

The Plague

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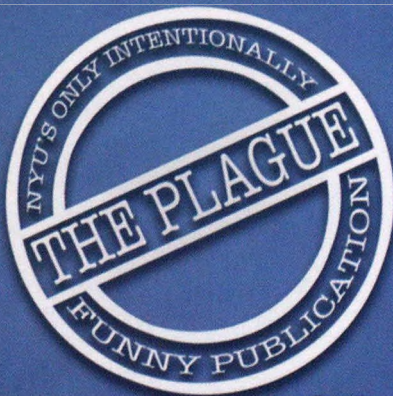
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BORDER GUARDS



WITHOUT BORDERS

A NOT-FOR-PROFIT XENOPHOBIC THINK-TANK

"Why should we take the bread out of the mouths of our own children and give it to strangers?" – John Adams



Border Guards Without Borders (BGWB) is an independent organization committed to denying asylum to those affected by war, poverty, disease, and natural and man-made disasters in over 70 countries.

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THE PLAGUE

Wants your vote in 2008.

This publication is published by NYU students and NYU is not responsible for its contents.

Your Spring 2007 Staff

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The Not-Dead President
Benjamin Harrison
And a cast of thousands

Putting the "Vice" in Vice President
Chuck Schaeffer
Baby orangutans will never be safe

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Hates himself for being so self-loathing

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Hat not funny, damnit

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This is not a joke

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Plague(-n) 1. A widespread affliction or calamity, especially one seen as divine retribution. 2. A sudden destructive influx or injurious outbreak. 3. A cause of annoyance; a nuisance. 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease; a pestilence. 5. Us. 6. A meeting of The American Electoral College 7. The things that you put in your anus. 8. Things you take out of your anus and then put in your mouth. 9. Rape humor and specifically anal rape humor 10. Ethnic jokes that college kids tell because they live sheltered lives and don't know shit. 11. *The Mind of Mencia* 12. Hurt Feelings. 13. *The Pursuit of Happiness* 14. The reason Alex Rubin doesn't get free soda from Pizza Mercato. 15. The fresh CW. 16. The hilarious differences between men and women. 17. Cheddar cheese of the New York persuasion. 18. Dangling modifiers.

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A can of beans is a poor man's freeweight.

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Now that this issue is out, BENJAMIN HARRISON has completed his tenure as President of The Plague. He would like to thank God, who was with him every step of the way, or at least that's what the LSD convinced him was happening. In reality, he was deifying the free pizza that is available at every meeting of The Plague. Incidentally, when Benjamin realizes his BFA in Film isn't worth shit in the job market next year, he'll be returning to the Plague offices every Monday to eat a free slice of God.

The other day in my neighborhood the police intervened when a white-skinned bicyclist pounded on the hood of an SUV driven by a black-skinned motorist after she nearly hit him when he was crossing an intersection against the light. After talking the woman out of her maniacal fury and sending her on her way, the white-skinned police officers told the cyclist to watch himself in the future. They went to get back in their car when a black-skinned onlooker shouted, "This is some bullshit! If that was me I'd be in lock-up!" One of the cops turned around and shouted back, "Don't even start with that shit. It ain't 1991 anymore!"

He had a point. It isn't 1991 anymore. I stopped in my tracks. Or, rather, I would have if I hadn't already done so to watch the scene unfold with all the other gawkers. That's one thing we sure didn't have in '91. Gawkers. It was like the dark ages but with more Herbert next to our Walker. More Quayle and Less Dick, more Clinton with penis and less Clinton with vagina. In short, a bygone era.

Back in those days, you could be walking down the street as white as a sheet of paper, but if you accidentally walked into a shadow the cops might mistake you for not-white and they would beat you up and plant drugs and a gun on you. And then you'd be like, "Hey my father is a sergeant in the twelfth precinct!" And they'd be like, "We kicked their fuckin' ass in softball!" And then you'd realize that you'd wandered into the eighth precinct totally by accident. Duhh!

When you gathered yourself together and got yourself to a hospital to have your wounds treated and you'd ask the doctor if he could prescribe you some Viagra while he was putting sutures in your cheek he'd give you this really strange look because Viagra wasn't even a twinkle in Pfizer's eye yet. And you would come to the horrifying realization that you wouldn't be able to get a chemically-induced erection for a few more years.

Back in those days when you got home you would turn on the news and wish our stupid war with Iraq would just be over, and you might even get your wish. These days your wish defi-

nately won't come true, but back then it might have. In some ways it was a better time. Sonic the Hedgehog was surprisingly speedy compared to Super Mario. Boris Yeltsin was drunker and less threatening than Mikhail Gorbachev. The Vice

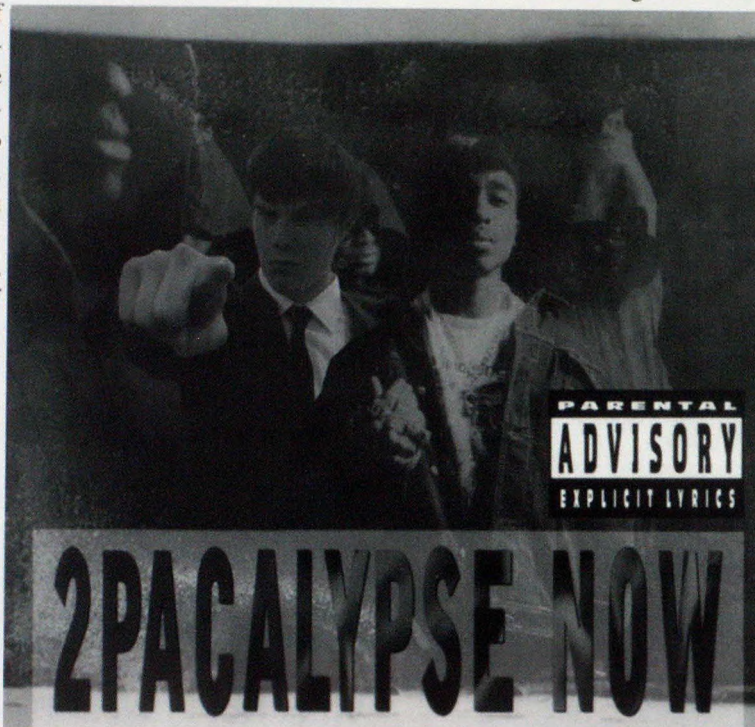
President was more of the comic relief to the President's straight-man than the other way around.

And that cop, who made the earth-shattering observation about how un-1991 things are these days, would have been in his late teens or early twenties, and not bald yet. Maybe he was even a little bit of a juvenile delinquent, but thinking about getting on the straight and narrow, doing a couple years at community college. He may have even seen the Rodney King tape on a television in the window of an electronics store and cursed the inequalities and injustices that the police represented at that time, and vowed to do everything in his power to diffuse the traditional tension between the

police and African-Americans, or negroes as he would have referred to them at the time. He would have shed a tear and then gotten on his horse and rode off into the sunset.

Flash forward sixteen years and he finds himself at the corner of E. 3rd Street and Avenue A, trying to resolve a conflict between a reckless bicyclist and a belligerent motorist. He might recall that vow that he made all those years ago when he was naught but an idealistic youth who couldn't have possibly foreseen things like the Internet or genocide in Darfur or *30 Rock*. He might be in-between saying "Ma'am," and, "Try to calm down, ma'am," when he realizes that the simple fact that he hasn't yet maced the woman in response to the threatening color of her skin represents an astonishing leap of progress, and that he has been, in some small way, a part of that progress.

He must have been welling with pride when he reminded that ne... African-American youth that this was no longer 1991. And the youth would have been as impacted as I was by this simple statement of fact, and turned off the 2Pacalypse tape he had been playing on his Walkman, and swapped it for a TI track on his iPod and walked up to the park to use an integrated water fountain and smiled to himself before strolling off into a brave new tomorrow.



Benjamin Harrison was best friends with 2-Pac before Mr. Shakur was gunned down. Then he was friends with Notorious B.I.G. Then he was friends with Jam Master Jay. Benjamin doesn't have friends anymore.

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Like most people from New Jersey, CHUCK SCHAEFFER has spent most of his life wishing he were someone else. His primary alter ego—named Man Man—is a superhero with all the powers of a regular man. Chuck assumes this false identity whenever he sees someone in peril or a TA is 'bout to be bustin his balls. A second strike against Chuck is that he's in Steinhardt, which is just fucking messed up. Fortunately, he's graduating soon, at which point he'll continue going to NYU. Albeit in a graduate student-capacity. His ruse of being a complete moron is cracking.

If there's one thing I've learned about writing for *The Plague* for three years it's that no one reads this part. I mean, okay, some of my friends and relatives may be reading this but only because they have nothing better to do in the crapper. In fact, I'm betting most avid *Plague* readers find themselves squeezing out a good old Cleveland steamer before they even consider reading this fine college publication. The good news is that these pages are made with non-toxic ink and you can go right on ahead wipe at your digression. The bad news is that I still have a few hundred words to fill in this section according to my contractual obligations as *Plague* vice president.

Now if I've learned two things about writing for *The Plague* it's that people are illiterate past two sentences and that people enjoy topical humor. My topical humor deals with two things: genitals and bed bugs. Neither of these are foreign to most NYU students by their second year in housing. It's no mystery, that most NYU dorms are infested with a surplus of genitalia and bed bugs—the latter of which has no known method of eradication. Now, the genitals can be handled; people have hands, and toys, and when in need of that extra push, we have plenty of fine upstanding date-rapists ready and able to do their civic duties. The problem occurs when our young, naïve genitals embrace in a forbidden tango with these most dreaded of bedded bugs.

For a whole week I thought I had bed bugs up in my junk. It was only after a week of intensive screeners with countless doctors, nurses, interns, and one janitor who unfortunately found himself in the wrong place to be wearing a white lab coat, that I found out that the swelling and redness was run of the mill eczema and not armies of bed bugs. However, though I was cleared of bed bugginess, the lingering trauma led to an incessant need for me to show my junk to professional-looking people throughout the metropolitan area, leading to my eventual expulsion from the Metropolitan Museum of

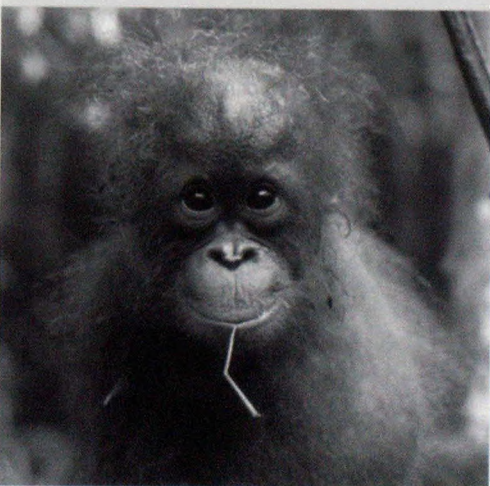
Art and the crying of seven girls and one tour guide from Saint Mary's Girls School of Staten Island. But I digress, for even though I did not have an infestation in my genitals, when visiting an RA friend at Lafayette, I encountered the disturbing truth behind bed bugs and groins.

One of her residents came to her, dropped trou, and revealed a colony of bed bugs within her vagina. Upon closer inspection, she found that these bugs had formed a primitive sort of civilization with its own written law and system of pubic hair-based deities. A few minutes later they were onto monotheism, as their bed bug Jesus was crucified on top of this poor girls engorged clit. In only a matter of days, this bed bug Fertile Crescent had become a thriving metropolis, with highways and monorails, running throughout the city known only as Slutty Girl Chach Alpha. Within a week, this bed bug civilization gained light travel and cold fusion, ushering in a renaissance of cross-crotch travel and trade. By the end of the month, there were primitive colonies scattered throughout the genitals of the entire fraternity floors of Lafayette.

What's the point of all this? Bed bugs are fucking resourceful and if you're not careful they'll create massive civilizations in your junk. They have the technology people, and though they may only have a few crotches now, it's only a matter of time and fucking, until a bed bug invasion force knocks down your knickers. Do you want to wake up with some bed bug Martin Luther nailing a 95 thesis to your scrotum? Or a bed bug Hitler mowing down your labial highway in a bed bug blitzkrieg aimed at your sweet Polish ovaries? Well I don't. And today we must fight, not only for the future of human civilization, but also for the future of our junk. So if you know someone with bed bugs and an active crotch, grab a knife, rusted spoon, or what have you, and do the right thing.



Hey kids! Rip out this page and cut out the picture. Color in the NYU identification card and try to get into university buildings. If it works, way to go! If it doesn't, I smell smash-hit WSN editorial!



Chuck is running a baby orangutan smuggling ring. If you want one he's on facebook. His rates are surprisingly reasonable.

The Plague's

Decision 2008

I Have A Very Large Penis by Senator Barack Obama

Quizno's is a poor man's restroom.



My fellow Americans, I have a huge cock. This is why you should vote for me in the Democratic primaries and the general election in the coming months. Let me further explain why, or at least try to. You see, my enormously long and thick penis often gets in my way when I try to write. If you see a typographical error, chances are it's my gigantic dick hitting a key erroneously.

John F. Kennedy once said to ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country. Well, let me tell you what my penis can do for you. My penis has an extensive policy agenda.

My penis will create almost one million new jobs in the American economy. I will open it up to this public as sort of a state park, so of course, I will need people to staff it, to keep it nicely groomed, and pick up litter scattered about my penis and testes. Maintaining my penis will turn into a great employment opportunity, as a government job with benefits and the like.

Moving on, my penis will enhance national security without raising the

defense budget. You all ought to know that my tremendous dong is fully capable of swatting away incoming missiles and bombs, as well as enemy planes of many kinds. Its range reaches up the mid-to upper-atmosphere.

My dick, like most dicks, produces semen. Only my ejaculate is special, as it can be used as an affordable and clean alternative fuel for cars. My thick, viscous, creamy, milky semen burns clean and is a renewable resource. (I once masturbated six times during a screening of *Malcolm X*. And that was just the opening credits!) I could reduce our dependence on foreign oil and greatly reduce CO2 emissions while we pursue my dong's ten year Apollo program to switch our economy over to a more sustainable model.

These are only a few of the things on the long (pun intended) list of things my penis could do for this great nation.

In closing, let me say that I clearly have the biggest penis of anybody running for President in 2008, save maybe Hillary Clinton... but she's a giant bitch anyway.

A Message from The Plague's Favorite Dark-Horse Candidate, Arnold Stein

The name's Stein. Arnold Stein. And I'm running for President. Yep, you heard me right: President-elect Stein. Now I may not look like much, but underneath these three hundred odd pounds of mus-

cle, fat, and hair lies the spirit of an eagle and the determination of a Galapagos tortoise.

Now, my first duty as President will be to use the word "duty" whenever possible, preferably rhyming it with the word "booty," as in this witty retort: "It is my duty to rub that booty." My second order of duty will be to outlaw all hunger and crime and instate peace. For reals this time. I don't know why another President hasn't thought of it, but it seems simple

enough to me.

Lastly, as President, I would make it everybody's duty to watch and study the film *Miami Vice*. There may not be any pastel-colored linen suits or fine '80s music, but its flaws are outweighed by the humanistic performance by Colin Farrell, particularly in his wise and poignant words, "I make a mean mojito."

Yes you do, Mr. Farrell. And I will too, as the next President of the USA. The United Steins of America.

Political Forum

My Virtuous Vagina by Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton

I think that there's one issue we can agree on in this upcoming election, and that is that the last thing we need in 2008 is another dick in the White House. In fact, I strongly believe that you don't need a penis to be president of the United States—my vagina can and will take whatever comes at it! Literally. I don't think the American people realize all the things that having my vagina in office could do for this country and the world. I'd like to take this time to present to you the virtues of my vagina.

There are a whole host of problems in this nation that my shapely coin-purse could solve. My monkey box's life-giving force is capable of producing much more than just Chelsea. Just yesterday, my cooter charged six electric cars overnight for over a day's driving. And that's not all a bajingo as giving and well-groomed as mine can do—it could provide low-income housing for families under the poverty line, and extra facilities to inner-city schools with over-crowded classrooms. Its cavernous interior has already been put to work, sheltering nearly half of the displaced victims of

Katrina. I doubt if even one New Orleans resident could inhabit Obama's sad excuse for a urethra.

My cha-cha's perfect symmetry gives it the ability to see both sides of any issue. This doesn't mean that it's a flip-flopper like Kerry; it's no pussy. Abortion is one issue it can't quite choose sides on, because my womb can't help but be pro-life, but my vagina is very much pro-choice. It has, however, always been very, very open to free trade.

But despite its soft-spoken and mild-mannered ways, my vagina isn't only concerned with "girl problems"—it is in no way loose on issues like defense and the Federal budget. In fact, a va-jay-jay with the dexterity and resilience mine possesses would be more than able to turn the Iraq war right around. It's also tight enough to control spending, crack down on crime, and finally capture Osama Bin Laden.

All in all, my oval office is one that any ex-president would love to get into, and you can't argue with endorsements like that. Even if Bill didn't want it all the time, believe me, America, you will.



Muppet Treasure Island is a poor man's Pirates of the Caribbean.

Arnold Stein for president



"Mojitos all around!" 7



Staff Editorial

TYPICAL BROWNSKINS

When my friend Divya took my jumprope at recess, I thought she was just being a bully. But when I went home that night and told my dad, he told me the Indians have a habit of taking what isn't theirs, like his job. My dad says it got outsourced, and that outsourcing is when your boss realizes that some non-cow-eating, subcontinental type will work for two rupees an hour less.

He kept talking about how it was a shame the soonamee only took out half the raggedy breeders. I told him about what we learned in school, how white people killed the other Indians with blankets full of smallpox. He said it wasn't a bad idea. But my dad says a lot of things when he's drinking his Maker's Mark.

Then I went to my big sister to see what she thought, and she said she'd been over India since they got Clone High cancelled. She told me that they could all lick her red-blooded, American clit. But when I asked what a clit was, my mom came in and made me go to the kitchen.

I told my mom about how mean Divya had been, and asked her if India had ever done anything bad to her. She wished she'd never seen the light of the kamma sootra. I didn't understand, and she told me that one time Indians told daddy to hold her like a wheelbarrow and pound away at her lady area.

I'm not sure I understood right, but one time I was riding my bike and I had to stop it against our garage door and it hurt a lot. I asked her what I should say to Divya tomorrow, and she told me a joke I could tell her.

The next day at recess, I went up to Divya and told her about how sorry I was that her people were so awful. But when I asked Divya what my mom had told me, about if her mom had to push the red dot on her forehead to turn her on in the morning and off at night, she ran away crying.

I was sad that she didn't like my joke, but I wasn't sad that I finally got that purple jumprope. I just hope my teacher doesn't outsource recess.

Do you want to bet on it?

John Yanks
COLUMNIST

Okay, you're on: twenty bucks on the Eagles game. I can't believe you think that the Giants have any chance at all. Oh, I'm going to enjoy taking your money.

Sure, let's see what else is on. Boring, boring, boring... hmm? You want me to flip back? To which one? *Happy Gilmore*? Are you serious? Of course I don't like that movie. Adam Sandler is retarded. Adam Sandler is to acting what Stevie Wonder is to seeing things accurately: he sucks at it. That movie is terrible. It's awful. It makes me feel like vomiting and then making a movie about my vomiting so that I have something to look at that isn't Adam Sandler. That movie sucks.

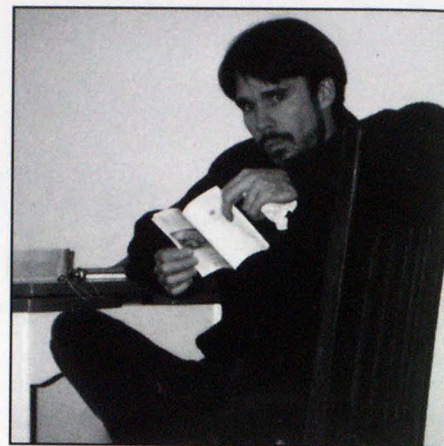
You still don't agree? Really? You actually think this movie has some merit to it? You do?

You want to bet on it?

You heard me: Do you want to bet on it? Do you want to make a wager as to whether this movie sucks or not? How about fifty bucks? No? Let's make it six hundred.

Here, let me break it
down for you: I will bet
you a sum of money,
and if this shitty movie is
good, you win, and if it
sucks disgusting hip-
popotamus balls, I win.
Deal?

What don't you understand here? Is it so complicated that your simple, Adam Sandler-loving brain can't comprehend what I'm proposing? Here, let me break it down for you: I will bet you a sum of money, and if this shitty movie is good, you win, and if it sucks disgusting hip-



Even the novelization of Happy Gilmore sucks ass.

popotamus balls, I win. Deal?

Opinion? What? So what? Why does it matter if it's an opinion? You're saying that you can't make wagers based on situations that have no objective way of determining the winner? Is that right?

Fuck that. You think we can't make a wager on this? Bullshit. I bet you a thousand bucks that I can totally make a bet on situations with no objective truth. Shake on it?

Oh, so that doesn't make sense either, does it? And why not?

Look, I'm getting pretty sick of your non-betting attitude. Just admit you're a coward and that'll be the end of it. Oh? You're not a coward, you say? How much you want to bet? I think you're King Coward Pussy Bitch Wuss. Yeah, I said it. You think I'm wrong? How much? Two grand? Eighteen grand? Four million?

What? Tomorrow? No, we can't have my intervention tomorrow. Why not? Because the National Spelling Bee is on TV, and I've got a hunch on what the winning word is going to be: Happygilmoresucksballs.

Yes it will be. Yes. It will. Oh? You don't believe me? Well, how can we settle this disagreement? Hmm...

I think I may have an idea.

Submissions: *The Plague* welcomes letters to the editor, gift baskets, sexual favors, and hate mail relevant to the NYU community, or in response to your own stupidity. Hate mail should be more than 30,000 words. All submissions must be typed or e-mailed and include the author's name, address, school, favorite breakfast cereal, hair color, and school. And phone number, if you're an unattached female. *The Plague* reserves the right to mock you behind your back.

A hair-brained idea to save the world

C.K. Moore
GUEST COLUMNIST

Due to NYU's violation of newly amended environmental laws, the school is now being forced to replace their current power generator situated under Gould Plaza with a new, cleaner version. The university has been under extreme pressure from the E.P.A. and other blowhards ever since an E.P.A. report announced that would-be *Washington Square News* opinion writers have surpassed the legal emissions ratings for releasing hot air (among other foul odors) into the atmosphere, resulting in a dangerous acceleration of global warming.

City officials have hinted that this acceleration may have played a role the recent death of the Central Park Zoo's two beloved polar bears, Mork and

Mindy. Sensing a public relations disaster, NYU has quickly jumped to meet new environmental standards—sparing no expense, of course.

NYU's proposal incorporates a \$120 million expenditure and a 15% raise in tuition which will enable the school to comfortably level a city block within a timespan of two years instead of building the new power plant in the location of the old. This course of action is not without protest. Students Creating Radical Change and Eating Radical Vegan Food have petitioned the university, reminding administrators of the Greenwich Village residents whose luxury apartments would be marginally affected by the intrusion.

Fortunately, I have come up with a solution that will allow NYU to diverge from its tradition of encroaching on his-

toric and artistically irrelevant Greenwich Village, while still retaining the school's time-honored style of policy. While watching students swarm in and out of buildings between coffee breaks and cigarette drags, I received Divine Inspiration. Basically, the concept involves the use of a turbine in the form of a revolving door powered by both incoming and outgoing students. This door would be connected to a power generator which, in turn, produces a DC electrical current. You can imagine it as similar to an oversized hamster wheel turned on its side and powered by NYU students born with a silver spoon in their mouth.

Of course, in order to generate a sufficient amount of energy, students would be required to enter the revolving doors, complete a 900-degree revolution—or two-and-a-half full turns—and finally exit. This could pose a problem to some of the less athletic segments of the student population like you, fatty. Though if implemented throughout campus, my plan could undoubtedly solve the university's power problem at the cost of only a mild inconvenience to the student body. But when it comes to the big issues, we all have to do our part.



Global warming is no laughing matter.

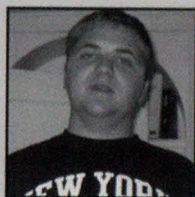
WORDS FROM THE STREET

Our reporters have been recording the hard-hitting opinions that are on the minds of NYU students over the past semester. Here are some transcriptions from our tapes. Uncut. Scathing. This is what's on the minds of the bottom rung of the NYU hierarchy.



Mark Fischerwicz
GSP '10

"Babies would have civil rights, but they can't stand up for themselves, or even by themselves. Babies don't have strong enough bones, or enough muscle tone, or even a sufficiently developed motor cortex to work out how to stand up for themselves. That's why they're called babies and not walkies, or strollers or toddlers. Walkies are what doggies get when they need to go potty, not what babies are. So babies can cry all they want, but as far as I'm concerned, the Bill of Rights just doesn't apply to them."



Mark Malone
GSP '10

"One time I saw a army man at the train station, but instead of a gun he just had a stick. I asked if the stick shooted bullets, but he didn't answer me. Then I tried to see for myself and he hit me over the head with it. That's when I lost my numbers. Not being able to count hasn't stopped me from being a good student, though. That's what mommy says, anyway. Mommy wonned the lottery. Now she has fuck-you money."



Suzie Lincoln-Fairbanks
GSP '10

"Hey do you want to hear my Borat opinion? Well, it's the only thing I have that's sort of like an opinion. What, what? Oh yeah, I get opinion and impression mixed up. Gosh. Um. Okay. George Bush doesn't care about black people. That's like an opinion and an impression, because I made my voice sound like P. Diddy when he said that during the Hurricane 9/11 fundraiser. He's so funny. I wish he was still doing *The Chappelle Show*."

A crab apple is a poor man's pineapple.

Benjamin Harrison FOR PRESIDENT

In 2008, voters will have a choice on their hands. Do they want a leader like Benjamin Harrison, or do they want a shithead like Chuck Schaeffer?

Benjamin Harrison

stands for Justice,
Love, The Economy
and for kicking Chuck
Schaeffer's ass in this
election.

Can Chuck "Anus Brain" Schaeffer say he stands for any of those things? No is the answer.

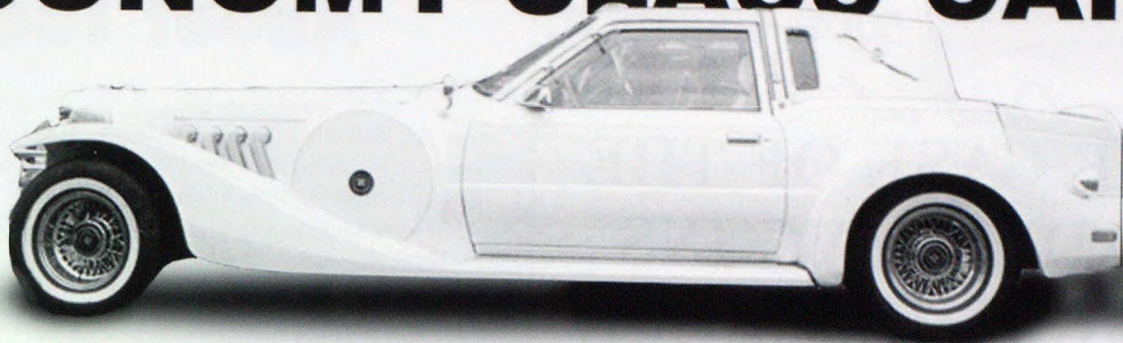
Benjamin Harrison wants a clean election. Not the scummy, beltway-insider attack politics of Chuck Schaeffer's campaign. Vote for dignity in 2008. Vote Benjamin Harrison. He'll pay you.

Paid for by Benjamin Harrison For President

Not that any of you pedestiran urbanites give a fuck, but...

THE PLAGUE REVIEWS:

ECONOMY-CLASS CARS



The Chevrolet Aveo

Priced under ten grand, this little firecracker will get you and yours to where you got to go. It comes in a hatchback model, so your kid won't bitch about holding his wheelchair on his lap anymore. It's good for groceries too, potentially. We dunno, we eat out mostly. But you should really buy an Aveo. They have CD players and they're easy to parallel park. And buying GM supports America and the war effort, or something.



The Ford Focus ZX3

When somebody says, "Ford" it makes you think of Henry Ford, the inventor of automobiles and celebrated Jew-basher. It's no secret that the Focus ZX3 was his pride and joy. And how could it not be, with its adorable petite frame weighing the same as one of those midget ponies at the state fair you always consider giving the business to. But honestly, the Focus is really inexpensive. Parent friendly. Wallet friendly. Fuckin friendly. Listen Dad I need the car to drive my woman from the 'bortion clinic.



The Kia Rio

The Rio is a little pricey (\$12,000), but definitely worth every penny. The car's name alone is pretty neat. Kia Rio. Kia Rio. Now say it really fast. Cool, huh? Now imagine people at work asking you, "Hey, what kind of car is that?" And you rattle its name off, all smooth. There's just one minor drawback: when the Rio picks an owner it mates for life, and it mates you a lot, leaving your undercarriage gnarled and oily. But hey, it has power steering.



The Saturn Ion

What a miserable name for a car, Ion. It's like the car-namers over at Saturn wanted to name their product to remind us of that tiny, insignificant detail we forgot about after our Astronomy final. I mean c'mon, people, we partied. All. The. Time. There's no room for facts when your head's clogged with crazy memories of jumping in the pool at ragers and the other fun things we'd do after the big game. Man, we had so many popular friends that were girls. We give the Ion a B+. Note: We're doing grades from now on.



The Dodge Neon

This tamale has everything going for it: a sleek, modern design; five jumbo cupholders; and an engine that purrs like a panther spraying its semen—violently. The seats come in either cloth or leather, which are two very predictable options and, on second thought, hardly worth mentioning. Perks include A/C and bumpers. But be warned: Neon owners over 5' 11" rarely walk away from the smallest of fender benders with intact genitalia. Grade A-

A chocolate bunny is a poor man's Jesus Christ.

Famed imaginary author Carolyn Keene's newest Nancy Drew mystery is slated to be released nationwide this fall. We're proud to announce that the author and Simon & Schuster have agreed to serialize the book's first chapter in *The Plague*. So, it is with swollen pride (and members) we present to the non-reading public the first installment of...

Nancy Drew and **THE CASE OF THE SADIE HAWKINS DANCE MASSACRE**

As she skipped neatly up the stairs to the school gymnasium, Nancy Drew wrapped her wool cardigan tightly around her. Apparently the rich, Aryan blood that flowed in her veins was not going to keep her warm tonight. There had been a massacre at the Sadie Hawkins Dance, after a masked assailant pulled out a fully-automatic assault rifle and started mowing down bobbysoxers. Crêpe paper was strewn among the bullet-ridden bodies, heaped in the middle of a pool of blood. "It'll take a lot of Borax to clean up this mess!" Nancy thought cheerfully, shaking her genetically superior blonde head. Entering the darkened room, she could make out the shape of her friend and sleuthing partner, Bess Marvin. A girl of some girth, Bess was keeping watch over the snack table at the far end of the dance floor.

"Hi, Nancy!"

"Oh hello, Bess. It's good to see you're making sure the food evidence doesn't get contaminated. You're a swell help."

Across the room, comforting the visibly shaken girls, was George Fayne, Bess's cousin and Nancy's only other friend. Everyone called her George because she was a raging lesbian but it made people nervous to talk about. "Gee," thought Nancy, "she sure has her hands full with Betty Dupree. Literally!" She chuckled to herself. George waved and Nancy headed towards her. Suddenly, she slipped in a pool of blood, landing on a body.

"Looks like I won't be wearing these bloomers again!" Nancy joked cheerily, embodying the resilience of Young America. George removed herself from a huddle of nubile sophomores to help Nancy up.

"That was some spill, Nance! Need a hand?"

"No thanks, George. I don't know where it's been!" said Nancy with a grin, her racially-exclusive blue eyes twinkling. Turning crimson, George continued.

"Hey, I think I can give you a clue about the killer. When I was sitting alone against the wall watching people dance, I saw them come in. They were wearing a mask, but I clearly saw that they had nail polish on! The killer was a girl!"

Hearing this, Bess waddled over and joined the two.

"I saw it, too! Nancy, that gives me an idea!"

"Thanks anyway, Bess, but I don't think following a trail of sandwiches is going to help us this time."

Embarrassed, Bess looked down at her shoes. Or where her shoes would be, had she been able to see her feet.

Read the next installment of this figurative thrillride in the next issue of The Plague!

The Funny Thing About That...

The other day I was lying in my dorm room, paging through the latest issue of *Maxim* when my roommate shows up with my girlfriend. She had been downstairs and he signed her in. They waltzed in totally unannounced while I was enjoying the semi-clothed form of Elisha Cuthbert.

She yelled at me, and wanted some explanation why I was looking at this picture of some television floozy and not her, and I was like, the funny thing about that is that I'm actually studying it for a Photoshop elective I'm taking this semester. I said we had been asked to look at this spread specifically, because as it turns out, Elisha Cuthbert is actually an overweight Puerto Rican man and they Photoshop him to look like a nubile blonde.

My roommate was furious. "Are you kidding?" He was livid and when I asked him to explain himself he explained by saying that he had personally masturbated about photos of Elisha Cuthbert the previous day, and when he was done apologizing to my girlfriend for mentioning this in her presence, he wanted to know how anyone could justify tricking him into masturbating about a man? I was like, the funny thing about that is that he's probably done it before and will definitely do it again because recent statistics indicate that almost forty percent of all starlets are, in fact, middle aged men with weight problems.

Our suitemate from across the suite had overheard this part and wanted blood. He explained that he'd been Executive Producer on films like *She's All That* and *American Pie: The Naked Mile*, and if what I was saying was true he had been unknowingly peddling in man-flesh. I told him the funny thing about that was that he was delusional and he had never executive produced anything and he said the funny thing about that was that I had no idea what I was talking about. I said the funny thing about that was how I made the whole thing up from the start and they all kicked my ass and then had three way sex on my roommate's bed while I had to watch, helpless because my arms and legs were broken.

The funny thing about that was my realization about halfway through that my girlfriend was my suitemate's sister and my roommate's representative in the Student Council, so what they were doing was wrong on many levels. I mean can you imagine the corruption of power that would occur if people were regularly having sex with members of the Student Council? It would be madness!



You sick fuck.

The Historic Roads of NYU

by Reggie Dope



In honor of NYU's 400th year of offering a ball-bustingly good education, we here at The Plague have decided that instead of satirizing our university, we're going to praise the cum out of it! Part one of our series, "The Historic Streets of NYU," was written by history buff/road buff Reggie Dope. (We also hear he's got Asperger's, which would explain the Sandra Bullock obsession.) Reggie literally did decades of research on New York City's roads to prepare himself to write this article.

And that's why it saddens us to say that the morning he was going to put his illuminating findings to paper, a rogue construction crane near the World Trade Center scab hit Reggie in the face and he forgot everything. Luckily, he's a trooper, and insisted he continue writing the piece anyway.

Mr. Dope, as he's known in his native Kew Gardens, finished the article off the cuff while on his deathbed. I fondly recall him saying, "If I don't write about historic roads for The Plague, I'll never be allowed into heaven." I told him that was probably true, and urged him to complete the piece before his internally-hemorrhaging brain fluids mixed with his lung fluids. So here it is: the last thing the almost-fully-licensed historian Reggie Dope ever wrote, "The Historic Streets of NYU."

Ten years ago I dropped a quarter on **Mercer Street** and never found it again. They say Mercer Street used to be home to Barnum and Bailey's Circus, but I don't know anything about that. Mercer Street is cold sometimes, while other times it's not so cold. I don't dislike Mercer Street, I just wish it was called Mercury Street, as in Freddie Mercury, who may or may not be my uncle. Gay Uncle Freddie, they used to call him. I never called him that because I couldn't talk until puberty and he died when I was five.

If memory serves me, **Greene Street** was where that angry Russian woman shot President Garfield in the foot. Or was it in the funnybone? What's with that, anyway: dudes always gettin' shot in the funnybone? I dunno. I'm just a road historian in a hospital bed. So, yeah, Greene Street used to be called Pickle Blvd. 'cause of all Jews that sold pickles there in the 16th century. In 1900, somebody renamed it Mercer Street, but that only stuck for an hour or two, as the name was already taken. It was not until 2006 that it was renamed Greene Street, probably after all those pickles.

It was something like 500 years ago when George Washington was born on **Washington Place**. At the time, it was called Opium Avenue due to all the Chinamen slinging black tar heroin there. But after Washington crossed the Rubicon and was exiled to that island in the Mediterranean, it got renamed Washington Place so Americans would never forget the shame/honor he brought to our country. An anagram for "Washington Place" is "Sandra Bullock Waterfall."

Waverly Place used to be called Pickle Blvd. 'cause of all Jews that sold pickles there in the 16th century. They say Waverly Place was once home to Barnum and Bailey's Circus, but I don't know anything about that. It's also where that angry Russian woman shot President Garfield in the foot. Right here on Waverly Place. Right in the foot.

Measuring 25 feet wide and thousands of feet long, **University Place** is not really a place, but rather a paved road that stretches from the Bronx Zoo all the way down to the park where I buy my contraband incense sticks. Near this street you can find a university, a store, a park, and hundreds of nannies who get annoyed when you pet their babies like you would a bunny. What's most interesting about University Place is that it's owned by doughnut impresario and College of Arts and Science Dean, Matthew Santirocco.

I hope you thought my article on roads was better than any other road history article you've read recently. I worked hard at research, then I was injured by a crane, but then I worked hard again and wrote it just under deadline. To conclude: Garfield... in the foot... Pickle Blvd... brain fluids.

I have few regrets.

Roads,
Reggie Dope

Snow Day

The children are praying for a snow day,
Wailing to the sky, "At least fourteen inches!"
The coldest day ever on record, they pray,
Now... how can I rhyme this with "inches?"
Oh god, my mother was right when she told me
That I should never become a poet,
"You'll end up on the streets, in poverty"
And nothing fucking rhymes with "poet" either!
Life is miserable, I just can't stand it,
My girlfriend up and left me last week,
Maybe we could afford a bigger place if you got
off your ass for once!
What? I'm impossible?! Jesus, you're a bitch.



The All-Time Starting Five of... CLASSICAL COMPOSERS

Point guard: Hector Berlioz (1803–1869)

With a definite flare for the dramatic, Berlioz adds spice to any team and can draw a crowd. This true Parisian is flashy in every sense of the word. The quintessential showman, he is just as likely to write an over-the-top solo as he is to dribble the ball off his opponent's forehead. Hector spent a year in the Italian League, picking up many of his current tricks. Much like Jason Williams, with the right coach, Berlioz could become a great team leader. Though coaches shouldn't depend on him down the stretch of a tight game.



Shooting guard: Dmitri Shostakovich (1906–1975)

A team like this undoubtedly will have significant firepower, but every player needs to know his responsibility on the team. Shostakovich on his own could be a bona fide star, but he's very smart and tailors his style according to what the team needs from him most. Dmitri is like another coach on the floor. He's detail-oriented. Okay, maybe obsessive compulsive. But he's a lock-down defender and musically, nobody handles the Soviet experience quite like him.



Small forward: Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)

If there ever was a composer with a "scorer's mentality," this is your man. With his aggressive no-holds-barred, show-no-mercy, take-no-prisoners approach, Rachmaninoff can savagely attack a man-to-man defense. A true virtuoso, Sergei routinely makes shots other players don't even think about attempting. His fancy technique astonishes his fans and opponents alike. Like a Harlem Globetrotter, Rachmaninoff will make you wonder what he can't do on the court. Throw in his incredibly large hands (he was able to cover the entire interval of a thirteenth!), and you may have the biggest scoring threat this side of the Baroque era.



Power forward: Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

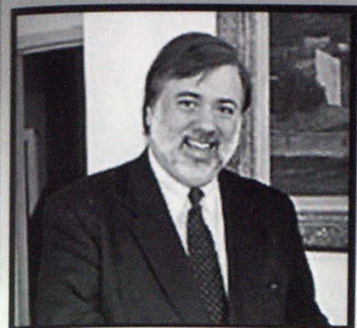
For decades, scouts have raved over Brahms. They love his "long," "lithe" body which, they project he'll one day "grow into." Not that this German is solely a fascination of scouts. Johannes has intrigued music- and basketball-lovers worldwide with his unparalleled grace and versatility. Versatility is definitely the key word when discussing this great on the cusp of superstardom. Much as he's equally at home writing chamber or symphonic, vocal or instrumental, light-hearted or the truly haunting, Johannes can clean the offensive glass or run the break, post-up or hit the outside shot, set strong picks or drive the lane. With multi-dimensional power forwards like Kevin Garnett, Dirk Nowitzki, and Chris Bosh in vogue, a player of Brahms's caliber could be indispensable.



Center: Carlo Gesualdo (1560–1613)

A great offensive center can be unstoppable, but teams need defense most from the man in the middle. Any player coming into Gesualdo's house better be ready for the pain, or they will pay some serious consequences. In 1590, Gesualdo caught his wife and her lover in flagrante delicto. Like any sensible husband, Carlo immediately shot and then stabbed the couple, concentrating his blows on his wife's genitalia. Gesualdo then dragged the mutilated corpses into town to display his fine handiwork. Scouts put a red flag on his report for poor makeup, but applaud his motor and drive. Opponents took notice too: no team has since challenged Gesualdo inside.





NEW SEXUAL POSITIONS (for Heterosexuals)

Not too long ago, this little humor rag printed an article called "New Shapes," in which the author described things he was declaring to be new shapes. If you haven't read it yet, don't bother. It's a fucking turd. A smooth, burnt sienna-colored turd, that wasn't funny and made no sense. Anyway, as a rebuttal of sorts, I'd like to present "New Sexual Positions (for Heterosexuals)." I promise it'll make sense. Or, if not, at least it'll make you want to start fucking somebody. In fact, that's our motto here at CAS: We'll at least make you want to start fucking somebody. I thought of that myself. I'm the dean. Dean Santirocco.

Position #1

The Vodka Tumbler

He lies on his side while she prepares a stiff vodka tonic. Instead of squeezing the lemon into the drink, she drips the juice onto her jimblies and he licks it off while gargling the drink. Still gargling, he enters her, but only after doing ten sit-ups. The sit-ups tumble the booze, and voilà: The Vodka Tumbler!

Position #2

The Danish Cartoonist

Buy a bomb from Sam's Club. Wrap it in a turban and light a long fuse. She wears the turban-bomb while he takes her portrait with a pen and masturbates. If the bomb goes off before the portrait's finished, they both lose, and probably die. If they finish it, they have to sell it to a Danish newspaper and then see how many times they can bone before a single letter of hate-mail arrives in their mailbox. In my experience, a good number is 25. Yes! The Danish Cartoonist.

Position #3

The Punk Rocker

He jacks off into his hands as many times

as possible while she learns how to play simple punk songs on a guitar. Once he's had enough (I say 30 is enough, but I'm a Dean for Chrissakes), he uses his sticky jimblies to sculpt her hair into a mohawk. Then he dies of heroin while she plays the songs she's learned. Continue this until the mohawk falls flat. Oi! Oi! Oi! The Punk Rocker!

Position #4

The John Sexton

Grow a beard and rape the Dean of the College of Arts and Science every week until he promises not to tell the press about the money you've been siphoning from the Hagop Kevorkian Center for Near Eastern Studies' endowment.

Position #5

The Sneaky Chaucer

He gets her all excited by giving her a diligent Vodka Tumbler. Then, while she's recovering from the clusterfuck of pleasure, he runs out to Shakespeare and Co. on Broadway and buys a hardback copy of *The Canterbury Tales*. Back in bed now, he stealthily shoves the book up her jimblies and quotes a passage. The one I always use is from The Scholar's Tale

because I'm a scholar. Here it is:

*The more the marquis pondered it, the more
He wondered at her patience, and if he
Had not known of a certainty before
Griselda loved her children perfectly,
He'd have thought it was from craft or cruelty,
From rancour, or from sheer hard-heartedness
She endured this with an untroubled face.*

She's bound to say, "What the fuck was that for?" at which point he renders her unconscious with an elbow to the temple and does whatever he wants with her. Poetic justice? Nope. Just The Sneaky Chaucer!

Position #6

The Orgasm

He waxes his jimblies until they're good and smooth and she spreads her jimblies around his blood sausage, a.k.a. jimblies. Then he puts his hands on her two jimblies and doesn't let go until her small greasy jimblies is swollen. If done right, his jimblies will be up in her jimblies far enough for his waxed jimblies to get in there too, assuming her jimblies isn't all that puny. This should cause both participants to orgasm. That's why it's called The Orgasm.

Dean Santirocco is a poor man's President Sexton.

barTini.

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Proposed Sketches for Sophocles Standing, NYU's Newest Sketch Tragedy Group



"And now, as I die, I finally understand what it is to be alive."

1 A young, confident, female professional enters a crowded subway car and sits across from an obese, disheveled homeless man. After riding for a moment in silence, the homeless man begins farting.

At first, his flatulence is quiet and the other passengers do not notice, but it increases in volume until nearing the loudest human farts ever recorded. The passengers recoil in horror at their odor.

Sensing the others leering at him, the homeless man hastily blames the farts on the young professional. The passengers join in, passionately disparaging her for her baseness. Despite her well-reasoned defenses, the crowd abandons logic and blames the professional for absurd things

she had no hand in (e.g. receiving a lukewarm drink at Starbucks that morning).

No longer able to withstand the abuse, the professional exits the car at the next stop despite it not being her destination. Shortly after leaving the train, she releases an enormous fart, which draws the attention of two young muggers who stab the professional to death.

2 A visibly nervous man is seated at a restaurant awaiting his blind date. The woman arrives. She is very beautiful and funny. Everything is going well until the man notices that the woman only has one giant nostril. He inquires about it and she responds that it's genetic and completely benign.

Despite his best efforts, the man becomes flustered and cannot help but be preoccupied by the nostril. He asks many questions, turning increasingly inappropriate.

When their food arrives, it is revealed that the woman does not eat with her mouth, but her nose. This sends the man into a psychosis. He begins screaming and thrashing, disturbing the other patrons of the restaurant. The *maitre d'*

attempts to restrain the man, but he breaks free and stabs the woman in the chest with a knife from the table, killing her. The man breaks down sobbing in his chair, revealing that he too has only one nostril. He then climactically cuts off his own nose and collapses to the ground.

3 A pirate is shown into an executive's office for a job interview. In the course of the interview, it is revealed that the pirate is humorously under-qualified for the opening (e.g. his résumé lists "plundering" as a marketable skill).

The executive offers the pirate an entry level position, but the pirate's hubris leads him to angrily rebuke.

When the pirate's wife unexpectedly appears, the pirate learns that due to his joblessness, she has lost all respect for her husband and has been cheating on him with the executive. The pirate draws his sword and impales his wife and the executive. The still-unemployed pirate falls to his knees, cursing fate.

Auditions for Sophocles Standing will be held on May 3. E-mail Abby Marsh to be signed into Third Avenue North.

Short Story Endings in Search of Beginnings and Middles

Some author friends of mine are always talking about how easy it is to begin a story, but then they can never find the right words to finish it. Me, I'm just the opposite. I can end stories with great ease, but when I go back and try to write a beginning and middle, I give up and start eating powdered sugar straight from the bag out of shame. But I figured I might as well share a few of my endings, in hopes they'll be read and given a proper a story to be the conclusion to.

MARTIN SHORT

Feb. 12, 2007, The North Pole

Bella Cantorce Ciabbella Fotruna: a Travel Memoir

Indeed, Pisa was just that: paradise. And Florence, Turin, Rome, Sicily, Pompeii—all paradises. Except for all the Wops there. I'd never seen so many undomesticated, money-grubbing Wops in all my life. Herculaneum was also paradise.

Archbishop Reggie's Pyramid Scheme

As if he were an expert knife thrower, Archbishop Reggie flung the Bowie knife point-first at the hotel manager's temple. "Bullseye," he said. And it was a bullseye, when you think about it. If the hotel manager's temple was his intended target, then one could say that he got a bullseye. It's a very common metaphor in the English language originating from archery, I think. Maybe not.

The Showgirl and the Shakespeare Impersonator

Dead. Unlike the live yogurt cultures still in the cup that sat on the nightstand, both the showgirl and the Shakespeare impersonator were dead. If only their vaudeville show had taken off they would've had a chance to show the world just how entertaining their duo—one naked, one quoting Macbeth—could be. But they were dead, from natural causes, of course. The were, like, 89 years old, for Chrissakes. It was time.

The Great Spinal Cord Debacle

With the assistance of his complex pulley system, Brandt hoisted the dorm room refrigerator off his chest, grabbed his cell, and dialed his mother's phone number. She answered, and said she's been worried sick. "Mom," Brandt said, pulling the final arm-length icicle from his spine. "I'm coming home, and I'm gonna need a surgeon." He felt the glaucoma in his left eye getting worse, and said, "Make that two surgeons."

A Drawn-Out Allusion to Greek Dramas

"Don't pressure me, 'cause I'll do it, and it won't be pretty."

"Fine," she said, holding back the tears, "I won't."

"Good," he said.

"Good."

"Great."

"No conflict, then," she said.

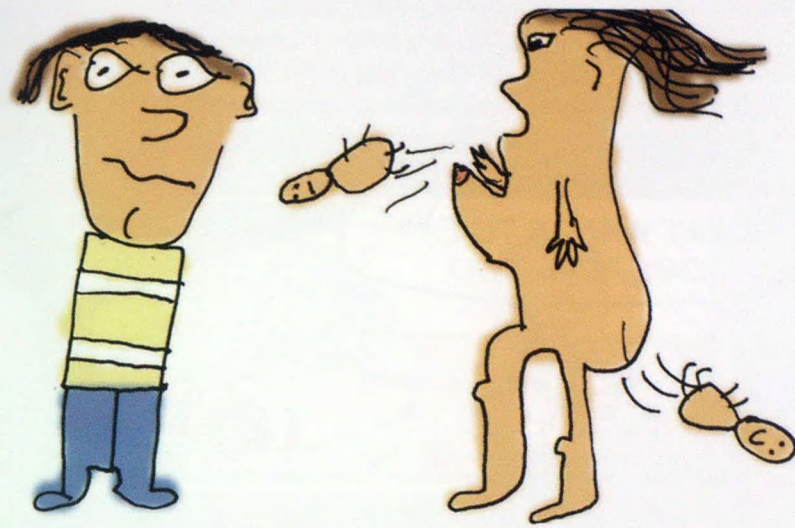
"Yeah. I know, right?" he said.

"Great."

"I'm happy for both of us."

REJECTED NEW YORKER

Cartoons



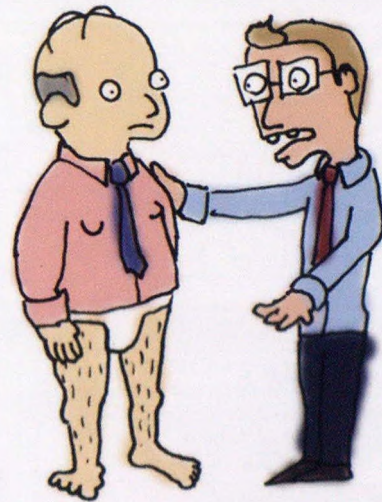
"Here—hold on to this one for a sec while I clean the new one."



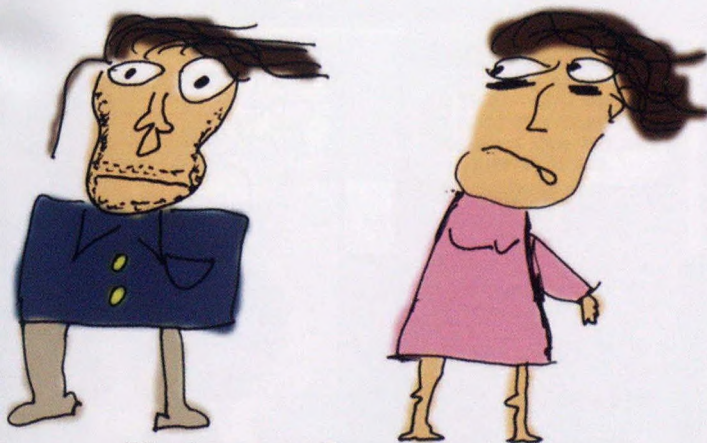
"I said I wanted commitment, not a leopard cub."



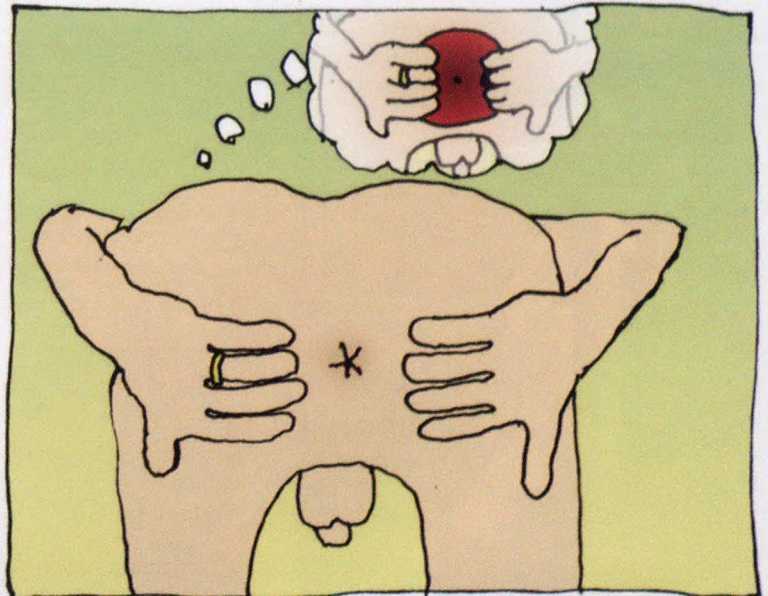
"Send off this memo. Also, stop finger-fucking that ostrich."



"I just don't think you can run for president if you don't own any trousers."



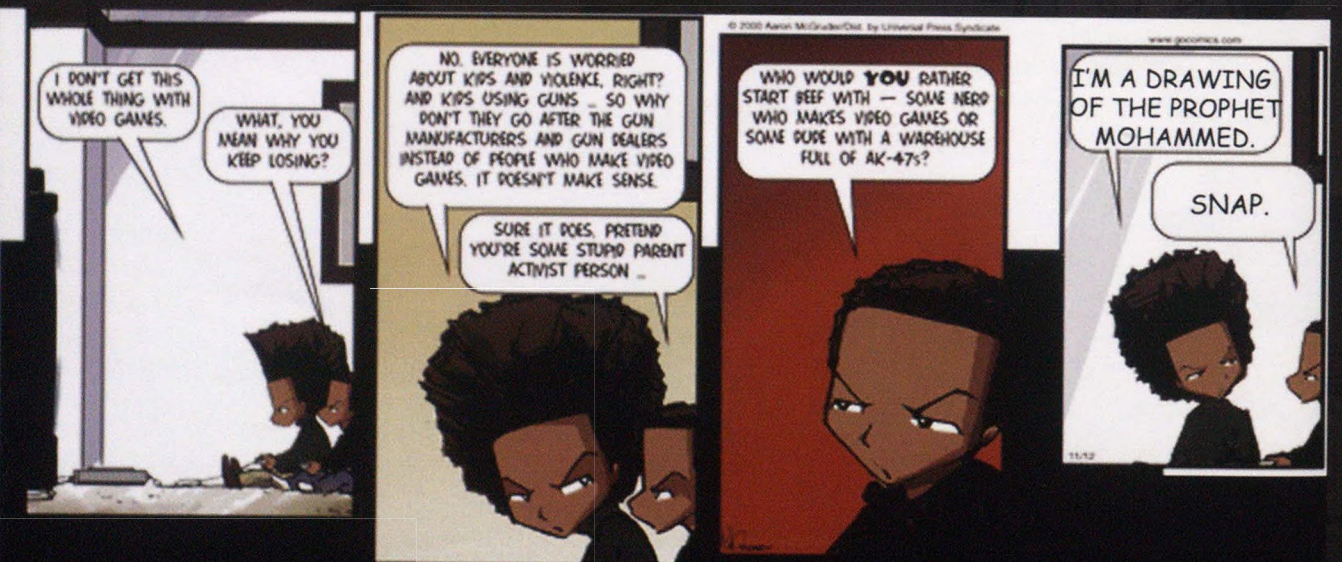
"Not that you would care, but yes, my uterine wall is shedding itself this week."

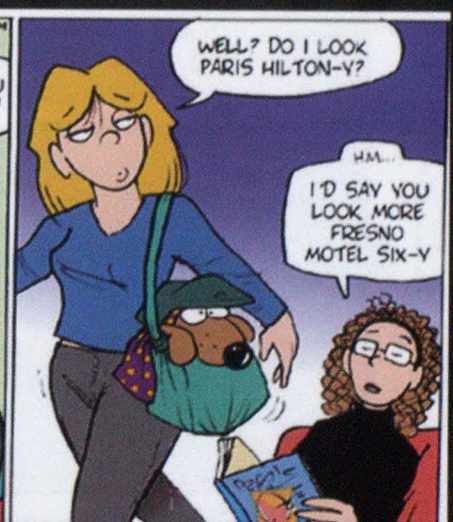
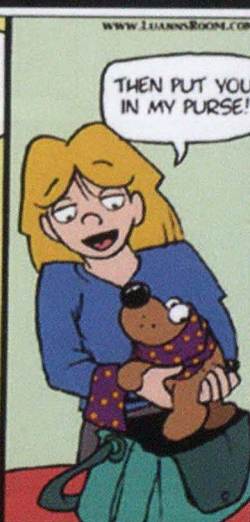
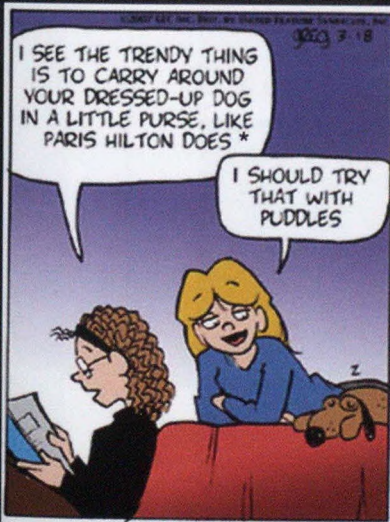
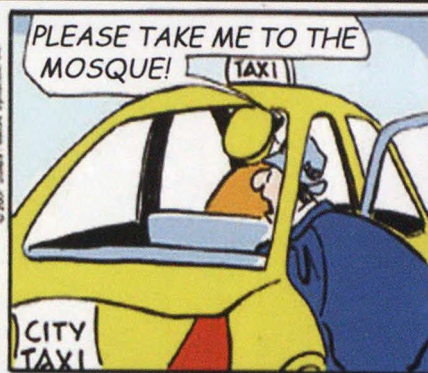
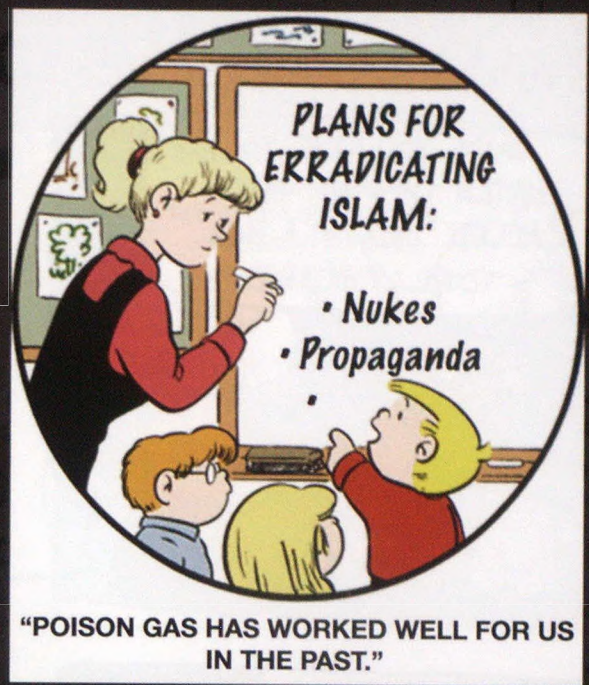
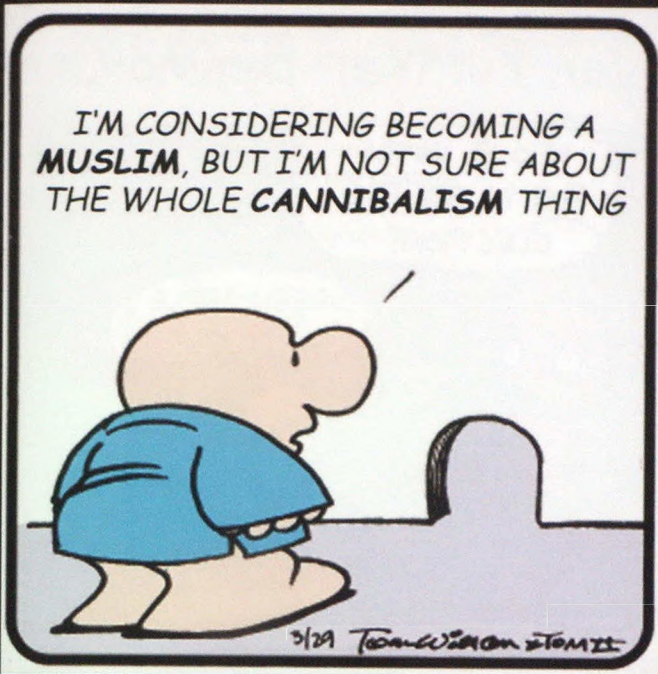


Portrait of Goatse as a young man

OFFENSIVE TO MUSLIMS COMIX!

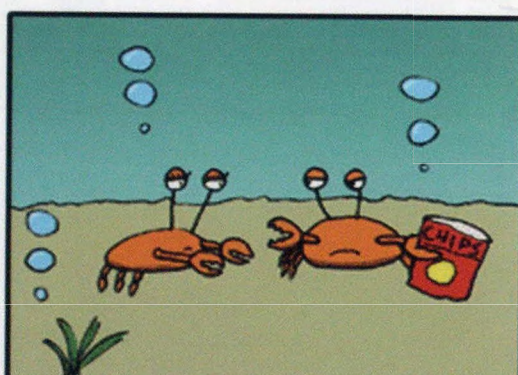
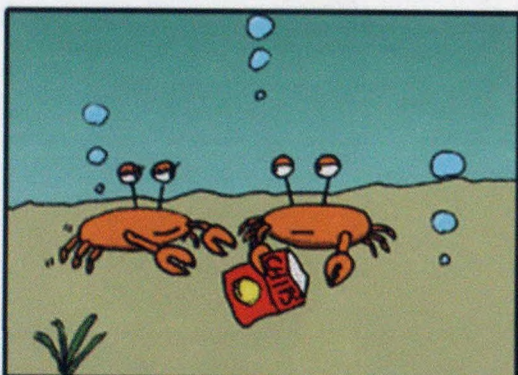
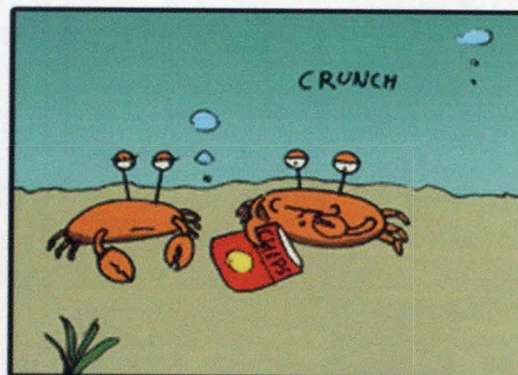
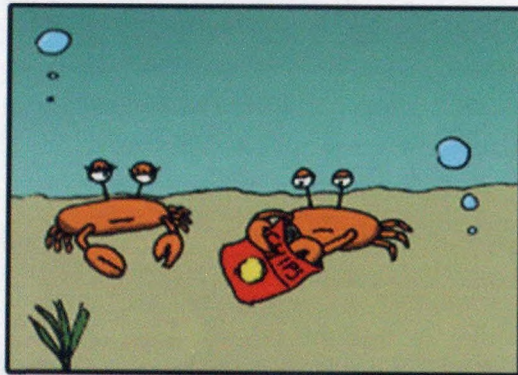
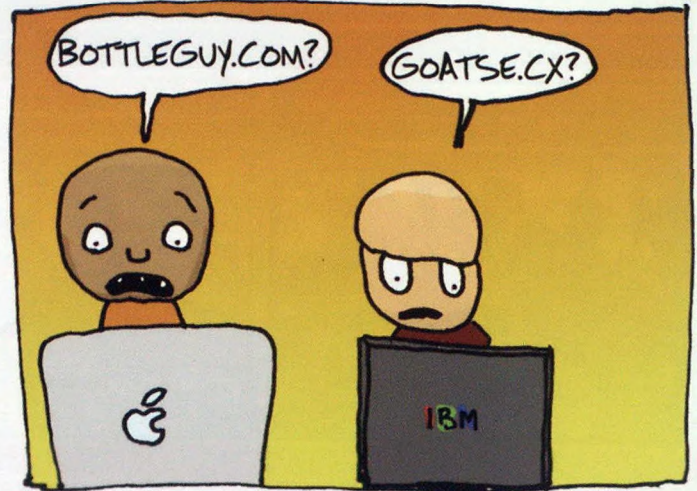
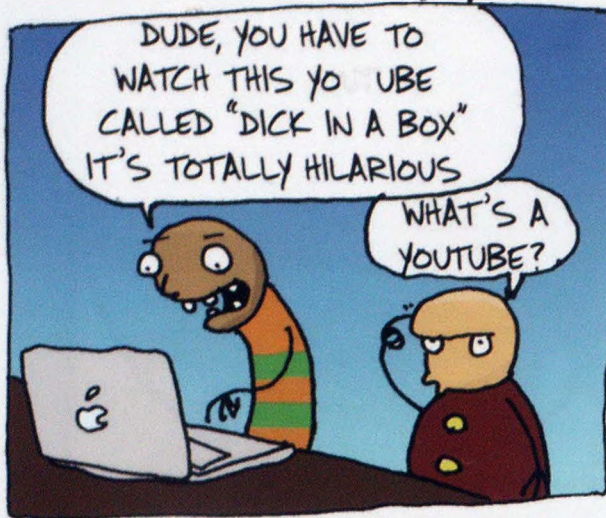
The Jyllands-Posten Muhammad cartoons controversy that gripped the world during the latter quarter of 2005 had a widely unreported impact on the American comic strip industry. Amidst the scandal numerous mainstream strips were pulled from production because they were deemed offensive to muslims. A current Plague writer was interning at a major American newspaper at the time and managed to smuggle several examples of such strips out. Here they are now.





* This woman has been allowed to learn how to read.

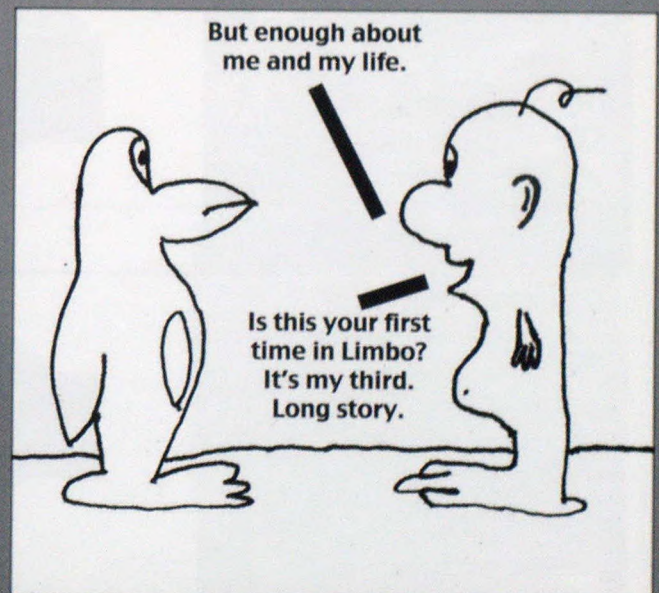
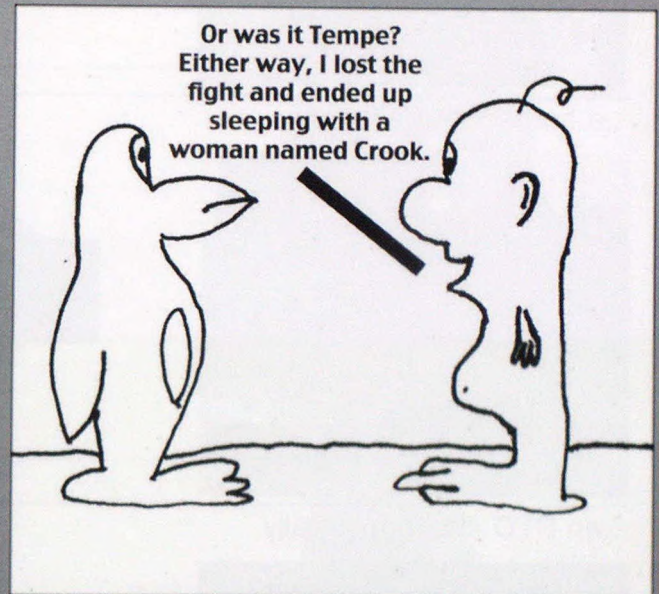
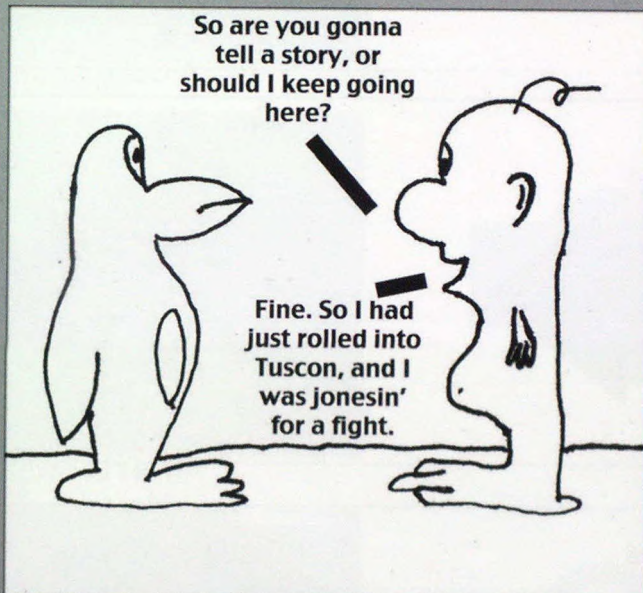
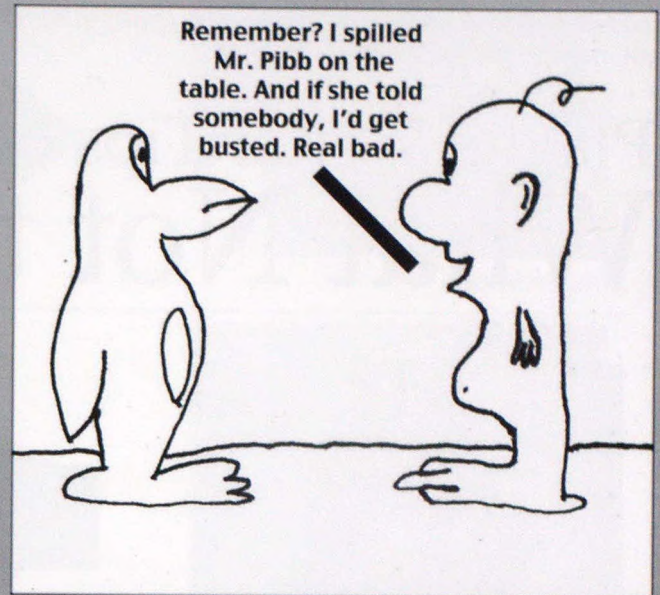
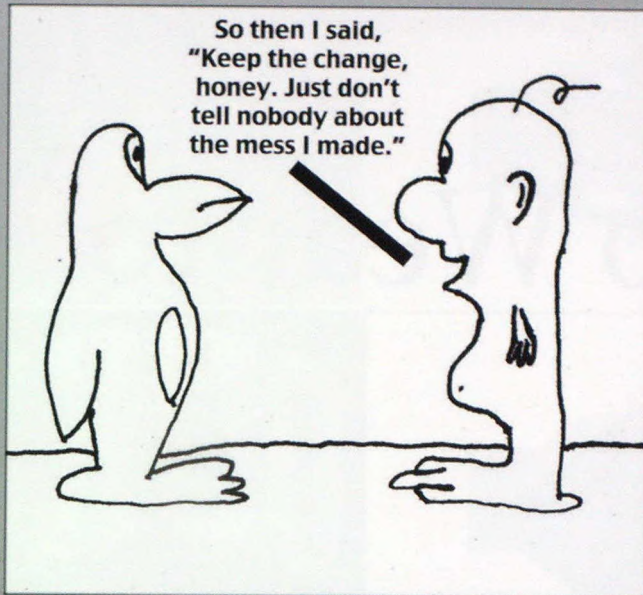
The Further Adventures of Perpetually Behind Guy (and his punchy sidekick, Even Further Behind Guy)



(shellfish bastard)

BABY AND PENGUIN COMIX

by Ryan Grim



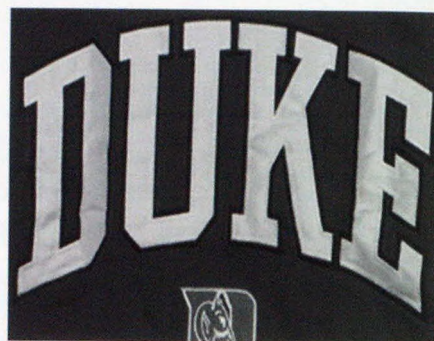
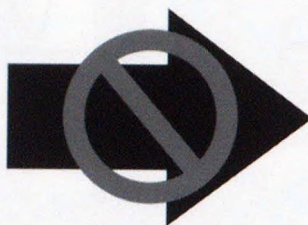
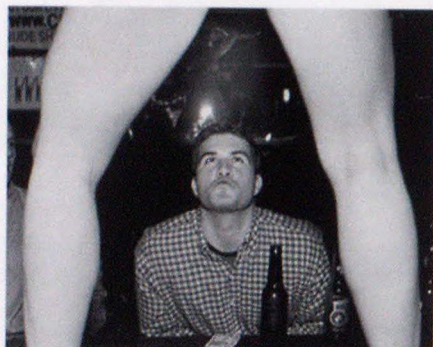
A black and white page of comics is a poor man's color page of comics.

Have you ever noticed the sneers and derision you get every time you leave your house? Unless you're a horrible ogre with greasy hair and a unibrow, it probably isn't the way god shaped you that so offends the world, but rather your atrocious sense of fashion. Fortunately for you, *The Plague* is staffed exclusively by fashion models and other people well disposed to mete out advice on how to avoid looking like shit. Last we checked, you need to get up on these:



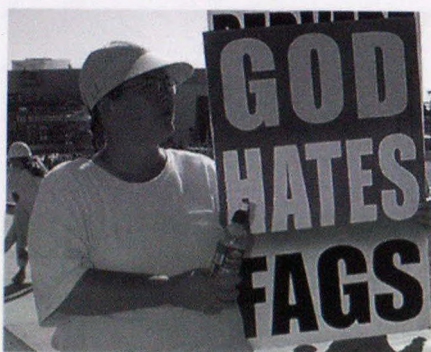
Plague Writer Tips on... What Not to Wear to...

...a strip club



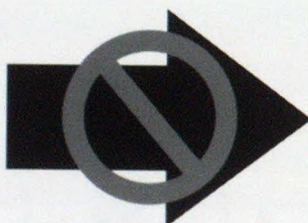
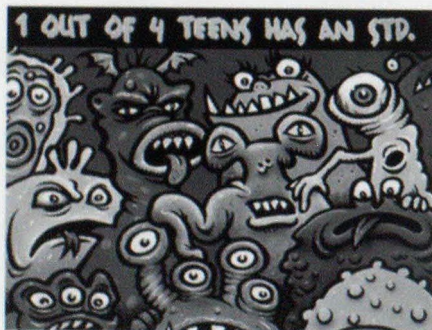
A Duke sweatshirt.

...a homophobe's house



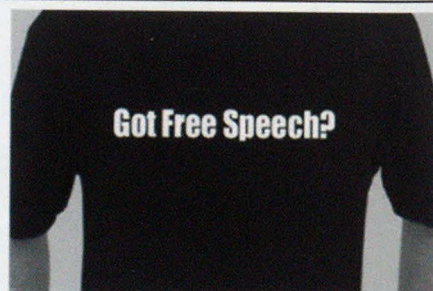
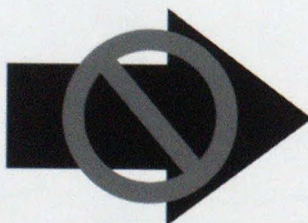
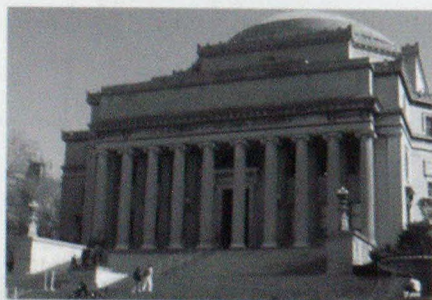
An NYU Sweatshirt

...an STD awareness rally



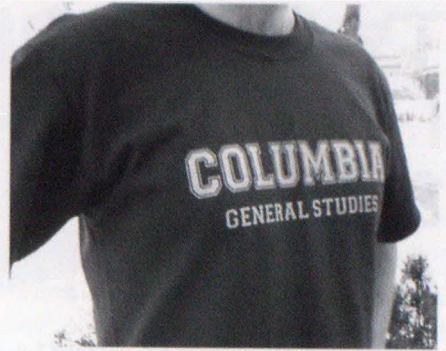
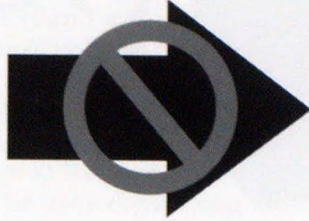
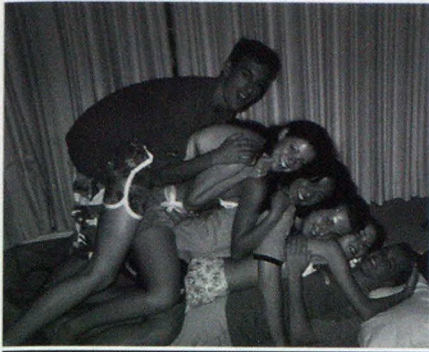
A Texas A&M shirt.

...Columbia University



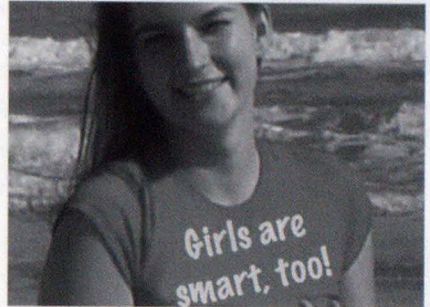
A free speech shirt

...a Plague meeting



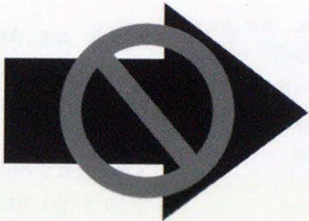
A Columbia shirt

...Harvard



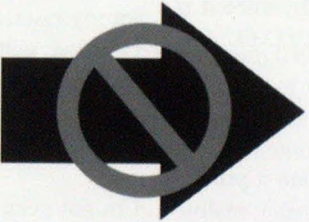
A 'Girls are smart, too!' shirt

...a Starbucks



An 'I [heart] Fair Trade' shirt

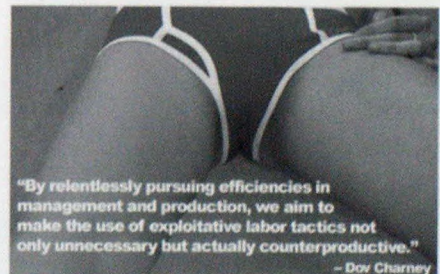
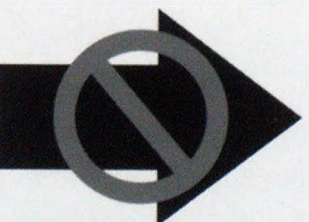
...class



Pants

...The Sweat n' Shop at Coles

SWEAT-N-SHOP



American Apparel™
Sweatshirt - Sweatshirt - Sweatshirt

American Apparel

A sort of poor man is a poor man's rich man.

TV NETWORKS I WOULD SLEEP WITH, AND WHY



HBO

HBO definitely isn't the marrying kind, but it's really edgy and trendy and would be a great summer fling. HBO's also probably a great lay.



MTV would be that hot, young thing with a great body that you meet in Cancun over spring break. But MTV is also probably riddled with disease, so it would be a one night stand. A one night stand with a meticulous use of prophylactics.



E! is a cheap whore, but good-looking in a bland, plastic way. I'd sleep with E! if I were desperate, but only if E! came on to me first.



I would sleep with **Food Network** in a heartbeat. And there would probably be whipped cream or chocolate sauce involved. Or, since it is Food Network, E.V.O.O.



Who wouldn't bone a professional athlete? I mean, really.

Just hear me out. The name **C-SPAN** probably just makes you think of excruciatingly boring Senate hearings, which aren't really all that arousing, but I feel like sleeping with C-SPAN would be like banging Barack on the Senate floor. It'd be mad hot.

C-SPAN



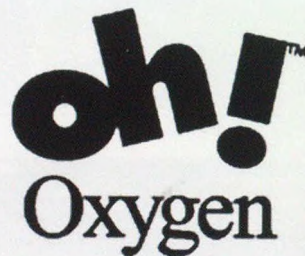
Stephen Colbert is good at staying in character even when he's offscreen, but just how good is he? I'm curious, so **Comedy Central** makes the list.



FX is, like HBO, edgy, but maybe in a creepier way. FX would be fun for a while, but you wouldn't want to get too involved, because he would probably want to get into bloodsports or role-playing with nooses or something frightening like that.



CNN has Anderson Cooper. And he more than makes up for Larry King.



Oxygen would be the network you'd go to when you want that lesbian experience. Because your other options are Women's Entertainment and Lifetime. WE is a little too *Dharma and Greg*-heavy for my taste, and I can picture Lifetime getting really bitter and angry when you tell her you're switching back to men, so it's sort of a no-brainer.



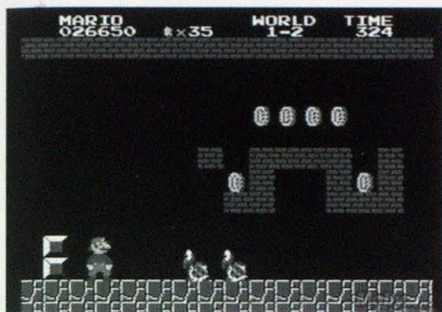
I'm not even going to explain myself on this one.

Dick Cheese Fondue!

Available for years in Europe, the gastronomic revolution of Dick Cheese Fondue is finally in the United States! Holy joyful fucking Jesus does it rock!

www.dickcheesefondue.com

Video games that make you racist.



World 1-2 represents the dark underworld of the Cosa Nostra.

SUPER MARIO BROS.

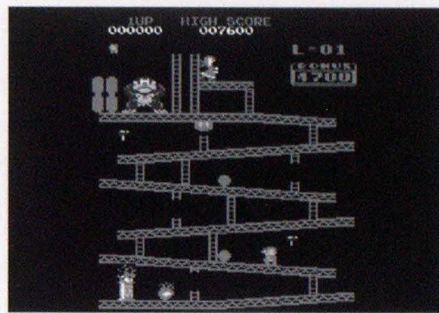
You are an Italian plumber riding all sorts of animals in an ironically non-sexual manner. The irony doesn't stop there though, your job is to hop on little brown things called goombas or if you are feeling particularly creative, ignite them on fire with your Super Mario super powers. Killing more of these nasty little brown thingy gets you coins and occasionally a magical star that lets you trip out all sparkly and kill anything you touch.

What you learned: Try to stomp the shit out of brown goombas and other sort of colored thingy that doesn't make sense to you. When that's done do some flowers or mushrooms and stomp some more and you will get fat cash and castles.

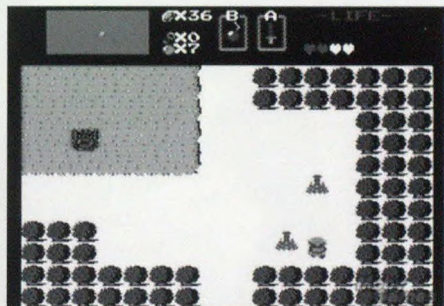
DONKEY KONG

Again you are this sorta white guy named Mario who wasn't on *Saved by the Bell*. This time your job is to avoid the threats and barrels tossed at you by this large angry black dude in a tie who appears to have—how ironic is this?—*enslaved* your virginal white princess.

What you learned: Black dudes are angry and obviously have no respect for barrels. More than that, they seem to want to steal your white wives and daughters.



"Where da white wimmin at?"



Eat übermensch parry-and-feint, leever scum.

THE LEGEND OF ZELDA

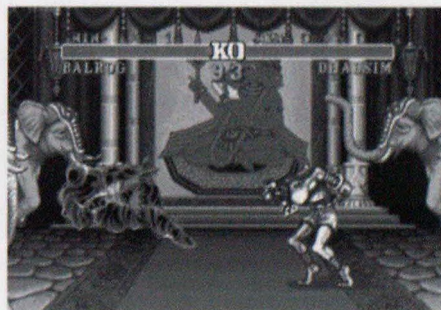
You are an Aryan youth with a sword of virtue on a quest to cleanse the countryside of magically ethnic demons. The main guy you are up against is an Arab-looking wizard fellow who wants to deflower your girlfriend Zelda.

What you learned: Aryan youth with swords and magic are awesome. The only way to make a world magical and free of fear is to cleanse the "darkness" of the land with a righteous rain of magical whiteness. Oh yeah, and Arabs are magical, horse-riding terrorists waiting to use their demonic powers to bone your girlfriend.

STREET FIGHTER

O.K., so this time you get to choose your fighter and beat the shit out of another fighter who is ethnically different from you. But don't worry, no matter what ethnic dudes you beat the shit out of, there is always this boss at the end who looks like a mix between a Nazi captain and a Soviet nuke and he always goes Hiroshima on your ass.

What you learned: This game teaches you important facts of most world cultures. Russians, for instance, are all jacked, hairy, and wrestle bears. Indians eat hot curry that lets them teleport, spit fire and stretch their arms a lot. Asians all wear karate outfits and kick everything and if they get really pissed they can shoot blue slow moving fireballs out of their hands. Also to note, if you are American with blonde hair and blue eyes you can do this fireball ninja shit too. Congratulations.



Help me! I'm just a caption writer kept captive here in the Publications Lab.
Inform OSA.

CHUCK SCHAEFFER

for Vice President

"A voice of reason in the 2008 election." — Roger Ebert

There's one thing that Chuck Schaeffer, candidate for Vice President in 2008 has plenty of, and that's balls. It's not that Benjamin Harrison doesn't have any, it's just that he may as well not have any compared to Chuck Schaeffer.

Benjamin Harrison has no policies, he has no integrity, he can't do push ups, and most of all, he sucks dick for crack. Is that the kind of man you want to vote for? No is the answer.

Chuck Schaeffer wants to bring civility back to politics! Vote for Chuck in 2008! In return, he will vote for you.

If you vote for Benjamin Harrison your penis will fall off (or tits if that's what you have).

Paid for by Chuck Schaeffer for Vice President

Gays and Democrats Destroyed K-Fed and Britney's Marriage and Turned America Into Nation of Bastards

According to one member of the President's Council for Saving Marriage, President Bush, when elected, had a three-stage plan for purifying marriage. "His plan was elimination of gay marriage in his first term, liberal marriage in his second term, and to ban all divorces in his third term," the source said.

The source, who chose to remain anonymous for fear of liberal witchcraft cursing his own marriage, added that things had not gone as planned. "We thought after the quick and painless democratization of the Middle East, our administration would be popular enough to finally free American society from the shackles of liberalism at home," the source said. "We may have been wrong."

Now, the window for change may be closing. After rigging the voting process with shiny yet impossible to use electric voting machines and spending millions bribing voting officials in innumerable states including Florida, Virginia, and one state that chose to remain anonymous, Democrats are on the brink of seizing back

complete power in government. Once again, the future of marriage looks bleak.

The history of divorce goes back several centuries, to King Henry VIII of England. Soon after courting, plowing, and marrying his first wife, whose name is lost to history, Henry joined a dangerous, but burgeoning bohemian social scene. It was there that Henry began a serious relationship with Enrique Sven, a Swedish sailor who later opened up the shop Flaming Wigs, supplying colorful hairpieces to England's aristocracy.

"Henry's fondness for male genitalia is well documented," said Dr. Theodore Haggard, author of the *Post*-bestseller, *Fag'd: How Liberals Fagged Up America*. "But as an observant Catholic, Henry was forced to remain locked in the sacred bonds of marriage until death. Realizing he could no longer face his wife, he executed her rather than divorce her." Dr. Haggard then added with a sigh of remorse, "As
a l l

good Catholics did in those days."

Troubled by the prospect of marrying another nag simply to fulfill his kingly duties, Henry went to Sven for advice and together they came up with the unnatural concept of divorce. "The gays had officially destroyed marriage," Haggard said.

Though this set the dangerous divorce precedent, Henry required allies in order to popularize this new ideology. "He turned to Frederick Kerry, a leading member of the Flaming Whig Party, a prototype for modern-day liberals," According to Haggard, Kerry had secretly been promoting divorce as well, but under a different name. "Kerry and the Flaming Wigs had been circulating pamphlets promoting a cut-and-run approach to marriage," Haggard said.

According to the Cut and Run Doctrine, marriage was never really meant to last until death. "If you look in the Bible's appendix, it clearly states that marriage will inevitably cause one's death," reads one such pamphlet. "The proposition that any all-knowing being would mandate we live side-by-side with another person for more than a year's time is preposterous."

Now, with Democrats likely to have a controlling voice in the government for years to come, one can only ask how many needless marriages will suffer. "Already we've seen Britney and K-Fed dissolve," Haggard said. "Jessica Simpson and Nick Lachey, Heather Locklear and Richie Sambora, Travis Barker and... Mrs. Barker. When is enough enough?"

Haggard suggests in this crucial time, we have to be vigilant about the state of our country. Recently America passed the threshold of 300 million citizens, lauded by everyone except the lunatic fringe left, which claims there are some sort of negative "overpopulation" effects. But a less publicized and more startling statistic shows that the number of married couples has dropped below the 50th percentile. So what does this mean? "America may be on the verge of becoming a nation of bastards."

AIDS Epidemic Looms For New York Vampires

A study released by the New York City Department of Health this week reveals that New York City's vampire population is extremely vulnerable to the HIV virus, which can ultimately lead to AIDS. In the past twelve months, reported HIV infections have skyrocketed more than 200% compared to the previous year, according to the report.

"If vampires continue to ignore these dangers, they will soon face their greatest threat since Madonna popularized giant crosses," said virologist Dr. Jessica Ellis. "What's needed most now is education. Many vampires simply don't know the dangers of drinking blood."

Vampire rights activists like Dan Reynolds claim that the Heath Department's report is just another example of anti-vampirism "It's insulting to be told you live an 'inherently risky lifestyle.' Drinking blood is part of who we are. Soy blood from Whole Foods tastes like crap; I'm sticking

with the real thing," exhorted Reynolds.

Some conservative Christians groups have already spoken out, denouncing not only the vampires of New York, but from around the world. Sean Shepard, President of God Hates Everyone But Us out of Long Island City, declared, "Leviticus 19:26 forbids us as God's children from drinking blood," at a rally outside the Health Department. "It's an abomination to consume the flesh, plain and simple. Vampires may not technically die, but if they did, they'd go straight to Hell."

Despite the pressure to change their ways from the Health Department and people like Shepard, Reynolds says that vampires will continue to live as they have for thousands of years. "We're just regular people, making our way in the world. It's true that maybe one day we'll kill you in your sleep. But the chances of that are small."

THE SYSTEGRATED GROUP

Telecommunications solutions since 1973



MEMORANDUM

TO: William Pelmont, President
FROM: Ted DiMarco, Junior Communications Associate
DATE: March 31, 2007
SUBJECT: Solutions to potential technological problems

As you are aware, I am departing for my vacation tomorrow, leaving you without your normal point man for the next week. As such, I have prepared the following memo. Please refer to it in the event any of the issues that I usually address arise.

Problem: Internet running at a speed slower than satisfactory.

Cause: As I have explained before, our office Internet connection, due to its age and design, is a host to a family of invisible web pixies. These pixies, although usually harmless, have a tendency to become entangled in our wireless connection, thus noticeably slowing it down.

Solution: Cease your current activity. Shake hands vigorously on either side of monitor while reciting the mantra ("Wakka wakka wakka"), as you have seen me do many times before. The motion and noise will dislodge any pixies from the Internet and scare them back into their hiding place under the file cabinet.

Problem: No e-mails in over five minutes.

Cause: As we all know, due to your importance and status, you expect to receive e-mails almost constantly, and any break in the flow may be cause for alarm. Right you are, for only one thing can possibly be responsible for such a stoppage—Sniggles the Firewall Ogre.

Solution: Once Sniggles has started tearing e-mails from your inbox with his clawed hands, there is only one thing that can make him stop—besting him in a dance contest. You'll know you've won when your next e-mail comes in.

Problem: Hideous, troll-like monster invading office.

Cause: Sally from HR has dropped by again for casual conversation. Also, is it after lunch? If so, you forgot to take your blue pills/took too many of the red ones.

Solution: Crippling small talk and warning salvo of silver bullets.

I hope the above helps you with any issues that arise. Hopefully IT will be able to assist in any other problems you encounter. In any case, whatever you do, do not attempt to contact me by cellphone, as its ring will cause Jormungandr the Dragon Serpent and Lesser Demon of Telecommunications to descend immediately upon my location, rendering me unreachable for the rest of my vacation.

See you in a week,
Ted

A vertical collage of seven black and white photographs depicting young people in various states of emotional distress. The images are arranged in a vertical strip, each showing a different individual. The first image at the top shows a young woman with a pained expression, clutching her arm. The second shows a young woman with a shocked or screaming face, holding her hand to her mouth. The third shows a young woman with her eyes closed, clutching her arm. The fourth shows a young man with a distressed expression, pointing his finger. The fifth shows a young woman with a pained expression, holding her hand to her mouth. The sixth shows a young woman with her head down, resting her head on a table. The seventh and final image at the bottom shows a young man with a pained expression, clutching his arm.

A vertical strip of seven black and white photographs showing various scenes of sexual abuse and exploitation. From top to bottom: 1. A young girl with a wristband is being sexually abused. 2. A woman is being sexually abused. 3. A man is being sexually abused. 4. A man is being sexually abused. 5. A woman is being sexually abused. 6. A man is being sexually abused. 7. A man is being sexually abused.

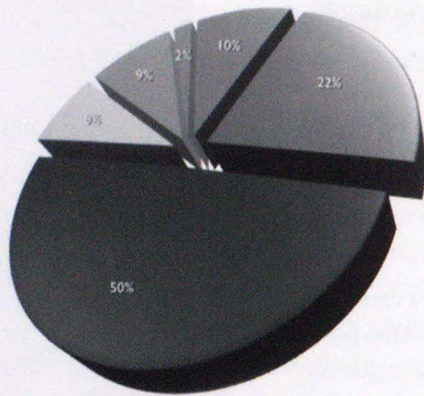
29

A marginal suicide cult is a poor man's Mormonism

29

Helpful Post-Graduation Statistics for NYU Students

Like most things on earth, college doesn't last forever. Knowing this harrowing fact, the average NYU student has to think about what he/she/transgendered wants to do after graduation, at some point. Luckily for all of you, the NYU Bureau of Numbers and Statistics has released its annual report on the professions of the University's undergraduates based on the college they attended. But be warned. These are only rough estimates, as The Bureau of Numbers and Statistics is not known for its precision. We here at *The Plague* have reprinted the report to save you the trip to the Bureau's office in that spooky King Carlos of Spain building.



Steinhart College of Education/Majors Grabbagery

- Food Service jobs at amusement parks in New Jersey: 8%
- That loud religious guy on the L train: 22%
- Pregnant: 50%
- Educator: 8%
- Astronaut: 0%
- Self-employed: 9%
- Happily self-employed: 2%



College of Arts and Sciences

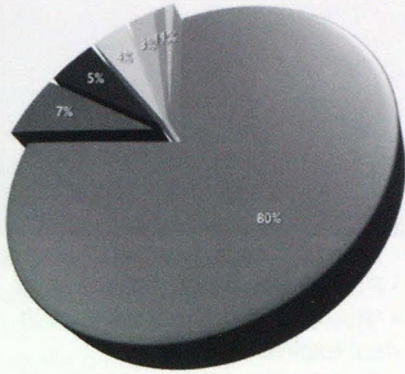
- Administrator/manager/secretary/office stooge/career intern: 90%
- Novelist: 1%
- Ostrich jockey: 1%
- Servant to South African importer/Eporter: 1%
- South African importer/Eporter: 2%
- Drug user: 1%
- Fucking retarded columnist for Village Voice: 1%
- Viral video director: 1%
- Bricklayer: 1%
- Foot soldier: 1%



Gallatin School of Individualized Study

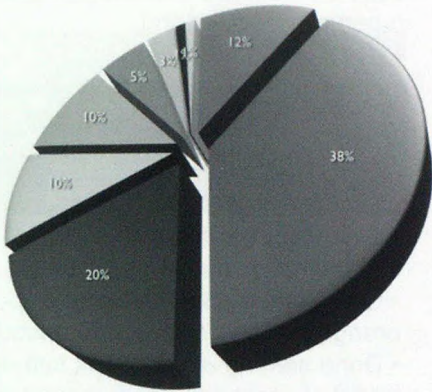
• N/A

(No significant data could be collected)



Tisch School of the Arts

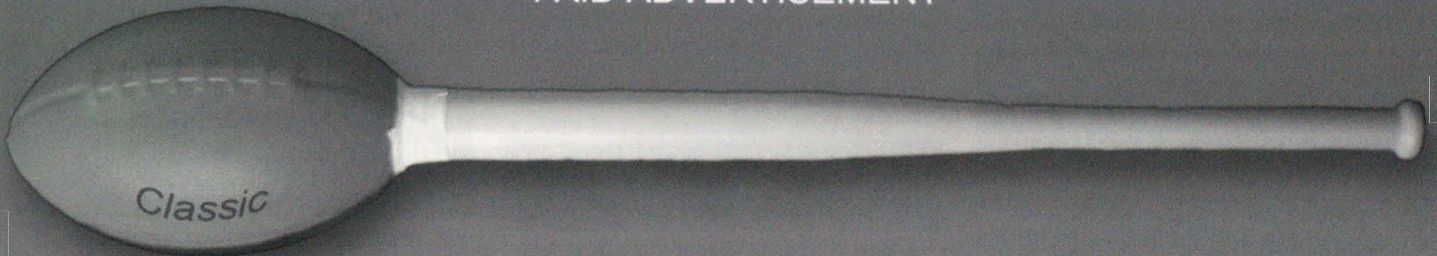
- Waiter/waitress at that restaurant nobody goes to because the waitresses are fat: 80%
- Actor/actress/director/screenwriter: 7%
- Mime: 5.3%
- Ostrich jockey: 4%
- Employee at a US government currency minting facility: 3%
- Babysitting nephew: 1%
- Astronaut: 1%



Stern School of Business

- Administrator: 12%
- Official: 38%
- Worker: 20%
- Employee: 10%
- Manager: 10%
- Committee member: 5%
- Salary earner: 3%
- Project leader: 1%
- Rapist for hire: 1%

PAID ADVERTISEMENT



Football Bat™ Classic

"The original football bat, that changed the world by bringin' peace among nations, endin' the tyranny of fossil fuels, defeatin' infant mortality and curin' lupus is back in its original format!"

You should totally go buy one on the Football Bat™ Brand Internet. And if you don't have that, go ahead and buy that too.

Because you don't fuckin' trust the WSN...

The Plague explains the...

BIBLICAL EVIDENCE FOR THE LOOMING ZOMBIE ATTACK

- Blessed are those that eateth brains
- What is true on Earth, will truly be eaten by zombies
- *Grey's Anatomy*
- Screw the Bible; the *Necronomicon* is where it's at
- On the first day, God created the ZOMBIES ARE COMING HOLY SHIT GUYS!

WAYS TO KEEP WARM IN COLD WEATHER

- Coffee (with liquor)
- Tea (with liquor)
- Spending the night with a loved one (named liquor)
- Admitting you may have a problem (not with liquor)
- Hobo cuddling
- Lava orgy
- Kill, impersonate household pet
- Gallatin concentration in Heat & Warmth Studies
- Well, shivering, for one

THE CRUCIFIXION WAS WORSE THAN YOU THINK

- Newspaper accounts misspelled Jesus as "Jseus"
- It was a crown of poison sumac
- Itchy anus
- Jesus was actually hanging from one strategically placed nail
- The nails were made of Jew bones
- The cross was on fire

WAYS TO TAME A GSP STUDENT

- Play the new My Chemical Romance album
- Use a word with more than two syllables, like "syllable"
- Remind them that they need to be on good behavior if they want to get into NYU
- Dr. Seuss books
- A daily dose of grundle
- Dangle a carrot in front of him
- Milk and Cookies Club
- Kindness Brand Knives

USES FOR FLICKR

- Perpetuating the opinion that you're a douchebag
- Letting people know you can take pictures where one thing is blurry and another thing is in focus
- Sharing with the world pictures of the shit on your desk
- Displaying photos you took of your roommate while he was sleeping
- Sharing those travel pictures you took in Peru with douchebags

REASONS TO SHAVE YOUR GENITALS

- The dreadlocks are getting ratty
- More satisfying mangina
- Olympic swimming tryouts next week
- Your balls will look like two baby orangutans kissing
- Masturbate up to five times faster
- Crabs
- It's Wednesday
- To make a faux beard for that production of *Oedipus Rex*
- Make pee-hole look bigger
- To get a nice five o'clock shadow
- Locks of Love

HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN TEN DAYS

- Make him watch *How to Lose a Guy in Ten Days*
- Finish blowing him
- Shit on his dick after anal—ten days in a row
- Spend eight of those days celebrating Hanukkah with your mother
- Un-tuck it back

PEOPLE TO WATCH

- That homeless guy with a conspicuous erection
- John Sexton's wife
- Competitors in the Special Olympics. Hilarious!
- Little kids with dreams & shotguns
- French Canada
- The inventor of Head-On
- Sneaky fucking Hamburglar

NEW REASONS TO SUE YOUTUBE

- Web 2.0, more like web 2 point No!
- Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder
- "Buy one, get one free" lawsuit deal expires soon
- Renetto is a bitch and I hate him
- Made me film myself lighting my balls on fire while skateboarding on a partially-frozen pond
- Not enough like PornoTube

IN THE TIME IT TOOK YOU TO PUT ON YOUR SUIT AND TIE, YOU COULD'VE...

- Sent Buzz Aldrin another fan letter
- Shown stink beetle who's boss
- Complained about the cost of oranges in the grocery line, asshole
- Done nothing. I put on my suit and tie lickety-split. Lickety-fucking-split.
- Gotten your dick sucked. Shit, woman, don't I work hard enough for this family?!
- Gotten your G.E.D.
- PANTS OFF DANCE OFF!
- Taken off your suit and tie

THINGS THAT, IF STARED AT LONG ENOUGH, WILL TURN YOU INTO STONE

- Joe Pesci's mongoloid brother
- *Bushwhacked* star Daniel Stern
- Liza Minelli
- Delaware State Capitol Building
- Lesbians making out (Well, *part* of you into stone. HIYO!)
- Burt Reynold's vacuous eyes
- Those flashy NYUHome pictures
- Video iPod supported by your erect penis
- Grass. That shit's boring, son.
- Sean Penn's mongoloid brother

BEST PUBLIC RESTROOMS

- Bronfman Center
- Taco Bell supply room
- Surprisingly, not the gastroenterologist's office
- Over there
- Union Square Subway

WHOLE WIDE WORLD

NEWMAN'S OWN...

- Adult diapers
- Erotic jelly
- Gallon-o-Semen (ranch style)
- Anti-semitism
- Insanity plea
- Organic Eco-Terrorism
- Bananaphone
- AIDS virus

IF IT SMELLS LIKE A HORSE AND IT TASTES LIKE A HORSE, THEN YOU KNOW IT'S NOT...

- Seattle's Space Needle
- The only aired episode of *Emily's Reasons Why Not*
- Illegal immigrants hired by NYU
- Cheap enough for Downstein
- Uncle Cracker's Horse Piss Whiskey
- Pizza from Two Boots (Well, actually it might be.)
- Good pot

WAYS THE APOCALYPSE MIGHT START

- Man merges with computers, crashes
- With an "A"! Zing!
- Smaller robots
- McRib Part Deux
- Mecha Racist Kramer
- *Wuthering Heights*
- The last remaining panda bear looks to exact revenge
- The Brown Noise
- *The Plague* stops publishing smaller robots" jokes

SUBJECTS FOR FURTHER INQUIRY

- Oral
- Anal
- Aural
- The New CW and why it insists on calling every fucking thing "fresh"
- Africa: Can it get its act together?
- Dennis Kucinich
- The whereabouts of that kid from *Free Willy*
- Your pants, hot stuff

LESSER KNOWN NORDIC DEATH METAL SONGS

- Jesus Penis Stab
- Satan Is Allergic to Shellfish
- My Parents Were Emotionally Vacant
- Any Nordic death metal song
- Straight, Missionary Position Sex
- My Hands Burn with Odin's Love
- Minnetá Rëviu
- Lentils Ripped out a Vegan's Wok
- Bunny Miscarriages in Space

WHY IS FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS BETTER THAN LOST?

- Because Texas fucking rapes
- No stupid numbers
- What is *Friday Night Lights*?
- They both suck. *Heroes* owns.
- I don't enjoy masturbating to *Lost*.
- Fewer Asians
- Dude, there's a guy named "Smash" on it.
- No seriously, what the fuck is *Friday Night Lights*?

HOW TO WIN AT CHESS

- Develop your upper body strength
- Pray to Russian deity of choice
- Be a supercomputer
- Play old people and outlive them
- By not playing. Only the terrorists win when you play chess.
- By reading my new book, *How to Win at Chess*
- Queen up the sleeve
- Set it and forget it
- When your partner isn't looking, replace the king with your genitalia.

WAYS ALEX RUBIN IS LIKE MY GRANDPA

- Bathes with my grandma
- "Swanee River" ringtone
- Skin burns under artificial sunlight
- Doesn't enjoy sex with grandma
- Has trouble relating to these young whippersnappers
- Cries into his Sunday dinner
- Still can get the firmest erection around

PEOPLE WE WISH WOULDN'T COME TO PLAGUE MEETINGS

- That guy. You know who we're talking about.
- The custodial staff that judges us as they empty our trash
- Baedeker
- Ben's cocky, windswept bangs
- The Sci-Fi Club members
- Anyone with a conscience
- Those hipsters from the Program Board next door
- Taoists; it's getting a little ridiculous

PEOPLE WE WISH CAME TO PLAGUE MEETINGS

- Paris Hilton's cousin, seriously, she goes to NYU
- Eddie Murphy
- Dan Quayle
- Space aliens
- Angels

THE SECOND I GRADUATE, I'M GONNA GET...

- 40 acres and a mule
- HBO DVDs and top-shelf LSD
- Another, sexier bachelor's degree, like in Saxophone Performance
- Removed from NYU housing
- Some of them frozen PB&J pock-ets that you defrost and eat
- A wicked case of jock itch
- Subscriptions to *Forbes* and *The Nation*

POPULAR NEW THINGS

- Hello Kitty™-brand Internet
- Holes in the ozone layer
- Unpopular things. They're so hot right now.
- Methadone clinics
- Linear Algebra Xtreme
- Court Reporting School
- Being nice to hookers
- Sudanese rebellions

NUMBER OF SQUIRRELS ANNOYED BY THIS STUPID TRADITION

- 27.5

MySpace is a poor man's having friends in real life.

EVIDENCE OF THE AMERICAN ANGLO-DOMINANT, HETERO-NORMATIVE CONSPIRACY IN POPULAR MEDIA



Me: Benedict Arnold

THESE DAYS EVERYONE SEEMS TO WANT SOME EVIDENCE WHEN YOU VOICE A J'ACCUSE. SLANDER AND LIBEL LAWS HAVE GOTTEN IN THE WAY OF AN HONEST LIVING FOR A HARD-WORKING CONSPIRACY THEORIST SUCH AS MYSELF. HI, I'M BENEDICT ARNOLD. NO NOT THAT BENEDICT ARNOLD. MY FATHER HAD A LOUSY SENSE OF HUMOR. IN ANY EVENT, HERE IS A LIST OF HARD EVIDENCE FOR THE BIGGEST CONSPIRACY I'VE YET UNEARTHED IN HOLLYWOOD: THE CONSPIRACY TO KEEP EVERYONE ADHERED TO THE BUTTONED-DOWN, CIRCA 1950'S VIEW OF WHAT AMERICA SHOULD BE LIKE. THE BASTARDS.

thinly veiled anus?

1. INDEPENDENCE DAY, 20TH CENTURY FOX
AT THE BEHEST OF PRESIDENT ELECT AND ALL-AROUND WASP BILL PULLMAN, AN AFRICAN AMERICAN AND A JEWISH MAN MARCH SELFLESSLY INTO SPACE ARMED WITH MINIMAL RESOURCES TO FIGHT OFF MASSIVE ALIEN MENACE. THE PRESIDENT IS VISIBLY SADDENED WHEN THEY DO NOT DIE IN THE PROCESS, AND THOUGH IT IS NEVER STATED DIRECTLY, IT IS HEAVILY IMPLIED THAT INVADING ALIENS ARE GAY.

Blue on fish same tone as Israeli flag



Nationalistic fury!



bloodshot eyes, red face

2. DISNEY'S THE LITTLE MERMAID
A FIERY YOUNG REDHEAD MUST GIVE UP HER VOICE TO BE WITH THE MAN OF HER DREAMS. MIDWAY THROUGH THE FILM, A LOBSTER OF JAMAICAN DESCENT TRIES TO TEMPT HER INTO COMMITTING ACTS OF PREMARITAL INDISCRETION. MARIJUANA USE LIKELY IMPLICATED.

3. STAR WARS - THE ORIGINAL TRILOGY, LUCASFILM LTD.
VILLAIN DARTH VADER IS A WHITE MAN TRAPPED INSIDE A LARGE, INTIMIDATING BLACK BODY. ONLY ONCE HIS HELMET IS REMOVED AND WHITENESS REVEALED CAN HIS TRUE GOODNESS SHINE THROUGH. NEW SPECIAL EDITIONS ALSO REVEAL THE EMPEROR WEARING A DIGITALLY INSERTED STAR OF DAVID WHICH HAD BEEN SCRAPPED IN THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS DUE TO BUDGETARY CONSTRAINTS.



Phallic.

positive white role-model



4. THE RUSH HOUR / BAD BOYS SERIES, NEW LINE CINEMA / SON
SIMPSON-JERRY BRUCKHEIMER FILMS
AFRICAN AND ASIAN AMERICANS SEE THEIR ATTEMPTS AT LAW ENFORCEMENT END UP IN DESTRUCTION, MAYHEM, AND SUPERFLUOUS SLOW MOTION.

Black men leave a wake of destruction

5. TITANIC, 20TH CENTURY FOX
PRETTY, PROMISING YOUNG WHITE COUPLE FIND THEIR HOPES FOR THE FUTURE DASHED BY GIGANTIC ICEBERG. CLOSE, FRAME-BY-FRAME EXAMINATION OF THE FILM REVEALS THAT THE ICEBERG IS, IN FACT, A COMMUNIST.



white people & black boat



*These idiots don't realize
that their friend Brian is a ficus.*

These Girls Write For The Plague!

**Look at the hot boys
they attract now
that they're famous
for being funny!**

**They're writing new jokes, doing photoshop
and laying out pages every week, and you
can too! All you have to do is show up in
room 708 of the Kimmel Center
Every Monday at 6:30**

**Send a blank email to
join-theplague@forums.nyu.edu
to get on our listserve!**

(There's also free pizza, cookies and soda at every meeting)