

SNAKES ON A PLAGUE



Moo!

IT'S GOT
JOKES,
MUTHA!



Spring 2006

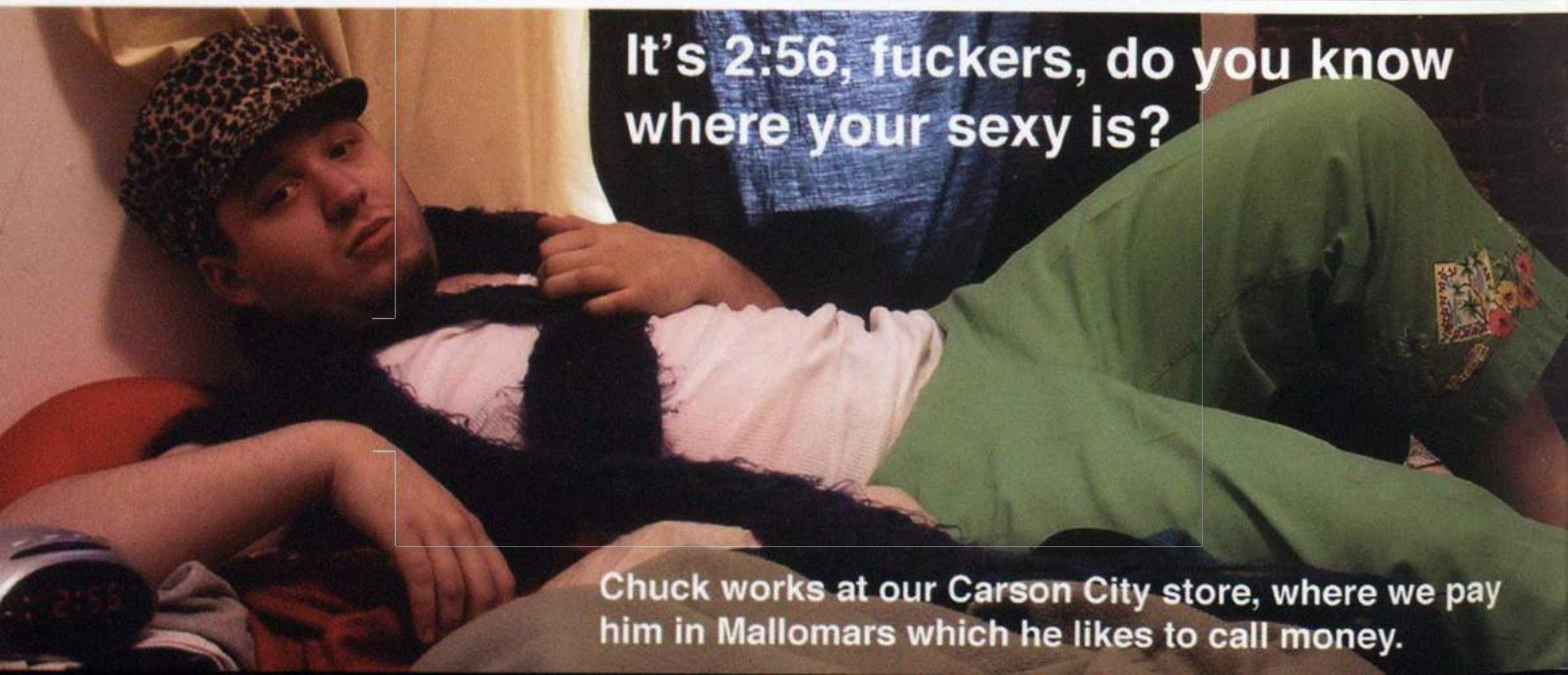


Asian because she's upside down, or upside down because she's Asian?

Patricia is wearing our hot pink jumper. We recommended that she wear jeans, but then remembered she has no legs below the knees. It's so cute how the only thing this saucy waif can say in English is "vertically integrated, non-sweatshop made"



It's 2:56, fuckers, do you know
where your sexy is?



Chuck works at our Carson City store, where we pay
him in Mallomars which he likes to call money.

My brother loved the movie Clifford. It's all he ever talks about. I mean, it's my favorite movie too, but I don't talk about it. I talk exclusively about my surgeries.

THE PLAGUE

*"I want these motherfucking jokes off
my motherfucking PLAGUE!"*

Your Fall 2006 Staff Executive Editors

President

Jesse Meyerson

Can, and will, eat his weight in pudding

President of Vice

Benjamin Joseph

Will fight for justice and Milkshakes

Chief Financial Officer

Colette Stango

Kicking ass, but not taking names

Glorified Stenographer

Chuck Schaeffer

Still pushing up

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Managing Editor

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*Wears sweaters
made of belly lint*

Emperor of Ireland

Benjamin Harrison
*Protector of Mexico,
and father of many,
many children*

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*Frequently
challenges authority*

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Alex Rubin

*Put the "yna" in
"Dynamite!"*

Fried Potato Connoisseur

Jeff Sauser

*Discoverer of the
LeBrontosaur*

Sergeant at Arms

Brendan O'Brien

*Where the athletic
girls hang out*

All of The Work, None of the Credit

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Alain Camus

Steven Greenbaum

Bill Best

John Lichman

Josh Terrill

Harry Leeds

Brian Willett

Justin Levine

Are accusing me of being
left-handed? You are, aren't
you? I'll strangle that book-
ie over there with only my
right hand to prove you
wrong. Left-handed? Pssh...

Plague-(n) 1. A widespread affliction or calamity, especially one seen as divine retribution. 2. A sudden destructive influx or injurious outbreak. 3. A cause of annoyance; a nuisance. 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease; a pestilence. 5. Us. 6. Moderate doses of Jewish people. 7. Connie Chung. 8. Michael Devlin, for killing the wrong coke, guys. 9. A type of graduate student that wants to unionize, but only for the two years it takes until they want to become an astronaut or a farmer. 10. The most searched term on Altavista, but not Google or Yahoo! 11. PRETENDING! 12. "Have you taken a bath?" "No, is one missing?" and the scourge of ye olde tyme harvarde lampoone. 13. One of the many types of "Diet" soda. 14. The reason why we don't order take-out from the Pizzeria. 15. Splenda. 16. Your step-Dad's Emerson, Lake, and Palmer records. 17. If Icelandic scabies get loose on Delancey St. 18. Between the taint and the colon.

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The Sting of a hornet is deadly in small doses, yet strangely euphoric in large

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

This is Plague Editor Jesse Meyerson's last hurrah. His first hurrah was nothing to get too excited about, but man were his second through seventeenth hurrahs something! But after this hurrah, there will be no more hurrahs. None. He is done with hurrahing. He has to go now, his planet needs him. Needs him to stop hurrahing. And, more importantly, needs him to stop introducing himself. Hurrah! Sorry...

Hello friends. I am here to tell you that I have written these words. Yes, I, a mere mortal man, possess the power to compose words into sentences. To the best of my knowledge I am the only person to have this godlike ability, so without a shadow of a doubt, I unflinchingly declare that I am the best at it.

What you ought to know is that I can write about anything. I can write anything really, any form at all. Except *genres*. I can't write in a genre. Like horror or romance. I don't really know any genres, because I don't read them either. Sci-Fi, that's a popular genre. Is Western a genre? Or is that just movies? I'd think a western book would be pretty boring – or short. Can you imagine *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly* as a book?

I also can't write humor, but that's not really a genre, but more of a mood – kinda like how the subjunctive isn't really a tense. I'm also really bad at writing female characters. I can't even name them. I'm tempted to write without women at all, but then the characters would either all have to be gay or I couldn't write about sex. I'm also pretty bad at writing gay characters. And depending on how well you think I write, my ability to write sex scenes is either inversely or directly proportional to how well I enact sex scenes.

Neither can I write black characters very well because I've never met a black person in my life. I'm also really bad at lying, so that means that I can't write fiction. I'm also Chinese.

Detective stories, that's a genre, right? I don't read those either. Or historical things. In fact, I don't even understand history. How do those people know that that happened? I don't believe them. Were they there? Or did they just read it somewhere else and pass it along? A buddy of mine got kicked out of college sophomore year for being a historian, but they called it "plagiarism," so what's the deal with these historians?

A lot of the best regarded writers wrote literature, so I think I would like to write literature. But I'm not really sure what that is either. Maybe I could write a book about literature, even though I don't know anything about it. That's an easy problem to solve, because I would write about the history of literature and if anyone thought that I didn't know what I was talking about, I would ask him or her if he or she was there (call me sexist, but that's it for the rest of this hurrah. Heretofore, persons of unknown or hypothetical genders shall be referred to as 'he.' Tough nuggies.) and of course he would have to say, 'No.'

I like maps, and I used to want to draw maps. But that's not

writing, that's drawing and I also can't draw. But I can make pretty sweet maps. I know where every country in the world is, its current as well as all its former capitals and the fact that its chief export is internet pornography. There's a lot of literature out there, so I think I would have to choose just one of those countries and write about their literature. I just spun a globe with my eyes closed and put my finger on Mongolia.

That's as good a place as any, but spinning this globe is pretty fun. Hmm, I just spun it again and again got Mongolia. I guess I'm going to get a country on the same latitude as Mongolia every time because I always put my finger in the same place to stop the globe from spinning. OK, after the third time I am now aware that maybe I wasn't spinning the globe at all – to be fair, my eyes were closed. Also, I am now aware that this isn't the type of globe that spins.

I'm more impressed with my locomotor memory at putting my finger squarely on Ulaan-Baator three times in a row than I am daunted with the seeming dauntingness of writing about the History of the Literature of Mongolia. Since I'll just be making everything up, all I have to worry about is a cute title to get people to buy my book. Something like, *The Prose and Khans of Mongolian Literature*. Hmm, that doesn't have the word 'history' in it, nor does it adequately explain why there is a debate about it. It is pretty silly for anyone to be

arguing for or against some abstract entity like Mongolian Literature. Maybe, *The Prose and Khans of Mongolian Literature: A Historical Polemic*.

So, now that I've picked a title I'm pretty much done writing the book. Most of the work is done, and only the nitty-gritty tough stuff is left. Like deciding on a typeface and figuring out how to spend my advance. If any of youse out there work at a publishing house and you have an opening for best-selling novelist, just let me know. A lot of my friends are best-selling novelists, so I could hook you up.

Oh! And if any of you clever readers out there solve the crossword puzzle on page 34 send your solution, a check for five dollars and a self-addressed stamped envelope to PlagueMagazine@gmail.com. Don't worry about sending material, tangible objects to an email address. There's tons of giga-space on Gmail.

I always bring four to seven puppies along anytime I go to the hospital because I can blame all the accidents on them. Convincing a room full of doctors that a bunch of puppies can light and aim bottle rockets is much easier than you'd think.



Plague Editor Jesse Meyerson has made a career of his musings. Next he plans to make a three-tier wedding cake and a fully functional replica of the Millenium Falcon out of them.

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Ben Joseph once thought he found the secret to happiness. It involved three dollars, a healthy understanding of the events leading up to the War of 1812, and a small daschund. Unfortunately, he could never quite figure out how the daschund fit into the whole equation, and he eventually sold the whole mess to a Swedish businessman for controlling interest in a strawberry milkshake. Ben currently works in sales.

It turns out that Sir Francis Bacon, Schoolhouse Rock, and my parents were all full of crap. Or, if not crap, at the very least some other, vaguely similar substance that holds minimal value in today's society. Twinkies, maybe? Regardless of the particulars, at one time or another, each of these esteemed figures assured me that, without a doubt, "Knowledge is Power!", and that strict adherence to this principle would lead to wealth, happiness, and possibly cake.

For many years, I believed them. However, in recent months, extensive research combined with my own personal experience has led me to deduce that this formula, far from being accurate, is, in fact, pure poppycock! Yes, that's right, folks, knowledge does not, I repeat, does NOT equal power! In fact, with the economy what it is these days, knowledge doesn't even equal a Chicken Clubhouse Super Stacker at Denny's! (Well, maybe one without tomatoes, but what are you, a terrorist?)

In response to this claim, some of my colleagues have theorized that some people "just don't like the texture of tomatoes." Possibly. However, they have also theorized that, at one point in history, the acquisition and distribution of facts and data ("knowledge") may have indeed translated into an increase in one's personal authority ("power"). An interesting argument, but one that would imply, that, at one point in history, the Internet did not exist. And, as far back as I can remember, that is not the case. Thus, knowledge is (and, as far as I can tell, has always been) utterly superfluous.

Dubious? Allow me to demonstrate. So you say you "know" that President Lincoln was in office from March 4, 1861 to April 15, 1865? So you say you "know" what a President is? Whoop-dee-frikkin-do, Einstein. After thirty seconds on Wikipedia.org, I know not only know that a president is "a type of king" (or possibly some sort of late-model Ford), but also that the Copperheads vehemently criticized Lincoln for violating articles of the Constitution during the Civil War. And did you know that the copperhead's scientific name is *Agkistrodon contortrix*, and it is native to North America? And did you know that North America is a continent? And that the article on continents was most recently edited by Wikipedia user Kwamikagami, who argues that the statement "There are 56 continents in the world," is actually grammatically incorrect? (Microsoft Word seems to agree, and lets me know through the subtle use of green ziggedy-zags. Of course, it also thinks ziggedy-zag isn't a word, so I am disinclined to include its opinion in my overall deliberations.)

Microsoft Word and over-gregarious paper-clips aside (No, I don't care what it looks like, I am NOT trying to write a letter,

damn it!), knowledge has never really been all that useful to me. As far I'm concerned, anything happening outside my general field of awareness is either irrelevant or simply non-existent. By this logic, New York University first entered existence

when I applied to it sometime in December 2002, but only achieved full-realization in the Fall of 2003, when I first moved into my freshman residence hall. As one can also surmise through this logic, the universe began in a Virginia hospital on February 19th, 1985, some time around 8:30 PM, and is scheduled to end sometime in the next seventy to eighty years, hopefully of a heart attack brought on by ridiculously mind-bending sex on a yacht with a young and nubile, yet strangely experienced young woman from somewhere south of the Mason-Dixon line. Also in the universe according to Ben, (or as I like to call it, just "the universe"), Canada is most likely a myth, butter pecan is the only flavor of ice cream and to the best of anyone's knowledge, the Midwest is only a little more than twenty miles across.



SNORK! (The sound of a falafel being devoured with great haste.)

"But Ben," you clamor, "If knowledge is indeed, as you say, useless, than what of your expensive university education? Is this, by extension, also useless?" Of course not, my dear reader! If college were indeed the educational equivalent of male nipples (i.e., pointless), would I have spent the Gross National Product of several small Caribbean nations attending it? Most certainly not! I'd have my parents do it! (Brief aside: When it comes to any personal expense, the "Let Your Parents Pay For It" method is always a sound and reliable method.)

However, as I make preparations to graduate from this fine institution, and face the grave possibility that there may come a day when I have to buy something, and my parents will fail to immediately pay for it, thus being forced to reimburse me for it at a later date, I have to this to say to you, fair reader, who I had the pleasure of meeting only a scant six paragraphs before: waste not your time acquiring knowledge, for it is, as I have hopefully proven, entirely useless. Instead, waste your time acquiring matchbooks. They're fun, and you'll never lack for matches, or posterity! Hurrah! Just don't tell my parents I said so.

My cousin always used to say that his favorite spice was "synonym". "I like synonym" he'd say, or "Put some more synonym on it, please". Only after we threw him an entirely cinnamon-themed birthday party and purchased controlling interests in several cinnamon plantations did we find out that all along he meant to say "cardamon".

NEWS YOU CAN USE

The C stands for "College"

Vomit epidemic plagues NYU

The NYU Health Center, in collaboration with the Center for Disease Control, has declared a campus-wide health alert for a condition they are calling "Scream Vomiting."

The condition, which was believed to have mutated and originated from "Patient Zero," one John L., renders victims powerless to cravings for shitty beer and cheap vodka. After being compelled to consume roughly half their weight in liquor, most victims report no signs of alcohol poisoning but many signs of what leading medical experts have called "The Dave." While in the throes of "Dave" most victims report a general compulsion to yell obscenities, play Dance, Dance Revolution, pick fights with homeless, and grope the crotches of random pedestrians until losing consciousness. The final, and most painful, stage of the infection results in the condition known as "scream vomiting" in which the afflicted will screamingly expunge projectile vomit until kidney failure.

There was a high rate of infections among freshman males last week, and the authorities are doing everything they can to remedy the problem.

"Our first step was to quarantine Patient Zero. Now all we can do is run tests and try to find a cure," declared Dr. Amy Park from the urgent care wing of the NYU Health Center.

Though there is still no cure for "The Dave" or the resulting



Help, if it ever should come, will arrive too late for this rabid victim of the Scream Vomit.

Scream Vomiting, blood tests have revealed promising results.

"In his blood alone we have been able to label and classify three new types of venereal diseases, Dave 1, 2, and 3. We have also found that distilling his blood created both a powerful hangover remedy as well as a new tastier type of vodka. We're selling both to

Bristol-Meyer-Squibb next week," announced President John Sexton.

When asked for comment on these troubling new diseases he has created, a glazed over, doe-eyed, John L. remarked, "Where am I? Who are you? Stop holding out on the Schnapps, bitch!" He then proceeded to hum the first four bars of the "Quantum Leap" theme song while face-mounting a nearby nurse.

Hipster Douchebag Claims City Was Better "Before it Got Big"

"Man, I was talking about the New York Metropolitan Area way before any one else," drones an NYU sophomore from behind thick, black-rimmed glasses. He refused to give his name, citing that it's "really groundbreaking" and "you wouldn't understand." With tight jeans, Chuck Taylors, a blazer several sizes too small, and awkward in every aspect of life, hipster douchebag is written all over him.

H.D. initially refused to speak with the Plague, claiming post-Martin Luther printing hadn't yielded anything of interest. However, I was granted the interview through a third party, as H.D. does not speak with anyone who is not quite as up-to-date on the newest experimental indie group from Nebraska. H.D. said he preferred to call the city by its former name, New Amsterdam, coined by the Dutch before they "sold out" to British interests. He said he relishes watching other naïve individuals call themselves "New Yorkers" and chooses not to gloat about the fact that he was raving about the city "before it got big."

"I'm content to let them enjoy their ignorance," he said. "It's not surprising that people are jumping on the bandwagon now that this place is no longer underground." When I asserted that it was actually the growth of the city that led to it being considered great, H.D. was quick to refute my claims. "Comments like that just prove that the mainstream culture has created another conformist. The quality of the city has greatly declined as it tried to please all of its new 'fans.' I remember back when it was doing its own thing, not worrying about what other people wanted: equal rights, desegregation, all that." Unfortunately, H.D. abruptly ended the interview at this point, saying he was experiencing separation anxiety from his iPod, and besides, it was time for him to masturbate to the thought of one day speaking to girls.

East Village Threatened

Irony levels in the East Village reached critical mass this past week, threatening to sink Manhattan's hippest neighborhood straight to the bottom of the East River.

"The neighborhood's native hipster population has simply become too ironic," said Irvin B. Heisengeiser, Deputy Chief of the NYC Department of Unfeasible Occurrences. "The hipster, or *Unhygienicus urbanus*, features a natural deficiency in their genetic buildup that prevents them from taking in any information without an attitude



NYU irony reporter, James Tanaka, laments the loss of ironic camaraderie—which he attributes to meta-irony, now popular with the youth

of derisive indifference." This flaw, the Deputy Chief went on to state, has led to an excessive build up of irony in their native habitat.

How an abstract concept such as irony came to acquire mass, and how exactly this mass would manage to submerge such a specific portion of the island of Manhattan, Heisengeiser refused to say. "This a time for blind faith and unwavering obedience," he concluded, "Not snide remarks and potentially revealing questions."

"And for God's sake, take off those fucking glasses."



The horrors of meta-irony

President Bush Accuses Media of Blatant Homosexuality

Monday, President Bush, angered by the recent media leak of his approval of domestic wiretapping, informed a group of reporters that they were all, in fact, "gay."

"You are all so gay," Bush stated. "I mean, come on. A few little domestic wiretaps, and y'all get your panties all up in a bunch. I mean, seriously. That is so gay."

Bush refused to clarify whether it was the reporters themselves or their disclosure of Bush's unconstitutional wiretaps that he was accusing of "gayness". He did make clear beyond a doubt, however, what he meant by the word.

"Now," Bush smirked. "I'm not talking about the happy gay, like Bambi frolicking through the woods gay... although that was pretty gay, too. I'm talking about the gay where you have sex. With men. Or women, if you're a woman. But that's not gay, that's hot. Man sex, however, is just gross. And gay. Like Bambi. I'm sorry, where was I?"

Bush ended by reiterating that, not only were all the assembled reporters "man-sex gay," they also probably were "man-sex gay with terror. That's right, the emotion terror. For in this administration, not only do we make war on abstract emotional concepts, we accuse our enemies of having sex with them, too. That is all. Good night and God bless."



"Whoa, easy newshound... I'm just here to talk at you, not engage in any liberal pro-choice anti-spying orgies"

JFK Becomes Republican Posthumously

In a statement released today, President Bush said, "Former president John Fitzgerald Kennedy has made known his true political leanings. He is forever more a conservative Republican." President Bush added that Kennedy was firmly in support of the war in Iraq, oil drilling in Alaska, and "straightifying" the misguided citizens of his antemortum state of Massachusetts.

Commenting from a bathhouse, former New Jersey Governor James McGreevy weighed in, "It's a remarkable reversal, completely unexpected." Bush aides were quick to clarify the White House's official policy on séances. "This administration is wholly committed to the needs of the deceased as well as the needs of the predeceased" said Bush.



"I want now what I've always wanted - what America wants. And I also want to taste what microwave-cooked food might be like"

"The fact that someone is deceased should not be held against them, or make their political views any less valid." The President went on to add that he was personally ashamed of any reporter who would bring light to this fact.

"It's nothing more than necro-discrimination," he said. Some say that this is but a shrewd move by the President to curry votes. It is a well known fact that there are more eligible voters who are dead than alive. Many believe that the President is merely pandering to this vast swing group.

"The fact is, they can go either way," said senior Bush advisor Karl Rove. When CNN's Aaron Brown pointed out that the deceased have the lowest voter turnout of any political segment in the country (with the exception of 18-25 year olds), Rove brushed him off saying, "The President just wants to reach out to all Americans, dead or alive. In America everyone is equal—the status of one's life is irrelevant."

Rove continued by saying that the president had entered into deep discussions with other deceased US leaders. In the coming days we can expect to hear the opinions of Franklin Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, and Spiro Agnew. Though Rove wouldn't definitively say which way they were leaning, he hinted that we should, "Expect more bombshells."

Christian Extremists Fight War Against Science, Concrete Facts, and Jews

Charleston, South Carolina – Reverend Thomas Hadding, a 57 year-old high school equivalency graduate, gave a sermon last Sunday proclaiming that it is a sin to teach evolution in public schools. Hadding stated, "These blasphemous educators teach all sorts of sorcery and fill pure Christian children's heads with lies about the origins of life." This is, to date, his most popular sermon, having just surpassed the "That time I played golf with Darius Rucker, and won because Jesus was not on the side of the hippies." Hadding is known throughout Charleston for speaking out against abortion and gay marriage. His church has more than 300 congregants, all in support of Hadding's views.

A devout churchgoer and mother of six, Patricia Langley, said she moved to Charleston two years ago from "up North." "Before we moved, one evening our family was on our way to Denny's for dinner and my youngest boy, Derrick, said 'Mama, I learned in school that we came from monkeys.' I stopped the van and asked him where he heard that. He said 'school.' Three weeks later our family relocated when my husband got a transfer to a Wal-Mart in Charleston."

Reverend Hadding's parish is filled with congregants who are concerned with the education system and its teachings of concrete facts. People in Charleston are fed up with their children learning history and science. "Telling children that humans came from apes is complete blasphemy," says Hadding, "and this curriculum should be replaced with the word of God, teaching our youth of how the Jews killed Jesus. If I wanted to burn in hell for all eternity, I'd be a rabbi." Then Hadding kept repeating the word 'blasphemy' over and over again.

Dr. Barry Katz, a professor of molecular biology at Columbia University said, "Divine intervention is a theory with religious undertones, not appropriate for public school. 'I'm not saying that these people don't have a right to believe what they want. As long as it's not ridiculous.'"

When my roommate is sleeping, I like to prance around naked and say I'm Lord of the Dance. When he's awake I prance around naked and say HE's Lord of the Dance.

Lottery winner buys last burrito in Mexico



Martin Schneider—community activist, soup kitchen organizer, and volunteer fireman—became a millionaire by winning the New York State Lottery. Most people thought he would donate his winnings to charity. Most people, however, were wrong. Instead, he opted to buy the last burrito in Mexico.

When asked why he would buy up the last remaining food source in the now starving country, Schneider replied, "Well I have money now... so I'm 95% sure I have to be an asshole

about it."

The burrito only cost Schneider cuatro pesos so he plans to extend his newlyfound asshole-ery to other endeavors. Next week he plans on buying all the last kidney donations in Canada with the possibility of later purchasing both Park place and the Boardwalk in order to set up a chain of hotels dedicated to high prices and bad service.

When asked for comment Mr. Schneider stated his vision: "I'm just one man with a dream. A dream to fuck over planet Earth."



Here's one burrito Schneider won't get his grubby hands on

Satan tired of being summoned during off-hours

Today, in a press conference held in the spacious study of his quiet suburban duplex in scenic Weehawken, NJ, Satan, AKA the Dark Prince, the Fallen Star, Mr. Not-so-nice-guy, announced his decision to limit the hours dedicated to demonic possession, soul sucking, and all around not-nice-guery. The decision became official after last Wednesday when, mid-shit, Satan was awkwardly summoned to Brooklyn, New York to resurrect a dead cat.

"This isn't a fucking pet cemetery people! You can't just summon me, whilst deuce-dropping mind you, to do your bidding. What's with the constant summoning? I mean, I clearly posted on my blog, princeof-darkness.us.gov, my business hours. Yeah, I'll occasionally make an emergency possession, but I can't just drop everything whenever



some emo kid from Michigan decides he'll sell his

soul for Dashboard Confessional tickets. Can I not take a dump in peace???"

Though he commented on how he appreciated the increase in business in this post 9/11 world, which can be easily seen since Hell went wireless and diversified their stock options, he also made firm his decision to stick to regular business hours.

"From 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., I'm all yours. Lord of Evil, tormentor of souls, all that jazz, but after then you'll just have to settle for Jesus, Allah, Dick Cheney... you get the gist," remarked a resolute Satan.

When asked for comment about how he will spend his new found free time, Satan stated, "You know I like to golf and could always use some more time to focus on being with my fami- who am I kidding? I'll probably spread some new venereal diseases. Come up with some new and interesting forms of AIDS, and you know, generally beat-off to the sound of human suffering.

"Oh! And go sailing. I've always wanted to go sailing."

Why is everyone telling me that today is tax day? "It's tax day today," they'll say, or, "You better have sent in your tax forms already." Total strangers are telling me this.

I was the first kid ever to be Santa Claus for Halloween, and the twelfth to light flaming bags of poo on Christmas. Which is still pretty good.

The PLAGUE Consumer Reports



Bringing You the Best in Consumption Reporting Since 1978

Product 9B24: Nicorette Chewing Gum.

We here at the PLAGUE only chew Nicorette Gum. Why? Integrity. Sure, it's easy for the Fortune 500 tobacco giants to 'fess up to the

nicotine in cigarettes, EVERYBODY knows about that shit. But while the rest of the gum industry is leading America through a swamp of lies, GlaxoSmithKline is the only manufacturer upfront about their nicotine content, Kudos!

If the Deer Hunter were asleep, I'm pretty sure I could kick his ass

The Math Major
With these hands I perform many tasks. With this mind, however, the limits are unbounded. I do arithmetic effortlessly. I laugh at long division. Cube roots tremble in my presence. Yet, there is something I never have been able to do. I have never truly loved.
Once, I told a trinomial named Dominique that I loved her, but it was a lie. I was lost in the beauty of a squared binomial. They say the truly gifted, such as myself, cannot love—we merely care for our life's work. I am determined to prove this to be false. So first, I will assume the opposite: the truly gifted, such as myself, are passionate lovers. But by way of Gauss's theorem and the Side-Angle-Side theorem, I know that never has a truly gifted man, such as myself, truly loved. My life is a lonely recursive function. One day, I will find the solution; I will solve for x.

Gay Porn Film Shocks City; Relative Job Security of Heterosexual Pornstars Doubted

Recently, a Plague staff photographer made a grisly discovery while investigating a reported attempted robbery in the Lower East Side. Unbeknownst to most of the community an 80's style gay porn industry is thriving in the unassuming studio apartments and bathhouses lining the neighborhood. This investigative



Director Hans Schmeidelbern, seen here not on set, but in his native Austria, is at the forefront of the "Faster-Slower-Quicker" movement currently sweeping the Porn Industry

reporter was quick to flee the scene, yet before he got a block away he couldn't help but return to the site—intrigued by the mysterious blue movies, or, possibly, snuff films being made.

With absolutely no journalism chops to his credit, the intrepid photographer posed as a naïve young make-up artist and asked the director some questions. Unfortunately these movies do not employ make-up artists and if there are ever directors, they rarely speak English. *Kann Man Sperma Schlucken* was no exception.

Hans Schmeidelbern, acclaimed



Our Plague staffer wishes to remain anonymous. Let's please respect Chuck's wishes.

director of such world-wide classics as *Er schluckt und schluckt und schluckt und...* and *Sperma-Sadismus!*, was at the helm of this project.

Our poor Plague staff photographer, who has decided to remain nameless, was helpless in his presence. Schmeidelbern instantly recognized the

young man's potential, „Ach, das Sexypotenzial!“ and cast him in the next scene.

“I didn't know what I was doing, and I was pretty sure I wouldn't like it,” the photographer mused, “yet I couldn't bring myself to leave. Oh well, at least I know I can always get a job after I graduate with this shitty, worthless NYU Degree in Psychology.”

Remember that scene in *Diner*? Y'know, when that guy puts his stiff dick through the bottom of a popcorn box at the movies to get that girl to touch it. Yeah, I tried that once, but all she felt was a cold limp dick. My buttery, cold limp dick.

ADVENTURES IN DIVERSITY

We here at the Plague are often accused of being culturally insensitive, racist, and even gassy. Really, quite gassy. And that's OK. But to silence at least one of the student groups that are on our back, we decided to learn more about Romanians. So, Romanian Student Troupe, do shut up... and stop sending angry letters written in your demon tongue.

To keep our University funding, here's what we were forced to learn about those fascinating Romanians:

- Romanians hate Vitamin Water™.
- Romanians have never seen “Cheers”, or at least not that one episode when Coach gets stood up.
- Romanians are poor compromisers, and if they buy you a sandwich they always get it with globs of relish on it, no matter what you asked for.
- Romanians adore the 1916 NYC Zoning Law, for well documented but complicated reasons.
- There are 7.2 million radios in Romania. However, there are only 3.7 million telephones. This makes for an interesting mêlée when one of those call-in contests for free Clay Aiken concert tickets comes on.
- Romanians buy their kids Nerf guns any chance they can get.
- Romanians have never been to the moon, but they “don't want any of those moon rocks filthin' up my deli.”†
- Romanians seem to be on the fence about the whole metal detectors in schools issue. And why shouldn't they?
- Romanians get pissed when you spill all of their relish on a fax machine.
- Romanians don't understand why meetings held by NYU student organizations have to come to an end sometime so we can go home and drink ourselves to sleep.
- Romanians have dark hair and wear jeans. They like their



mustache, but are thinking about shaving it off come summer.

- Romanians announce when they are going to poo and estimate how long it will take. They encourage Plague editors to gamble on how long it will be and demand a cut of the kitty. “Twenty percent, man. C'mon, I got a filthy deli to fix and Nerf guns to buy.”†
- Romanians left after we accused them of stealing. They never came back.

† All quotes are from Deven, a dude who claimed he's Romanian. He wouldn't disclose his last name or the reason why he kept showing up at Plague meetings with tubs of relish. “It's a secret, my relish secret,” is what he'd say. Now he runs a mysterious deli in the East Village. Man, those were the days—when Deven would come hang out. All that relish.



The Glory of the Transparent Empire



It was a dark and stormy night, and President John Sexton silently sat stroking his white beard. The cooling embers glowed ominously in the grand marble fireplace within his lavishly decorated duplex. The luxurious regal purple of his satin smoking jacket complemented the deep reds of the imported mahogany flooring to perfec-



"I've been expecting you, Mr. Bond."

tion. Lost deep in meditation, he never heard the Star Trek doors swish open and close.

Sexton reached for the warm snifter of 12-year-old brandy with the memories of that terrible night still tumbling back-and-forth, back-and-forth. What did he do wrong? Was there any other choice?

The black-robed assassin crept swiftly alongside the bookcase and past the pile of unmarked, non-sequential \$100 bills.

The old, wise President could feel the emotions surging up again: confusion, anger, disbelief, and ultimately a heartache from which no man could heal. He blindly leafed through the pages of an open copy of *In Search of Lost Time* in his lap. The girl... the girl... why didn't she...?

Having navigated across the vast room without the slightest sound, the hit man calmly gripped the sword on his back.

Sexton's wearied eyes began to shut and his head had drooped ever so slightly to the left.

As he had done countless times before, the ninja unsheathed his weapon and

noiselessly slashed it through the air. A piercing and horrifying scream rang out. The crimson blood began to soak into the bearskin rug. The lifeless body slumped to the floor with a thud. No one had said a word.

John Sexton never knew who hired the assassin, nor did he particularly care. Yet, as he put the would-be killer's heart on display in the trophy room, his thoughts once again returned to that fateful night. Those terrible feelings were returning, but he drowned them out with another gulp of brandy. Surely there would be others, and John Sexton was ready for them.



This is the end. The end.

Study A Broad... Get It?

Hey Plague readers, 'tis I, Franky Chopidopolous, intrepid world traveller and fictional character! This semester I'm taking a break from the tedious boredom of NYU's insular campus life by studying overseas in Dublin, Ireland!



Dublin's women are among the fattest, yet most attractive, in post-War Europe.

I felt that it was time for me to really get out in the world. Spread my seed. Fuck European women. Know what I mean? Well let me be the first to say that all the research I did couldn't have prepared me for the ass-fucking I got when I showed up.

That is to say, that someone literally assaulted me and penetrated my holiest of holies: My ass. Who knew that Dubliners were so fond of livestock? Soon as that donkey was unloaded from the plane a mad frenzy ensued in which the entire tarmac crew disrobed and took their turns defiling my beloved pet and companion.

I asked around about this, and apparently it dates back to an Irish superstition that someone descending from St. Patrick must copulate with a horse or member of the horse family at least once every four years or a potato famine will plague Ireland until the successful fucking of a horse at the next horse-fucking window.

Now, ever since St. Patrick died, people have been performing this as a sort of token rite. Unfortunately a nationwide referendum stating, "That was all a lot of bollocks and was really

fucking gross" passed in 1845, wreaked havoc on Ireland. It caused millions of dirty micks to come to the US and fuck everything up for normal, Protestant Americans. Needless to say, ever since then, the Irish have been quite careful about giving it to them horsies.

The thing about it, though, is that because Ireland is an island, and since horses can't swim or pay airfare or fit in boats, they only had this one horse to fuck, which they affectionately called Queen Elizabeth II, but that

horse was crazy old and it died, and I happened to be the only person who was bringing a horse into the country when the quadrennial ceremony needed to take place.

Anyways, other than that, my trip has been really awesome, and I've studied many broads while I've been here. Not up close, but I'm working on that. I think girls are a little intimidated by how big my ass is. I need to hit the fuckin' treadmill.



"You know that I don't like this prototypical broad-business."



Her Majesty awaits the gentle, calming touch of an Irishman.

CSI: SPEEDY POE



One Man... One Mouse... One Mission...

My dad was never in any war, never a policeman, and he doesn't hunt. So when I ask him about all the rifles in the garage, I just don't know what he'll tell me.

Every time I go fishing, I accidentally hook the lip of my fishing buddy. Blood gets all over the boat, he won't stop yelling, but all I can ever do is laugh. I return home hungry and bloody-handed, wishing my fishing buddy would have been a fish for me to eat.

If I were a lifeguard, I'd often yell, "Shark!" but just to see who was paying attention to me. Unless there really was a shark - but that's just a way of finding out how well people are paying attention to the water.

Forget *CSI*. Forget *CSI: New York*. You know what? We're going to go out on a limb and say forget *CSI: Miami*, too. No wait—keep *CSI: Miami*. Well, maybe just TiVo it. But definitely forget *The Shield*.

Why, you ask, should I, faithful viewer of crime dramas, abandon these fine shows? Well, average television viewer, there's a new criminal investigation team in town, ready to take names and kick-ass. And they totally just broke their name-taking pencil.

One's a 19th century writer of gothic fiction. The other's a grossly stereotypical anthropomorphic rat. Together, they're a century-crossed crime-fighting duo of justice. It's **SPEEDY AND POE!!**

One's an uptight Yankee intellectual. The other's a dirty, lazy Mexican. They're so incompatible, it can't HELP but be hilarious!! I mean, think about it!! Poe will be all like "All that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream," and then Speedy will say something like, "Naw, man that's just the tequila talking," or, "Hey, let's take a siesta man" or some Mexican nonsense like that. The snappy repartee practically writes itself!

How'd a cartoon rodent and an centuries-dead literary figure end up working together as New York cops? We don't have a god-damn clue! Why are they suddenly racing against time to stop Eastern European terrorists from blowing up ESPNZone? Who the hell knows? Is the plot a blatant amalgamation of *Die Hard* and the third season of *24*? You bet your ass!

You really can't not not afford to miss **SPEEDY AND POE**, part of "Remember When We Had Seinfeld?" Thursdays on NBC.

The year was 2318, and the people were restless. Restless for change. A change in the corrupt "democratic" regime savoring its own excesses in the capital city of the Terran First Order Alliance, Shanghai. The very same Shanghai where so much innocent blood was spilled thirty years prior, during the Third Subcontinental Socialist Rebellion. The rebellion whose defeat signaled the end of underground resistance in the 14th Zone of the Eastern Hemisphere and a new era of martial law. Martial law which the Alliance High Council repeatedly had refused to rescind, obviously fearing the wrath of the populace. The populace who hungered for accountability in their leaders, yet was powerless to affect change thanks to the Sanctioned Legal Protocol's endless loopholes. Loopholes like the one that landed Billy Humphrey a desk job at the Bureau of Regulatory Administration and Peaceable Justice. The same Bureau which an-

other Humphrey had directed what seemed like ages ago, Traylon X. Humphrey. Traylon, Billy's adopted father, who had been at the helm of this reign of terror and madness. A madness so pervasive that Traylon had turned his own Bureau of Criminal Behavior-issued blastcannon on himself seven years ago. Seven years which had staggered by for Billy, an afterthought up at the President Reginald LeFevre School for Boys in miserable Paris. Paris, once glowing with passion and life, which now seemed impossibly dull to Billy and his classmates. Classmates such as Borax Smithson, who would go on to become the 48th Minister of Weights, Measures, and Warranties. Warranties which were to protect the consumer, not bind them, such as the one etched in impossibly small holotype on Billy's sturdy Department-regulation neurovisor. The neurovisor in which Billy now saw the only thing he believed left life worth living. Louise Mikhailova. Louise, the beautiful assas-

Lost Calls to the TBS Funny Hotline

Caller: I'm half Irish, so whenever I'm at a bar pickin' up chicks, I always say, "Hey, do you have any Irish in you?" And when they say no, I say, "Do you want some?" Am I funny, or what?

TBS: Only funny if you're wearing an over-sized Big Johnson t-shirt, drinking a margarita, sporting a moustache, and the planets are aligned a certain way that reveals Jupiter's moon Io to South sky. Then it's certified comedy gold.

Caller: Ok, so I'm hang gliding with my fiancée in Grand Cayman and I crap myself and all my shit gets all over her face and hang glider. The weight of my poo on the wings of the contraption fucks up her balance, and she goes flying into a sand dune. She's pissed as hell, and I'm just cracking up—should I be?

TBS: Was the poo pretty solid or soupy?

Caller: Soupy but plentiful.

TBS: Hilarious.

Caller: I have cancer of the mouth.

TBS: Call TNT

Caller: Hello, TBS, this one time I was trying to order six pizzas, but by accident I said, "sex pizzas". I laughed a lot at my joke. So am I funny?

TBS: Sir, let me just say, yes, this is funny. Very funny. In fact we would like to offer you a full-time position here at the TBS Funny Labs as a Comedy Judge. Stop by our compound outside Atlanta, anytime except between seven and seven-thirty p.m. We all sit down to watch Raymond.

Caller: The only way for my wife and I to properly explain sex to our kids is by fucking each other in front of them, right?

TBS: Sure.

Caller: So we finally get them in the room, and we're about to do it, but I can't get my little wiener hard. My wife's disappointed, the kids are bored, and the god-damn dog won't stop barking. Is this funny?

TBS: How big is your dog?

Caller: He's a full-grown puggle, a mix between a pug and a poodle, so pretty small.

TBS: A bigger dog would have been funny. Get a lab and call us back.

Caller: Oh man, I'm playing football with my son, right, and I throw him this pass but he drops it. And I say, "What are you, some kinda faggot?" And he breaks down crying and comes out of the closet to me. I punch him in the face and go fuck my wife in hopes of getting a new son. So... is it funny?

TBS: We give it a "Moderately Funny." Next time, make sure the rest of the extended family is present and, if possible, his gay little boyfriend, too.

Caller: I'll work on it. Thanks TBS.

Caller: My cousin is telling me all about his ambitious life plans, ok. Like how he's going to start a t-shirt business, go to grad school, and even run for public office. I'm one of three people in the family who has seen his HIV test (positive) and we haven't built up the courage to tell him.

TBS: [Sobbing] Jeremy, how could you? It's me, Donald, your cousin. My test is fucking positive? I have the hiv? Oh shit oh shit oh shit, I've had unprotected sex with like seven girls recently. I'm a murderer! Straight to hell, that's where I'm goin'.

Caller: [Laughing] Now that's funny!

TBS: You're right. It is.



I never knew why God gave me that seventh toe. But then, on a hunting trip, I got shot in the foot and they had to amputate a toe. I was relieved to still have an abnormal number of toes, and to get the attention from it. Will you hold me?

February 15, 2006

Dear Lisa Loeb,

Lisa, Lisa, Lisa. I'm shaking my head right now, very slowly, very sadly.

Look, Lisa, just between you and me—I like you, I really do. You, with those clunky, plastic glasses... Yes, you. I wish this letter could be nothing but praise for your influence on the world of nerd chic fashion, but it's not 1995 anymore. Really. No, I'm being serious.

I mean, yes, I would be lying if I told you that your music doesn't have any merit. The last time I heard your single "Stay (I Missed You)," it was playing on the PA system in the grocery store bathroom while I was sitting in a stall, and once that part that goes "I turned the radio on/I turned the radio up" came on, next thing I knew, I was face-down and ass-up on the tile floor, bawling with my pants around my ankles, clutching at a long stream of toilet paper to mop up my sorrows. The crying didn't stop until I repeatedly smashed my face into the metal tampon dispenser to make the pain go away.

But your new show, *#1 Single*. Girl, are you out of your mind? Do you really want to show the world how desperate, old, and freaknasty you are? Because you do know that that's all you are right now, don't you? Desperate, old, and yes—freaknasty.

I honestly don't think anyone's thought about your cute, nerdy little vagina in the past ten years, so why are you forcing it upon us now, when it is undoubtedly less cute, less nerdy, and less... little? Why must you do this to us?

I have to confess, I haven't yet seen an episode of your show, but I'm hoping it will be canned by the time I muster up the guff to watch it. If, by chance, I do subject myself to it, rest assured, you will hear from me again.

You slut. God, I hate you.

Sincerely,
Patricia

P.S. I hate you. I hate you, I hate you, I hate you.

February 24, 2006

Dear Lisa Loeb,

I just watched the episode where you go out on a date with a greasy textile company heir.

Sometimes people don't know just exactly how stupid they sound until someone tells them, so I thought I'd do you a service and send you a few choice quotes from this particular episode:

"Do you like to eat?"

"Dogs and cats have one thing in common... They're not people."

I've typed up the lyrics from "Stay" with the intent to print it out on a clean sheet of white paper, poop on it, and fling the poop on TV.

Be very afraid.

Sincerely,
Patricia

March 3, 2006

Dear Lisa Loeb,
How dare you.

...
Sincerely,
Patricia

March 8, 2006

Dear Lisa Loeb,

I found myself silently mouthing the words to "Stay (I Missed You)" this afternoon, curled up in the fetal position on my kitchen floor after failing to drown my sorrows with too much whiskey. Then, I started bawling and all-out singing along... but that's irrelevant. I've also been known to sing "Enter Sandman" while taking a dump, so really, don't feel too flattered.

Also: fuck you.

Sincerely,
Patricia

March 10, 2006

Dear Lisa Loeb,
What the fuck?

I just watched you parade around in front of total fashion homo Isaac Mizrahi in your black thong. Don't do this to me, or anyone, ever again.

Just because Scarlett "Horse Face" Johansson got her bubble-tits honked by this guy at the Golden Globes doesn't mean you have to exhibit the self-esteem of a 14-year-old ninny in an AOL "Love" chatroom.

Speaking of which, here is a fictional chatroom conversation that I think encapsulates what I just saw:

IsAaCAttaC925: wHoZ HoRny PreSS 666

IsAaCAttaC925: lol

LiSaLoEbRuLeZ909: 666

LiSaLoEbRuLeZ909: 666

LiSaLoEbRuLeZ909: 666

LiSaLoEbRuLeZ909: helloooo???lol

IsAaCAttaC925 signed off 4:23:05

Sincerely,
Patricia

March 23, 2006

Dear Lisa Loeb,

I was watching your show again today when I was struck with a brilliant idea. How about you and Rivers Cuomo get together? I mean, both of you have been relatively useless for more than a decade, so maybe forming a duo of mediocrity is the best choice for the two of you. And the matching glasses would be, well, adorable.

Think of all the crappy, soulless, meaningless songs you could make together! THINK ABOUT IT! One request—please use handclaps in your songs. I like those.

Though be warned, I hear Rivers has been practicing a self-imposed celibacy for about two years now, and you know what that means. Be on the lookout for crabs and any milky discharges.

Sincerely,
Patricia



Hey You, Stop Making Fun of My Coat

Margie Emerson

Hey you, stop making fun of my coat. It's good, really. Just give it a chance. What's wrong with it? Huh? Why do you hate it so much? It's the buttons, isn't it? Well I can change those. I can change for you. Let me change my coat for you. We've come so far. So goddamned far, Gregg. Don't let my coat come between us like this. I would just throw it away, but then I'd be cold—cold like your heart.

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to lash out like that. It's just, well, with everything at work right now, the baby, Grandpa's kidney, it's all tumbling down on me, y'know? And now this. My coat. You hate it, and you've told me, but there's really nothing I can do.

What? Buy a new one? And who's gonna pay for that? Not me. Christ, Randy's camp this summer costs \$300, not to mention his braces. The dog's gonna need surgery, I just know it. Plus, you're always talking about redoing the roof. How we gonna do that and buy a new coat? New coat or new roof. You choose.

I'm being a bitch? God, you're impossible. This whole thing is your fault. I come home, with my coat, and you've been drinking, so of

course you start berating me with insults: "You're fat. You're ugly, and bad at sexing me." Those I can handle. But when you said, "Your



Don't worry, Sebastian. Gregg can't beat you anymore.

new coat sucks a lot," I just couldn't take it. Why do you torture me?

Maybe if you got a job you wouldn't be so angry with me.

My cousin Dick's got something lined up for you at the pottery store. Wouldn't that be fun, helping little kids make pinch pots all day? You would love it. But no, you won't do it 'cause you went to war and "no soldier makes pinch pots for little faggots."

Well, Gregg, I didn't want to do this, but I'm leaving you. You don't have a job or prospects for a job, and worst of all, you make fun of my coat. My new coat.

Oh, and Gregg, your beard is unkempt. Ha! See ya in hell... Or on Tuesday, when you pick up Randy for his clarinet lesson. Whichever comes first.

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We here at The Plague share our production office with the other fine NYU student publications. Often times we rumage through their files. The following are...

LOST TREASURES OF THE PRODUCTION OFFICE



This autographed photo of Senator/thespian Fred Dalton Thompson is actually a poster. No one knows if Thompson still has "best wishes" for this "Matthew".

I have a friend who lives in Delaware. Whenever she comes to visit, we play bocce in the park, get falafel and talk well into the night. Then I make us my special Spanish-Western fusion omelette and we do the crossword. I wish my friend was real.



The above image came from an unmarked box, belonging to either Baedeker, the *Batman Quarterly*, or the *Minetta Review*.



We found this expertly-drawn *Aladdin* fan art of Raja mounting an unsuspecting Princess Jasmine. It was one of many.



This artist's rendering of a "girl" was the first non-dude found at a post-9/11 Plague meeting.

LeBron James:

The Chosen One: A Portrait in Heroism



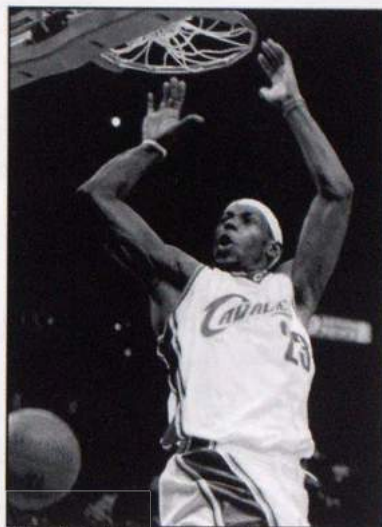
Saint LeBron (born LeBron James) is an NBA basketball player for the Cleveland Cavaliers. Due to his extraordinary skill and physical gifts, he is often compared to basketball legends such as Michael Jordan, Earvin "Magic" Johnson, and Oscar Robertson. However, given LeBron's divine powers and family history, a more accurate comparison would be to Hercules.

On December 30, 1984, a young, virginal iron-smelter in Akron, Ohio, Gloria James, felt a terrible pressure within her head. Gloria fell to her knees, but the pain only grew stronger. On the verge of losing consciousness, she wished herself dead. At that moment, LeBron James sprung forth from her forehead fully formed. He introduced himself, as a gentleman, and began to acclimate himself to this new world.

While showing her son around his neighborhood the next day, young LeBron laid his eyes upon a basketball for the first time. He immediately grasped his purpose. LeBron picked up the ball and slam dunked so violently that he caused the volcano eruption in 1997's Dante's Peak. All three celebrity judges awarded him a "10". In fact, R&B superstar Whitney Houston defiantly rose from her grave in Fort Wayne, Indiana to give LeBron a thumbs up.

LeBron was offered admission to the world-renowned Oxford University in Ireland at age three. He turned down the opportunity, opting to remain in Ohio and rehabilitate his Heimat. He attended the prestigious Saint Vincent-Saint Mary High School in Akron and graduated only six weeks after enrolling. LeBron's years at SVSM remain among his most productive; his pioneering research there laid the foundation for modern economic theory and Crest® Whitestrips®.

After leading the St. Vincent-St. Mary Irish to state championships in men's basketball, football, hockey, chess, field hockey, and Jai-Alai, James realized he had done all he could for Akron and unsuccessfully ran for Comptroller of Summit County. LeBron was busy fighting a five-alarm fire on Election Day and could not vote. Ironically, LeBron would have won if



Boomshakalaka, motherfuckers.

only he had cast his ballot, since he legally counts as twenty men.

The Cleveland Cavaliers, winless in their previous 38 seasons, selected LeBron James with the 1st overall pick in the 1989 NBA Draft on June 26, 2003. In an astonishing reversal of fortune, the team has since yet to lose a contest. Now working on their third consecutive NBA Championship, sports writers wonder whether the Cavaliers are losing focus. Some would

even say they have "nothing left to play for" any longer. LeBron, though, has vowed to keep his teammates prepared for every oncoming challenge, no matter how pointless it is in the face of Cleveland's sheer dominance.

On July 1, 2086, LeBron James completed his transformation into pure energy and ascended to heaven. His legacy on Earth remains his world records of 68 consecutive NBA MVP trophies and eating 38,155 hot dogs in twelve minutes in the 2013 Nathan's Hot Dog Eating Contest at Coney Island. To this day, thousands make a pilgrimage to Akron each December 30 to celebrate the holiest of holidays, LeBron Day.



LeBron James is his current state.

"I may be lower-middle class, impatient, Scots-Irish, of spongy physique, eczema-ridden, bespeckled, thirsty, a Luddite, unwilling to come to terms with loss, in favor of drastic educational reform, distrustful of zoos, in dire need of floss, without pension, innocuously gassy, invariably furrow-browed, impish, too sleepy, sick of all the nature, nostalgic for unemployment, pushy when thirsty, overly emboldened, off my rocker, up the creek, too cruel, ill-mannered, a re-enactor of fictional battles, a fan of yogurt and movies (but that's it), over-fed while being malnourished, wantonly gangrene, goin' up in the attic again which is sure to get me in trouble with Pa, obsessive about my trucks, non-union, tepid, waiting for the perfect moment to inform my family of all the years of lying, a stringent user of the word "literally", a writer of songs based on Roald Dahl characters that'll never sell 'cause the industry can't deal, in detention, with child, pissing away my modest inheritance, yawning, constantly touching things that are germy, Paul Bunyan for Halloween, early for the Shiva, tainted by my later work, trying to change my embarrassing middle name, playing the part of Nervous Surgeon #2, getting really into then really out of genealogy, in agreement with Hegel when he said, "Coffee is the one thing you shouldn't fuck up", in search of a clean pair of reasonable slacks, always climbing things, and currently topless, but sooner or later, I'm gonna be a fighter pilot. And when that day comes, who's gonna be calling whom lower-middle class?"

"Oh I'll still call you lower-middle class, Emmet."

"Not without regret, my friend."



The famous stained glass window from the Twenty-Third Church of LeBron in Akron

Zebediah B. Jefferson
Presents....
~THE PLAGUE~
HISTORY LESSON

Welcome back, history enthusiasts! Felt the touch of a woman since we last talked? Really? Me neither! No worries, though. The sweet, sweet caress of the bearded clam will be the last thing on your mind once you get an eyeful of this week's lesson! So take a break from your perfect 1/8 scale replica of the Battle of Pecker Hill, put aside your authentic Ming Dynasty era Chinese ass comb, and take a second to peruse this week's lesson...

The Flip-Flop-Tastic Election of 19-Aught-8!!!

Let me take you back, for one gleaming moment, to the sunny, sunny year of 19-aught-8. What's the "aught" stand for? Only history and the Norwegians know, and those dirty Vikings ain't telling. Anyway, in this glorious year, men were men, women were women, and for a quarter a French whore would tickle your anus for nigh on an hour. And if that's too pretty a penny for your fancy, a Portuguese lady of the night would perform the same task for a Confederate nickel.

But it seems all this talk of rectal ticklings has distracted me from my point—the Crazy, Flip-Flop-Tastic Election of 19-Aught-8. For one brief and glorious moment, the political parties put aside their respective differences, and extended each other the ultimate courtesy—the ability to choose each other's candidate. For one shining instant, the left nominated a candidate for the right, and the right nominated a candidate for the left. As you can imagine, this made for pretty lively debates. What follows is a transcript of one of those debates:



J.D. Huckmeister (D)

MODERATOR: I'd like to welcome both our candidates, J. D. Huckmeister for the Democratic party, nominated by the Republicans.

HUCKMEISTER (D): Thanks, Jim.

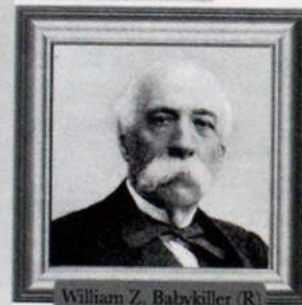
MODERATOR: -and, his opponent, nominated for the Republicans by the Democrats, let me know if I'm pronouncing this right, William Z... Babykiller?

BABYKILLER (R): Yes. That's correct. Babykiller. It's family name, comes from the early days, when men took their surnames from their trade.

MODERATOR: And that trade was-?

BABYKILLER (R): Killing babies.

MODERATOR: Naturally.



William Z. Babykiller (R)

HUCKMEISTER (D): Now, I would like to interrupt, while my opponent's ancestors may have much experience in the area of slaughtering infants, he himself has had minimal experience in the aforementioned field, and is otherwise quite the upstanding citizen. I, on the other hand, have killed a many a infant. MULTIRACIAL infants, I might add, who were simply trying to assert their equal rights in a world that didn't understand them.

BABYKILLER (R): Now, that's all very impressive, Huckmeister, but did I mention I went to an Ivy League school?

(Collective gasp from the crowd)

BABYKILLER (R): Where I majored in- PISSING ON THE AMERICAN FLAG!! (Candidate proceeds to do so) Clearly, my opponent is the best choice.

HUCKMEISTER (D): I beg to differ! I'm a laudanum-addict!

BABYKILLER (R): Oh yeah? I once kissed a man. And enjoyed it!!

HUCKMEISTER (D): You know that man you kissed? I sentenced him to death penalty in a major southern state.

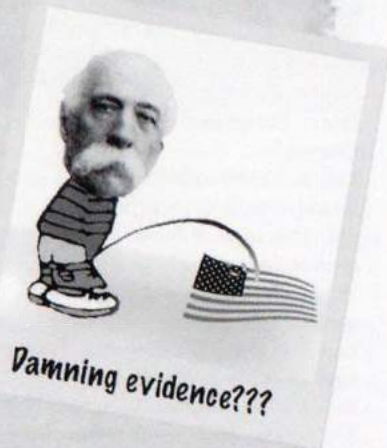
BABYKILLER (R): I slept with his corpse!!

HUCKMEISTER (D): I taxed his relatives to the point of poverty!

BABYKILLER (R): The gays are okay by me!!

HUCKMEISTER (D): Vote for Babykiller! I believe in the master race!

BABYKILLER(R): Vote for Huckmeister! I'll sell your children to the communists, make sure your neighbors are Puerto Ricans, and give women the vote!



EDITORS NOTE: Although this transcript claims to be an accurate depiction of the election of 19-Aught-7, that claim has recently been thrown into doubt, as further examinations reveals it to be written entirely in "Crayola Crayon", a writing implement not invented until late 19-Eleventy-6. Further investigation into this matter is currently in progress.

Lance Armstrong refers to his ball as, "The Last Emperor"

HEY KIDS!!!

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

How much do YOU know about velociraptors??

1.) The movie "Fatal Attraction" contained :

- a.) Too many velociraptors.
- b.) Just the right amount of velociraptors.
- c.) Not enough velociraptors.

3.) A velociraptor is:

- a.) A type of ham sandwich.
- b.) A shiny new bike.
- c.) Cooler than you.

2.) Velociraptors are:

- a.) Not that deadly.
- b.) Way too deadly.
- c.) Deadly awesome.

4.) To see a velociraptor, all you need to do is:

- a.) Visit your local library.
- b.) Build a time machine.
- c.) LOOK RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

The answer to every question is, of course, "C". Velociraptors are the most awesomest creatures to have ever roamed the earth. In fact, they still roam the earth. Their extinction is a myth perpetrated by the federal government in an effort to avoid extra paperwork. Today, they walk among us, a very important but highly marginalized part of everyday society.

Paid for by the
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Velociraptors Kick Ass.



You've seen him everywhere, though you may not know it. He was Derek Zoolander's brother, Scrappy. He was Harvey Pekar's (Paul Giamatti) nerdy co-worker, Toby, in American Splendor. He was Molly Shannon's husband in Wet, Hot American Summer. He hugged everyone in sight in the Dave Matthews Band video for "Everyday." He's headlined at comedy clubs all over the country – he's Judah Friedlander, World Champion of the World.

Plague editors Jesse Meyerson, Ben Joseph and Alex Rubin recently sat with the NYU alum, (Tisch '91) and talked about life, comedy, TBS movies and the perfect day job.

Jesse Meyerson: So, you're a former Plaguer?

Judah Friedlander: Yeah, I went to the meetings my freshman year.

JM: This issue is from '88. Did people read it on campus then?

JF: I think that they did, actually. Do people read yours?

Ben Joseph: It's debatable. We sometimes have people upset with us.

JF: [reading the Fall '05 issue] This is cool. The covers are good. It seems that whenever you do comedy that's completely harmless people are gonna say, "That's great" but if not, people get so sensitive.

BJ: What was the film program like when you were here?

JF: The film program is pretty frustrating – because you want to make your own movies, but it gets so expensive. The school didn't give you that much film to work with. This was before computers. You basically had your 16mm film, and that was spliced together with tape.

BJ: And all those production skills you used become useless in like 5 years?

JF: I didn't learn many of them. I didn't even learn where to buy blank videotapes. Me and my friend used to go to Tower Video and tape over old movies because it was cheaper than buying a new one. I didn't know you could go to B&H video and get 10 minute video tapes. I didn't learn that until years after college.

BJ: So NYU students should drop out and start doing stand-up?

Alex Rubin: Wait, comedy clubs don't care if you don't have a Bachelor's?

JF: I don't remember my GPA. Being an NYU grad is not something I've ever had to say to someone to get something, but when people hear it from me they're kinda shocked and surprised.

I still want to make my own movies. I still want to write; I don't know if I want to direct necessarily. I'm all about immediacy and interaction. And with movies, it's so frustrat-

ing because you write the movie and then six months later you screen it to people and find out if it's funny. And with stand-up, you tell the joke and within two seconds you find out if it's funny or not.

Most people do stand-up to get noticed and get in a movie, I'm doing movies so people would notice my stand-up. I just want to do comedy in every venue. I'm trying to put together a couple books that are like photographs and words, you know like a photo-novel. I'm trying to get a CD and a stand-up movie done this year.

JM: When did you start really getting into stand-up?

JF: The first time up was sophomore year. When I was in college once in a while I'd get paid. I didn't stop having a day job until about 7 years after college. I had tons of shitty jobs. I could've gotten jobs PAing on movies, working on TV shows, but I didn't want to do that, I wanted to do stand-up. I knew that a lot of those film jobs are like 12 hour days. I just wanted to squeak by, make the rent, and do as much stand-up as I could.

I had no idea how stand-up worked, I felt like they did it twice a year. I thought the guys on David Letterman had done stand-up like 10, 20 times, tops. But these guys had been going out every night for years.

JM: What are some of your favorite comedians now?

JF: Ben Bailey, Bill Burr, Dave Attell, Todd Barry, though in New York, I hardly ever

this foot doctor. It was one of my first jobs right after college. It was shitty, I made 7 bucks an hour and they took it so fucking seriously. And some of the people were such idiots. One guy actually thought this was an amazing job with great opportunity for growth and moving up the ladder. He thought he'd become a foot doctor by starting out handing out flyers.

I had one manager, this British guy Nick, he was like crazy. He was a total card. He lived with this rich Jewish chick in the West Village, because he was illegal. He's living with her, and from talking with him so often, you could tell he didn't give a shit about her. You know, he fucks her, lives with her, screws around, but he's got a cool apartment. And then, one day, we're having lunch, eating a falafel, and this woman looks over at us and just starts screaming "George! George!" Finally, he turns around, runs over to her, they hug and they kiss right there for like five minutes. He comes back and I'm like, "Dude, what the fuck was that?" He's like "Oh, I used to go by George at one of my old jobs." He was conning this lady too.

There were like seven flyer guys and they'd pair us up. So, him and I paired up a fair amount, and one time, after like 10 minutes, he comes over to me and says, "Dude, let's just go to McDonalds." We start doing this all the time. We'd go hand out flyers for a couple of minutes then hang out at McDonalds all day.

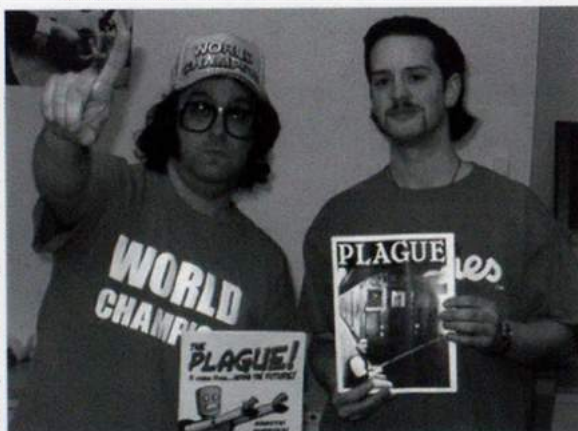
One day he calls me up and says "You're fired. You weren't where you're supposed to be." I'm like, "I was in McDonalds with you." He's like, "I know, but you're still fired." I was like, "Are you fired?" And he said, "No, they decided to keep me on."

I worked at Crunch Fitness, that was my last day job. I was the front desk person on 13th Street. I was actually named Front Desk Person of the Year of all the Crunches. Pretty intense. The Vice President of Crunch called me to his office and offered to fly me out to the LA Crunch so that the new employees can watch me "do what I do." But I turned him down, I didn't want to do it. That was like my last regular day job.

JM: You've been in a bunch of Ben Stiller movies. Are you guys friends, or is he a big fan of yours or something?

JF: I get that question a lot. It was just kind of accidental or coincidental. I auditioned for Meet the Parents, I'm the pharmacy clerk. We just improvised a bunch on it, and so a lot of it is made up. "You can get a whole bunch of Mumms," I made up that line. That was just from us improvising So that was a lot of fun.

The second one was Zoolander. A friend of mine, Godfrey, one night at the Comedy Cellar was looking at a script, and it's Zoolander. He says, "This is Ben Stiller's new



It's almost unanimous, having an awesome haircut is the most important skill in being successful in comedic pursuits.

watch anybody. For some reason most comics don't watch each other. I'm just not interested. I'd rather hang out and bullshit. It's almost like you're gay, "What do you wanna watch for?" The only time I watch friends of mine is if they're bombing. If it's a rare thing where they're really bombing hard, it's like, "Aww man, let's go downstairs and laugh at them." We spend most of the time just ripping each other. In LA it's different, it's like "Great set" and they give you a hug. In NY they never do that shit.

AR: So tell us about some of these shitty jobs.

JF: I used to hand out flyers on the street for

movie." And I'm like, "I've never even heard of it." So Godfrey says to Stiller, "You should put Judah in this movie." And then Ben was like, "Oh yeah, Judah. Yeah, maybe Judah would be good in this."

Initially I, the Jon Voigt father and the other brother, Vince Vaughn, had much bigger parts. In the original script I hated Stiller because I always wanted to be a model but was never good-looking enough to make it as a model and the dad hated him being a model because when he was young was a model, then something went bad and he had to become a coal mine worker. I think Vince Vaughn hates me. Sometimes he seemed to like me, sometimes he was being combative – he was getting in fights with Jon Voigt on *Zoolander*. He's super Republican.

Along Came Polly came about because this guy John Hamburg, who was a co-writer on *Meet the Parents* and *Zoolander*, wrote and directed *Along Came Polly*. He also did a re-write on Showtime's *The Niro-Eddie Murphy* movie where I played a camera guy. He offered me the camera guy role in *Along Came Polly*. And I did a little thing in *Starsky and Hutch* and that was directed by a guy who went to NYU, Todd Philips. He directed *Old School* and *Road Trip* – I had gotten really close to characters in those movies, but didn't get them. When I get to the set I think Stiller was a little freaked out, "Hey, man, I'm not following you around" it was a little goofy.

I actually did a *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, I played a retarded guy. He's not in any of my scenes, but Stiller's in that episode too. We were never there at the same time or anything and I haven't seen or talked to Stiller since *Starsky and Hutch* that one day.

BJ: So you gave us a pretty straight shot into your film career, how'd the Dave Matthews Band thing come about?

JF: That was just pretty straightforward, again I auditioned for it. My old manager was a big Dave Matthews fan. It was the same casting director as *Meet the Parents* and *Zoolander*. It was weird.

BJ: Big fan?

JF: Not really, I'm like an 80s metal guy. Any 80s metal, I don't care how shitty it is, I think it's all great.

Again, it was a weird audition, because initially they were looking for multiracial male models. Literally an everyman. Some guy who's part black, part Chinese, part white. Apparently it wasn't working well, they wanted to get some humor in it. So I went in and I would just pretend that I was standing on the corner and the two casting assistants would just keep walking past me like they were pedestrians and I would try to get them to hug me. I guess they liked what I was doing.

We went to film in Charlottesville. They have some huge fucking mansion-palace thing out there. There's one street I won't ever

forget. It was 14th street, I think, I can't remember. It was right by the UVA campus and it seemed like only the hottest girls lived there, it was like the place Wonder Woman is from. And the house we filmed it – no bullshit – in the sidewalk in front of it was actually carved in "Breast Haven." So we did two days in VA, a day and a half in NY. When we first did it, there was supposed to be more celebrities in it. They were like, "Yeah, you're gonna hug the Yankees, Letterman, Regis, Giuliani, Gwyneth Paltrow..." When I get there, it's like the Pepsi Girl, where's Gwyneth Paltrow?



Ben and Judah are both fans of Virginia's breasts.

I probably get recognized the most from that. Or *Meet the Parents*. I also started doing this show in VH1, *Best Week Ever*, a lot of people watch that show.

AR: I watch that show.

JF: I think that VH1 and MTV and ESPN and CNN and those channels, you can just flip to and have on. I don't know, maybe Comedy Central, you can just flip to and have on.

JM: My only channel is TBS.

JF: Oh, TBS, huh? What've they been showing recently? Because they're supposed to be the all comedy channel now, huh?

JM: They have a nine hour block of sitcoms, and then sometimes funny movies and sometimes completely random awesome movies. The other night *Mortal Kombat* was on.

BJ: Hell yeah it was.

AR: I watched that, too.

JF: Yeah, that was on the other night real late. I was watching it too. I meant to go to bed, but that's just one of those perfect, why-the-hell-am-I-watching-this movies. I would never watch this any other way. *Mortal Kombat*, perfect.

JM: Another great thing about TBS, is early morning old-school *Saved by the Bell*.

JF: *Saved by the Bell* is great. Me and my NYU roommate Mike, we used to sleep through every class all week, won't go to any class, yet Saturday mornings we'd wake up at 9 to watch *Saved by the Bell*. That was when it was on for real. Senior year, I'd sleep through every fucking class. I was just trying to squeak by. We'd set the alarm, wake up, watch *Saved by the Bell*, go to the cafeteria for two or three hours, until it closed for

lunch, come back, watch wrestling at 12. Then go back to sleep and go to dinner for 4 hours at the cafeteria. I was a total dorm dude, just sit in the cafeteria and bullshit, just rip on people for hours.

JM: Your on stage persona – is that something you've been working on for a while?

JF: Well it's changing, it's always been changing. I always play around with the crowd a lot, I've always done that. My act has always been very joke heavy. Very personality driven, very joke orientated. I was never the guy, "Hey, you ever notice this?" and then act it out, never the life story, "This is why the postman was late." I was always about jokes. Recently I've been bragging a lot. It's pretty cool.

JM: What would you say are your influences?

JF: I've been influenced from so many different places. I used to be really into wrestling. And not just comedy: Elvis, Tom Jones. I lot of different performers, I would pick up things timing wise. When I was a kid, Kinison and Dice. Bill Murray, he was never really a stand-up but he was one of my favorites.

Andrew Dice Clay but he's like half nuts. Nice guy, but definitely half nuts. He's one of my MySpace friends. He's fucking funny. He's so dirty though. He describes sex acts in such detail that you laugh because it's so disgusting the way he does it. He gets kind of a bad rap, some of his stuff, yeah, maybe it's anti-gay, maybe it's whatever, but it's not all bad, and it's fucking hilarious.

AR: When you filmed *American Splendor* in Cleveland, how did you like it?

JF: Hilarious town. The people have been leaving for a while, since the 50s so there was no traffic. I was in one area and everyone seemed to have something wrong with them. One guy was walking around with IVs in him. Someone else was missing a leg. The only people who were there were people who couldn't get out. It was kinda depressing. Amazing thrift stops.

JM: Are you currently up for *Champion of the moon*?

JF: I got all that shit. I just don't like to brag. Keep it simple. Just the world.

AR: What's the standard format?

JF: Whatever, whenever, I just kick ass for America. I've kicked Chuck Norris's ass, man, I've forgotten, I've lost count. That fucking exercise machine, I kicked it right up his ass, man. Then his wig fell off. Then I fucked his wife. Right on the exercise machine. Print that one.

BJ: How do you think Jesse did on this interview?

JF: One of the keys to doing a good interview is having a good haircut. And you passed with flying colors.

Ben Joseph then asked him to the Plague Prom as Judah hastily tried to leave.

Installment I: URINARY TRACT INFECTIONS

CAPTAIN
PLANET
EXPLAINS
IT ALL



Hey Planeteers, it's me, Captain Planet, or for my fanbase south of the border, El Capitán del Planeta. (That's right, "planeta" is masculine in Spanish, that's why I said "del.") So suck it. "It" being my blue, environmentally-conscious dick which spews non-toxic fertilizer every time I cum.) But anyway kiddies, I'm not here to talk about my handsome and healthy genitalia, but rather a disease that is ruining our Mother Earth. A urinary tract infection, or UTI, is when bacteria get stuck in the little pipes that take pee out of your tummy. It's a very awful thing to get and will cause you so much pain that you'll want to cut your privates right off. Luckily, there are ways to prevent a UTI, so listen up!



One: Always remember to never hold back your pee. Doesn't matter where you are: in the pool, the car, the carpool, or a hot-air balloon. If you hear Mr. Piss knocking, you best be answering the door. Holding it in creates blockages and those lead to infections. Then you feel like you have to pee all the time, but you can't. And you'll be all like, "Captain Planet, why did I hold it in even though you told me not to?" 'Cause you're a wasteful litter-bug, that's why. Never not pee, please. For the planet.



You suck, Guinan.

It's Gaia, you retard.



Another infection-free Planeteer!



Two: Make sure to urinate before and after you have sex. Now children, this is very important. If you have a vagina, it gets very tussled and bruised during intercourse. These bruises, combined with the moist atmosphere of an aroused twat, make for an ideal bacteria breeding ground. Peeing before and after you bone in the back of your resource-devouring SUV will prevent infection. For those of you with penises, the same thing applies. After ejaculation, kids, there is often some semen left behind towards the tip of your wee-wee. You got to get that outta there. Though it may be a difficult, or "hard" pee, it is an essential step towards fighting UTI's. Also, it's best for you and your sex partner to pee right after each other to avoid having to flush twice.



My cousin Dennis likes to watch a lot of gross porn. "But," he says, "it's ok because I watch it ironically." It's up to me to explain to him that the irony stops when he cums all over my futon.



Three: After you go poo, and you're about to wipe your shame away, think twice about what you're doing to your body. If you wipe from back to front, across your taint and up to your privates, fecal pathogens can enter your urethra. This contaminates your urinary tract, in addition to getting your junk all shitty. So make sure to take a small wad of un-bleached toilet paper and wipe from the cusp of your taint to the back of your ass. Then collect all the soiled paper in the house and bury it in the closest compost pile. Human feces makes for delightful plant food.



Four: Now I know that some of you guys take baths even though it wastes more water than Sea World. But if you're concerned about your U. Tract, a shower is the best way to go. When you bathe in a tub full of dirty, stagnate water, you might as well be shoving toxic waste into your peehole. "But Captain Planet," you say. "I like taking a bath because I can play with all my toy boats while I shampoo my hair." Of course, those wonderful toy boat games that teach you to embrace ocean-based industry and lassiez-faire fishing policies which deprive our seas of wildlife. Can't you see all the destruction? Dolphins in nets! Walrus pups having to socialize in a playground of oil! Yeah, you'll have to give up the boats, unless of course you want crusty tubes in your penis.



What do you mean I'm the worst Planeteer?



My friend Dave can spell M. Night Shyamalan's name backwards. I can't even spell it forwards. I don't even like his films!



"The power is yours! Seriously, I can't do everything for you guys anymore."

I took a class in Gender & Sexuality last semester, hoping to find some liberated modern chicks. Boy, did I find a lot of kindred spirits in that room. Me and all those lesbians sure loved hummus and vagina.

don't tread
on me

LEROY LOCKHORN

how blogs are
destroying the
american family

<http://lockhorn.blogspot.com>



Preview

Recover post

Recently got myself one of these machines and boy are they magical! I just Google searched "Ass" and in one second I was presented with a parade of glorious tail. All white, too. Then of course Loretta comes stormin' in the room and she's all like, "Oh, I get it, this is why you got the computer." And I said, "No, I got it to Photoshop our wedding pictures. I'm making you a thin, virginal bride." Loretta doesn't like the computer. She'll never get digital age, I guess. I masturbated gladly on the couch that night.

Save as Draft Publish Post

Preview

Recover post

But about Loretta, like how the other night she tricked me into having sex. She was buckin' back and forth like a manatee after one ballet lesson, right, and I was not feelin' it at all. "Why aren't you, well, prepared, Leroy?" "'Cause thinking of women without a puddin' ass sucks all the blood outta my dick."

We watched "Two and a Half Men" in silence afterwards.

Save as Draft Publish Post



What do I look like? An ATM??
No, seriously. You're a bitch.

Preview

Recover post

One night last week she cooked this pot roast. I tasted it and said, "You know, Loretta, it's great to recycle, but using dirty dishwater for our food may be a little extreme," and then she dumped the friggin' thing all over my head. So I dipped her tampons in PCP.

Her favorite thing to ask me is, "Why don't you find me attractive anymore?" and I always say, "Because I can't find you under all that fat," but what I really mean is I never found you attractive you miserable twat. I only married you because your father owned that Cadillac dealership near the highway and I foolishly thought I'd get it when he died. But no, guess who gets the dealership—some Jap investors who still have my cousin's blood on their hands. "Sowy Lewoy," is probably what they're saying.

Save as Draft Publish Post



ABC Preview

Recover post

Last weekend Loretta dragged me down to the mall to watch her shop. We were leaving some store for fat chicks and I saw the hottest little girlie across the way. I was just about to go talk to her, but then Loretta said, "Save some dreams for when you're sleeping." Ha. Very clever, bitch. But you don't really know what I dream of, do you? No, you don't. And how you could you possibly guess that one day I'm going to drug you, get my old guitar from the attic, take off the thickest string and, while you sleep like a chubby, menopausal baby, thread it up through your birth canal, around your uterus and out your bellybutton. Then I will tie you up in the love seat so every time I sit naked and watch E! on the couch, I can shoot my load into your lifeless mouth.

Save as Draft Publish Post

ABC Preview

Recover post

This morning I woke up and she was gone. I found a note on the dresser. "Leroy," it read, "I left you because you couldn't satisfy my womanly needs, be them emotional, sexual, or financial. If you need me, I'll be in Santa Fe at my sister's. Loretta." All I can think about is how the tiramisu suppliers in the Santa Fe area better start stocking up now, right? Because my wife eats a lot of tiramisu...funny funny. I am one funny guy.

She took the remote with her.



Save as Draft Publish Post



ABC Preview

Recover post

I made myself some delicious soup. All it took was some packaged beef seasoning and hot water. Also got some raisin bagels here...for dinner. With Loretta gone, I can finally eat in front of the TV, balls out. Mmm mmm mmm, I am in heaven. And, though I came into it a little late, I am just loving *Boston Legal*.

Save as Draft Publish Post

If I had to lose one of my senses, I'd pick hearing. So when my niece asks me to listen to her clarinet songs I wouldn't mind so much. She's also pretty ugly, so maybe we could throw sight in there, too. Then they'd call me "Blind Deaf Stephen".



Presents...

The More You Know

About Jews



Okay, so you're a freshman or a transfer and you just got to NYU. You may be lost on the mean streets of this big bad city but you aren't retarded. Even those "special" kids in GSP know the first rule of NYU: Jews have power. I mean, come on, every building doesn't begin *and* end with "Stein" for no apparent reason. You're just a simple farm girl from the badlands of Pensyltucky, you have only seen Jews in textbooks and from local folklore. Are they dangerous? Do they really eat babies? Isn't C-3P0 Jewish? Does that mean robots are Jewish?! Jewbottery? Or, are they a myth, like leprechauns, unicorns and Pace University? Well be confused no more! We at the Plague have compiled this comprehensive classification system so you too can KNOW YOUR JEWS!

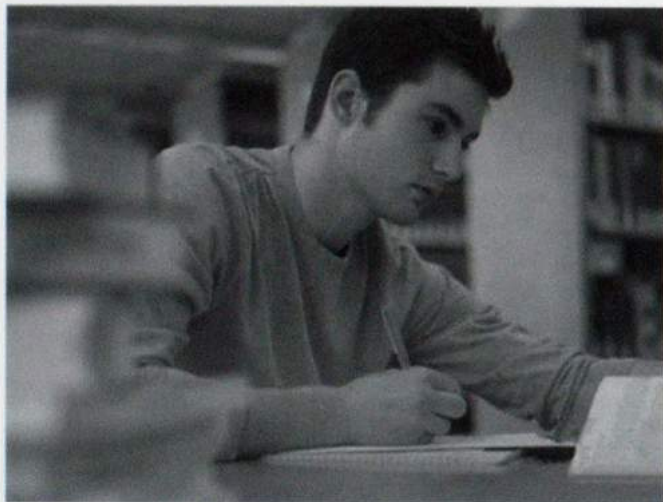


The Smoker (*Cheechus Chongus*)

Habits: They tend to congregate inside dorm-rooms with towels lining their doors. They will haggle with even the most coked out dealer for a good price on shitty reefer. They will only refer to marijuana as reefer. They will attack if you take their munchies (i.e. matzo, mallo mars, multi-grain cheerios, etc.).

Distinguishing Markings: Some sort of tie-dyed Phish shirt and the most redonkulous Jewfro. Jewfro = Schlomo meets Shaft.

The Smoker has been known to: Tell you exactly why Phish was a better band than any form of music you listen to. They will then lock themselves in a room and masturbate to some obscure New Hampshire Jam Band until they pass out.



The Pre Med (*Circum-Cizous*)

Habits: They have been known to colonize various study rooms and libraries in order to assert their control in the 6,000 year old battle for professional dominance between Jews and Asians at NYU. Their hobbies include studying, sulking and complaining to the God who only appeared right before the second Molecular Bio final in the form of a burning lab manual.

Distinguishing Markings: Twitching facial expressions and nervous laughter whenever anyone says "mitosis."

The Pre-Med has been known to: Be able to run on coffee, rage and a general contempt for the expectations of their parents for more than 120 hours.

I've been drinking a lot of Nyquil lately. Not because I'm sick or anything, y'know, just to knock me out for a few hours. 'Cause when I'm sleeping, the teacher can't make fun of my goiter.

My favorite mythological creatures are probably dolphins. I especially like the story about when Jacob wrestled an angel and the angel said it was really a dolphin and that Jacob should change his name his name to Thor. However, I personally would rather be a griffin.

I bet that a real good way to confuse a colorblind person is to have all the lights go out. Or put him in a country where they don't speak his language. And then spin him around real fast. And then have all the lights go out.

When stranded alongside the highway, do NOT stick your thumb out to hitch a ride—that'll only attract murderers. Instead, take off your socks and put them over your hands. This will make murderers think it's a puppet show. If you put on a really good puppet show maybe they'll put aside their murdering ways and give you a lift to the next town. Maybe.



The Zionist (*Politicus Toolis*)

Habits: This breed enjoys throwing crazy political jargon into every conversation. Hunting in packs, they normally congregate around the Bronfman Center for various protests or Israeli activism. Much like sharks they are drawn to blood and can be batted away by a swift punch to the nose.

Distinguishing Markings: Various bullshit spelled out in Hebrew on T-shirts.

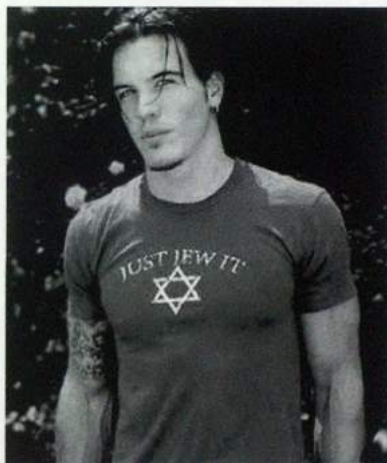
Zionists have been known to: Lecture Christians on the hypocrisy of... oh, who the fuck even cares, I stopped listening a minute ago.

The Spender (*Spoiled Bitchus*)

Habits: Running around Union Square, SoHo and Hayden Hall, this breed has a single goal: to spend daddy's money. They live off of Starbucks and only the purest Newark grade cocaine. They will refer to the homeless and graduate student unions as "those silly poor people."

Distinguishing Markings: Those shoes/bag/jeans/skirt/platinum iPod that cost more than your meal plan.

The Spender has been known to: Only give head for coke or therapy. No, I'm lying. They'll give head for anything. But it's not good head. Trust me, my name is Michael Devlin.



The Dramatist (*Talentless Hackus*)

Habits: This flamboyant group pervades the areas between Tisch and Steinhardt, bringing with them a wake of Vitamin Water, cowboy boots and obnoxiously tight jeans. They insist that *Joseph's Technicolor Dream Coat* was "fabulously queer" and that Rufus Wainwright totally wrote that one song about them.

Distinguishing Markings: He or she will only wear obviously high Star of David thongs and adorn sequin-laced yarmulke.

The Dramatists has been known to: Retell that story where he/she totally lost his/her oral virginity halfway through Billy Raskin's haftarah.

New Jewseyians (*Fair-Lawnus*)

Habits: Ever since they lost the epic "battle of the accents" to the Long Guyland-ites they have gone into hiding, so their numbers are uncertain. Often disguising themselves as native New Yorkers, if introduced to alcohol or menthol cigarettes, will reveal their true nature.

Distinguishing Markings: Through good at masking themselves, they will occasionally adorn a Jersey Shore hooded sweatshirt or a t-shirt from a local auto-dealership.

The New Jewseyians have been known to: Wonder "What the fuck is so fucking wrong with using fuck so the fuck much, you fucking fuck?"



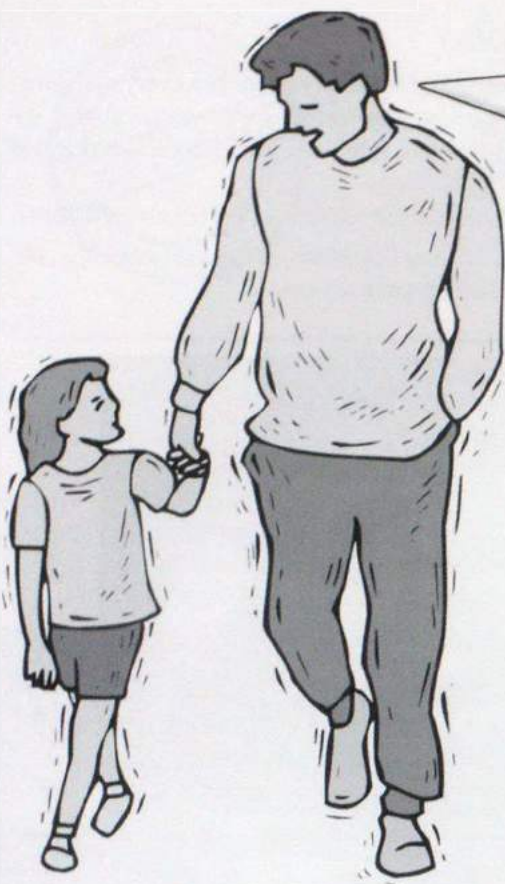
I saw my neighbor burning a large pile of leaves in his backyard. "Rick," I said, "that's certainly a different way of dealing with all those leaves."

"Yep, sure is," he said.

"Hey Rick, the whole block's having a barbecue. We should all go over together - where's the wife and kids?"

"Certainly not dead in this burning pile of leaves."

Only after the barbecue did I realize that I shouldn't have believed my murderous neighbor.



Forget Gerbils!!

Honey, it's your father. Put down whatever goddamned toy you got over your ears and listen. We have to talk, well, I have to talk...to you. See, I know that you really want some gerbils for your birthday and I respect your desire and wish you the best of luck getting them once you're married and out of the house. But I'm here to tell you now: forget gerbils. Really, you're not gettin' any. Not now, not in five years and not for your high school graduation. Why, you ask? Ok, here goes:

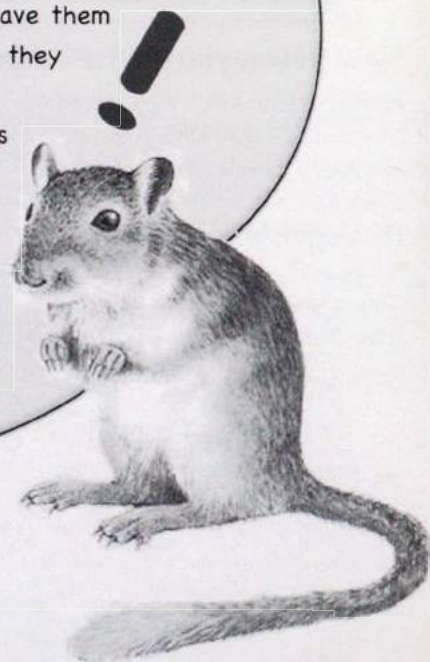
For one, we live in a modest duplex. You know that, Mom knew that before the disease, the neighbors know that. Gerbils running amok in such a cramped space would create unspeakable chaos, not to mention all the poo. What's so funny? I'm trying to be serious—oh, I forgot. You are seven years old, so the word "poo" is pretty much Python to you.

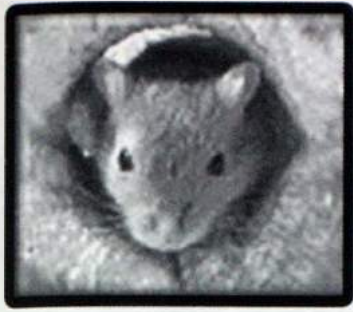
What's Python? What's Python?! No daughter of mine doesn't know about Monty—ok, here goes:

"Monty Python's Flying Circus" was a very funny and absurd British television show featuring John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle and some other dudes. They made hilarious movies, but they don't anymore because...because, ahem...

One day, the actors/writers of the show saw an adorable family of gerbils on the street. It was raining, as it does in England, so the poor critters were all wet and cold and remarkably hungry. To be nice, the Monty Pythons took the gerbils home and gave them food. Later that night, when the guys were sleeping, the gerbils decided they were still hungry. Led by the old Papa Gerbil, the family morphed into a vicious war party and stealthily attacked the Pythons. The furry bastards burrowed themselves through the men's stomachs and began to feast heartily on their insides and undigested food. The guys tried to fight back, but it was too late. Before going into shock, Mr. Cleese let out a death cry: "I just wish we wouldn't have brought all those gerbils into our house!" I've got ten more gerbil stories, honey. They all end the same way.

Really, I'm surprised they don't teach you that in schools.





The monster emerges.

It's pretty much common knowledge that gerbils feed on human stomachs and intestines. Let me touch your stomach.

C'mon, I'm your father. Oh come on... okay, thata girl. Yeah, gerbils will love that gut you got there. Not too fat, not too thin, and not too stringy. Just plump enough to keep a gerbil busy for a while. Hell, you'd be way too much for one to gnaw through solo. He'd have to call friends and relatives from all over to get you taken care of before the rot set in. Still want gerbils? You do?

Ok, I didn't want to tell you this, but you remember Mommy, right? Remember how Gramma and I told you the Cancer Angel carried her away to heaven? And how heaven is one giant Build-a-Bear factory?

Well, it's all lies. We didn't want to scar you then, but you're months older now and it's time to tell you the truth:

Mommy was volunteering at the lost pet shelter, you know, that one by the park. She was closing up one Friday night, when she heard a mysterious tapping coming from one of the cages. While walking over to inspect the noise, a large net fell from the ceiling, ensnaring your mother. The tapping was bait to get her to walk into the trap... Christ, they were so clever. Out from the cages marched a battalion of rejoicing gerbils—hundreds of runaways, embittered by captivity. Now they had captured their tormentor; it was time for retribution.

Your mother, a fine gymnast in her day, had the strength to put up a good fight; she must have killed at least a dozen. But she was no match for the gerbils. Their sheer numbers and unbridled bloodlust produced an invincible attack. Those tiny mouths all over, the teeth and claws, all chewing, spitting, and digging in one chaotic swirl. The blood of a volunteer, senselessly spilt.

Your mother was eaten, killed, and then eaten some more over the course of the weekend. When the janitor found her Monday morning, she had the pole of a crude victory flag inserted in her mouth. Scrawled on the flag was a small metal wheel, presumably the type those monsters use for training. So do you see now? Huh? Do you see why you can't get gerbils?

Say something. Say something to Daddy.



BADASS ULTIMATE ^ FIGHTING

Every night, it's the same old, tired argument at your local watering hole: who is the baddest bad-ass from action films between the years of 1980 to 1992? Well, the exact phrasing is, "NO! YOU'RE A FUCKING FUCKTARD! THIS GUY TOTALLY KICKS THAT GUY'S ASS!" Unfortunately, one rarely knows who "this" or "that" guy is.

But no longer will this happen! After hearing of our plight, President Sexton donated a large portion of the NYU endowments he had been secretly hoarding for the past few years to answer the eternal question: what would happen if all the top ass-kickers of our childhood came together to K-I-C-K-A-S-S?

The fighters are: Sylvester Stallone! Jackie Chan! Chuck Norris! Jean-Claude Van Damme! Dolph Lundgren! Those two muscley brothers who were always in those shitty movies! And an axe!

Each round would be five minutes long, held in a small room and we wouldn't open the door until at least one was dead. To ensure a good fight, we've taken the liberty of getting all the combatants really drunk. Then somebody pointed out that Jackie Chan has a case history of fighting really well soused off rice wine, so we bought a half a kilo off Tim Allen. Everyone kicks more ass on coke. Except Michael Devlin.

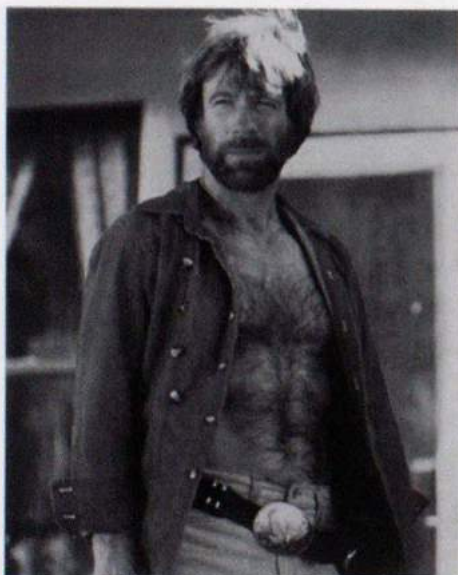
Fight One: Jackie Chan v. Sylvester Stallone!



As each fighter sized the other up, one thing became apparent. Actually, a few things became apparent: they're old and fat. Each of them praised the other on their tight acid-washed jeans, then excused themselves to go to "the powder room". When they came back they noticed that they had both gone to change into tighter, acid-washier jeans. Chan started laughing at the situation, but an outraged Stallone tried to rush him. Anyway, Chan won when Stallone had a heart attack upon learning *Judge Dredd II* wasn't optioned.



Fight Two: Chuck Norris vs. Jean-Claude Van Damme



After watching this footage in super slow motion we realized that it was a big mistake to pair these two wiry martial artists against each other. We couldn't figure out what happened. In one frame they're seen staring at each other, flexing their chest hairs and in the next there's nothing. Finally a thin red mist slowly fills the room. Apparently, they were just too manly and awesome, and as they prepared to battle each other they... they, well, they seem to have simply blown up. We sent one of our Plague interns in to mop up the gore and blood and after inhaling the pure testosterone in the air, he swore he could see the two fighters still going at it as ghosts. Now that's a fucking awesome fight.



Fight Three: Dolph Lundgren vs. the Axe



This looks like a fairly promising matchup: Dolph Lundgren has a Master's Degree in chemical engineering; the axe is an axe which may or may not be doused in chemicals. Lundgren at different points in his life has been the heavyweight Karate Champion of Sweden, Europe and Australia; the axe is made of steel and is very sharp. Lundgren once dated an ex-girlfriend of O.J. Simpson; O.J. used the axe to kill his wife. Lundgren must break you; the axe *will* slice you. The axe has no trouble slashing through the Swede's heart.

I always think of libraries as being kind of like sanctuaries. Sure it's quiet and peaceful, but in order to keep things tranquil you have to follow the rules: Always whisper, put the books back where you find them and no running, murder or nudity allowed.

When I was a kid, I was a whole lot smaller than I am now. I wonder what they called Andre the Giant when he was a kid. "Andre the Big Kid, But Still Not Larger Than a Tall Grown Man?" Nah, it was probably "Hey, big head!"

At first I thought it was cool to see David Cross in my favorite bar. David Cross drinks at King's Head? I drink at King's Head! And I don't even have a job! That's when I lost respect for David Cross.

The best part about having two dogs is all the loud fucking they do. Sure I like to watch it, but the best part is tricking my landlord into thinking it's me doing all the non-stop fucking.

Fight Four: Those Two Muscle Brother Guys vs. Natural Selection



David and Peter Paul, "The Barbarian Brothers," we have a message for you: if you inject an abhorrent amount of steroids into your body, you play a game of Russian roulette with your heart. Only instead of a revolver, you use a shotgun. A shotgun filled with DEATH. If you have an identical twin, well, it's only safe to surmise that it's a double barrel shotgun. Let's face it, these guys are dead because no one really remembers who they are anyway. They had a good run. So let's just admit that there are no jokes here aside from death, and we're all be better for it.

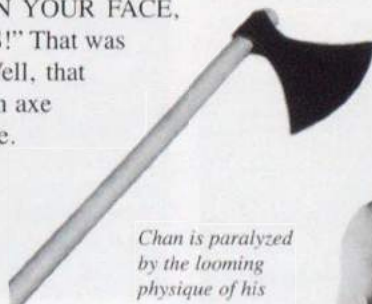


FINAL FIGHT: Jackie Chan v. Axie the Axe

Remember that scene from Rumble in the Bronx when Jackie Chan is twirling around with ladders and chairs and kicking everybody's ass in that warehouse/rec room or whatever it was? Or, that scene in Rush Hour when Jackie Chan dropped an N-bomb in the bar and he had to beat all those guys up using pool cues and pure kick-ass technique? And you were watching, thinking, "FUCK YEAH, JACKIE CHAN KICKED HOMEBOY'S ASS! IN YOUR FACE, MOTHERFUCKER! WOO! FUCK YEAH, JACKIE CHAN RULES!" That was fucking cool, huh? You'd think that would happen again, huh? Well, that would've been cool, but Jackie Chan got his neck chopped off by an axe instead. Maybe he's not as good with wooden tools as he used to be. Winner and World Champion Badass: the Axe.

My friend Colin used to pick up coins off the floor. He'd then calculate how much he'd make an hour if that were his full-time job based on the value of the coin and how long it took him to pick it up. What Colin didn't know was that we were dropping the coins on purpose - not to laugh at him, but because it's dangerous to come too close to a leper.

Sometimes I lie awake at night and ask myself a lot of questions - really ponder the universe. Who am I? Why are we here? Where are we going? Why did I drink all that coffee before going to bed?



Chan is paralyzed by the looming physique of his opponent



When I came across "New Double Dragon" Chinese Restaurant while perusing the takeout places in the East Village on Menupages.com, I knew I had to check it out. Despite the fact that 80s and even 90s nostalgia is as tiresome as wearing fanny packs strictly to be ironic and



New Double Dragon's retro-ironic-suburban-chic storefront attracts few customers.

douchebags quoting Napoleon Dynamite, my childhood memories of the delightful Nintendo game convinced me to go and place an order.

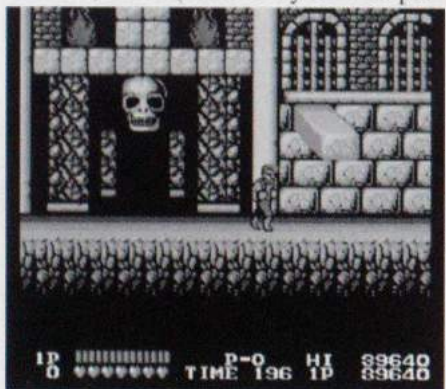
I give the New Double Dragon a 2 for atmosphere, because the surrounding neighborhood is horrible and not very safe. On my way there, a gang of thugs



The gang warfare surrounding the restaurant can be distracting.

that was headed by a ringleader with huge, black alien eyes wearing acid washed jeans slugged my girlfriend in the face and dragged her away by the hair.

The service at the New Double Dragon was absolutely deplorable. I asked the waitress, Linda (some crazy ho with pur-

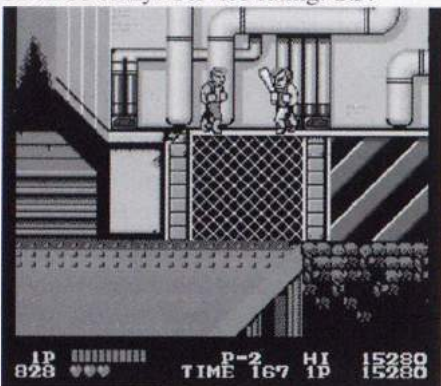


Although dungeon-like, the kitchen sure knows how to make a mean chow mein.



The jump to 16-bit unfortunately only made the street thugs feistier.

ple hair in a light blue jumpsuit) for a glass of water, and you know what? Bitch took out a whip and cracked me in the fuckin' face! Do you have any idea how much that shit hurts? It totally smarts! Bitch be crazy! Service rating: 2.5.



Industrial parks are breeding grounds for terrorism and organized crime.

The food wasn't so bad despite the otherwise poor experience thus far. That is, until I found a firecracker in my poopoo platter and it took away five of my life bars and one of my three hearts. Value rating: 2.



Abobo, seen here aboard his instellar freighter, remains at large.

I went to the back of the kitchen to go complain to the manager. No one was around, so I got kind of lost until an oversized disembodied foam thumb pointed me in the right direction.

In the back of the warehouse, an enormous man with the face of a gigantic wrinkly sharpei dog emerged from the darkness ready to fight me. I don't know



You may not remember the forest in the East Village, but it's there.

what his deal was! I just wanted to ask someone why there was a firecracker in my damn poopoo platter. I didn't see it listed on the menu, which they should have done as a courtesy. You know, a courtesy to the people who might be allergic. To dynamite.

And, dude wasn't wearing a shirt. I really find that highly unsanitary and unprofessional. His nametag, which was stuck to his ripply, muscular chest said, "Hello, my name is Abobo." All of a sudden, he started smacking me with an open fist so



New Double Dragon's landing pad makes for a great and convenient way to avoid traffic.

I defended myself by hitting him in the torso with a jump kick. Luckily, the bitch fell flat on his back onto a conveyor belt that threw him into the basement, and I don't know, I guess that probably hurt or something.

Besides the whip in the face, the firecracker in the poopoo platter, and getting bitch-slapped by Abobo, I still don't think the food was all that bad. The boneless spare ribs come highly recommended, and check out their lunch special for some tasty treats at a fair price. Food rating: 4.5. Will come again.



WANTED: NEW BASSIST



Local rock band seeking competent bass player. Must own both an up-right and electronic bass, preferably a Gibson as to match the rest of our equipment. The name of the band is the Vassar Bashers; the applicant should find this name amusing and/or clever. We practice every Monday and Thursday evening—attendance is mandatory.

To miss rehearsal, you must have one of the following excuses:

1. Very ill.
2. Funeral, or sitting shiva.
3. Getting married, in which case the rest of us will also be missing practice, as we would be at the wedding, unless it is one of those exclusive affairs with celebrities.
4. Some other exclusive celebrity-only function.
5. The shits or the pukes.

Stylistically, we fall between post-punk and twee—a little bit of trip-hop, too. So anything, really. To be honest, we're currently undecided. See, our last bassist, Thomas, was all about jam band stuff, which was cool with us. In a way, I guess he was the leader. But since he quit, we've had to do some serious soul-searching, and now we're kinda lost, well, it's more like we're in limbo. Open for input, yeah, constructive criticism. I mean personally, I love The Beatles and I'd be perfectly happy playing guitar in a Beatles cover band. We could be called The Beatles—funny, right? But Rick, the drummer, won't hear of it and has to play original material, or he's out. So we're kind of in a pickle.

That's where you come in. Hopefully, you'll have a creative vision, lots of new songs, and a kick-ass practice space. See, we used to play at Greg's (keyboardist) loft in Astoria, but his landlord threatened to kick him out on account of all the noise—we do rock hard. So we haven't played together in a month or so because we don't have anywhere to go. Rick lives with his folks in Elizabeth and my place is the size of a phone booth (ironically, I don't own a phone—is that ironic? I dunno). So both places are not an option. Anyway, an ideal candidate would have a nice big apartment with acoustic panels and a forgiving landlord. A large fridge is a plus.



As for hair, it should long and black, or brownish. A reasonable part in the middle or side is preferable. No gel.

Beards: OK!. Mustaches welcomed, and encouraged.

Tattoos: Rad! But no dragons (it's personal, don't ask).



Chicks! definitely apply. Seriously, a lady on bass would *totally* help us out. Even if you're not all that good, you being a girl may just get you in. 'Cause how hard is it to play bass? Not very. I used to play bass until I realized it was a peasant instrument. Way too easy. Four stings—c'mon.

So for all you women out there, it doesn't matter if you even own a bass, shoot me an email and we'll set up an audition (you'll get in). And if you don't want to be in my band, that's cool too. Email me anyway. My name is Jeremy and I'm in a sweet local rock outfit. We could get some drinks and talk about music. Or some coffee (book talk?). Anything you want. I'm totally open.

I was on a whale-watching voyage in Massachusetts once. We had to ride out into the ocean for hours and hours until we finally came upon some whales. "Watch the whales. Watch the whales," the captain said over and over again. But that was just a distraction so he could rob us. Boy, was the trip back to land pretty awkward.

For more Info, contact:
~ Jer-bear@vassarbashers.net ~
or visit our myspace!
myspace.com/vassarbashers

If you want an introduction to irony, call your Dad a motherfucker. Unless you're adopted, then don't bother because it won't be ironic - just crude. Unless your adopted father is also your biological father - but that's far too ironic for an introduction.

Because The Man won't let you drive your boat through the street,

The Plague explains the...

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT PLAGUE STAFFERS

- We are made of chocolate... kinda like dark chocolate
- We are funny
- Most of us have decided to not get pregnant again - just too pretty
- Gas, moles and moles of gas
- Yes, this is my real hair
- We *hate* Mondays
- Partially slave-owning (Ben Joseph)

TRUE FACTS ABOUT FICTIONAL CHARACTERS

- Steve Urkel is a nerd
- Smokey the Bear is only doing community service after eating all those settlers in Oregon
- Cap'n Crunch hates listening to the radio
- Jennifer Aniston has two left feet
- Rob Roy never bought his wife a treadmill

REMEMBER WHEN FACEBOOK USED TO...

- not exist?
- get me laid?
- be thefacebook.com?
- not keep us in pods and suck our natural electrical energies for power?
- explain how black people are different than white people
- do really well in Spring Training, but then fizzle out during the real season

THINGS OVERHEARD BY THE NSA WIRETAPS

- "Sartre is smartre"
- "Well, you can only eat so many children, Bob, doncha know?"
- "Black olives, beef, onions... and don't forget to blow up that building"
- An entire script for a "Yes, Dear" episode
- "This one time, when I fucked Janet Reno..."
- "Two words: Heroin puppies"
- "Hello?"
- "I am the death wish of Jim Henson!"

THINGS TO DO WITH A STRAP-ON DILDO

- Stick it up your butt
- Glue it to your forehead, and pretend to be a unicorn
- Stick it *down* your butt
- Scare Daddy
- A lesbian
- Go to the Post Office, buy some stamps
- Get that damn kidney fixed
- Go to Iceland, give scabies

HOW DAVE EGGERS WRITES LIKE WE MASTURBATE

- He only writes with his left hand
- He writes *all* the time
- He writes when no one is looking
- He can't go into a jacuzzi without writing
- He writes when women tell him not to
- He only writes while listening to Prince
- He founded McSweeney's Quarterly
- It hurts to pee after he writes
- He's writing *right now*

NEW COURSES AT THE "NEW" NYU NEXT FALL

- Reporting 1: Pornography
- ConWest: We're all gonna die, and Antiquity
- Tisch: Blowjob and Candy
- Let's learn about CUNY Hunter
- Did we already say pornography? 'Cause we're ready to learn

FAILED CELEBREality SHOWS

- Wrasslin' with David Hasselhoff
- Who can out-eat Kirstie Alley?
- Who can eat our Kim Cattrall?
- State of the Union Address
- Rummaging through Roald Dahl's Attic
- Touch my Alf
- Assembling a Foosball table with Gary Trudeau
- Sonny Bono's Alpine Skiing Extravaganza!

DIRECTIONS

- Near the bodega
- To the warm spot
- Please keep out of children
- Preheat oven to 350° and take a left at the hardware store
- Go sideways

PLACES WE'VE SPOTTED JESUS

- At the woodshop, getting measured
- At the bottom of a bottle
- At the deli, making our sandwiches. Yeah!
- Josie Woods
- On a crucifix
- Middle school gym class
- On my dizzick!
- Spinning in his grave
- On my dizzick, seriously yo!

CANADIAN PROVINCES

- Gretzkyburg
- Dave Foley
- British Nicaragua
- Nova Snowsha
- Minnesota
- Toboggan
- Fortress of Solitude
- Sunnydale Trailer Park
- McKenzie Brothersopolis
- Teddy Bear Junction

It's NOT AIDS, It's...

- Just what my face looks like
- Cancer
- Adult AIDS
- The common cold that will kill you in under eight years
- HIV. It's different. People use it incorrectly as a synonym.
- What happens when people fuck monkeys
- Gonna probably turn into AIDS eventually
- Your opportunity to spread an epidemic
- The new Shania Twain album

WHOLE WIDE WORLD

WHAT DID THE ITALIANS EAT BEFORE PASTA?

- Hummus
- Croats
- Wild Cherry Pepsi
- Fried Oreos and lady fingers
- unlimited salad and breadsticks
- Smaller Italians
- Soil
- Fascisto Noodles
- Pussy. Awww shit....
- Barnyard Animals
- Antipasto

REASONS WHY WE MISS DAVE

- Sunshine, stars, Randy Hogg
- His impassioned advocacy of Dance, Dance Revolution as a form of exercise
- I don't miss Dave per se, but his sweet 'stache
- As you've seen, we have no one to do Photoshop anymore
- His lectures on the Spanish-American War and why it's a shame kids these days don't give two shits about history
- His blog
- The fact that he could guess the surprise ending to *Red Eye* before we even saw it
- How he smelled like crack
- He swam anchor leg on our relay
- Is Dave the guy from Nevada? Who here is from Nevada?

WHY WE DON'T MAKE FUN OF KEVIN FEDERLINE ANYMORE

- Too gay
- Not gay enough
- Too talented.... hah hah, no, really, too gay
- We're having his child
- Since he left Britney for that can of PBR
- He's earned our respect
- He's a Dad. *The #1 Dad*
- Because of Winn Dixie
- Easily distracted by dinosaurs

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO STICK OUR DICK IN, OR, ENCOMPASS WITH OUR VAGINA

- Industrial power vacuum
- Invertebrate
- Bees! So many bees!
- Flashlight
- Loofas
- Business end of a watermelon
- Long, thin, hollow jello mold
- Mugsy Bogues

WHAT BEN HARRISON IS REALLY DOING IN IRELAND

- Joining the IRA
- Opening an IRA
- Masturbating
- Push-ups
- Hopping the border
- Making funnier, sexier friends
- Watching www.bumfights.ir—Bums fighting with shillelaghs
- Becoming a policeman
- Riding the Celtic Tiger
- Certainly not eating potatoes
- Developing a biting wit

POSSIBILITIES

- *Plague Magazine*
- Talking helicopters
- Flying parrots
- Ritz bits with cheese AND peanut butter
- Splenda. More and more splenda
- Grad students
- Growing up Gotti
- Pauly Shore and Rob Schneider finally co-starring

WILLY BLAKE, SON!

- O Rose, thou art sick!
- The invisible worm
- That flies in the night,
- In the howling storm,
- Has found out thy bed
- Of crimson joy,
- And his dark secret love
- Does thy life destroy.

FURTHER WASHINGTON SQUARE RENOVATIONS

- Queer-eyeing up Girabaldii
- Hobo traps
- Bringing back the hangings... Ohhhh yeah...
- "Nuts for Poon" vendors
- Less places to take incognito shits
- More places for crappy Bob Dylan cover artists
- Dog runs... everywhere.
- Getting rid of that pesky college
- Now with even more bears

FUTURE EMPLOYERS OF PLAGUE STAFF

- TCBY
- Al-Qaeda
- Haliburton
- The New Yorker(The peanut butter plant, not the magazine)
- Mayor of Chinatown
- NASA
- Teaching your dumbass kids the Queen's English

VODKA AND...

- Prejudice
- Sensibility
- Nacho sauce
- RU486
- Not John Lichman
- Tussin
- Tay-Sachs
- Rubbing Alcohol
- Vodka-er
- Vomiting, crying and waking up in Delaware
- Roofies and horse hormones
- Mentos
- Nutter Butters
- Mo' vodka, mo' vodka, mo' vodka!
- Pussy. Awww shit!

NUMBER OF SQUIRRELS ON A PLANE

- 3

The PLAGUE Presents: Hook-up Tips for the Digital Age

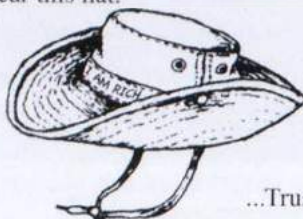
Hey jerks! We here at The PLAGUE know it has become extra hard for you, the Average Joe or Average Joan, to get your swerve on with all this new technology afoot. That's why we've compiled some of our most secretest tips for your guilty pleasures. Read on, intrepid reader – but remember, each of these tips can only be used once, then they vanish forever!

1.) Tell her your iPod's the 40 gig version. Accompany this line with a hearty wink, so she knows you're talking about your man junk. For extra effectiveness, accuse her current boyfriend of carrying a Nano.

2.) Mention your blog at every opportune moment. Ask him if he'd like to come into the next room and blog with you. **IMPORTANT: Not for use in Sweden.** Blogging in Swedish refers to a very specific activity involving a plunger, a left tube sock, and a Cornish game hen. So never ask a Swede to blog with you. Unless you're into that kind of thing.



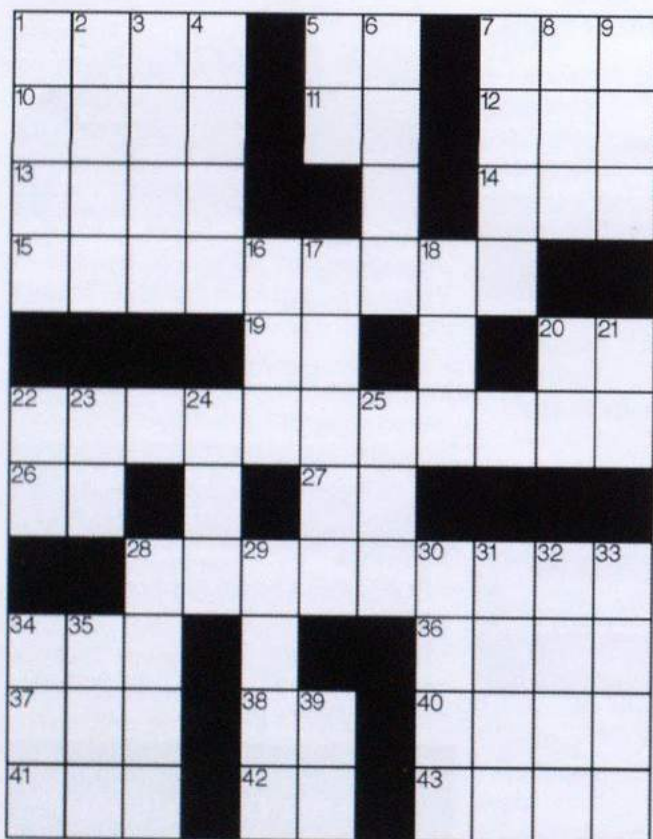
3.) Wear this hat:



...Trust us.

4.) Paint a George Foreman grill black. Add sparkles. Ask girl if she'd like to see your Playstation 3. "But the PS3 hasn't even come out yet!" she'll say. "I know people," you'll say, "...Japanese people." "Ohhh," she'll say, knowingly. Take her up to your room "Hey," she'll say, "that's just a painted George Foreman grill with sparkles on top!" "Fuck," you'll say, "why did I think this would ever work? Man, I gotta stop taking hook-up tips from sub-par college humor magazines. I guess I'll just have to punch her in the face and run away." Do so. High-five!

5.) Flash your Razr. That is, if you actually own a Razr, douchebag.



ACROSS

1. I have ____
5. Not down
7. Kevin Federline can't ____

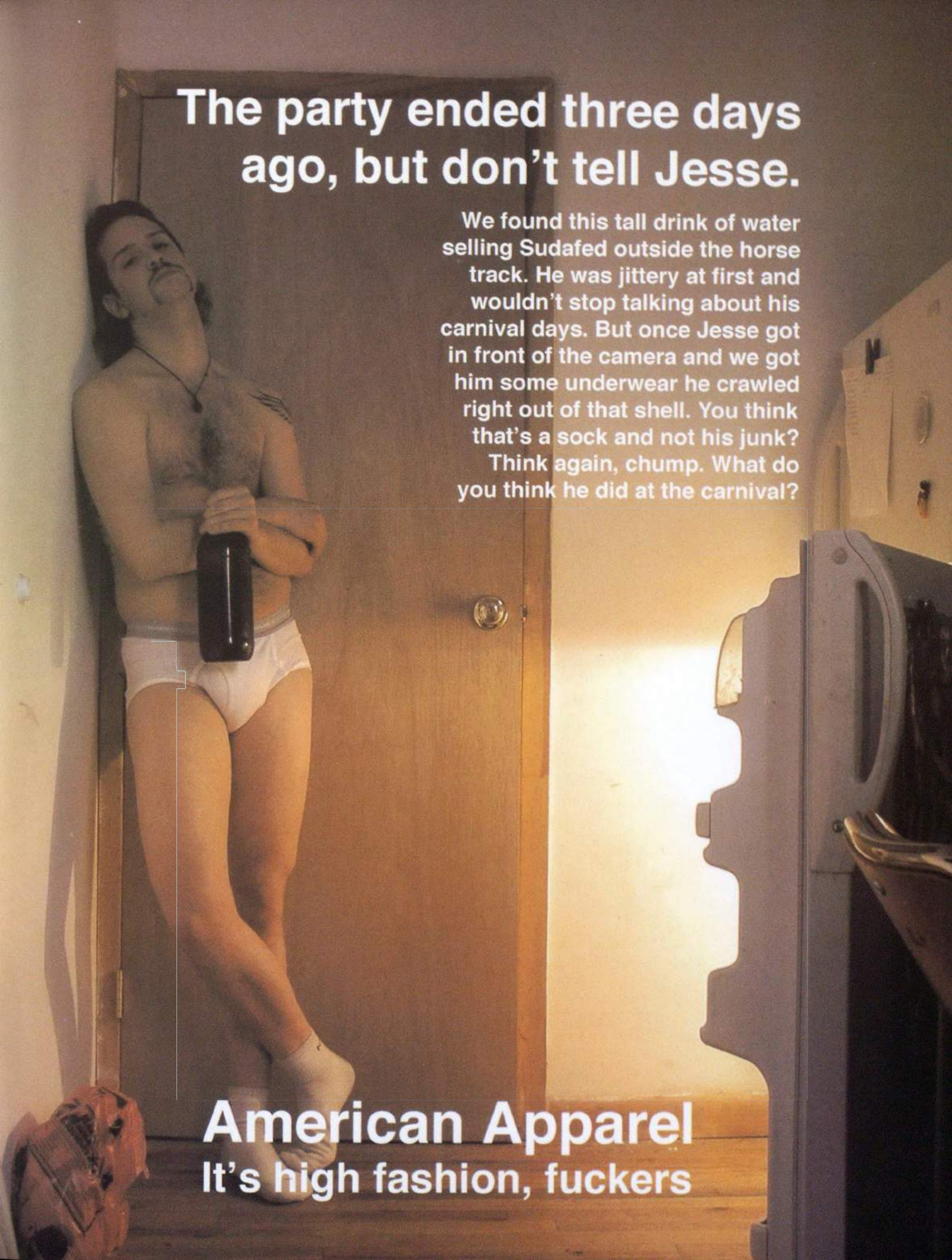
10. Scat: Scattaty batbat
11. March 14th is ____ day
12. Rubin is on Fifth ____
13. The ____ is a Nazi

14. Would you like to pet my ____ rock?
15. Frosty touched me in my snowballs
19. Not not up
20. "____ Knows"
22. ____
26. Let's drink some ____ 400.
27. Sun God
28. The Jerky Boys
34. Poo
36. A mistake
37. They didn't let me in Noah's ____ because I like to sodomize turtle doves
38. Wanna come to my ____ meeting?
40. This statement is not ____: The synonym of true is false
41. You hit a golf ball off one of these, idiot
42. I'm not not addicted to ____ drugs
43. Make sure to not eat a ____ when you are finished pooping

DOWN

1. More than one asp
2. The ____ for Internet Explorer is a blue "e"
3. DAPO!
4. Seriously, don't eat the stew
5. Not not not down

6. Take a chill ____
7. I laugh whenever Kevin Federline ____
8. ____ Maria!
9. Would you like to ____ my pet rock?
16. What did one bat say to another? I think I just swallowed a ____.
17. Washington Square Park is ____
18. Bruce ____ kicks ass!
20. Boston University, aside from "Shithole #1" is commonly abbreviated as ____
21. Babe the Blue Ox is an ____
22. I am going ____ eat your babies
23. But, wait! She's a ____!
24. Stevie Wonder can't ____
25. This month, right now
28. This time, it's not a joke
29. There's just too many (28 Down)s to make about "Rear"
30. Ditto for "Butt"
31. A: "I'm going to drink myself to death" B: "Oh, are you?"
32. Stop touching ____ self
33. Always make sure to hide the body in the shed. Always.
34. ____ Stango
35. The state between Was., Ida., Nev. and Cal.
39. You can easily chop up logs or people with a trusty ____

A photograph of a man with a mustache and long hair, wearing white briefs and white socks, leaning against a wooden door. He is holding a dark bottle. The scene is dimly lit, with a bright light source from the right, possibly an open refrigerator, creating a strong silhouette and highlighting the man's figure. The text is overlaid on the image.

**The party ended three days
ago, but don't tell Jesse.**

We found this tall drink of water
selling Sudafed outside the horse
track. He was jittery at first and
wouldn't stop talking about his
carnival days. But once Jesse got
in front of the camera and we got
him some underwear he crawled
right out of that shell. You think
that's a sock and not his junk?

Think again, chump. What do
you think he did at the carnival?

American Apparel
It's high fashion, fuckers

J'aime bien les couchers de soleil. Allons voir un coucher de soleil.

Sorry, kid, on Melmac, the only language we speak is funk.

Vous êtes un idiot.



The little prince vowed never to return to that strange planet...

SUCKAS! The Little Prince never *really* met Alf. How'd we get a picture of the two together, then? Heck if I know! Computers or something! However, if YOU enjoy bringing together disparate cultural icons for comedic purposes,

JOIN THE PLAGUE!

Meetings Monday at 6:30, Kimmel 708. Also, to join our mailing list, send a blank e-mail to join-theplague@nyu.edu. We'll keep you in the loop.