folks

P! Movie Reviews

The Deer Hunter

Robert De Niro delivers a powerful performance in this riveting Vietnam-era epic, one of the greatest films ever made. But have you ever noticed all the scenes back in Clairton, PA, where De Niro's 'Mike' has this beard? The right side of it really doesn't match up all too well with the left. That kind of thing can take away a lot from a movie. Also starring Will Smith, as the ghost of a black caddy.



The Deer Hunter: Classic film? More like a classic flub! We recommend Big Fat Ninja instead



Big Fat Ninja

Chris Farley in one of his most memorable roles ever. He's fat, he's big, he's monstrously overweight and he thinks he's a ninja. But he's too fat. Actor Will Smith portrays the benevolent spirit of a dead black caddy. Also starring Liu Kang.

Ridiculously Unusual Suspects

A hijacking gone wrong in New York's Greenwich Village leads to the assembly of a rag-tag motley crew being brought in for questioning. Questions such as "For the last friggin' time, your gender, I need an answer - What the fuck are you?" Will Smith cameos as a dead black caddy's ghost.

Mementos

From the critically acclaimed director of those thought-provoking social commentaries known as Mentos commercials, Guy Pearce travels throughout all of picturesque Prague solving many puzzling stumbers such as, "Oh no, my wife's been murdered! But more importantly how can I sneak past this guard and get into the wedding ceremony to retrieve my soccerball?" But here's the new twist—ever since a mysterious accident Pearce's character has had white paint stripes all over his suit! Watch the blood-curdling excitement as Pearce escapes predicament after pickle, all while not uttering a single word. Also with Will Smith, who plays a resurrected black caddy from a bygone era.



Will Smith: Face it, there's no escape

The Legend of Bagger Vance II

Matt Damon plays golf 'til his heart's content. Kevin Costner circa "Tin Cup" makes an appearance and gets sucker punched by Happy Gilmore. That's three movies about golf, and the good Lord knows that's three too many. Also starring Tom Hanks as a young boy trapped in a grown man's body.

THE PLAGUE'S POLITICS '04

Lately, politics have become more important at NYU than adjuncts being screwed out of their "new contracts" or the Wellness Center operating on Catch-22 policies involving students and their "mental health". If you only watch broadcast TV, here are some recent developments.

BUSH WINS SECOND TERM

KERRY BLAMES LOAFERS

Carlton V. Fanning, Washington - In a slim but decisive victory, George Walker Bush became the forty-third President of the United States. Again. So maybe he just remained what he already was... so nothing changed. When asked to comment on exactly how he won again, this time legitimately, the former Governor of Texas had this to say: "What the American people don't know, tell you soon Al Qaeda'll know what the American people know."

John Kerry, when notified of his heart-breaking loss in the race for the Presidency stated, "How the hell can these shoes stay on my feet? They don't have laces! How is this possible??"

Kerry's befuddlement did not go unheralded as George Dubya Bush, forever the cham-

pion of the working man's rights, cleared the issue: "When the shoe wants what the shoe don't have, that's an issue. The only way to resolute an issue is to give to it what it wants when it wants what it wants, which of course it don't have."

This leaves our nation in quite a quandary. Actually, it doesn't. But we can all pretend it does; in fact, we can all pretend a lot of things. Always leading our country in the right direction, Bush shared a previous experience he had of pretending.

"One time, when I was forty-five, my daddy sat me on his knee, and he said, 'Georgey.' And I said, 'Yes, daddy.' And today I have a daughter. [Scattered muffles]. Get the hell outta Dodge, okay, I got TWO daughters!'. Three cheers for Democracy!

OPINION: BUSH MISLED US

Chasworth M. Paddington IV, Plutocrat



President Bush is a liar. There, I said it. And I'm not backing down. As a wealthy plutocrat, I've long been loyal to the GOP. But Bush's handling of the war in Iraq has me questioning his vision. Sure, it's costing lives, destroying families and spreading hatred and intolerance throughout the world, but we knew that going in. What we didn't know was how unprofitable it would be, and on that issue we were misled. For shame on this President and this administration for so blatantly lying to me and my plutocratic brethren.

Never in my long career as a behind-the-scenes power magnate have I seen such hubris and deception from the oval office.

And the national media does no better! Civilians killed, a thousand plus Americans dead, blah, blah, blah, blah! Where are the real stories? Pipeline destroyed! Oil field ablaze! Standard fiduciary investitures underperforming as per initial projections.

We were promised a sea of possibilities: free reign over one of the world's largest oil reserves, and complete control of a new Iraqi infrastructure. The reality is that if not for no-bid prohibitive contracts, profits would be well short of lucrative. Should my island not have a jet-pad? Should my jet-pad not have a jet?

This nation was made great by shadowy figures like myself propping up political puppets for the purpose of increasing our own exorbitant material gain and this administration has spit in the face of that proud history of our forefathers. I will be damned to sit idly by and let this go on any longer.

Why should my voice go unheard? Am I not a citizen of this nation? Though for taxation purposes, I may not be, that does not quiet my outrage. It is time for the backroom specters and oligarchial tycoons of this nation to get off their duffs and close ranks.

After all we're not talking about lives here, we're talking about money. A shitload of money.

Ronald Reagan 1911-2004



As most of us were shocked to hear, Ronald Artest has been suspended for the remainder of this, the 78th season of the NBA. How about that, folks? But no, seriously, on a lighter note, Ronald Reagan, the 40th President of these United States, recently passed away.

What can be said about this man and the legacy that he left? Well there are certain undeniable truths that must be discussed.

Perhaps his greatest claim to fame was his starring role in "The Winning Team" in which he portrayed star pitcher Grover Cleveland Alexander, whilst catapulting such nobodies as Doris Day and Peanuts Lowery to stardom.

Reagan was the only President of our Union who was also the President of a labor union. The SGA never ran any smoother than it did under the ol' Gipper. He also started a proud tradition of actors becoming governors of the state of "KahleeFORneecaa".

Another oft-overlooked point is that the Reagameister invented ketchup. And the Internet. And electricity. And God. Unfortunately he also invented Religious extremism, power outages, pop-up ads and that crust that always develops on the underside of your Heinz cap.

How can you sum up the sixty-to-ninety-odd years the man lived in one simple, definitive statement? Well, I think Liberals and Conservatives alike can all agree that a kitten playing in a room full of balloons would be both noisy and adorable.

Perfecting Defecting: **UK Style!**

After the election results came in on November 3, 2004, many left-leaning Americans have been considering moving to Canada. We here at the Plague would like to throw our two cents into the hat: Why Canada? Canada is hella cold, most Canadians are mellow to the point of coma, and Canadian women have really hairy beavers. And we don't mean '60's retro hippie chick hairy either – it's more along the lines of sasquatch getting head from a gnome. Imagine going down on that. We suggest you pull a Madonna and move to the United Kingdom instead. To help you cope with the lifestyle changes you'll have to make after moving to a country that's somewhat culturally different from our own, The Plague has compiled the following guide to help you adjust to your new home.



Even Spring Break is a jolly good time in Great Britain!

1. Dress: Say goodbye to your sneakers, shorts and grossly oversized football jerseys. Dressing like that over there will quickly mark you as an uncouth American. In England, it's all about the flamboyance, baby. If you're planning on moving to London, wearing a loud magenta buttoned-down shirt and ass-grabbing jeans isn't just acceptable, it's expected. Of course you'll have to turn in your Joe Boxers for a pair of leopard print thong underwear. If it's Scotland you're considering, prepare to get rid of the knickers altogether and don a plaid skirt the Scots lovingly call a kilt. Have you ever seen so many portly bearded men dressed like sexy schoolgirls? Get a load of those curly leg hairs swaying in the breeze....sssssmokin!

2. Pubs: Think you're a big drinker? Don't make us laugh! Wait till you meet Nigel Everyman over on High Street. Boy, those fellas sure can put away the lager. You'll look like a pussy next to them. Yup, a big fat American pussy. You'll have to avoid the pubs all together. But not to worry: (See below).

3. Drugs: The English are well known for a more fun and exciting substance than alcohol: HEROIN! Worried about the legal consequences? Well, stop worrying. This is England. As a matter of fact, our cousins across the pond tend to reward dancing with Mr. Brownstone. With a vibrant needle exchange program, you may not even have to share syringes with homeless old women named Peggy. And that means you won't contract the Hiv. Survive heroin addiction long enough and you may end up getting knighted at Buckingham Palace or invited to perform live with Elton John. Just ask Mick Jagger and Courtney Love. It's like Survivor without any of the hard work or degradation.



A potential British lover? Just ask, he'll tell!

4. Sex: Do you consider England's women unappealing? Does the thought of another night of unfulfilling sex with a limp, pale corpse make you want to cry? Not to worry! Need we remind you that you're in the land of queens, dainty tea parties and extravagant Victorian dresses? Just go gay, young man. If you find the women in England to be as arousing as a cold shower outdoors in February, then you might as well go with the next best thing. The hard part will be discerning who's gay and who isn't. We say go with your instincts

Armed with these helpful hints, you'll be sure to pass with flying colors in Jolly Olde England. Oh, and if anyone offers you tea, turn it down - it's a trick!



Beloved Knight Mick Jagger (right) with his squire Keith Richards (left).

5. Television: We know, we know. You miss your Sex and the City and The Sopranos. Too bad! You're in Great Britain now. Remember those stupid home improvement shows on BBC America that you used to ridicule? Guess what, asshole? You'll have to learn to love'em from now on. Fine British programming is renowned for its educational value and sophistication. Don't forget, we have the British to thank for such classy fare as The Benny Hill Show and The Graham Norton Effect.

THE ART OF SMOKING

We here at The Plague recognize how hard it can be for you paranoid, bleary-eyed marijuana fans to get your fix, what with militaristic RA's stomping up and down the halls ready to pounce on you with the ferocity of a mandatory minimum. We thought our readers might appreciate step-by-step instructions of precautions to take when you do indeed decide to smoke in your room. Remember, getting caught with the reefer can get you kicked out of housing, so make sure to do everything and anything to prevent a sticky situation.

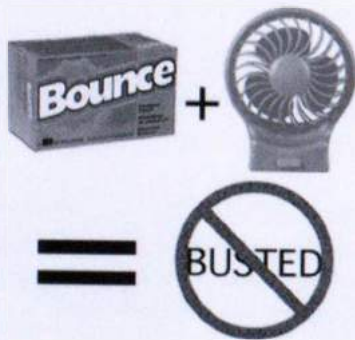
1) Start by spraying the hall area outside your door with products such as Febreze, Lysol and other air fresheners. Some people say it calls attention to the area, but you know what draws even *more* attention? MARIJUANA SMOKE. Just spray it, punk.

2) Next, towel the door. If that seems vague, allow us to elaborate: Shove a towel underneath the crack of your door. This prevents fumes from leaving the vicinity and is a basic step in the Art of Smoking. Not to toot our own horn, but we've got some good towel shover-ers at the Plague, who know how to make nice, clean seals. We give lessons!



The Plague goes through a lot of air fresheners...

3) Turn on every fan in the room and place those dryer sheets behind them, where the air is sucked through. You know, those sheets that stop static cling? Completely unnecessary in the laundry, but mandatory for smoking. Keep your priorities straight. If you have four fans, then – do the math – you need four dryer sheets.



Stoner Algebra 101

4) Open the fucking windows! This step might seem like common sense, but you never know what kind of fools read *The Plague*.

5) Now, pull out your Smoking Tools. This includes your apparatus (bong, pipe, splif, etc.) and a holy water bottle stuffed with dryer sheets. By holy, we mean you should physically punch a hole through the bottom of the water bottle. One may ask, "What is the purpose of such an object?" Once you fill your lungs with smoke (otherwise known as "inhaling"), exhale into the "special" water bottle. It is our scientific theory that the whole process alters the chemical structure of the marijuana smoke molecules by making them more like, y'know, dryer sheet molecules.

6) All right... on your mark, get set... GO!!!! Hit that shitazzz!!! Lite dat dube, burn dat bowl, blaze it up! Put your money where you mouth is and indulge in, as the Spanish say, *la ensalada de ganja*. Then the song! Go you! It's your birthday! Go you! It's your birthday! (The running man dance is involved here, too.) In case you haven't figured it out, step six is the actual act of smoking marijuana. We'll admit that smoking the dorm can never be that chill, because of overwhelming, soul-crushing paranoia, but this is really the most heavenly moment of the whole process. You worked for it, kid, enjoy it.

7) Leave the premises. You never know who's going to show up, and you should try to be as far from the evidence as possible.



PRESTO! You're as high as Denver and 100% safe from the long arm of the law. Smoking doesn't have to be all about paranoia anymore – if you adamantly follow our Lucky Seven Steps™, all should go well, and you can leave your room with feelings of peace, love, and happiness. Or maybe that's just a side effect of the ganj....

"HELP! Your guide confuses and perplexes me! I can't follow the rules." Fine, hot shot. This trusty FAQ will clear up any confusion you might have with the Art of Smoking.

PROBLEM: You're a traditionalist when it comes to both weed AND laundry. You don't have any queer-mo "dryer sheets." What DO you do?

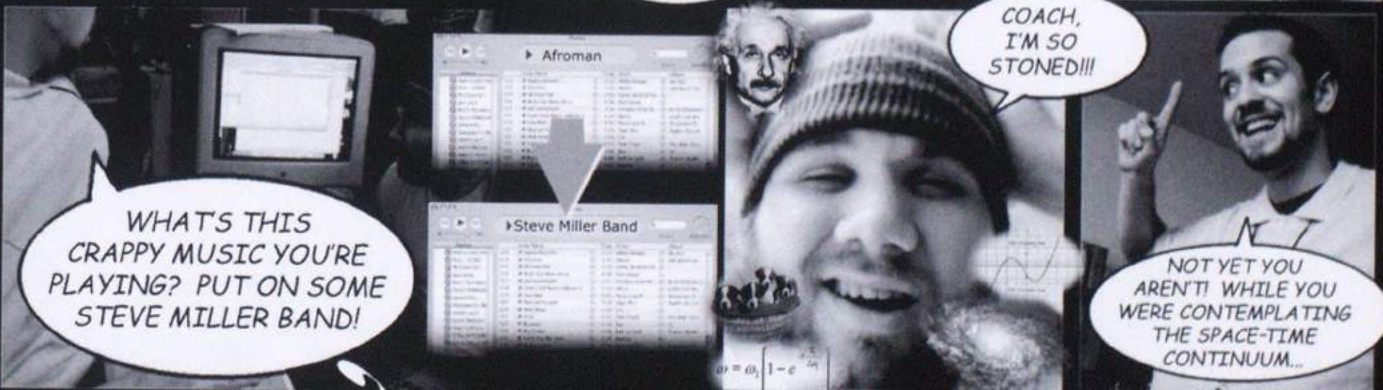
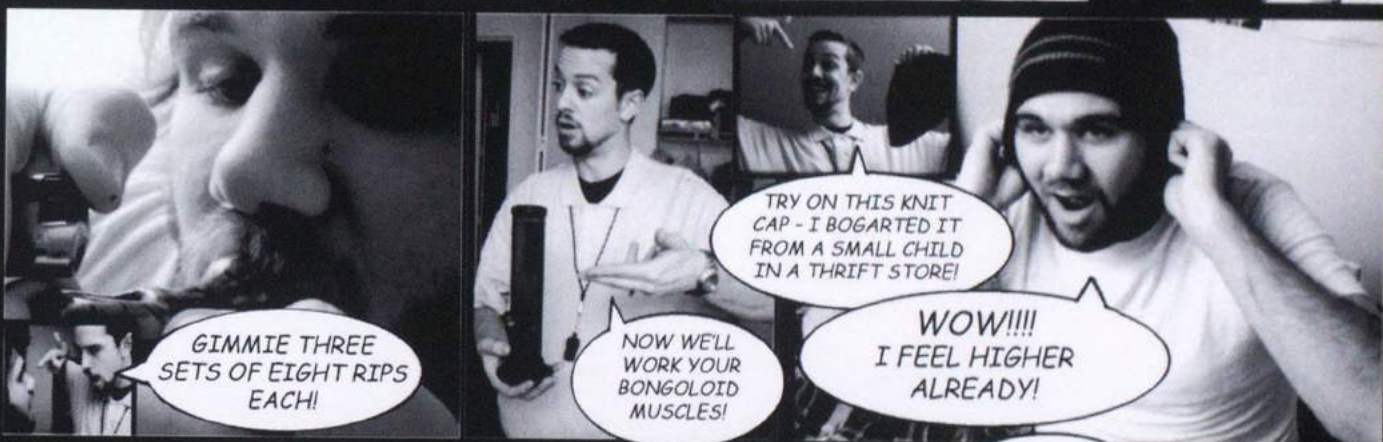
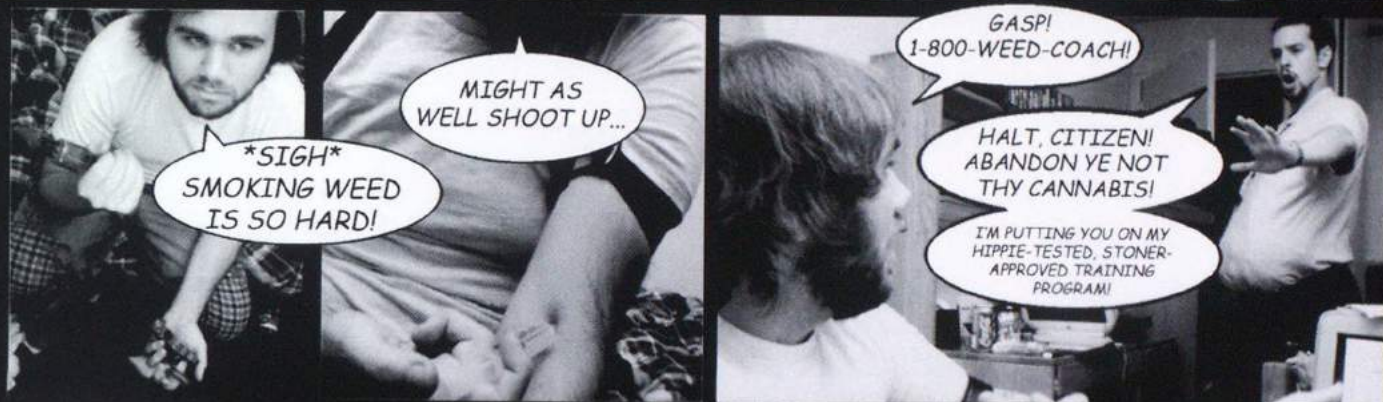
SOLUTION: Smoke up with nary a care. Then, with or without you're your smoking chums, drop a deuce in the bathroom near the door. Smell altered!

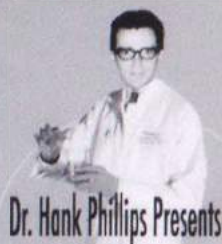
PROBLEM: You don't have a bathroom near your door.

SOLUTION: Find bathroom. Enter bathroom. Hotbox in bathroom. Drop deuce in bathroom. Pass the dutchie to the lefthand side. No worries. We jammin'.

...Or, just shit on the floor by the door.

THE ADVENTURES OF... 1-800-WEED-COACH





Dr. Hank Phillips Presents

Diet Coke:



Ladies and gentlemen, this is Dr. Hank Phillips of the United States Food and Drug Administration. I'm here today to talk to you about one of the gravest dangers facing America's Youth today: Diet Coke. Diet Coke is the number one cause of moral failings in young people, and only with the full cooperation of the entire population is it possible to curtail these terrifying trends. That's my job: to tell you, as a scientist, the dangers that are facing our children, so that you'll be prepared to fight back.

Let's meet our subject, Dave.

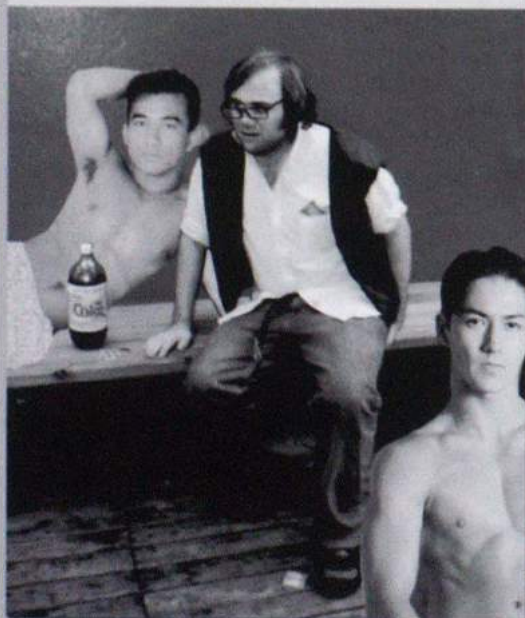


Dave (left) is a solid young American, interested in sports, loitering, and other appropriate activities for young men.



One day, following a vigorous game of touch football, Dave happened across a bottle of Diet Coke. Curious, and thirsty, he decided to take a sip of the beverage.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

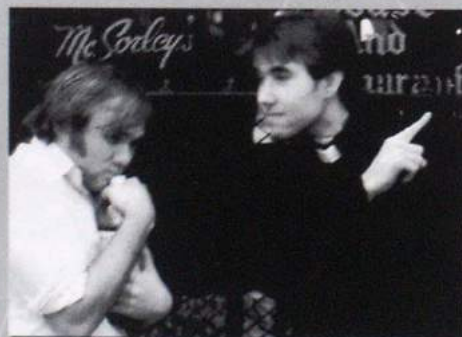


A mere 15 minutes later, Dave woke up in a bathhouse in Chinatown, his belt undone, wearing strange clothes. He felt violated and suspected that his anus had been penetrated. Only now did Dave realize the danger of Diet Coke's crippling-side-effect...

the **Homogay**.



DISGRACE!



Helplessly addicted to Diet Coke but yearning to live a true and moral life, Dave solicited the advice and guidance of Father John. "Don't fret, my boy, Diet Coke is nothing to be afraid of," the kindly priest assured the stray lamb.

SLAYER OF YOUTH



"My son, as long as you have faith in Jesus and give your life to the Lord, there's no force on Earth that can make you drink that demon beverage. God bless you."

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...



Alas, even the power of Jesus was insufficient, and Dave and Father John succumbed to the touch of the **Homogay**. I must add that Father John proved an inadequate spiritual leader - see more about this in my upcoming report, **CATHOLICISM: SLAYER OF YOUTH**.



Yes, Dave is now another statistic, consigned to life as a lowly "Diet Coke Wanker," doing whatever it takes on the streets to scratch up the \$1.50 necessary for a bottle of Diet Coke and a round of rough, sweaty, man-on-man **Homogay** fueled action.



"WHERE DID I GO WRONG?"

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU OR SOMEONE YOU CARE ABOUT. REMEMBER, DIET COKE IS A DANGEROUS SUBSTANCE, AND SHOULD BE TREATED WITH RESPECT. PERHAPS ONE DAY, WE WILL FIND A CURE FOR THE **HOMOGAY**. BUT UNTIL THAT DAY COMES, STEER CLEAR OF...

DIET COKE: SLAYER OF YOUTH!

COMIX

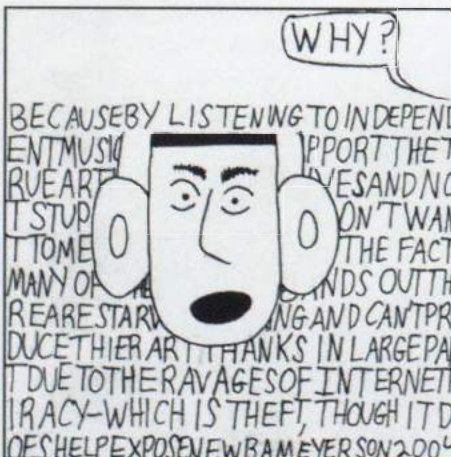
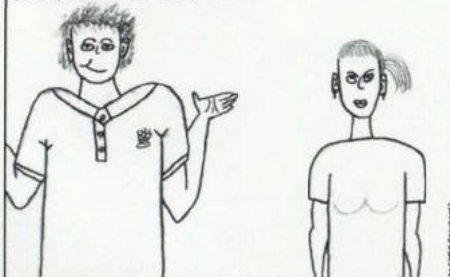
ADVENTURES OF Way-Too-Literally Taking Things Guy

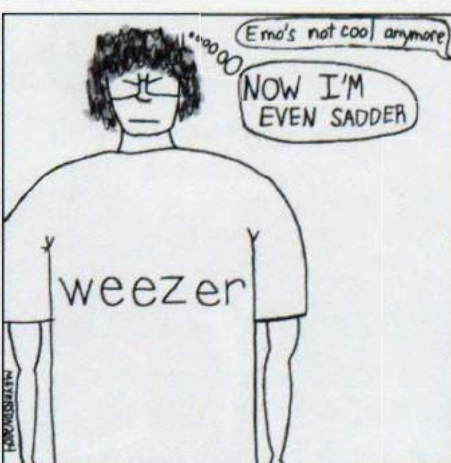
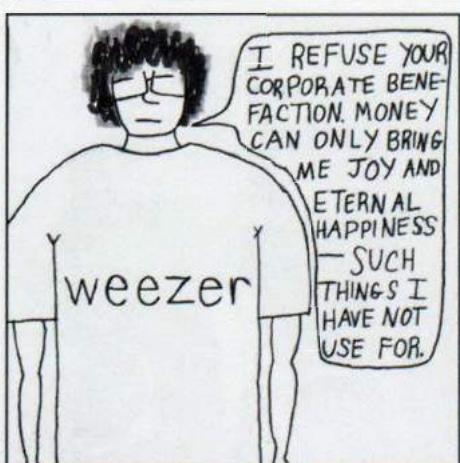
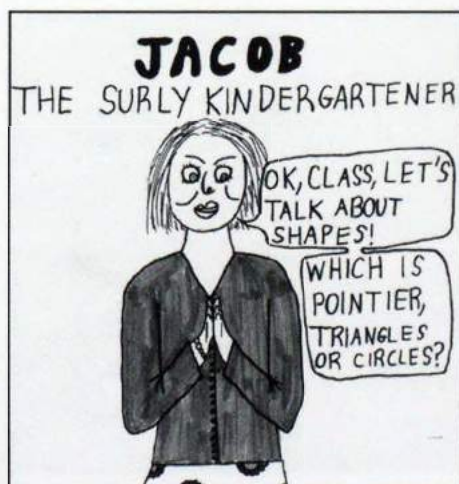
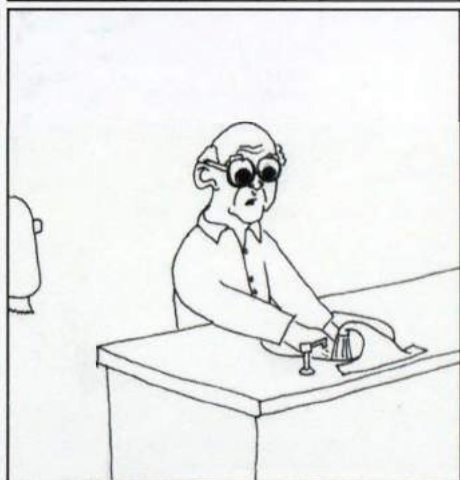


WHOA, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.



YOU DIDN'T WANT ME TO BELIEVE YOU. THAT'S WHAT INCREDIBLE MEANS!



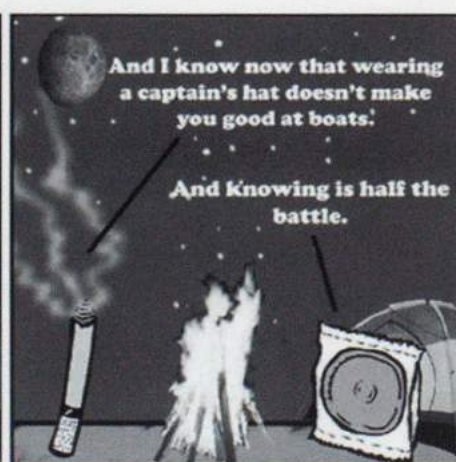
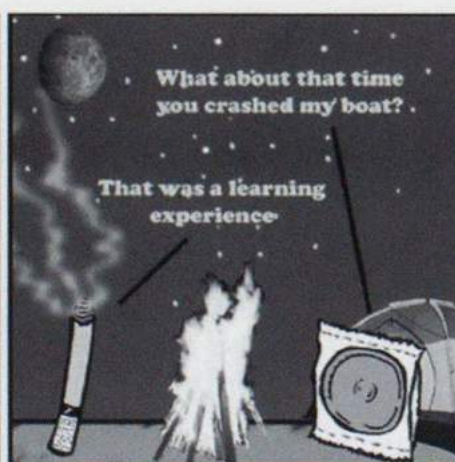
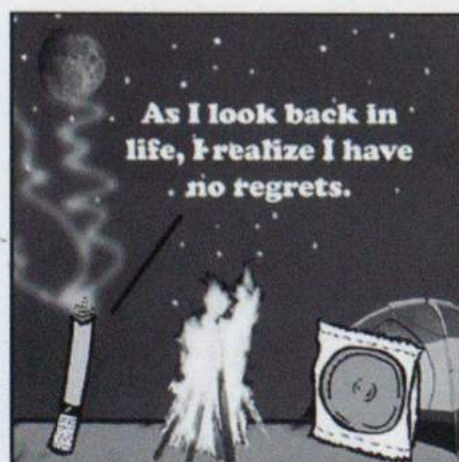
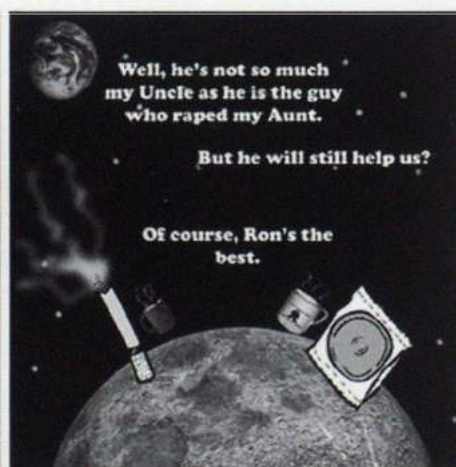
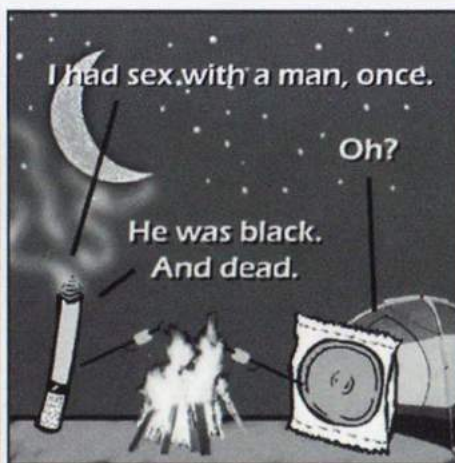


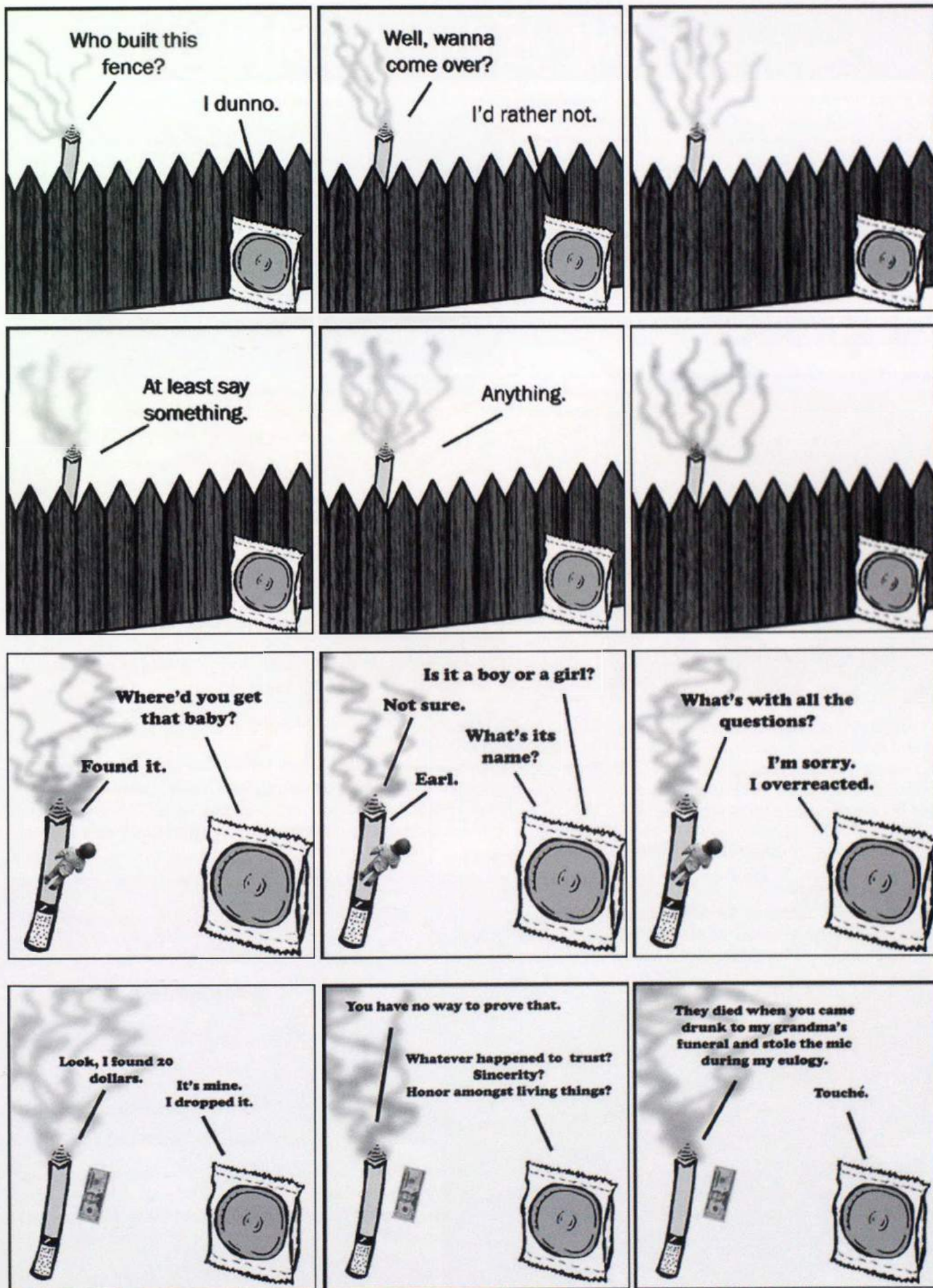


dos factotum

by ryan grim and dave gonzales

www.dosfactotum.com





Little Known Facts About... **THE GERMAN EMPIRE**

The word "Ger-man-y" comes from three individual root words. "Ger" taken from Early Latin for "river of piss," "man" from Chinese for "country," and "y" being Spanish for "y". That's pretty stupid. Here's more stupid facts about Germany, stupid.

Germany only has gravity sixteen hours out of the day.

Germans are only born in February.

In 1945, the Bundestag (Germany's parliament) had an emergency meeting to boost tourism in their country. After turning down an offer from Walt Disney to convert Auschwitz into a "theme park", the government decided that they would "pull an Ireland." This translated into the daily dumping of 10,000 gallons of beer into the water supply and, consequentially, becoming a pretzel juggernaut.

No matter what your teacher told you, Steve Guttenberg did not invent the printing press. He invented cool. And subsequently, the cotton gin.

Germany is approximately 4,000 miles from Ghana. In Ghana, you can buy weed for like six bucks a pound. Sure, that's pretty sweet, but you know what else is really cheap in Ghana? AIDS.

Germany can fly. It's a super-republic.



Did you know Volkswagen made the gas chambers? Of course, but did you know that they also make cars? "Volk" means people, and "wagen" means car. Hence "the car of the people." Oh, you knew that? Maybe you should write this then, huh? Yeah, I thought so, you arrogant punk.

Did you ever see that movie, *The Philadelphia Experiment*? I mean, that totally could've happened, and then Germany would rule the world. Or it could be like that show "Sliders," where they went to a world where the British won the Revolutionary War, but they totally could've done that with Germany winning World War II. Oh, wait, they did that one, too. That show sucked.

Franz Ferdinand planned to make a four piece instrumental ensemble that would steal the concepts of popular musicians and market them to people living in quasi-bohemian neighborhoods and/or coffee shops. But then he was shot and his plan was lost forever. Or was it...?

Erwin Rommel, a highly decorated German general during World War II, was given the nickname "The Desert Fox". This wasn't from his tactics, but rather because that's how his wife referred to him: "He makes love like a fox. A dead, stinking fox in the desert." Rommel had her shot, and the name stuck since.

No, East Germany's female Olympic Swimmers were not men. They were ladies. They just had dicks, okay?

David Hasselhoff, famous for single-handedly breaking down the Berlin Wall, was given the ceremonial title of "Digimon Kaiser", which is a lifetime guarantee to be the Master of Ceremonies at every Oktoberfest.



Germans only have sex in May.

German chicks don't shave their pits, but a third of them are in Kraftwerk cover bands, which makes me hard.

Nobody knows why, but geographers classify Germany as a peninsula.

Germany led the National League in home runs from 1974-1976, 1980-1981, 1983, 1984 (tied with Dale Murphy), and 1986. Oh wait, that was Mike Schmidt. Well, Mike Schmidt is kind of like Germany, right?

On April 15th, 1994, all 1.5 million residents of Hamburg were executed for inefficiency.

One time, my friend Dougie was in Germany and he spray painted a wall, and then he got arrested and they canded him for it. Wait, that was in Singapore. I bet they'd do it in Germany, though.

Germany can do 15 chin-ups... in a row.

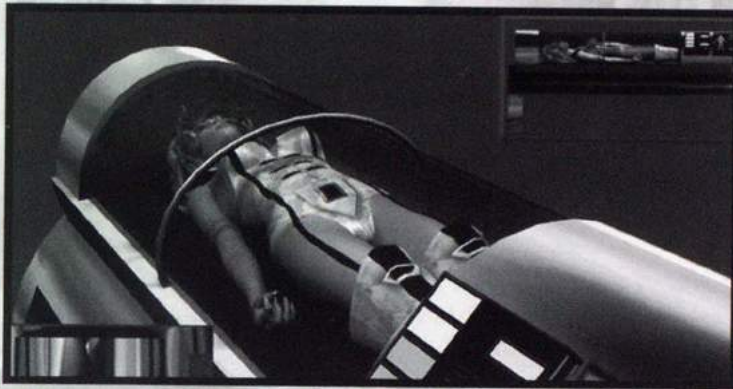
They only hurt the Jews because they loved them so much. And they're still looking for the real killers.

Germany used to be called Prussia. GAY!



Little known facts about...

The Olsen Twins



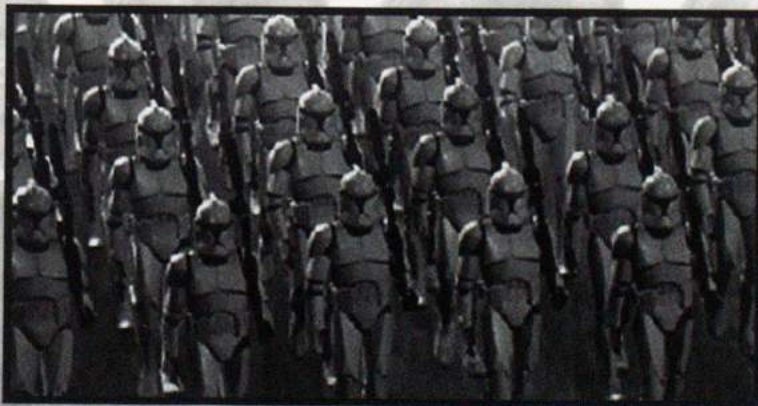
Rather than sleep in beds, the Olsen twins, since the age of 6, have slept in suspended animation tanks to preserve that adorable charm.

A few months ago when Mary-Kate was hospitalized, headlines attributed the problem to an eating disorder. It was really AIDS, but they're so rich they could pay for the cure.

In their new, uniquely Gallatin class, "Introspection and Depolarization: An In-depth Look Into the Olsen Twins and Pseudoantidisestablishmentarianism", Mary-Kate is leading the pack with an A-, but Ashley is blonder and has a C.

NYU's School of Continuing and Professional Studies, trying to catch a piece of Olsen twins fever, admitted Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis this semester. But no one noticed.

Due to a heretofore-unacknowledged incident in the Oval Office on the last day of the Clinton Administration, the Olsen twins have diplomatic immunity and hold the deed to Puerto Rico, which they now rule with an iron fist.



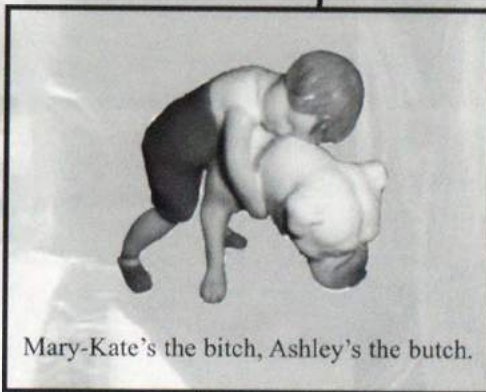
The cloning facility that produced the Olsen twins went on make headlines when they cloned Dolly the sheep. They also made headlines when they made a clone army for George Lucas' *Attack of the Clones*. The surplus clones were ground down after production and have quietly been used to supplement the nation's beef supply ever since. The twins are in litigation to receive a cut of the profits.

Once in a while, if you glance quickly enough, you can see that Ashley has one green and one blue eye, thus making her a 'tard. Mary-Kate has an extra lung meaning that she can run a mile faster than her sister, as well as deep throat a cock for 2-3 minutes longer.

The Olsen twins have full editorial control of the *New York Post*.

The Olsen twins made \$512 million each last year, and each squandered approximately \$480 million on Jai Lai.

Ashley can fly and Mary-Kate can become invisible, but rather than use these powers for good, they just use them for petty crimes like stealing hot dogs from street vendors. They are four years overdue on their Superfriends membership fee.



Mary-Kate's the bitch, Ashley's the butch.

Every Christmas, the Olsens and their Olsen friends put on a special Christmas episode. One year Snoopy got really sad and ran away from Ashley. Ashley looked all over for him and the Olsen friends sang carols through the night. Snoopy noticed the joy, forgot his suicidal tendencies and rejoined the Peanuts gang. Uh-oh, looks like Mary-Kate moved the football, causing Ashley to fall on her arse. Will she ever win?

A police report from winter 2003 confirms that the Olsen twins beat the shit out of Tia and Tamara Mowry, formerly of TV's *Sister/Sister*, during a bar fight in Grand Island, Nebraska.

In polls, 99.5% ,with a 3% margin of error, of the male students on campus have contemplated the possibility of seducing and impregnating an Olsen twin for personal financial gain. The ones that haven't contemplated it have been too busy actually doing it.

Get this: Throughout their childhood, the Olsen twins both played the character Michelle Tanner on ABC's "Full House." It's amazing that you never hear anyone talk about this. Apparently the show was pretty popular.

Did you know that the Olsen twins are two inches shorter than the tallest Chinaman?

Except Mary-Kate is two and quarter inches shorter.

Hail ye, geeks, nerds, losers, aging jocks, and freshpeople! Have you often worried that your status in the NYU community is slipping? Have you stayed awake at night worrying that your reputation is returning to (gaspl) high school levels? Fear no more! Cause verily, from this point hence, thou shalt be armed with.....



The Plague Guide to GENERAL COLLEGE AWESOMENESS!!!!!!



And we're not just talking your typical, old, "I get lots of chicks like Tony Danza" awesome. We're talking your Jet Li/Wolverine/Uncle Jesse got together with the Olsen twins, had a collective love-child, and HE went to NYU kind of awesomeness. After reading this article, you will be so awesome that Hillary Duff and Lindsay Lohan will forget their collective differences, just so they can tear off their clothes and have a three-way with you. We are talking SO awesome, that John Sexton will give up his army of change-counting monkeys (yes he actually has real monkeys – where do you think tuition goes?), just so he can take awesomeness tips from you. But, without further ado, here it is...



The Plague Guide to GENERAL COLLEGE AWESOMENESS!!!!!!



The Honorable Larry Joe of TV's "Texas Justice" is the Devil!

NOT AWESOME **AWESOME!!!!!!**

What Would Jesus Do?	What Would Lance Armstrong Do?
Feeding the Squirrels in Washington Square Park. There must be like 1,000,003 of those little fuckers.	EATING the squirrels in Wasington Square Park. Forced population control is cooler than it'll ever be, and the bums can't do it all alone!
Watching TV in your room.	Watching <i>Titanic</i> in your hallway, and switching it to full volume for all of Kate and Leo's love scenes, for your neighbor's enjoyment.
Voting for Chuck Schumer.	Going to Chuck E. Cheese!
Persecuting Falun Dafa in China.	Prostituting Falun Dafa in New York.
thefacebook.com	youranusbook.com
Reading the book.	Masturbating to the movie.



NOT AWESOME



AWESOME!!!!



Wheaties.	Trophies where you can see the gold plastic guy's heap.
Metrosexual/gay chic. You know who you are, you trend whores.	Yo, playa, fuckin' mad bitches is STILL the only way to roll, ya heard?
Going to bars on the weekend. SOOO played out.	Killing homeless people on the weekend. (Guiliani did it, and look how popular he is!)
Cosine.	When Predator used trigonometry to find where Schwarzenegger was hiding.
Foster's: Australian for beer.	Foster's: French for shitting in the Old Navy dressing room.
Weepy, A.M. "coming out of the closet" confessions to your roommate.	Screw the touchy-feely nonsense! No one likes a whiny little bitch. Dispense with the pleasantries and donkey-punch that deserving bastard in his sleep. Trust me, a stable roommate agreement is dependent upon random acts of sodomy.
Final Exams.	Getting piss drunk on boxed wine, fucking a fat girl with a Smiths shirt, then making her buy Snapples and paper towels.
Changing babies' diapers.	Changing old peoples' diapers.
Changing babies when they crap themselves.	Changing babies when they crap themselves.
Extorting and raping the Japanese culture by wearing those beaded slippers.	Extorting and raping the Japanese women who wear those beaded slippers.
Downloading music off the Internet, and getting sued.	Downloading cheese off the Internet. I gots to be gettin' the best Brie for my taste buds!
Fake cans of peanuts that have those spring loaded snakes. Those are lame.	Real cans of peanuts that have those spring loaded unicorns! Those rock!
Crashing planes into buildings.	Too soon?
Jesse Ventura's fall from the American political scene.	Jesse Ventura's AMAZING RETURN TO THE WWF, ONE-ON-ONE WITH THE BIG SHOW!
When you're out wearing your tattered army jacket and you haven't shaved in a few days, and some generous asshole throws a quarter in your fucking coffee cup.	Following the guy home, top-shelfing every toilet in his house, and then BURNING THE PLACE DOWN!
Clogged shower drains.	Poopin' in the shower.



The legacy left by the Second Continental Congress is the Devil!



In order to anger my father, I transferred out of Stern this fall to Gallatin, losing my Young Financiers Scholarship. But it has been well worth it. These classes have changed my perspective on the world, and morphed me into a budding intellectual - with scarves and a Vespa. One of my seminars lets me write papers on whatever the fuck I feel like. For my midterm project I chose to explore one of academia's greatest historical enigmas: John Sexton's Grandpa. Through hard-nosed research and a little moxy I managed to crank out this fine paper.

Fazulli 1

Harold Fazulli
Demystifying Notions of Things We Do: Hyper-Reality in a Post 9-11 Cubicle
Prof. Glimcher
11 November 2004

A Tapestry of Folly: The Chronicles of John Sexton's Grandpa

Everyone knows John Sexton as the bearded, well-connected, eczema-ridden President of NYU. What most don't know is that our leader was once a blob of goo inside his mommy's belly. This may be surprising to some, so imagine a teaspoon of tapioca in a squash. At this early stage his cellular make-up was half comprised of sperm, which had spewed out of Sexton's daddy's penis. Historians¹ agree that the penis was probably engorged with blood at the time, suggesting it is possible to consider a Derridean dialogue of Phallogocentrism as the primary context for Sexton's conception.

In 1900, President Sexton's grandpa was born into a humble home. Some scholars feel more comfortable calling it a lean-to, because that's what it was. Built in an abandoned hangar (now a functioning Supercuts) the Sexton clan's house was arguably Jersey's worst dwelling, and this was way before Jersey was a punch line. From the age of nine, John Sexton III worked nights at a tenement hospital for poor immigrants, which was no laughing matter. Except, of course, for the fact that this hospital required all patients to pay for their medical bills by participating in weekly Vaudeville shows. As an employee, Sexton's grandpa was forced to be the MC. He was known for warming up the crowd by singing popular tin-pan alley songs and doing exaggerated impersonations of public figures. His popular style led one critic to call him "The Wayne Brady of the Vaudevillian Era." The name stuck, but Grandpa Sexton moved on.

By 1920 John Sexton III found himself alone, sexually confused, and practically unemployable. Though his Vaudeville days brought him fame and unprotected sex, he had no actual skills. Instead of learning how to read like most little boys, he was instructed in the arts of stage lighting and putting black faces on Bavarian immigrants. At night he would wander the streets. Now officially a bum, John Sexton's grandpa settled down in Washington Square Park and quickly became involved in the newly formed Rastafarian/Chess-Playing scene.

To this end the ceaseless overture of Man's inhumanity to man bears its causes to

¹By "historians," I am of course referring to the Hoboken chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who have recently made significant contribution to the research of forgotten, useless people, in addition to thrusting Reagan-themed cookware into their chapped, nigger-hating vaginas.

Re: Rivalry with Bobby Sherman

Remember that dumb, dumpy kid who was always in all of your classes your entire adolescence? Didn't you hate his face? He always just sat there, like a dummy. What a dumpy dummy. So dumb. God, how I hate that Bobby Sherman! I mean, what was his name, Bobby Sherman or something dumb like that?

Good News! Now Bobby Sherman and his WHOLE FAMILY OF IDIOTS are back and better than ever. There's Bobby Sherman, his little sister Susie Bobby Sherman, his older brother Roddy Bobby Sherman and oldest brother Rowdy Roddy Bobby Sherman. What exploits they'll have!

Wait, don't forget about the oldheads! There's Mommy Bobby Sherman, the father, Robert Bobby Sherman, and the old grandpa Rowdy Robert Bobby Sherman. Oh, yeah, I guess you didn't hear... Grandma Fat'n'Ugly Bobby Sherman died of cancer. Face Cancer! No, seriously, it was her cervix.

Dear Big Brother (who's in expensive college now - meaning I'm going to be going to state school, I'm ever grateful for that by the way),

Since you've been gone I kinda fell in with the hipster crowd, and I'm writing you a letter despite the fact that we chat on AIM everyday just to be ironic. Mom made me clean the attic the other day, and I found a whole shitload of your loads of shit. I wish I were an only child. Anyway, here are some non-chronological excerpts of some sort of journal you laboriously kept in odd pages of notebooks that you saved and I meticulously sought out. Not that I thought you want to have them, just that I want you to know that I have them. Dick.

3rd grade:

Today we were on the playground. Susie Bobby Sherman was on the jungle gym and I walked by her. I looked up and saw her vaginy. It was ugly.

Sin

7th grade:

Today at lunch someone stole Bobby Sherman's pudding. They were looking for his Snack Pack, but I was hiding in the bathroom. I don't even like Butterscotch. I hate that Bobby Sherman.

10th grade:

Rowdy Roddy Bobby Sherman came to pick up me and Bobby Sherman at the soccer field after practice today. I wish I didn't live next door to Bobby Sherman. I wish our moms weren't friends. I wish Rowdy Roddy Bobby Sherman didn't make me give him a handjob after he gives me a ride.

4th grade:

Roddy Bobby Sherman said he likes to beat me up at recess because his dad, Robert Bobby Sherman, likes to beat him for not beating me at recess.

I think there is some sort of flaw in that reasoning, but I'm only 10 and don't understand circular logic. Plus I think my brain is bleeding on the inside.

8th grade:

We're going to the same high school next year. Goddamn it Bobby Sherman, I hate you! Today he was wearing an Oasis T-Shirt. I like Oasis! Now I can't wear my Oasis T-Shirt until at least another month or so. Noel Gallagher might not be cute anymore! I mean, no, not that I think Noel Gallagher is cute now, uhhh... If I rape Susie Bobby Sherman, that'll make me straight, right?

KINDYGARTEN!!!

12th grade:

I'm going to go the prom with Susie Bobby Sherman. Bobby Sherman cried because he didn't have a date anymore. Roddy Bobby Sherman said he's going to kill me if I touch her. He hasn't killed me yet. Hee hee hee. Rowdy Roddy Bobby Sherman said he'd give us a ride to the prom. He also said that he'd finally get some on Prom night. I told my therapist about these mixed feelings of sexual optimism and sexual dread that I have about prom night. She said it's all just part of being a teenager. What a dumb whore. I hate Dr. Mommy Bobby Sherman.

Today I saw a pretty girl! Her name is Bobby Sherman. We played house and said we're gonna marry each other. Schrod was looking like it was gonna be fun forever and ever, as long as Bobby Sherman was there for me. Then the teacher caught us kissing and talked to us about Jesus and boys and bees and girls and birds. That wasn't as fun as playing house with Bobby Sherman. I love Bobby Sherman. ♥

NOEL RULES!



TMB RULES
GO BOY!



How to Be a TRANSFER STUDENT

at NYU

So, Transfer, you just got to the big city, huh? It's time to start again, but hey, you don't want to fuck it up. Fear not, for we at The Plague have compiled the ultimate guide to all things transfer! (Unless you're in GSP. Then you don't count.)



Typical NYU Hunk

Dress: Okay, time to ditch those old T-shirts and jeans. If you want to fit in at a school like NYU, you need style, bitches! From now on, you only wear retro indie clothes. I'm talking all things corduroy, some sort of queermo linen pants, and a gay cowboy hat of one kind or another.

Music: From now on, only listen to underground emo music. You know, whiny, crying man-children on acoustic guitars. Or better yet, listen to some screaming foreigners muttering gibberish through Lord knows how many odd computer generated effects! It doesn't matter if it sounds good, fucker, it's hip. You want to be hip, don't you?

Movies: Now I know you like *Old School* and *South Park*, but those are far too passé. Come on, you're at NYU now! Only watch the most obscure subtitled foreign films. Better yet, watch 'em without the subtitles. You should try to get movies about life and death or some crap with butterflies and crying people. Yeah, that's deep. If you're lost here, just go with Björk. Anything with that crazy bitch has got to be the shit!

Drugs: Sure, you probably experimented in high school. And maybe you were quite the drinker at your old college. But that doesn't mean anything, because this is New York, fuckers. You have to aim to impress here. If a line's put in front of you, you'd better be sniffin' that ice! Come on, everyone does it – weed's so played out. Hell, buy some nose candy for yourself and practice alone in the corner. One day you may even be sniffing with real winners – before long those Full House bitches will be calling you Uncle Fucking Jesse.



Phish smokes tons of weed. AND THEY'RE BORING!



Put 'em on the yayo and they'd be more like this - HELLS YEAH!!!

Diet: It's tough staying in shape in a big city like New York. But fear not – you can always fall back on eating disorders. What's that? You like eating? Fine, there's a whole lot to choose from here. Do you like the famous New York Pizza? Have a slice! Then taste it again, minutes later, in the bathroom! Yes, this city truly is magical.

STDs: Again, you have to prove you're a real New Yorker! There's no better way than through venereal disease. Come on, you don't want to look like some kind of fucking rookie here, do you? Go sleep around in Third North or something. You'll be bound to get something – might I suggest the clap, or even the Hiv?

The Homeless: Now here's something that'll really prove you're at NYU to stay. Giving has been said to be the greatest reward of all. So give to the homeless. Give 'em a hell of a beating! It'll make them appreciate what they have. I suggest the good ol' Fake-Money-Give-Then-Nut-Shot. Gets 'em every time!



With the help of Arm & Hammer, Jason Giambi made it in the big city – now you can too!



Björk: So fucking crazy that we didn't even Photoshop this picture. Swear to God.



The Gym:
NYU Style!

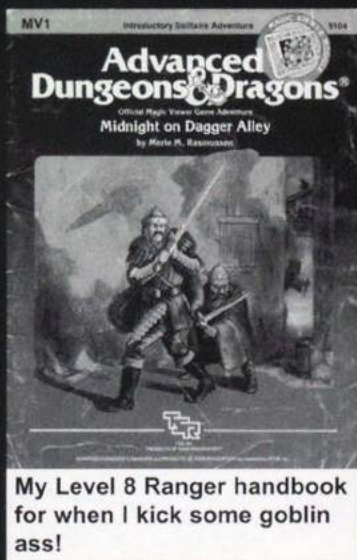


'Tis better to give...

Memoirs of a Sunday Night:

Or How I Learned to Love Phone Sex

So it's a normal Sunday night, I'm rocking out to Dionne Warwick, stalking that girl who lives down the hall on the facebook, memorizing her meaningless intended political vote and pondering why she's in the "Please Don't Have Sex With Me" group. It doesn't get me down – I figure she'll change her mind when I put the moves on her when she's asleep or gets a case of the Helen Keller. I'm about to head downstairs to the acclaimed Hayden Dining Hall for its famous tuna and metal chunk surprise (if you didn't guess it, the metal is the surprise, asshole) when the phone rings.



This is where my loins, conscience and sexual deprivation kick in. 'Who is this broad? She sounded hot – I mean, anything with a vagina that walks is hot, but I think she's stacked!' I thought I needed to figure her out some more before I started asking real questions. Somehow I thought the chick sounded like my boss who has a tendency to mess with me and I thought I might be late for work. The conversation continues:

"Oh yeah, well you know I got caught up in my work, you know how it goes."

"Listen Bobby, I'm horny as fuck and I don't appreciate you standing me up."

"Hey, well I thought you said... 8:30 so I was going over in a bit. You're horny?"

"You're the best fuck I've ever had, it's not often I find someone so huge... Bobby I'm masturbating right now..."

At this point in time I'm debating whether or not I should crank one out or not. I looked over to my roommate, he looked back at me and shook his head no. Reality kicked in when I realized I wouldn't be able to find out where she lived, and that I actually wasn't this Bobby guy, and that my

penis wasn't... well, it's not my fault it's shaped like an Orangina bottle.

I figured if I started in with the brutal honesty that I wasn't Bobby or had any idea what she was talking about, she'd be very receptive and appreciative. Unfortunately once this chick got started it was obvious it would take a lot for her to calm down, and who am I to stop the girl from having a good time. I passed the phone to my roommate, who had the best thirty seconds of his life. I didn't think he'd be covered in his own DNA *that* quickly. I had to keep talking to her.



A physical representation of my abnormally shaped schlong.

Finally, I built up the nerve to tell her what's what. To my surprise, she said she didn't care anymore who it was, she just wanted some action. I thought about how lonely I am, how maybe this could improve my coolness at the D&D meetings, how my roommate was curled up in a ball panting – and how her vagina probably had something more like the Madison Square Garden applause than the clap. So I told her goodbye right before she was finished with me, and... aw, fuck it. So wherever you are, Mystery Ho, I miss you, and thank you for my phone-molestation. So if you're sterile and never find Bobby, please contact the Plague or call me. I'm so lonely. I hate my father.



Our next D&D meeting started on a high note, but then everyone realized we were virgins and Jim started to touch Gene. We later realized Jim spiked our cups with Diet Coke.

Because we're smarter than you...

The Plague explains the...

GOOD THINGS TO KEEP IN A BUCKET

- Two tears
- Your mother plus a bag of chips
- Smaller buckets
- All of your eggs
- Robots
- Hope
- Smaller robots
- A succession of smaller buckets each containing a small robot, which can itself be used as a bucket
- Tiny sluts
- Mr. Bucket
- Churches
- Quentin Tarantino
- Cosmobots

THINGS TO DO IN DENVER WHEN YOU'RE DEAD

- Not breathe the thin mountain air
- Insert John Denver joke here
- Touch Dave
- Find God and finally drink again
- Go to Florida, Denver's too cold

THINGS TO DO IN CLEVELAND WHEN YOU'RE ALIVE

- Suicide
- Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame
- Pretend you're Drew Carey and make a sitcom about shitty improv
- Drag Larry through a field of dreams
- Study Gender
- Make Steel
- Leave

REASONS WHY WE DIDN'T VOTE

- Black and live in Florida – not my fault!
- Too lazy
- Too smelly
- Too Black
- Bukakephobia: Fear of hanging Chads
- Bukakephelia: Love of Bukkake
- Klan Meeting
- Moved to Canada to dodge the vote

REASONS TISCH KIDS DIE SOONER

- Fat people die fast. Look at Chris Farley or the Staypuft Marshmallow man
- Method Acting
- Too much Vanilla Coke
- Too much Vanilla Cock
- Too much masturbation, not enough sex
- They drown in a river of angst

GOD'S ANSWER TO EVERYTHING

- Just put some 'Tussin on it!
- Shut up and bend over!
- <cue Pope fart>
- Sorry about that, I was pretty high at the time
- Hmmm, let the Jews suffer
- Again

WHAT THE FUCK IS SUKKOT?

- Jewish for 'black people'
- Pretend
- What I be tellin' all the bitches
- Latin for 'silly'
- Our yearly dose of fiber
- What a child hears when you tell it to "Suck it"
- My teddy bear
- Reversal of circumscion rites

NEW PICK-UP LINES FOR THE NEW YEAR

- Wanna earn a nickel?
- Are you on birth control?
- Cool balls!!!
- Did an angel fall from heaven, or is it just Nine-Eleven? (and that's a person)
- My penis is so small I swear you won't even feel it
- Gimme the loot, bitch
- Hey there cutie... I write for MSNBC
- Sure, I'll take two boxes of Thin Mints and one of the Shortbread
- I haven't had an outbreak in weeks
- What would you do for a Klondike bar?

STEVEN SPEILBERG'S NEXT PROJECT

- Tom Hanks writing a letter
- Tom Hanks taking a shit
- CHUD III (Just to fuck with David Irving)
- World War ONE Drama (who'd a thunk it?)
- Amistad 2: Spawn of Amistad
- The Fiddler on the Roof Strikes Back
- 3 Ninjas: Escape from Witch Mountain

WHY PIMPIN' AIN'T EASY

- That's just a rumor. It's fucking simple!
- Hoes don't snuggle
- Just can't stop dancin'!
- One word: the hiv
- Pumpkin pie can be deceptively delicious

NEW TERMS FOR SMOKING WEED IN THE CAR

- "Foxy Boxing"
- "Driving to Wendy's"
- "Dropping the Cosby Kids off at the pool"
- "Talking to God"
- "Not smoking weed in the car"
- "Beating the children"
- "Hitting up Weinstein's Kosher Dining Hall"
- "Popping a cap in Mickey Blue Eyes"
- "Smoking meat sausages"
- "Driving to the Italian Market to buy some oregano and then lightly toasting the oregano on the way home so as to unlock the subtle, hidden aroma"
- "Watching the Utah Jazz"

LAMEST COMPUTER VIRII

- The one that makes all your commas backwards
- chickenpotpie.dll
- "porno" – because I swear I got it from a virus
- aids.aids
- yougotserved.virus

WHOLE WIDE WORLD

LEAST HIP ADDICTIONS

- Stickers
- Jesus
- Internet Poker
- Chalk
- Fabrigé Eggs
- Little Cæsar's breadsticks; though their pizza is the epitome of hip
- Dragon Ball-Z
- Hard boiled eggs

BEST THINGS TO DO WITH A MELTED CRAYON

- Teach it to read
- Poison children
- Combine with other crayons and unmelt to make ultimate, super cray-on
- Make really, really big child-like graffiti in the subways
- Teach it the value of a dollar
- Take it for a ride on your Vespa

MOST FAVORED HOBO LIQUERS

- Brooklyn Lemonade
- Ol' Hoboken
- Old Boot Pale Ale
- Raspberry Old Boot Pale Ale
- Fermented Dog Wine
- Johnny Walker Aluminum Label
- Drunky McFalldown's
- St. Pauli's Whore
- Dylan Thomas's Finest
- Amaretto

THINGS NOT OFTEN HEARD IN A BAR

- "Your pussy just called my dick a pussy, I think they should fight"
- "Just crabs. What about you? Hey, where're you going?"
- "Nice penis!"
- "God, I wish a middle-aged man would grab my ass!"
- "If you don't stop sucking my dick I'm going to call the police."
- "Cool balls!"
- "What do you think of broadcast newswriting these days?"

REASONS WHY FORESKIN IS ALL RIGHT, I GUESS

- Jerking off without a foreskin is like playing Monopoly without the little houses
- Makes penis look like sand creature from *Dune*. "RAWR!"
- It's better than threeskin
- It's like Gladwrap for your penis cheese – it stays fresh until you want to eat it
- Isn't foreskin good peen-protein?

BEST WAYS TO ENJOY GRANDMA'S COOKIES

- With milk
- With chocolate milk
- With fresh milk... from Grandpa!
- In spirit... cause Grandma's dead
- Her cookies are good, but her muffins are better
- By avoiding them completely – there's no telling what that senile bitch puts in them
- Metaphorically
- Simultaneously!

NYC'S LEAST FAVORITE PARADES

- Anything that adversely affects the commute of me, New York City's most important citizen

NEW YORK CITY'S PARK RULES

- Butter doesn't kill; Undercover cops selling weed kill
- No child-molestation after dusk
- Separate pens for child-molesters who weigh under 35 pounds
- Pants may not hit ankles from 10am - 5pm
- No non-productive homeless during peak tourist hours
- Pic-a-nic basket theft only excusable if clad in a tie
- Ritzy, high-class pollution allowed if snazzy nutsacks are shaved in a gaudy manner
- Do not feed the Garibaldi
- Do feed the Falun Dafa

BEST COMBINATIONS

- Chocolate and vanilla
- Chocolate and peanut-butter
- Chocolate and mint
- Marijuana and music
- Chocolate and milk

NICKNAMES FOR OUR LEFT TESTICLE

- Rightie
- Old Faithful
- Noam Chomsky
- Mayor of Grundleberg
- blumpkin.exe
- Junior
- William Howard Taft
- Admiral Dimpleton
- Scratchy (Itchy is the right one)
- More tongue

FAVORITE WAFFLE TOPPINGS

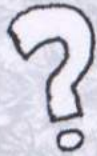
- Whipped Cream
- Belgians
- Tears of Cherokee Warriors
- Falafel
- Christian Blood
- Christian Bale
- Blueberry Curd
- Too soon?
- Rheingold
- Puppy dog kisses
- thefacebook
- Aunt Jemima

WAYS TO BE THE LAZIEST PERSON EVER

- Take out a Student Loan so you don't have to get a summer job
- Let credit cards expire so as to avoid canceling automatic subscription payments

NUMBER OF PARANOID SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

- 10,000,000,000,003



JOIN THE PLAGUE!

But what could I, a modest stoner, possibly do to help NYU's premier comedy magazine???

Well, Dougie, have you ever said or written anything funny? Do you have any experience with Quark XPress or Adobe Photoshop? Then you have something to contribute to THE PLAGUE.



Niice! But how do I join?

Oh, Dougie. You're weak of mind but pure of heart. We'll tell you how to JOIN THE PLAGUE.

ONE: Join our mailing list by sending a blank e-mail to join-theplague@forums.nyu.edu
You'll be informed of upcoming meetings and events!

TWO: Come to our meetings at 6:30 PM, Mondays, room 708 of the Kimmel Center (60 Wash. Square South).

That's easy!! Hey, you guys wanna smoke?

Dougie, some of us have jobs.



Hey Fatty!

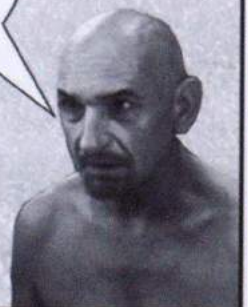
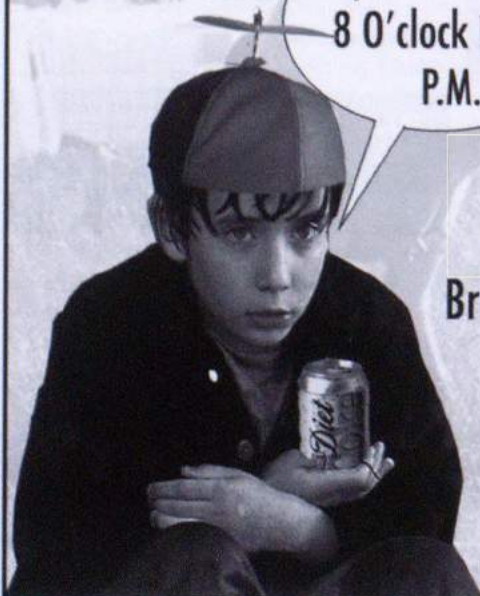
Come to the Plague Prom!!

with your M.C., that gay kid from *Searching for Bobby Fischer*.

April 29th at
8 O'clock in the
P.M.

9th Floor, Kimmel
Bring yo' finest attire...
and chess pieces

Rent *Sexy Beast*.
Then watch it...
with me.



Three pieces are black and white, and ones are two. That's why the background is a cow. CRZ. So fuck off, jerk.
Oh yeah! And they're Sexy Beasts, just like Ben Kingsley. Duuuu, I rule.



64

Plaguola

CRAYONS

25% Non-Toxic

Made in Afghanistan

