

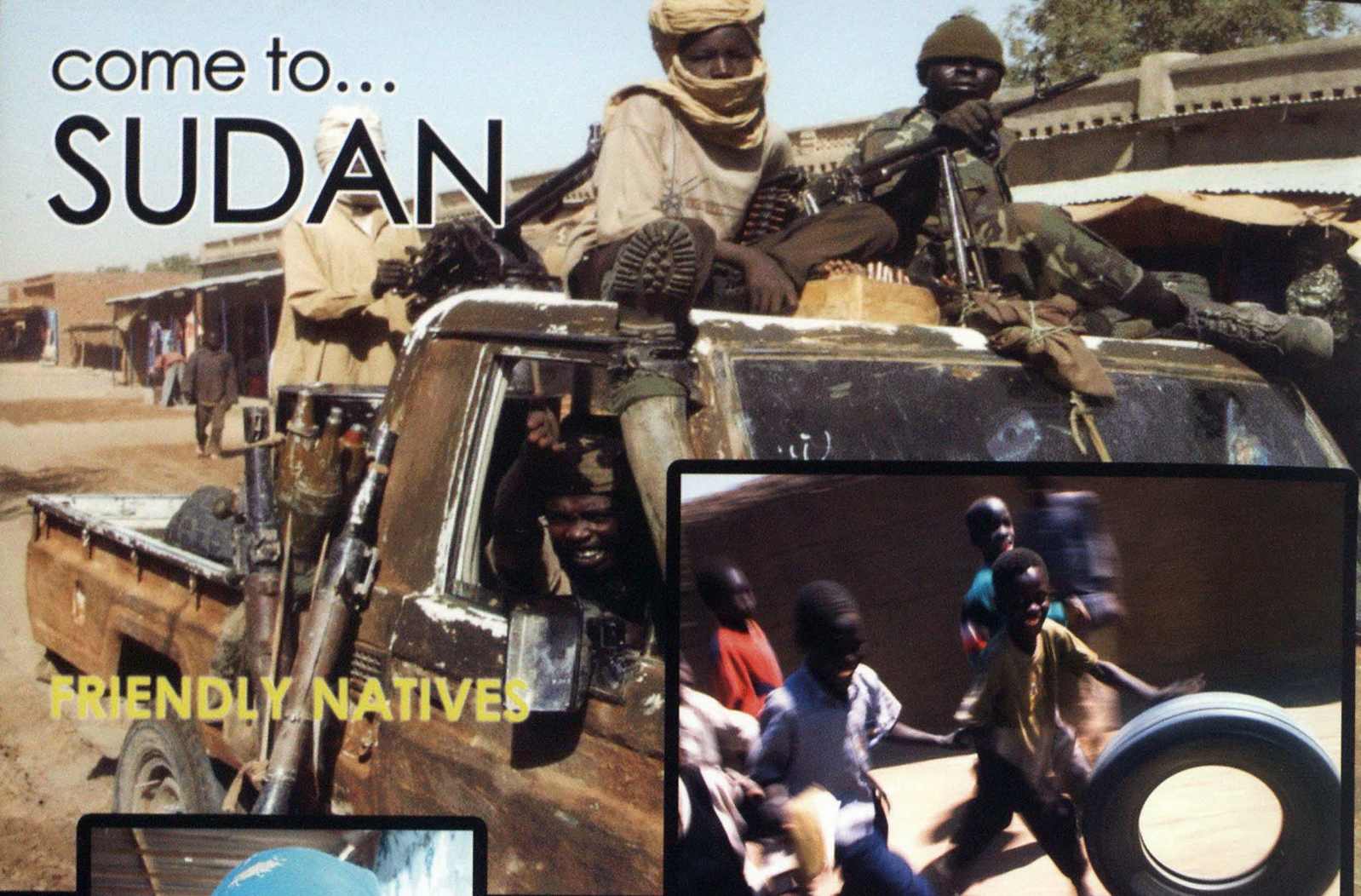
Spring 2008

THE PLAGUE

N.Y.U.'s only intentionally funny publication



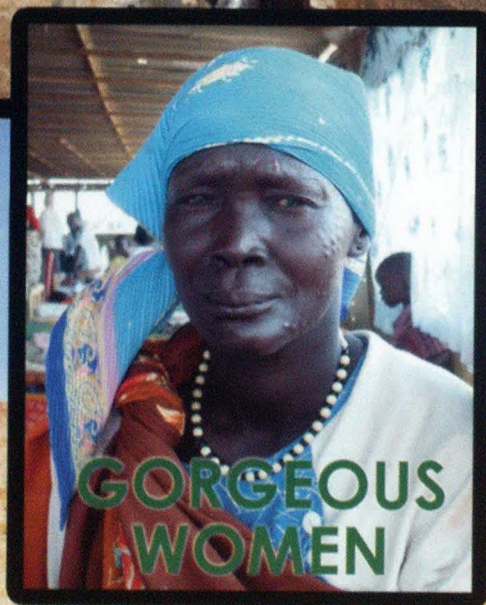
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SUDAN



FRIENDLY NATIVES



GREAT RECREATION



**GORGEOUS
WOMEN**



FUN IN THE SUN

THE PLAGUE

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plague *n.*, **1.** an epidemic disease that causes high mortality; pestilence. **2.** an infectious, epidemic disease caused by a bacterium, *Yersinia pestis*, characterized by fever, chills, and prostration, transmitted to humans from rats by means of the bites of fleas. **3.** any widespread affliction, calamity, or evil, esp. one regarded as a direct punishment by God. **4.** any cause of trouble, annoyance, or vexation. **5.** us. **6.** cancer of the ball. **7.** sending puppies into space. **8.** a plateful of Chucker Butters. **9.** Quark with a built-in spell-checker. **10.** soda from Duane Reade that's actually warmer than room temperature. **11.** the standard deviation on slice thickness from The Pizzeria. **12.** trying to come up with funny definitions of "plague" and failing. **13.** what this magazine is going to look like next year. **14.** an arbitrary sound-meaning pair.

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Adam Ebnet; Audrey Underwood; Nanci Cooke; Bob Butler; S.A.B. & ASSBAC; Jesse "Rafe" Meyerson; Dave "Dave" Mellisy; "Hipster" Ben Harrison; "Good-Smelling" Ben Joseph; You!; Abracadabra Superstore; Linnea's roommate, for putting up with our antics; Pika Chiu; whomever we offend; Jenna Jones and her amazing Facebook pictures; Facebook, too; the registrar, for scheduling recitations on Monday nights; LeBron James; the delivery guy who found the Pub Lab without directions; every student publication except *The Minetta Review*; our mommies and daddies; and, of course, G.M. Printing.

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Black people are really good at shuffleboard.

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

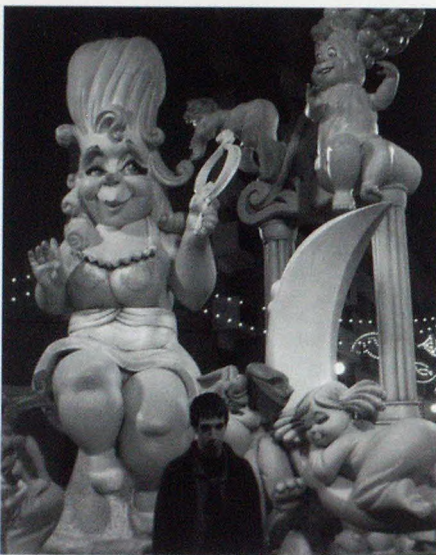
I'm pretty sure I've wasted my four years at N.Y.U. Fortunately, my parents are mega rich, so it's no big deal. Not that wasting my college years or my affluence really sets me apart at N.Y.U.—there must be dozens of Alex Rubins awkwardly stumbling around Washington Square Park. Young, old, tall, short, white, white; no matter how we differ on the outside, we're the same on the inside: rich Jews. Now, it's true that creating a magazine that makes people laugh is nice, but I want to do something. You know, really *do* something that matters. At this point, most people would probably volunteer at a soup shelter or pick up garbage on the Park Avenue median or go live with grizzly bears or something. Those are all commendable and selfless acts; they're also extremely stupid and a waste of time. Granted, my time isn't particularly valuable, but I just can't see myself stooping to the level of the sub-human—be it bear, litter, or homeless.

Walking around campus, if you keep your eyes open, you'd find that plenty of former students have left their mark on this university. John Ben Snow, with his unquenchable love of dining; Jack H. Skirball, with his millions of dollars to spend on irrelevant arts; Elmer Holmes Bobst, with his zeal for cottaging—to name a few. Assuming someone doesn't take down their plaques, they'll forever be towering figures in our history. They'll live on forever at N.Y.U. All of this struck me when I overheard someone saying they lived in Broome. I didn't even know who this Broome guy was, but he must have done something important, since they named a dorm after him. That Herodotus Broome (I gave him a first name) could go from anonymous to immortal with only a building really opened my eyes. I knew how I could attain self-worth: to become immortal.

Each of the figures I mentioned before had some passion of theirs that landed them recognition by the university (I can only assume that Herodotus Broome's was dormitories). I had to find my *métier*, so to speak. It would require an taxing trek through the psyche, a level of intro-

spection I've never known. Long story short: I chose water fountains.

I love water fountains; there's no other way to say it. If you believe one thing in this magazine, since generally it's filled with lies and swearing, believe that. N.Y.U. provides plenty of water fountains all over campus—hundreds, at least—and I would hope that most of you, and not just the connoisseurs, have come to realize the disparity between the best of these and the worst. Approaching an untested fountain, it's impossible to pre-



Valencia? Not so much.

dict what you're going to get: cool refreshment or room-temperature carcinogens? So, I set out to classify the water fountains of N.Y.U. Of course, I couldn't get to every one on campus, so I limited myself to three of the most-frequented buildings by students: Silver, Bobst, and Kimmel.

In Silver alone, I found nineteen fountains. Even though they all likely draw from the same source, on the day I tested them, I encountered a staggering variations in quality. Some were so awful I spit it out (fifth floor, near the Washington Pl. elevators), while others were fantastic (seventh floor, near the Waverly Pl. elevators). At times, even two on the same floor were like night and day.

Since I don't have the room here to publish my full findings, I'll give you the best and the worst of Silver. Places to

quench your thirst: second floor, btw. Silver and Waverly; fifth floor, btw. Silver and Waverly; seventh floor, near the Washington Pl. elevators; seventh floor, near the Waverly Pl. elevators. Water fountains to avoid like the plague (get it?): fourth floor, btw. Silver and Waverly; fourth floor, near the Washington Pl. elevators; fifth floor, near the Washington Pl. elevators; sixth floor, btw. Silver and Waverly; eighth floor, btw. Silver and Waverly; ninth floor, btw. Silver and Waverly. To sum things up, here are a couple of rules of thumb when it comes to Silver: (1) don't risk it in the hallway between Silver and Waverly; and (2) when in doubt, just go to Waverly—it's better.

Unlike Silver, the fountains in both Bobst and Kimmel are nothing if not consistent. Bobst may be great for anonymous gay sex, but if you'd like to wash down that stranger's seed, forget it. Drinking from a water fountain in Bobst should be considered a form of punishment. Under no circumstances should you ever do it. Water isn't supposed to leave an aftertaste. As for Kimmel, it's hard to fault the fountains they've got there. They're all great.

So that's it. Bobst sucks; Kimmel rules; and Silver is anyone's call. Now all I've got to do is wait for N.Y.U. to name something after me. The natural thing would be a water fountain, but considering the importances of the study I've just conducted, that'd be more than a little patronizing, don't you think? I'm most deserving of a building, I feel. A "Rubin Hall," perhaps?

Finally, I would like to apologize for wordiness of this issue. This will be my final issue of *The Plague*, and somehow it's become the wordiest in our history. I've learned the reading public actually hates reading and, in an article this long, everyone's stopped reading three paragraphs ago. Don't believe me? Barack Obama is a porch monkey. See? No one actually saw that, so I can't get in trouble. Nevertheless, you should read the other articles all the way to the end; they're really good.

And, oh yeah, Christina Rodefeld.

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Ciao, bellas! I know what you're thinking. You're asking yourself, "Does that mean 'hello' or 'goodbye'?" Well after living in Florence for four months, I couldn't tell you that any more than I could tell you what a "living museum" is. Go blow yourself, N.Y.U. pamphlets, am I right?! I gotta say though, I've learned a lot during my time in *Italia*, including the fact that it calls itself "Italia" like it thinks it's better than me. So I've made a helpful guide to anyone else suckered in by those whimsical posters of olive-grove volleyball games they put up in Kimmel.

ART

Everyone acts like it's a big deal to see *The Birth of Venus*, but when I get to the museum it looks like all of Asia decided to take a road trip! When they all finally clear out to have another *papier mâché*-dragon parade, I can't even tell what the big deal is. I don't know about Boticelli, but I like my chicks like I like my salads: low-fat and well-dressed. You can call it "cherubic" all you want, but I can make up words too and I call it globutrocious. Those honies must have liked to eat rolls as much as he liked to paint them. Hey, if I wanted to see something naked and unpleasant, I would've let my track coach walk in on me in the shower! I mean, it happened anyway, but I would've let it!

And another thing. People can't get enough of Italian architecture. You know, I like jokes as much as the next guy, but what gives with the Leaning Tower of Pisa? I mean, no one takes tour buses to check out my termite problem and leaky foundation. It's like, ever heard of a ruler? Ask any architect, you use them to make things level. Not that it matters anyway, because these assholes seem to think the metric system's base unit of ten is superior to our measurement system. Honestly, how difficult is it to remember that a pound is sixteen fluid ounces more than a cup, but not on the third Wednesday after Groundhog Day? Water boils at one hundred forty degrees except when sounding like "A" as in neighbor and weigh, and the minute I understand *their* time system is the minute the terrorists have won. A

twenty-four hour day? Talk about ludicrous! If you want to talk superior cultures, just look at how convoluted we make things for no apparent reason.

LIVING

It's a miracle anything gets done around here! "What about the beautiful Tuscan sunsets?" my harpie mom squawks, opening her beak-like mouth and pecking at the corners of my sanity like so many vindictive sparrows. Everyone is so busy enjoying the maaag-



The poster for the new buddy-cop movie "Lumberjill and T-Square Take Pisa"

nificent landscape and the "breathtaking" ancient landmarks that they don't make room for my American girth. Exsqueeze me, pride of the U-S-A coming through. How am I supposed to find my way around without that homeless guy on the Bowery as a landmark? Are you trying to tell me that not necessarily every surface has been urinated on? What kind of a concentration camp is this?! Just tell me where the nearest underage drinking establishment is and the least scenic way to get there, pronto. "Pronto," that's Italian right, Giuseppe? And fix my sink, while you're at it!

DANGERS

I'm kidding, of course, but wouldn't you expect to see mafia gangsters and

magical video game plumbers everywhere? You'd be let down, amigo. Sorry, amico. The only thing they have here are gypsies. Gypsies, gypsies everywhere, but where can I buy some weed? And they're not cute, like that Johnny Depp would have you believe. Not all gypsies bring chocolate and steamy romance to aging French women. Some just bring scabies! I mean, the nursery rhymes all talk about how they do good things like steal annoying children and kill your mother-in-law (I wish!), but all I've gotten was dirtier by being in their presence! Love Potion No. 9? How about Johnson and Johnson for the stink? Pee-yu! It smells like thwarted ambitions around here!

ITALIANS

Now all my relatives rave about the friendliness of the Italian people, and boy are they right. I got laid two times within a day of being here, and I didn't have to consent once! Talk about hospitality. But sometimes you can't tell the difference between European and gay, and all the Gucci boots and Prada fanny packs don't help. I'm not saying Italians are fruity, but if I wanted to see boys in leg warmers and layered V-necks I would've stayed in the Tisch lobby! *Oy vey*. Seriously though, I think the pressure to compete with all the guys here is what led to the break-up with my boyfriend. Either that, or the fact that it's near *impossible* to cyber-skeet on my chest over Skype. Try explaining to your roommate why her new microphone smells. Boy did I have egg on my face... and my cyber-tits! As if it wasn't hard enough for him to finish already, the erectile-dysfunctional freak. But I'm getting off the subject.

I guess what I'm trying to say is, Italy is Inice and all, but why spend the money when Staten Island is right across the river? Now if you'll excuse me, I need to find some limoncello and wander around loud and plastered. I've got some stereotyping to do!

Jill Avery is a comedy writer living in Queens, where her existence and writing style are no less abrasive to anyone else.



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S STUDENT NEWSPAPER | WWW.NYUNEW.COM

Tipsy on Italian wine? Think again



You've probably already been infected by gross old Italian ladies.

Mike Quan

STAFF WRITER

A recent discovery in Milan has shocked oenophiles the world over. A study by Erin Donia, a junior in Gallatin with a concentration in Wine Studies and Journalism, found that the supposed alcoholic effects in wine do not come from the process of careful fermentation and aging, as believed before. After a series of testing, Donia found that the intoxication that results from drinking wine actually comes from the foot disease gout. Through further inspection, she was able to learn that the foot growth comes from the feet of elderly Italian women who stomp on wine grapes in giant vats during the production process.

Donia became interested in the subject soon after arriving in Florence, where she is studying for the semester. "I'd never really had Italian wine before, mostly Franzia. My friends and me would go out to these cafés and stuff and I couldn't get the taste of the wine out of my mouth. Plus, I needed something to show for my independent study."

"It really is a sad thing to find out," says Tyler Coleman, who teaches "Becoming a Wine Expert" at the School of Continuing and Professional Studies. "The debate on whether or not [drinking wine] is good for you has been going on for years. And this new study will probably make the argument go on even longer. The people who put out those reports are so indecisive." Coleman insists that medical journals in the United States will be

joyful for this new information, as it will give them enough filler material that only American aristocrats will read for decades.

Speculators worldwide have predicted that the wine business will suffer a sharp decline in sales and that most vineyards in Italy will fire their elderly women. Roberta Lucinni, a "squisher" at a popular winery outside Milan, greatly fears retirement. "I've been a-working in this a-business for a-twenty years. They can't a-fire me," she said, wildly gesticulating with both hands. "My feet, they a-bring good harvest and a-make good wine. Tell me: where's the crime in that?" Industry analysts predict that the displaced worker will likely end up working at Wal-Mart instead. Unfortunately, there are no Wal-Marts located in Italy at this time, but a spokesman for the company said they have made plans to open new stores in the country in the near future.

Wine producers in France claim that they have long known the link between gout and wine and continued producing it nevertheless. When Jean-Baptiste Lothaire, founder of Lothaire Wines, was asked how long he has known the connection, he responded with a question of his own: "Why do you think wine and cheese go so well together? It only makes sense that milk mold and old-woman mold make a nice couple." Lothaire probed further, claiming that French people don't smell just because of cigarettes, but from a combination of the untold diseases found in wine and cheese as well.

Wyoming 'ape of a husband' refuses to leave home

Roger Durane

SPECIAL TO WSN

In the United States today, getting a divorce is almost as easy as returning clothes at a department store, making the average divorce rate an incredible fifty percent. But in an extremely confusing situation taking place in Newcastle, Wyoming, local Joanna Crispus, 34, has been meaning to file a divorce with her husband for the past four months, but has encountered trouble primarily for one reason: her husband is a silverback gorilla.

"I've just had enough of his abusive behavior," says Crispus. "All he seems to do is run about the house after I've just cleaned it and steamroll over me and create a bigger mess than before."

The issue would seem to be easily resolved considering that there are no legal rights for human-to-animal marriages, however, the marriage license between the two has been mysteriously confirmed by the Weston County Clerk. Crispus was able to wed the gorilla named Jumanji through junglefevermarimony.com, a website notorious for bestiality marriages, which provides near-perfect marriage licenses for the animals that are shipped to their new spouses.

"After my first husband died, I decided I didn't want a puny man anymore" exclaimed Crispus. "I felt no strong men existed around here, so I decided gorillas were my thing. But now I know they are only meant for spring flings."

For six months, Crispus has lived with Jumanji. She used some of the money she received as part of her first husband's life insurance policy to purchase the container, airfare, and marriage license with the identity of one "Jim Angie," a twenty-six-year-old from Bellfountain Junction,

APE continues, p. 5

Oregon.

Though wife-battering is the primary reason she seeks divorce, many other problems have arisen during their short marriage, Crispus says. These include Jumanji using rocks in order to crack open walnuts, relieving himself "just about everywhere but outside," and frequently tugging out gray hairs from her scalp each morning.

"He was great with the kids in the beginning because it was like having the zoo at your house, but I couldn't bring myself to tell the children that this was their new father" Mrs. Crispus added, disappointedly.

The county of Weston has not done much in regards to Mrs. Crispus's pleas for a divorce, due to several factors. Donald Hansen, the county attorney, said, "Considering that Jumanji cannot read, write, nor speak any language, there seems to be no sense to tranquilize the gorilla then drag him to a court where he will be in a sedated condition and expected to gain the gift of literacy in a flash."

Crispus has repeatedly pleaded with the court to have her marriage dissolved, but "as long as the divorce papers do not have signatures from both parties, the marriage remains official," said Hansen.

Officially, Crispus hasn't given up hope. "They always talk about these dog whisperers and horse whisperers. So, if I can't find another way to get the marriage dissolved, I plan on looking on outside influences to actually educate Jumanji to the point where he can spell his name and have this thing finally out of the way."

In the meantime, Crispus has been negotiating a deal with Zoo Montana, a zoo over three-hundred miles away in Billings, Montana, to take Jumanji off her hands. The deal is contingent on the information card describing the gorilla's natural habitat, special traits, and behavior also states that Jumanji is currently married to one Joanna Crispus.

corrections

WSN is committed to accurate reporting, with minimal to no fact-checking. When we do make the inevitable error, we bury our head in the sand and grumble about budget cuts and the "goddamn administration."

Since you're still reading this, we'll entertain you with a Fascinating N.Y.U. Fact™: N.Y.U. was founded by Adlai Stevenson in 1966.

INSURGENT RAPPER PROMISES TO "BLOW UP WHOLE SPOT"

HAMAS MC, the latest rapper from Palestine, has issued a press release in which he claims that he would "drop bombs on the entirety of Western society and its children's eardrums."

"Nothing is safe from my explosive rhymes," stated HAMAS, "not your family, not your stereo, not your sinful way of life. God is great, and God is my DJ."

HAMAS's first album, "Straight Outta The Fertile Crescent," is set to be released next year, to coincide with the destruction of the devil Zionist state of Israel.

IRAN TRADES OIL FOR 7 OF KFC'S 11 SECRET SPICES

Iran announced today their deal with restaurant chain Kentucky Fried Chicken, creating fears among Western world powers that the unstable extremist nation will soon acquire Extra-Crispy Technology.

"We now have seven spices," said President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, "and our scientists will soon discover the remaining four through experiments and the will of Allah." In return, KFC has received seventy thousand barrels of crude oil, which it expects to be enough to keep the chain's fryers running for the next two decades.

MAYOR TO CONTRACTORS: "JESUS, GUYS, WE HAVE ENOUGH BUILDINGS"

New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg held a press conference earlier this week to address his concerns with overcrowding in New York. "O.K. I know you guys need to work and all, and the downturn in the economy certainly doesn't help, but, Christ Almighty, I think we have enough buildings by now," Bloomberg said. "I mean, you can't even see the sky in a lot of this city anymore. And there's more going up every day. I swear, if I see one more group of guys erecting scaffolding, I'm going to lose it. Like, seriously, lose it."

When asked what the out-of-work contractors could do to earn a living, Bloomberg said, "I don't know. I bet demolition work pays well. Or they could go to Africa. I don't even know if they have buildings over there."

YOUR CUTE CO-WORKER THINKS YOU'RE UGLY

That cute guy who works in the cubicle near the elevators revealed today that he thinks you're ugly. "Oh, her? Man, did she fall out of the ugly tree and hit every branch?" said the guy when asked about you. Among other things, the guy said that your hair, your laugh, and that annoying way you crinkle your sandwich wrappers at lunchtime are incredibly unattractive.

CONVENIENCE STORE CLERK TIRED OF CARDING MCLOVINS

Dan Stephens, a 25-year-old 7-11 clerk in South Orange, New Jersey, has announced that he's tired of underage customers trying to pass themselves off as McLovin.

"Yeah, I saw the movie. Yeah, it was funny," said Stephens. "It's a lot less funny when every third jackass decided that maybe it would work in real life, and purchased a fake I.D. with that name on it." While Stephens has never been robbed while a McLovin was in the store, only to have the robbery foiled by the McLovin, leading the McLovin on a series of wacky adventures with two police officers, "at the rate it's going, I wouldn't be surprised if it happened next week."

FIVE YEAR OLDS TO NATION: "WE WANT COOKIES BEFORE DINNER"

Groups of five-year-olds have staged protests in kitchens all over America, demanding cookies before dinner. "I wanna cookie! Wanna cookie now!" shouted ringleader Johnny Thompson. Police have been called in, but are unable to act, as the five-year-olds are well within their right to peaceful protest.

Parents are currently negotiating, claiming that the cookies will ruin the appetites of the tyrannical tykes, and that if they don't eat the broccoli that Mommy cooked, they won't grow up big and strong like Daddy.

"Broccoli? Yuck!" said Thompson, echoing the sentiments of his fellow protesters. He also stuck out his tongue and made retching noises. The protest is expected to last until parents cede to the demands, or bedtime.

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG

Classic movies and their original endings

Did you realize that studios often change the ending of a movie at the last minute to pander to the mindless lemmings that occupy this country, such as yourself? Here are the original endings of a few classic movies which were "a little too real" for the American public. Let's take a look!

PEE-WEE'S GREAT ADVENTURE (1985)

Pee-wee Herman, on his quest to recover his stolen bicycle, becomes distracted by a discount porno theater. He is promptly arrested for diddling his wing-dang-doodle in public. At his trial, the judge mandates that Pee-wee forfeit custody of his bike on the grounds that a full grown man owning a shiny red bicycle with handle bar streamers is "more than a little molester-y." Pee-wee is added to the registered sex offender's list, ending his childish charade of a life.

CASABLANCA (1942)

Rick, despondent over Ilsa's betrayal, decides to terminate her marriage to Victor Laszlo by any means necessary. Rick swallows his pride, joins the Nazi Party, and has Laszlo secretly murdered and Ilsa sent away to a concentration camp. Rick then obtains a position at the camp with the intention of raping Ilsa: maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon, and for the rest of her life. The film ends with Rick ordering Sam to play "*Deutschland über alles*" over and over on the piano.

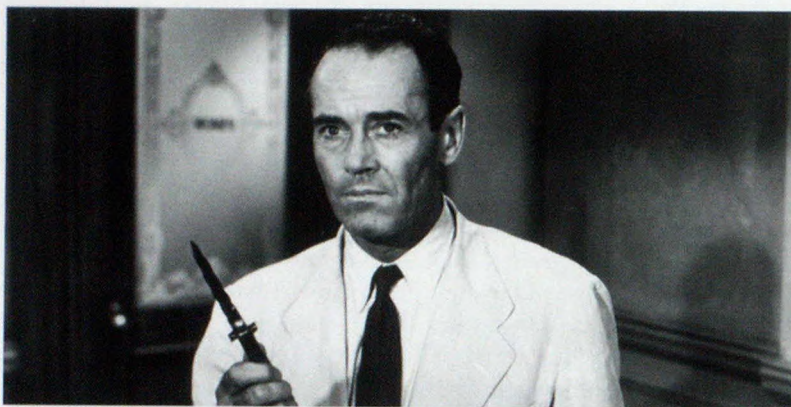
THE SIXTH SENSE (1999)

Dr. Malcolm Crowe finally comes to the realization that he is, indeed, one of the dead people that his patient Cole has been seeing all over the place. Just as he is coming to terms with the fact that he is dead, Dr. Crowe suddenly wakes up, revealing that the entire movie has been a dream. Upon this revelation, we see Cole abruptly wake up, revealing that it was actually *his* dream, and not Dr. Crowe's. Afterward, we see an alien from outer

space wake up, revealing that it was neither Dr. Crowe's nor Cole's dream, but the dream of the alien. The alien can also see dead people. Dead alien people.

THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939)

Dorothy comes to her senses, realizing that Kansas is both boring and full of tornadoes. She decides to remain in Oz and gets an apartment in the Emerald City.



"How would you like it if I fucking stabbed you?"

One day, while the Cowardly Lion is visiting her, Dorothy trips over her ruby slippers and breaks her neck on the coffee table. Terrified that he will be somehow blamed for her death, the Lion devours her corpse and then denies all knowledge of her whereabouts. The guilt gnaws on him for years until he is unable to cope. Finally, he intentionally takes a fatal overdose of poppies.

SCARFACE (1983)

Tony Montana, increasingly paranoid due to heavy drug use and the instability of his narco-empire, finally decides to get help. He cuts a deal with federal prosecutors, checks into rehab, and kicks his coke addiction once and for all. Afterwards he becomes a motivational speaker traveling from high school to high school, warning children across nation: "Jou don' need cocaing to be happy, mang."

STAR WARS (1977)

After successfully destroying the Death Star, Luke returns to the rebel base for some well deserved celebratory fucking with his romantic interest, Princess Leia. After seven-and-a-half hours of filthy, mind-blowing sex, Leia lies in bed enjoying a space-cigarette, while Luke runs out

for another bottle of space-champagne.

On his way to the liquor store, he is intercepted by Darth Vader in his TIE fighter. Before Luke has a chance to react, Lord Vader presents him with notarized copies of Luke and Leia's birth certificates, and then jets off. Upon realizing that he has just had the best sex of his life with his twin sister, Luke castrates himself using the Force.

12 ANGRY MEN (1957)

Twelve angry jurors debate the fate of a young Latino man, accused of murdering his father. Juror 8, through thoughtful and compassionate argument convinces the majority of the jury that there is a reasonable doubt. However, he is unable to sway Juror 3 on account of the fact that he "just plain don't like spics." The jury is deadlocked, resulting in a mistrial. While the suspected murderer is being transported back to jail, he kills a corrections officer by biting his face off, proving that Juror 8 is a total douchebag.

RISKY BUSINESS (1983)

After successfully turning his parents Chicago home into a high class whorehouse (and not to mention totally banging that whore on the subway, score!), Joel Goodsen decides to engage in an even "riskier" business. He hatches an elaborate plan to defeat the evil Lord Xenu by covertly inseminating his stable of whores with the frozen seed of the glorious prophet, L. Ron Hubbard. Joel further expands his plan, deciding the only way to destroy the SPs and achieve full victory for the Operating Thetans is to firebomb all of the psychiatric hospitals in the Chicagoland area.

Unfortunately, Joel's parents inform him that they'll be back from vacation early. Joel frantically tries to get the house back in order: he gets all the whores back-alley abortions and kicks them out, pays off the mafia, blames the bombings on Arabs, and gets into Princeton. Everything is great.

STUFF INTENDED FOR OTHER N.Y.U. PUBLICATIONS

We get sent a lot of crap

PRAGUE, BITCHES!

Originally meant for Baedeker

What up, bros and hoes! It's your main man, Travis, comin' at you live and direct from the Ukraine! That's right, I'm in Prague, studying abroad (or studying mad broads—know what I mean, Steve?), and I'm gonna teach you all some shit about this study abroad mess. You feel it?

First thing: when you get to Prague, all the locals are going to be pronouncing it some crazy way. Like, "Pra-ha" or something. Come on duder, look at my guidebook! It says "Prague"! Pra-GUH! Pfft whatever, they're all wrong anyways. Good thing they have us Americans to teach them what time it is!

So, you've gotten to Prague, and you know what time it is now? That's right, time to fucking drink! Round up every cool-looking kid you can find in your dorm and tell them it's time to binge on some brews. Don't invite nerds—they just want to get on the internet and call mommy or some shit. Fucking fags.

That's your first day down. I'm not gonna tell you what to do for every day of your study abroad term—I ain't your momma who gonna hold your hand and shit. Here're some tips, though: if you go to the castle in Prague (it's like fucking old and boring), be sure to run up the stairs as fast as you can. Then get to the top, pop your shirt off (if you're ripped, like me), and flex a little. All the Prague girls will be all over you, clucking in their weird language. Also, don't eat sausages—shit looks like a dick, dude.

Originally meant for GenerAsian

While we do occasionally receive articles intended for *GenerAsian*, they're all written in some sort of picture language of sticks and squiggles. You know, the same sort of writing that girls get tattooed on their lower backs. It looks good on hot ones, but on ugly ones it's just sort of depressing. We would probably still bang them, though. What were we talking about? Oh, right, *GenerAsian*. We don't know how to read their stuff, so we'll have to omit it here.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Originally meant for Seed

I was walking through Kimmel earlier today, and the name of your magazine jumped out at me. I mean, *Seed*? Finally, a magazine which focuses on a topic that is very, very dear to my heart.

I'm talking, of course, about semen.

A magazine devoted to semen-strengthening techniques and ways to multiply the sperm count of the average man. Theoretical debates on what other forms semen could take, and maintain its potency: would semen still function as a gas? What about a super-cooled liquid whose average temperature is below zero? And semen in space? Advertisements for special targets to help you improve your accuracy. Specially-prepared pages that *won't* stick together. And, of course, Ms. Semen Receiver of the month.

Imagine my disappointment when I opened your magazine and realized it was full of religious mumbo-jumbo. You, sirs, have cost yourself a reader this day. I only hope that you someday see the light and use the name *Seed* to create a magazine whose niche is so incredibly empty.

—DOUG HORNER

Originally meant for Humanus

Actually, we've never received an article meant for *Humanus*. And, judging by their publication, neither have they.

DINING HALL STAFF SNEEZES INTO FOOD

Originally meant for The Washington Square News

Yesterday, sources close to this reporter reported that it was reported that one of the dining hall staff at an undisclosed dining location sneezed into the food, sources said.

When pressed for information, the source stated, "I don't know. I just heard it from Steve." Attempts to reach Steve were unsuccessful as of print time.

A group of N.Y.U. students, calling themselves Sneeze-Guard, has formed to investigate the rumor. They will not rest until President John Sexton, the president of New York University, has publicly released the 2007–2008 academic school year budget. Through careful scrutiny, they hope to discover just how much money is spent on sneeze-proofing the dining halls.

One member of Sneeze-Guard, who only spoke to the *Washington Square News* on condition of anonymity, said, "The food at this school is nasty enough already. And now I have to have some ex-con's snot in my chicken sandwich? This will not stand."

When informed that many of the N.Y.U. Dining Hall staff had never been convicted of crimes (see our special report on page 7 of this issue), the member had this to say: "Huh. Well. Didn't know that. Hm."

portrait of the poet in 2001

Originally meant for The Minetta Review

storming through the party like my name was el nino
i sit at my computer, up in westchester
they say its the best-chester but i dont buy it
when i'm hanging out drinking in the back of an el camino
my fingers idly move towards the next track button of winamp
its 2:15 and mom said she'd drive me to the mall soon
as a kid I was a skid-
next track
the world is my expense the cost of my desire
i too want to rage but i cant find a copy of the anarchists cookbook online
maybe steve can loan me his copy we can make a tennis ball cannon
jesus blessed me with its future and i protect it with fire
damnit mom i gotta go nooooowww
i'm full of ennui

Hobos are amazing in bed, or would be if they had one.

RACHAEL RAY'S WOWEE-ZOWEE SUICIDE TIPS

Make it your best yet!

What's better than spending a long summer day with your family, driving out to the beach, eating yummy sammies in the sand, and then topping it off by blowing your top off that night? Ever since I was a little girl, my Sicilian mother (that's *Siciliano* for all of you not in the E.V.O.-Know!) had this great old-world advice to me; she would say, "Honey, if you're going to return to the Lord by your own hand, make sure that hand is in a bowl of Chex-Mix and make it a heckuva shindig!" My father had a similar adage: "Goodbye cruel world! HONK!" [that was the sound of my father's beloved party whistle].

In an age where everyone suffers extreme alienation and the mental onslaught of an increasing bleaker world, I thought it would be super-duper funno if we tried to bring some cheer to your final moments. (And if that party goes from 7 p.m.-? a.m., we'll try and make the party rock even after hours! How good is that?) So, in words of the paramedic who couldn't save my father, let's get this party started!

Brightly-colored cellophane! Before you go, you've got some great stuff to give away! So, why make your friends and family trudge through your mess like it's a regular ol' garbage bowl? Make it a whole lotta fun instead! Wrap your valuables and cherished items in brightly-colored cellophane wrap (I found some pink and orange wrap with puppies on it. How cute!) and give it as parting favors from the dearly departed! And it's a great way to keep your insides from getting inside the grooves of your favorite records!

End the night with a cocktail! As a no-talent lush, I like my drink to convince me my success is deserved! And how! Here's one of my favorites: the Dranotini! *So delish!*

- Two jiggers of Drano
- Put the Drano in a glass
- Give it a good stir and bottoms up! Depending on how strong you like your Drano—I like mine with a *ba-zing!* kick—you'll bottom out just as soon as you bottoms up!

Stationery! Why write the last word anyone

will have from you on you on a ripped piece of a grocery bag? Make it even more festive with some kooky-cute stationery! "I love you and I'm so sorry" splattered with your own blood and skull fragments never seemed so gosh-darn puppy-dog romantic as when a cute little St. Bernard with a single tear in those wuvable wittle eyes is looking up at you from the corner of the note!

Get the kids involved! Before you go, make the li'l guys some excellent sammies! How about egg salad and bacon with garlic and fresh herbs? YUMMO! Slice the crust off the edges and cut the sammie into fours, and—I always like to add a little something extra to my exceedingly banal recipes—why not give 'em some potato chips? They're gonna be orphans after all, and it will be gruel, gruel, gruel from here on out! Place a little card that says, "Come see what you've driven me to, you mistakes!" to initiate a game of after-lunch hide-and-go-seek. For a more hands-on approach, play "Dr. Jack" with little Tommy or Suzie! Kids love to help in the kitchen, and they're surely love helping sending Mommy or Daddy off into the great sleep. Let them push the plunger on the syringe that signals sweet release for you! Somebody's gonna get to feel like a big ol' grown-up! Fun!

Hide your soul-crushing misery and suprise everyone! Who doesn't love surprises? Once you've planned your going-away party in private, SHHHHH! Keep it to yourself! Make things more interesting or sexy by springing your E.V.O.-Go on everybody all at once! To get things going in the bedroom, lead your wife with rose petals to your lifeless mass, drowned in its own filth on your bed after an afternoon of Two-Buck Chuck and a handful of sleeping pills (or as I like to call them, Heathies, the Breakfast of Champions! YUMMO? YUM-MM-MO!)? *Growl, tiger!*

Or, if you want a get-together with friends, invite some office mates over after work for cocktails, and give them a hint that it's gonna be an even more exciting night by letting the natural gas you've asphyxiated yourself with slowly seep out the front door. Hints? *I love hints!*—like doors that tell you whether you should

push or pull to open them!

Ask the locals! Get a goosey gander at one of the local coupon books and ask around to see how people there do it. Have no shame in harassing people in foreign cities about where to get the most authentic dishes of their laughably-inferior culture. Just like my momma used to make! My mom's Sicilian! Do the same wherever you go. How do people off themselves in Portugal? Konking themselves out with a great big mackerel? Yikes! How do people in Nantucket say "Nan' Thanks" to life? By living in Nantucket? *Yow-yow-sah!* How do people on the Upper West Side of New York get to Harlem? Suffocating in a volcanic shit-stream mixture of irony and fleshy Sauvignon Cabernet with a ripe fruit nose and notes of blackcurrant and vanilla, balanced with an oozing, vintage sense of entitlement? Waiter, one volcanic shit-stream of irony and don't hold the sauce! (That's something only locals order; that way, you don't look like a tourist. *Buongiorno!*)

\$40 a day! Even though this will be a once-in-a-lifetime party, there's no need to break the bank. And you shouldn't have or want to: after all, who's going to pay the organist to play "You Can Always Get What You Want" at your funeral and then impregnate an old college flame? (Sounds like my brother, the kooky-pants himself!) I think forty dollars is a good rule of thumb; if you can kill yourself at a delish breakfast, lunch, and dinner all for at most forty bucks, how could anything turn out more wrong than what's driven you to this? All you've got to do is ask the locals!

Make it memorable! Bacon? DELISH! Add it for that little extra crunch and flavor!

STILL ONE MORE FASCINATING N.Y.U. FACT™

The exact location of the Inter-Residence Hall Council office is a secret. We only know that it's eight miles underground, as protection against nuclear war.

STUPID BOOKS

A condensed biography of Martin Luther King, Jr.

When Martin Luther King, Jr. nailed his Ninety-Five Theses to the doors of the Bus Depot of Montgomery, Alabama, he forever changed the course of history. Tensions had long been riding high in Montgomery and King's defiant act was the flash point that ultimately sparked the Montgomery Bus Boycott. Two days earlier, local resident Rosa Parks had been arrested for refusing to give up her seat on the bus to a white man, who was aboard to buy an indulgence. Indulgences—the granting of forgiveness—had long been sold by the Montgomery Area Transit System in order to finance the construction of new bus shelters without having to raise fares. When a white passenger entered a bus, if all the seats at the front were taken, black passengers were forced to move back to make room. And, in the process, these black passengers would lose their place in line to buy indulgences.

In his theses, King declared the Transit System's practice of selling indulgences grossly unfair and unjust. At a time when the Montgomery Area Transit System's authority was rarely, if ever, questioned, King's widely-circulated theses attracted attention from around the country. He was able to focus national coverage to the second-class treatment of blacks in the South. Beginning on December 5, 1955, Montgomery's buses ran nearly empty as blacks carpooled, walked, took taxis, and hitchhiked around town, forgoing Transit System indulgences altogether. The boycott quickly gained support from the black communities of surrounding areas. For more than a year, it was a regular sight to see blacks of all ages crowded onto sidewalks, deriving their religious authority from the Code of Ordinances of the City of Montgomery, Alabama.

Finally, on December 20, 1956, the U.S. District Court for the Middle District of Alabama, in the decision *Browder v. Gayle*, demanded that King recant forty-one errors from his original Ninety-Five Theses. King defied the court's wishes and ultimately burned the majority decision by Judge Richard Rives. In response, the District Court excommunicated King.

The three judges likely expected this to put an end to the matter; they could not have known at the time that it would only

strengthen King's resolve. He had endured many setbacks during the boycott, including a firebomb attack on his home by the Council of Trent. Excommunication would not keep him from fighting for equality.

King's dedication to the doctrine of the Code of Ordinances, rather than the spouting of the District Court, may have won him many followers, but it made his life very difficult following the boycott. Soon after burning the court's decision, King was called to appear before the Diet of Worms, which was presided over by President Lyndon B. Johnson. King was expected by the tribunal to renounce the bus boycott and the forty-one so-called errors of his theses. Instead, King pointedly reaffirmed his radical beliefs on the Montgomery Area Transit System and their sale of indulgences. After five days of deliberation, L.B.J. presented the Edict of Worms: King was a heretic and an enemy of the state. He was soon arrested and thrown in Birmingham City Jail. However, King couldn't allow himself to be reined in by incarceration. While in his cell, he wrote his infamous "Letter from Birmingham Jail," an open letter containing his translation of the New Testament from Greek into the vernacular.

What King and his followers accomplished has reached far beyond the city limits of Montgomery, Alabama. Today, blacks throughout the United States are free to ride the bus as the equals of all other riders. Furthermore, the Montgomery Area Transit System—after lengthy internal debate—no longer offers indulgences for sale. Further still, the efforts to reform the Transit System eventually stemmed an entire movement: the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, or the S.C.L.C. To this day, the S.C.L.C. claims millions of members around the world, especially in Germany, dedicated to King's teachings and the principles of the Code of Ordinances of the City of Montgomery, Alabama.

Excerpted and condensed from The Reformation and Counter-Reformation of Martin Luther King, Jr. by Michael McMullen, to be published by Random House in the spring.

OVEN of the YEAR!



Arbeit Macht Fryer

**"Can cook a
person-sized
turkey in unter
5 minuten!"**

**produced by:
Ofenwerke, GmbH
Ingolstadt, Germany**

Jews don't believe in Christ, Our Lord.

MEMOIRS OF AN UNDERACHIEVER

by Lincoln Sprague, Head R.A. of Lafayette Residence Hall

I felt lucky to get into N.Y.U. Now, I have only a couple months left here, and then hopefully I will graduate just by the hair on my nuts. The one thing I want to do before then is to immortalize myself in N.Y.U.'s history by publishing my college memoirs in *The Plague*, a university-funded club.

But first, a note: I consider myself to have enjoyed the ultimate N.Y.U. experience. So losers who are tired of sucking can use this to have a less-pathetic life.

Here's how college was/should be:

FRESHMAN YEAR

- I learned how to drink more alcohol than before and also how to not to smoke the seeds.
- I tried desperately with moderate success to get with wasted girls while I was wasted too.
- I told countless lies, most of which I've been able to remember and maintain when mentioned during later conversations.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

- I got a girlfriend, and abandoned all my friends to squeeze on breasts. Ridiculous.
- I switched majors for the third time.

JUNIOR YEAR

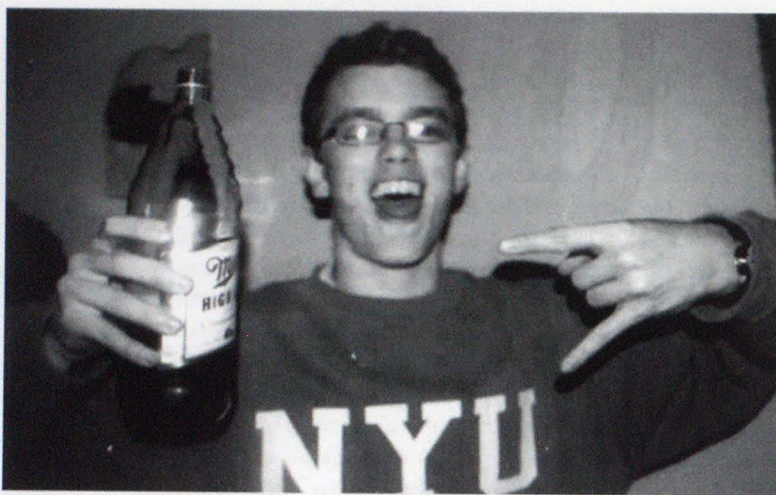
- Depression; attempted transfer; new girlfriend who didn't even like me.
- Turned twenty one, beer became "any-time" drink.
- Bizarre month-long bout with erectile

dysfunction cured with a mitten for my girlfriend's ice-clutch.

SENIOR YEAR

August

- Got dumped by Girlfriend 2; unprecedented personal alcohol tolerance and marijuana expenditure.



Sprague, seen here in 2007, wants to make something of his life.

December

- Excellent job acquired at Coles. I watch people work out like I'm the guard in a prison gym.
- Birthday twenty two means nothing more than that I'm three-hundred-sixty-five days closer to death than the last time my great friends offered to buy me drinks.

Mid-February

- Unprecedented lays per week with girls I'm unable to define as "girlfriend." Yes, per week; remember freshman year when the more suitable unit was per semester, or calendar year? Probably

excites you underclassmen reading right now. It shouldn't though, because sex never made anybody happy. What makes you happy is thinking about getting it. It's fucked up and pretty complicated. We're most content at the midpoint of the straight line tangent to both "alone" and "sex on tap". At least 'til someone gets pregnant.

Late February

- I'm now struggling to stay sober and unhigh long enough to write a four-sentence homework assignment in German, which I've been studying for two years and is spoken in the country to which I am moving directly after graduation. Clear inability to accept the future as I will need German speaking abilities to get laid very soon. But what in the future can't I accept?

EPILOGUE

May N.Y.U. remember me as the only graduate to ever have dry-humped Sexton's daughter to mutual climax, at a Milbrook (or maybe Putney School?) party on Great Jones Street with my friend Nick. And for making out with Sofia Coppola at an S.N.L. after-party. And for my 2.3 G.P.A. maintained while being Head R.A. of Lafayette Residence Hall.

And for pursuing my dreams of the hottest wife ever to the lands of Bavaria in southern Germany. Graduation or not.



DR. NYBORG, AT YOUR SERVICE

I'm an M.D.—Motherfucking-good Doctor

Good morning everyone. I'm S.T. Dr. Nyborg. I'll be running this show. Is the patient fully under? Good. Let's proceed.

Please, just call me Dr. Nyborg—I'm no saint. In fact, the S.T. in front of my name doesn't even stand for "saint." It stands for "self-taught." That's right, I'm the Dr. Nyborg, the world's only self-taught heart surgeon.

You've never heard of me? That's strange. But then again, I've never performed an operation before, so I guess it actually makes perfect sense.

Nurse, hand me a scalpel. Uh, the... the fifteen blade. That one. The one I'm pointing at. That's a thirty five? Right. That's what I meant.

I can tell that some of you might be a wee bit uncomfortable. But I assure you, there's no need to worry: I stayed in a Holiday Inn Express last night.

Of course I'm just kidding.

Or am I?

I think we all need some music to relax. Nurse, hit it. The C.D. player. There has to be one. They always listen to music while operating on *Nip/Tuck*.

What is this, amateur hour? Very bush league.

Can I get a quick hit of that anesthetic? I mean like, half a breath. Like almost nothing. Actually, forget it—I just realized that I was joking about that.

O.K. let's get down to business. All right. Here we go. No big deal. Just like my eighth grade biology teacher taught me. Breathe in; breathe out. Breathe in; breathe—

Ahhh! He moved! The body moved! He's still breathing! It's still alive!

Just like he's supposed to be, I mean. Let's continue. Got to do it quick. Like taking off a Band-Aid.

That was pretty close. Let me try

again.

Hm. That try wasn't as good. I wish I'd paid more attention when my family played Operation. That skill set would really come in handy now.

Hey nurse, would you mind finishing this incision? My hand's feeling a little shaky. Probably because I haven't had a drink yet today. Damn DTs.

There we are. O.K. That looks really disgusting. O.K. So now I'm going to... take it out? Is that what "transplant" means?

Of course I'm joking! Nurse, would you please run out to my car and grab the cooler from the back seat? I just realized that I need what's in there.

O.K. O.K. O.K. I can do this. I'm just going to—

Oh, gross! It's so slimy! It's like a frog! Here, take it. Someone take it!

Nurse, would you please pick that up off the floor for me? Thanks. Now give me the other heart.

There, it's in. So, do I have to... sew it in? Tape it? How does it stay in place? I guess I'll just push down hard.

Nurse, please close him up. I think we're done here. Good teamwork, everyone. A job well done.

Hm. That's odd. It's probably nothing.

Well, does anybody happen to know where I put my watch? I just had it.

Oh shit.



Japanese blood is anti-bacterial.

YET ANOTHER FASCINATING N.Y.U. FACT™

Greenwich Hotel was the original setting of Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. He changed it to Rouen at the suggestion of a young Sally Ride.

REDISCOVERED CLASSICS

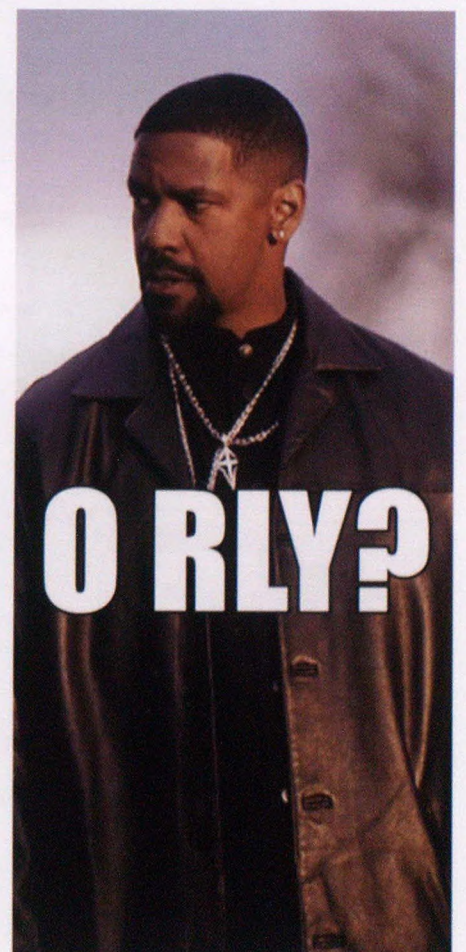
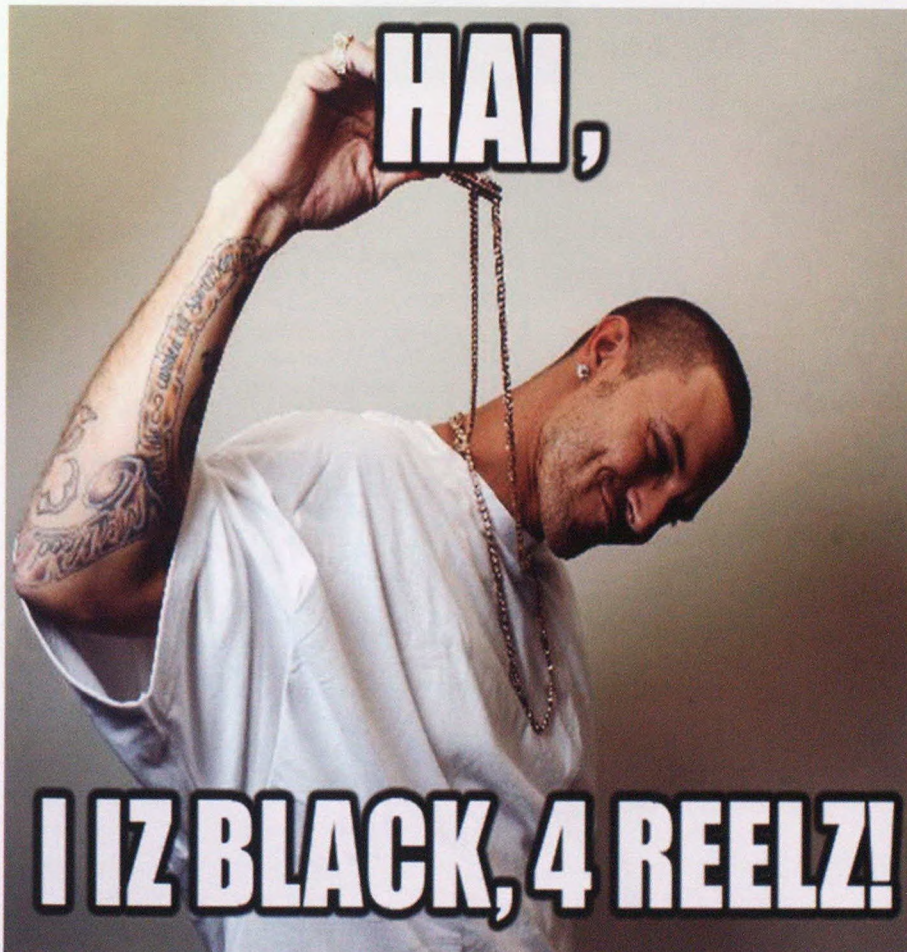
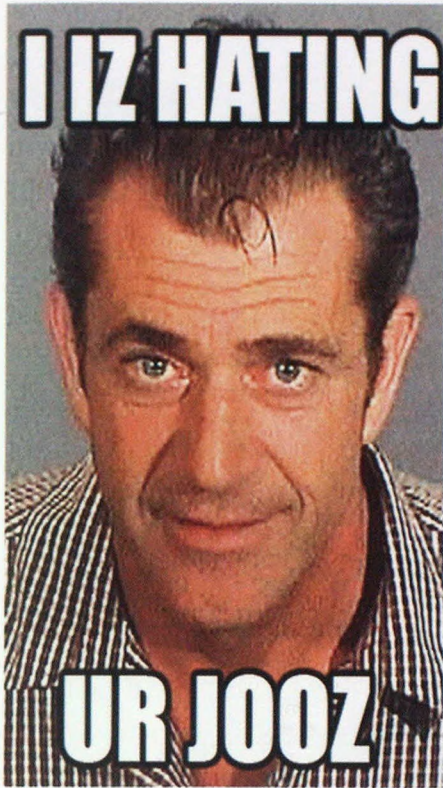
Beowulf goes to the deli

The leader of the Geats, Hygelac's thane,
Beowulf craved a food-meal with a hunger,
greater than any thirty men.
He rode steadfast for fifty-eight days,
accompanied by eleven warriors
rigged in shirts of chain mail.
Their decorated armor glinted in the light
as they followed their mighty leader.
They arrived at Heorot deli,
there was not a deli more magnificent or
with more varieties of meat from Boar's Head,
the symbol on the warriors' decorated helmets.
Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, rewarded his men
for their bravery with golden rings and decorated shields.
Lo the party entered through the hinged-barrier, the door,
while one valiant Dane ally was posted outside.
The group roamed deep within
searching through the mist-band
for the makings of a fine banquet.
Wiglaf, son of Weohstan, carried
cans of the most delicious meat, sea-chicken.
Hygelac's thane, alone, sought the precious mead
in decorated pitchers, a treasure that
would surely put the band in high spirits.
Hellman's mayonnaise was on the list as well.
Beowulf's task was daunting and perilous.
The warrior challenged the frigid air of the ice-closet
with the body heat of forty men and emerged victorious.
The Geat leader announced:
"My task was daunting and perilous, but I challenged
the frigid air of the ice-closet and my body heat
of fifty men helped me emerge victorious!"
Once the gathering was completed,
a great feast was held in celebration of the warriors' success.
Poets, who happened to be shopping for cold
cuts at the exact moment, stopped to sing
adventurous tales for the Geats, while a traveling
orchestra of harp players conveniently passed by
and provided musical accompaniment with little preparation.
The generous feast was over and
the Divine lord guided the warriors' on their return.
They approached the exit,
and Beowulf, grandson of Hrethel spoke:
"We have gone through with a glorious endeavor
and been much favored in this fight
with hunger we dared to face."
The night-stalker crept behind the counter
going unseen by Hygelac's retainers.
The God cursed creature, descendant of Cain,
bane of mankind, the shopkeeper,
demanded an unwarranted set of gifts,
a treasure of decorated iron and paper for his ringing-box.
Many a warrior had fallen prey
to the demon's company of blue-clothed
kinsmen and their iron hand-restraints.
War was looming for the Weather-Geats

but the Almighty Lord was weaving them
a victory-textile.
Beowulf, resolute in his decorated helmet,
drew his sword to match the scourge
of the earth's black C-shaped weapon
attached to a spiraled cord.
The demon spoke into the hell-device:
"Help, Police! There are a bunch of
guys with weapons in my store
threatening to attack me!"
The prince of the War-Geats
wielded the hilt and swung resolutely in an arc.
The hellspawn, spry and scrappy, dodged
and began to eye-rain in the corner.
The strongest, bravest, most attractive of warriors, Beowulf,
swung his blade again and severed the demon's head.
Blood sprayed onto the elated swordsman.
The victory over the shopkeeper
prompted another feast.
Poets and harp players performed
more epic songs of heroism.
A sudden shot sfrom soutdoors
stopped selebration swiftly.
The Dane, Hrethric, son of Hrothgar,
grandson of Half-dane,
great grandson of Beow,
great-great grandson of Shield,
brother-in-law of Ingeld the Heatho-Bard,
collapsed into the entrance.
Blood flowed freely from his wound.
Beowulf, as wise as he is mighty,
did not grieve for Hrethric.
He sought vengeance against
the poets and harp players. Seven Geats
fell in battle and Beowulf, the Geat Captain,
crushed his remaining enemies.
He gripped his final foe's wrist
and with the strength of eighty men,
ripped it from the arm so he could play harp no more,
for he was dead as well.
In celebration of his victory,
Beowulf had another feast.
A mighty voice roared from outside:
"This is the Police, Give up. We have you surrounded!"
Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, roared with a mightier voice:
"Shut your word-hoard! I am Beowulf!
My heroism knows no bounds!"
The police replied:
"Come out with your hands up!"
And Beowulf, with his decorated megaphone, announced:
"I made a pledge to retrieve this hand
that crushed my Geat kinsmen and if I should fall
and suffer death for the cause, take care of
my young company and return my treasures to Hygelac!"
The lesser voice responded:
"What?"

LOLCELEBZ

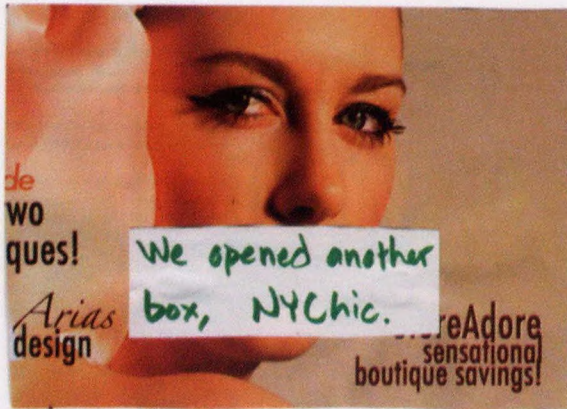
I hate cats



Bullies are all doody-heads.

N.Y.U. POSTSECRET

Slightly less fake than the original



作菜 I ACTED REALLY
燒肉 OFFENDED WHEN
I FOUND YOUR
ASIAN PORN...
BUT I'M ACTUALLY
FLATTERED.

i brought SARS to China. (Canada)
(and Singapore)



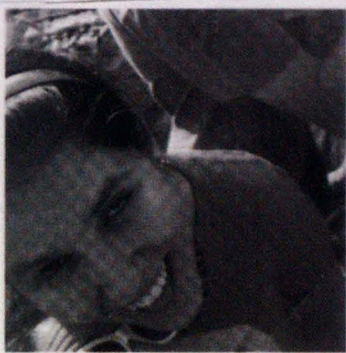
(and Ryan
Seacrest)

i Liked
Grigli.



I shop
at IKEA.





I'm sorry I
made fun of you
for drooling so much
in middle school.

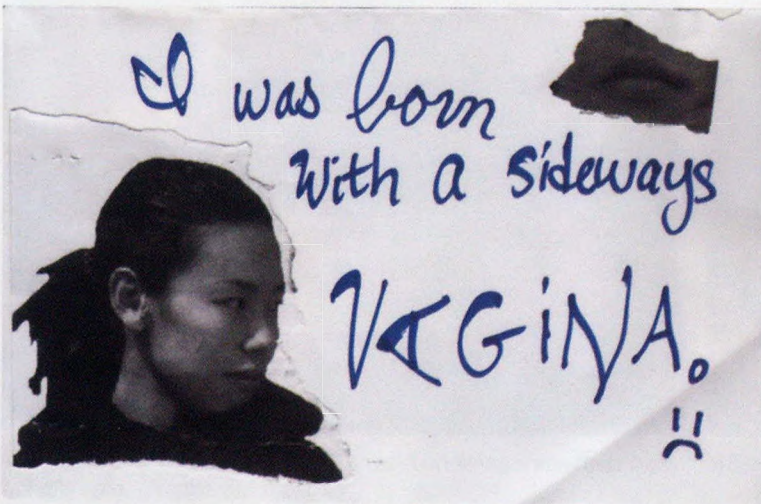


I SECRETLY
WISH YOU
DIED

I leave it to my h

WHEN YOU HAD
MELANOMA

I didn't
buy these
shoes, I
stole them
from a woman who died
in the Triangle-shirtwaist fire.



I was born
with a sideways
VAGINA.
==

g For Hot Black
Suck, let me eat
Pussy Cum. I'm 49 yrs
lbs muscular Build I
rich DICK 442 do
want meet me at
ington Ave Subway Station
Afternoon 3:30 till
2:00 AM Baby I can't wait
till I cum all over your
Face. my DICK is so
fuckin Hard right now
All I'm thinking about is
Sucking your Black Pussy
till I swallow all your
Hot Pussy Cum Call me
David

Zombies hate high taxes.

MY ROOMMATE, THE BEAR

You may think you've got it bad, but at least yours is human



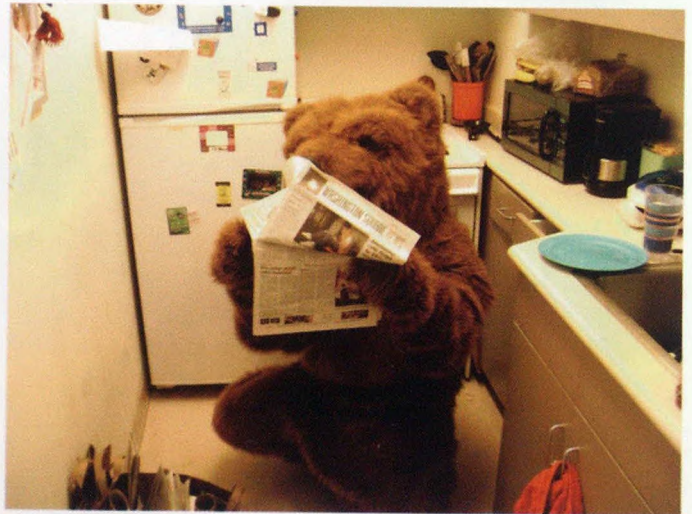
People always tell you about how crazy their roommates are, but this year, my roommate was a bear!



He won't admit it, but he keeps eating all my honey.



And all my smoked salmon. He makes a real mess of it, too.



He poops *everywhere*.



I missed the Mets opener because he was hibernating in the common room.



And then sometimes he hibernates in *my* bed.

Stereotypes are totally lame, man.



Whenever I get in the elevator with him, we have to go to the 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, and 12th floor before we get to the 13th.



He's always using my razor.



He's won't stop stealing pic-a-nic baskets.



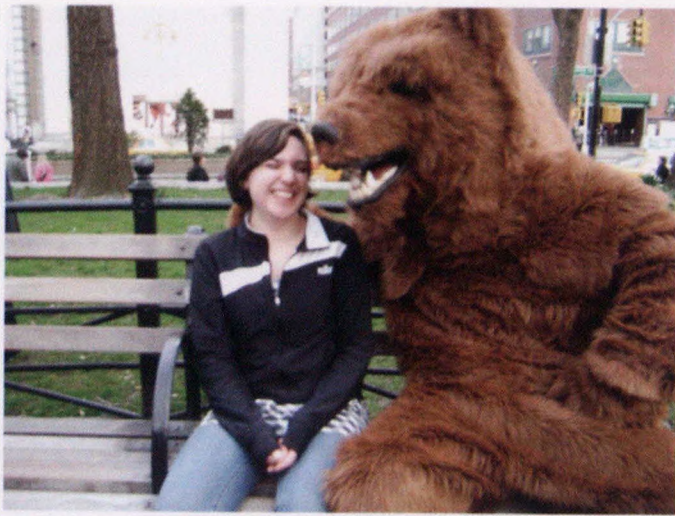
Black people like him more because he lies and says he's half black bear.



It was awkward when I walked in on him taking a new MySpace profile picture.



He thinks this is a four-person couch.



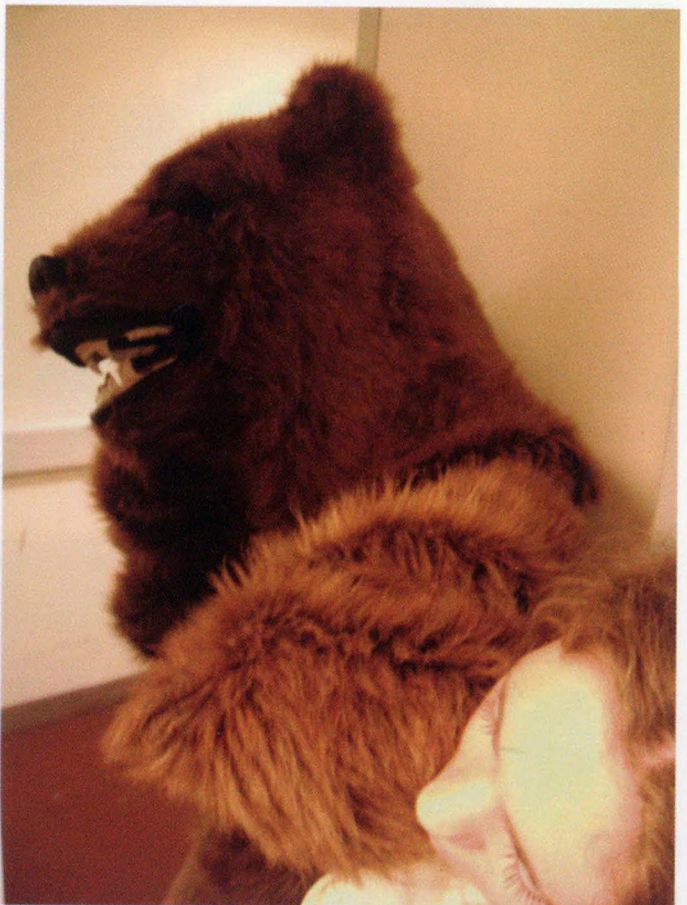
His dates keep ending in disaster. They'll start out well...



He thinks I don't notice when he starts touching himself when we watch Animal Planet.



...then he goes in for the kill...



He's always punching cast members from *The Wicker Man*.

Don't know what I'm talking about? YouTube "wicker man."



...and then he can never stop himself.



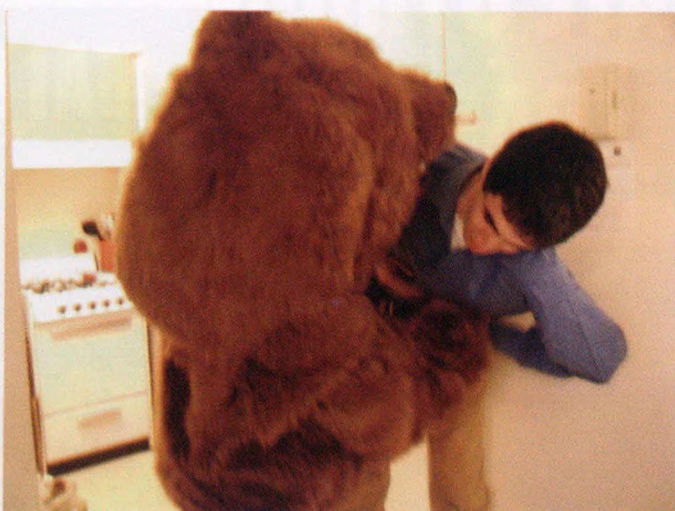
He always pulls this gag on my friends come over where he'll pretend to be a bearskin rug...



...then he'll jump up and scare them...



...and it's all pretty funny...



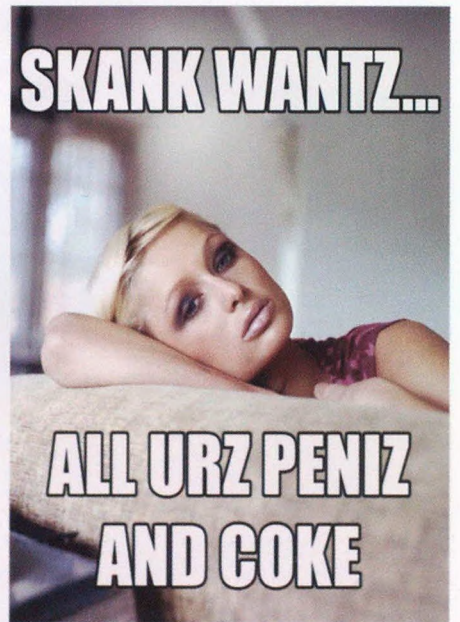
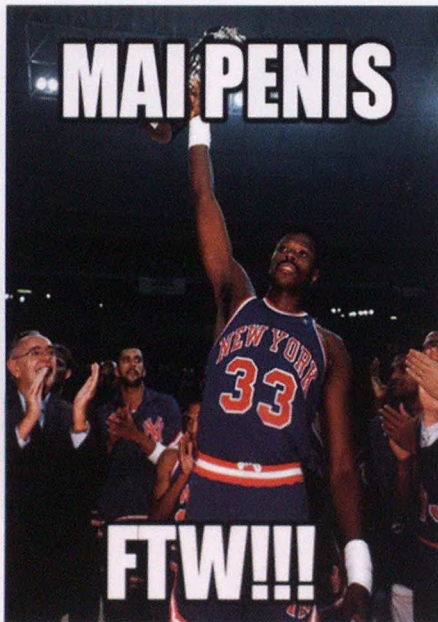
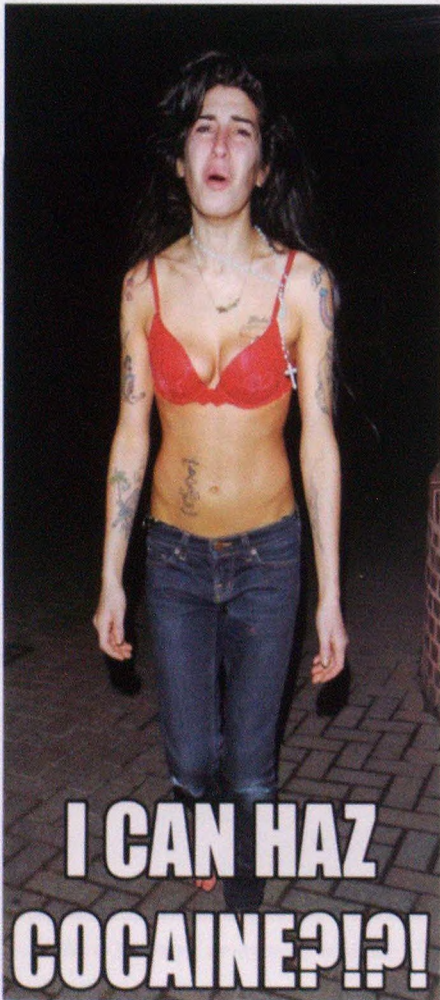
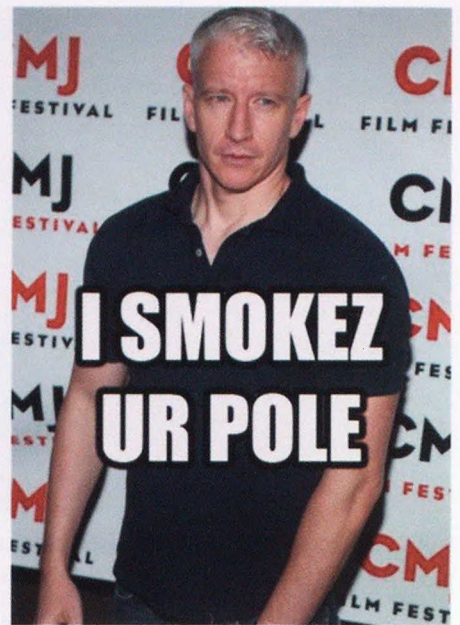
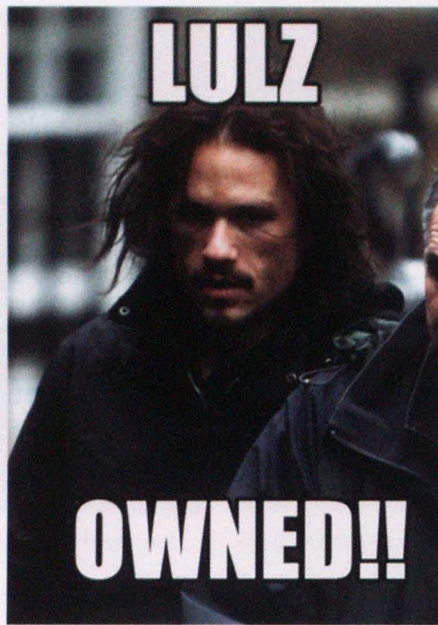
...until he sucker punches them.



Then he has this other joke where every time he gets drunk, he won't stop yelling, "I'm a grizzly BEEEEER!"



I don't know. I'm actually starting to suspect he's just a guy in a bear suit.



I FEEL BAD FOR RETARDS

Because they can't feel bad for themselves

First off, let me just say that I'm no saint. No, sir. I'm not even that good a person. I don't recycle. I don't volunteer. I don't give to charity. I drink. I smoke. I get in fights. Also, I've been known to trip the occasional blind man.

But even though I'm not a great person, there is one thing that makes me better than most: sympathy. I'm full of sympathy. I feel pity for all sorts of people that aren't as good as me: amputees, gimps, Mexicans, cancer patients, orphans, red heads, Canadians, my brother-in-law Travis who ain't got but the one eye, lepers, filthy bums, and foreigners. But there's one group that I got more pity for than all the others. You see, I feel really bad for retards.

I didn't always feel this way. Back in high school, I used to make fun of 'em all the time. I reckon barely a day went by that I didn't make some sort of a joke about how funny retards walk or how weird they look or the hilarious noises they make when you hide behind a corner and then leap out and scream as loud as you can right in their faces. Hell, I even beat up a couple 'tards 'cause they wouldn't give me their lunch money. Now that I know better, I feel pretty bad about how little respect I showed retards back then.

By the way, are those retards still in high school? They must be, since I barely graduated myself, and there's no way them 'tards did better than me on all those tests. They must have been held back all these years. I oughta go pay a visit to them, see how those retards are doing.

It all changed for me when I saw a retard walking down the street one time. I could tell he was a retard because his face was real fucked up and he kept moving his head around like retards do. My first reaction was to laugh—it was funny, after all, seeing him walking around like that, like he thought he was a normal. But then a weird thought came to me: what if that was me walking down the street and the 'tard was laughing at me, instead of the other way around? Then I realized that there was no way this retard could laugh at me 'cause his brain's all weird and made of jelly or some shit. Then I thought, "Wait, it's not his fault; he was probably born that way, unless he put his

head in a microwave or somethin'."

So I was standing there, real confused about how to feel about this retard, when he looked at me and said, "Good afternoon," real friendly-like.

This retard knew how to talk! It was like meeting a dog that could walk on two legs and speak English and had a really gross face. It was that moment that I realized that I shouldn't laugh at retards. I should feel sorry for them because even if they try they'll never figure how to talk good what like I can.

Now when me and the boys are watching NASCAR or something and they start making their retard jokes, I let 'em know how I don't think it's right. And after about five or six impressions of "Stone Cold Steve Autism," I say, "Now come

on, boys, that ain't right. Laughing at them Down-Syndromites ain't like laughing at Larry the Cable Guy—they ain't comedians. They just retards. Now let's stick to watching cars go fast." That usually does the trick. I hate to say it, but I think I'm the only one who really understands retards.

I hope now that the next time you hear someone raggin' on 'tards you'll take second to think about how the retards would feel if they heard you and could understand what you was saying and were able to feel emotions. Then maybe, just maybe, you'll understand why I feel real bad for the Terri Schiavos, Dustin Hoffmans, and Stephen Hawkings of the world. Then maybe you'll realize that retards are people, too, sort of.

THE TOUR

Hey everybody, I'm Dana, I'll be your Ambassador today! If you guys have any questions, or if anyone wants to give me a rimjob, just call out at any time during our session. Don't be shy! I love to have my tailpipe cleaned real good. O.K.? Let's start, shall we?

Now this first building here is the Silver Center of Arts and Science, or just "Silver" to N.Y.U. students. Those of you that do end up attending N.Y.U. will most definitely be taking some classes in this building. So here's a tip for you guys: the elevator lines can get pretty long right before class, but you can sneak around the other side and take the Waverly elevators. You'll be at your lecture in no time! Once, I was alone in a Waverly elevator with an N.Y.U. janitor named Pedro. Naturally, I pulled up my skirt and he gave me a sloppy rimjob. Sums up my first semester here, actually. Maybe some of you will get to meet him, too.

All right, moving right along, one of the best things about N.Y.U. definitely is the park. There's nothing like sitting out here on a sunny spring day discretely masturbating by contracting your vagina muscles, take it from me. See that guy over there? Don't be

alarmed by him. That's just The Timekeeper. He yells at everyone. You know, to say how much time there is before class, and makes sure nobody gets hit by a truck. He's kind of a mysterious character; nobody really knows much about him. I'll let you in on a little secret, though: the man eats an asshole like it's his last meal, trust me. He cleaned my clock, and by my clock, I mean my tight, dripping fudge tunnel.

And across the park is Bobst, our beautiful library. I bet you guys will pull an all-nighter or two in there one day. I certainly have. I've also had my asshole licked in three of the four stalls in the sixth-floor men's bathrooms. But that's neither here nor there.

Jeez, I hate to cut this short everybody, but my ass is absolutely on fire right now. I need a cigarette, an enema, and an edge to rub myself against—this itch is just unbearable! Oh and on that note, N.Y.U.'s Health Center is top notch. They've just been the best about—well, you can imagine. So I better be off. Off to get a rimjob. I hope that you all enjoyed the tour and seriously consider choosing N.Y.U. I also hope that I can learn to love myself, because my father sure didn't. *Ciao!*

—Dana Kirschenbaum

Mongolians are physically incapable of nodding their heads.

DEAR ABDUL

Everyday advice from an Islamic fundamentalist

I am a forty-two-year-old mother of three daughters. I lead a quiet normal life in suburbia, and I've been married to my husband for almost sixteen years now. Things had been going just fine, but lately, I've been getting a little suspicious of him.

Firstly, he's been acting very distant. I've noticed he goes out on a lot more "guys' nights" than usual. On our monthly phone bill, there are many more texts from his phone than there ever were before. Who's he texting all the time? Finally—and this was the smoking gun for me—I saw on our credit card bill that he sent flowers last month. I didn't get any flowers. But it *was* his secretary's birthday. She's a very attractive young thing, so it got me thinking.

Anyway, I hope I'm not blowing things out of proportion, but I need to find out what is going on. I don't know how to confront him about my suspicions without making him angry, he can have a bad temper. But I can no longer keep quiet, I need to know the truth so I can take the proper action, and potentially save our marriage. Please help!

—SUSPICIOUS IN SAN DIEGO

Dear Suspicious,

You have some nerve even daring to write this letter to me. Women mustn't know how to write, let alone use a pen. You are doomed to suffer eternally. Nevertheless, I will respond to this filth as to make an example of your situation.

Now, first of all, I'm sure you are aware that your husband is entitled to more than one wife. Why he feels the need to be sneaky about it is beyond me. It is likely that he is a devious Zionist sympathizer. Moving on, you should not be surprised that your husband is increasingly upset with you, as you have bore him no male children. Your barren womb is cursed and oozes sin.

As for advice for your situation, and how to bring these grievances up with

your husband, I have little to say. I suggest that you pray to the most benevolent and great Allah, Glory be to Him, that you may conceive a son. Then, accept the fact that your home is to become a harem.

—ABDUL

Lately, I've been having problems with a neighbor. I've never liked him very much. I try to be civil, because our wives are friends, as are our children. But the man is a rude and obnoxious pig. Worst of all, he is a mooch—constantly using my things, forgetting to return them, and sometimes ruining them.

Most recently, he borrowed my new and expensive leaf blower and returned it two weeks later, all scuffed up. It took three reminders to get it back. Hell, I had to restrain myself from breaking into his garage and taking it back myself.

I want to maintain peace in my neighborhood for my family's sake, but this is getting to be too much. I've tried to drop hints that this kind of stuff is not acceptable in the past. What can I do to stop this guy from taking advantage of me?

—ANNOYED IN AUSTIN

Dear Annoyed,

I certainly feel the utmost compassion towards you and your struggle with your infidel neighbor. It reminds me very much of my own struggle, dealing with the American and Zionist monsters who pollute the Holy Lands that rightfully belong to all Muslims, steal our resources, and abuse our peoples.

That said, I advise you to wage holy war against your neighbor. You could go about this in many ways, but I suggest building a vast network of tunnels beneath your property. Upon completion, gather the financial support of tribal leaders in your neighborhood and use the money to purchase Soviet automatic weapons and a uranium-enriched bomb from the black market. Then, using your network of tunnels, smuggle the weapons

and bomb and set up camp near where your two territories meet. Stay there overnight. While your neighbor makes his way to his automobile the next morning, pop out, guns ablaze. When you are close to his home, detonate the bomb you are carrying on your chest, hopefully destroying his home and family in the process.

You will die, this is true, but you will die a martyr. And he will never be able to use your tools again. That being said, nobody should be using a leaf blower or any such thing, as they are innovations that the Prophet, Glory be to Him, did not use. Enjoy paradise.

—ABDUL

My cousin Rich is one of my best friends on the planet. He's a great guy. He moved a few towns over from me a couple months ago, and for the most part, it's been great. Except for one major detail.

You see, his son and my son are the same age, six. So they play together a lot. We even have an agreement set up so that one Friday night each month, he drops his kid at my house, and vice versa, so we can go out with our wives. Sounds good, right?

It's awful. His kid is a menace, a spoiled brat. He breaks things, runs amok, screams, and yells. He's rubbing off on our son in a bad way. He's just impossible. When I try to hint to Rich that his kid needs to be set straight, he gets offended, and says his son is a little angel. I understand he's protective, but this is ridiculous! What do I do?

—FRUSTRATED IN FRESNO

Dear Frustrated,

This seems like a fairly simple problem to solve. Simply light the child on fire and behead him with a large cleaver. This way, Allah, Praise and Glory be to Him, can judge him rightfully.

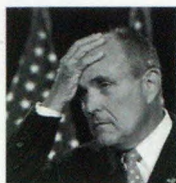
—ABDUL

Call girls? Call boys? Call Sexton.
(212) 998-2345

PRESIDENTIAL DROPOUTS

Who is out, and why

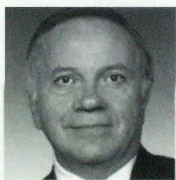
THE G.O.P.



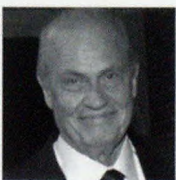
Rudy Giuliani. Despite the fact that Giuliani walked around at Ground Zero on 9-11 and was videotaped and photographed making dramatic and authoritative gestures there, his nomination bid has failed. There are a couple reasons for this. Firstly, like a lot of East Coasters, Rudy wasn't aware that there are states between New York and California, and thus did not campaign in the earliest primaries. Instead, he spent all his time campaigning in Florida, a state that everybody knows can't count votes and should probably be set adrift into the Atlantic. Secondly, he's a terrible fucking person.



Mitt Romney. This election cycle has been one for the history books, and for a while, Mitt Romney seemed poised to make history as the first robot to win the presidential nomination from a major party. Romney often made the contention that he was the best candidate for business and anything else numbers-related thanks to the cold, hard circuit board that serves as his brain, but that he would still also be able to understand the issues that concern human Americans. The voters have spoken, however; America still isn't ready for a robot president.



Tom Tancredo. Some have claimed that Tom's campaign never took off because of his tiresome obsession with illegal immigration and his blatant hatred of Mexicans. In reality, however, everyone hates Mexicans. The real problem was that Tom reminded voters of someone equally negative. After weeks of wracking their brains trying to figure out who it was, the voters realized that he looks exactly like Stimpie from *The Ren and Stimpy Show*. I think it's something about his nose. Or his eyes. Anyway, it doomed his campaign.



Fred Thompson. As it turns out, Fred actually died just a few days after announcing his candidacy. His death went unnoticed by staffers, who found no difference in his personality or speaking style before or after his demise. Thompson's campaign manager was quoted as saying, "One day I looked at him and I realized that he doesn't just look like that, his body was beginning to decay! That's when I knew we weren't going to win the nomination."



Ron Paul. Ron Paul would totally win President of 1924, but unfortunately for him, this is 2008. It's probably for the best—now he can go back to living in his laissez-faire, isolationist, crazy time-warped in Texas's fourteenth district.

DEMOCRATS



John Edwards. This year was all about gimmicks for the Democrats—be it blackness or a vagina. If a candidate wants to be competitive in this year's race, they need some crazy shuck, which Edwards lacks. Ironically, in any other election year in this nation's history, Edwards' lack of a black vagina would have made him a shoo-in. Sucks to be him.



Mike Gravel. I'm pretty sure that Mike Gravel, crackpot former Senator from Alaska, is actually still running. How sad is that?



Bill Richardson. Bill Richardson has such an amazing résumé, it's hard to believe he didn't make it up, so I can only guess that he did poorly because he's so fat. Mike Huckabee lost over a hundred pounds to be able to run for president, so you'd think that Bill could have spent just a little more time on the treadmill. You have four years to get in shape for the next election, fatty fatpants. Get on it.



Joe Biden and Chris Dodd. Until this moment, I thought these two men were the same person.



Dennis Kucinich. The Littlest Candidate was back again this round, and despite sweeping the primaries for the Adorableness Convention, he didn't manage to win delegates for the Democratic one. It's okay, Dennis, you won our hearts. See you in 2012.

NO IDEA



Duncan Hunter. Apparently this guy was in the race too. Or something. Fuck if I know, I've never seen this asshole in my life.

OH GOD, A FASCINATING N.Y.U. FACT™

N.Y.U. doesn't actually exist. This is all part of an autistic boy's elaborate fantasy.

Bosnians are a man's best friend.

BURIED TREASURES

The lost Lost where they're in New Hampshire

Enter JACK and SAYID. Both are run down.

ROUSSEA

LOCKE

SAYID

Goodness. I am so exhausted. We have been foraging for days, Jack.

I haven't eaten that well since I was a little girl, in France, at the Bonaparte Mercenary Day Camp for Girls! *Se magnifique!*

I thought tree bark was toilet paper.

JACK

Toilet paper is the new food.

JACK

SAWYER

KATE

(panting) That's some of the most intense foraging I've ever done. (burps) I don't think I can eat any more pinecones.

Calm down, Ratatouille, I... (beat) uh... I can't think of anything else clever. I just wanted to call you "Ratatouille."

You are horrifying.

SAYID

Yes. I am glad that you suggested the dietary switch to bark and small pebbles. I haven't had a bowel movement in three weeks.

JACK

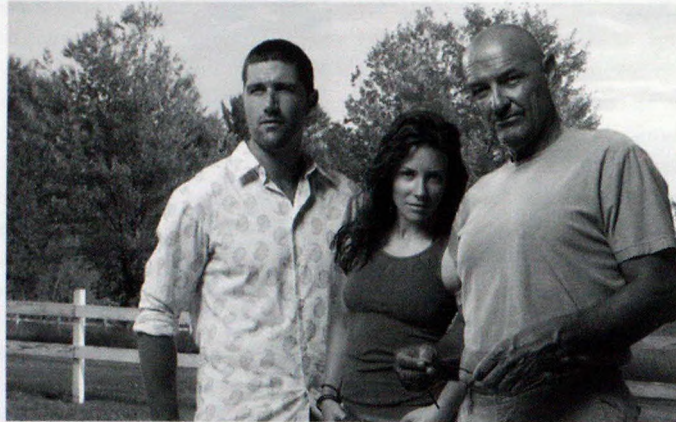
No! Not like that! Different tree bark.

JACK

It's very important for us to keep eating rocks and mud. I am a doctor.

SAWYER

See, Kate? Tarzan and Jane over here use different bark for eating.



Jack, Kate, and Locke, finding themselves "lost" in New Hampshire, mug for the camera for some reason.

KATE

I hate this conversation.

SAYID

It's like I said when I told you my back-story this afternoon, when we were making night vision goggles out of poison oak. *A rock* is not so bad!

KATE

Yeah, well, that's joke enough, I think.

Me, too. I'm going to go use some actual toilet paper. (begins to leave)

JACK

SAWYER

Wait. John... just wait.

(laughs) When you said that with your ridiculous foreigner accent, it sounded like you said "Iraq"! (laughs again) You have pneumonia. It's a side effect of our obstinacy and unwillingness to learn.

Thanks, freckles.

LOCKE

LOCKE

Yes? (beat) Jack?

Enter LOCKE and EVERYBODY.

(notices Jack and Sayid) Jack. Sayid.

JACK

JACK

KATE

Hey, Locke.

O.K. listen. We were wrong. O.K.? We can't find a way off of this Hampshire.

That spaghetti and salad was excellent!

SAYID

LOCKE

CLAIRE

Locke.

Let me stop you there. Who was wrong?

It made my mouth water! I'm so glad we stumbled upon the First Presbyterian Church Retreat Camp of New Hampshire!

LOCKE

JACK

Enjoy your pinecones?

Me.

SAYID

LOCKE

It's tree bark now.

I'm confused. Are you saying that we

were wrong?

JACK

No. I'm saying that Sayid and I were wrong.

LOCKE

Oh... so you're saying you were wrong.

JACK

Yeah.

LOCKE

Oh, O.K. Yeah, I see your point. Instead of giving yourself poison ivy and frostbite and trying to digest raw earth, maybe it would have been a better idea to stay inside, have some fun, and immerse yourself in cold Presbyterian spirituality. I can get onboard with that, yeah.

SAYID

But you still suck.

Enter BEN.

BEN

Hey there, gang. Now isn't time to accuse people of eating toilet paper and sucking. Now is the time for coming together!

LOCKE

(brandishes multiple knives and firearms)
Tell me why I shouldn't kill you right now.

BEN

Because I can shed a light on this ordeal. With show tunes! (goes over to the piano)
This is a song I call "Seasons of Lost". It's about numbers.

KATE

What numbers?

LOCKE

From season two. Remember?

KATE

Right.

LOCKE

Play your song, then. (levels an R.P.G. at Ben's crotch) But just stay on key, boy.

BEN (to the tune of "Seasons of Love")

4, 8, 15, 16, 23, 42. What in the heck could these numbers mean?

4, 8, 15, 16, 23, 42. Totally ambiguous, what's on the screen.

He's a doctor. She's an outlaw. But she's not the only one.

There's Sawyer. His nicknames are pretty fun.

4, 8, 15, 16, 23, 42. So what the heck are we doing tonight?

How about *Lost*? How about *Lost*? How about *Lost*? Put it on *Lost*.

Seasons of *Lost*. Seasons of *Lost*.

4, 8, 15, 16, 23, 42. Some kind of smoke monster to thicken the plot.

4, 8, 15, 16, 23, 42. It's been a while, let's hope somebody gets shot.

There's more questions than answers on this stupid show.

So what makes it so hard to let go?

There's Dharma, the others. There's Ben, and Jacob.

Lost is like a bad girlfriend, but you just can't break up.

EVERYONE

Remember there's *Lost*. Remember there's *Lost*. Remember there's *Lost*. TiVo it, *Lost*.

Seasons of *Lost*. Seasons of *Lost*.

BEN

Thanks. Thank you. By the way, the hatch back to the island is back there.

ROUSSEA

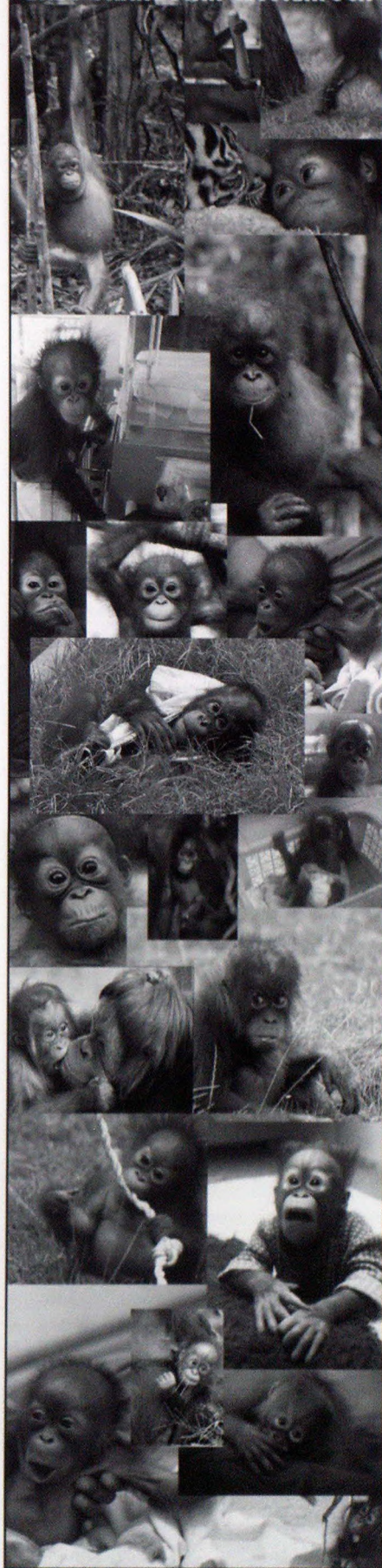
O RLY?

BEN

YA RLY!

Exeunt. Fade out. The end.

CHUCK B. SCHAEFFER MEMORIAL BABY ORANGUTAN CLUSTERFUCK



Bulgarians are all fuck-horses.

MAD LIBS

The greatest bane of the Western world (besides the Eastern world)

What I poop about Mad Libs is that is just so scrotal.

The above sentence is going to be the crux of my argument against Mad Libs. What's wrong, you might say, with that sentence? It's perfectly hilarious: wonderfully nonsensical, mentions an odorous body product, and uses an adjective concerning one of nature's sillier experiments. Perfectly hilarious! And the writer of the sentence, Mad Libs would have us believe, is a perfectly hilarious person. And in that sense, Mad Libs represents the democratization of humor—with the insertion of a few silly words, anyone can be the next Jim Belushi.

The problem is this: not everyone is funny, not everyone can be a Jim Belushi. For most of us, life is *not* according to Jim, lamentably. Mad Libs fools the genuinely unfunny into believing that they are, in fact, funny—a damnable ruse! And how does Mad Libs do this? Not by providing the “madlibber” with a variety of D.I.Y. jokes, but by encouraging them to use words and concepts which by their mention alone instigate a nasty case of what my dermatologist calls the “giggles”—a rash of small, blood-and-pus-filled pimples on the lower back, just above what my tattoo artist calls my “tramp stamp” (an ankh with Monarch butterfly wings).

Take our example above, which I will abbreviate as SCROTE. What's funny about the sentence? Is it because it doesn't make any sense? Well, not really. Let's substitute our choice words with something less reminiscent of the East River:

What I gargle about Mad Libs is that it is just so Ethiopian. (WROTE)

Now, to quote reporter Herb Morrison, as the Hindenburg went down in flames, “That shit just ain't funny.” It is garbled nonsense. If someone said that at a cocktail party, we would all have a similar reaction—namely, exasperatingly asking who the fucker is that brings William Carlos Williams's talking corpse to our parties and if he could in fact pass the cheese plate. So, what's funny about SCROTE is the concepts it brings up: poop and scrotums.

“Poop” is a funny word for several rea-

sons: (1) it's has that long “oo” sound of all things that one can't take seriously, like Whoopi Goldberg; (2) it's onomatopoeic: poop sounds like “poop”... sometimes; (3) and finally, it's all the rage in Milan.

“Scrotum” and its adjectival variant “scrotal” are funny words for several, similar reasons: (1) it can be abbreviated, much in the way I already have, “scrote,” as in the sentence, “Scrote ya later!”; (2) the actual thing to which “scrotum” refers to is a sealed basket made of skin (for those readers, who are unfamiliar with the basic concept of a scrotum)—perfect for picnics, and hence something everyone can enjoy (Who doesn't love picnics? Seriously, show me the fucker.); (3) and lastly, the scrotum is the dark horse in terms of the hilarious-looking genitals competition, and in my book, a dark horse always wins (that's what you get for keeping the dark horses in chains for four-hundred years).

The point is this: these two terms are hilarious with or without the structured sentences Mad Libs provide; if you see a person running down the street, holding a bloody rag to his crotch, crying, “My scrotum! My scrotum!” I dare you not to laugh at that. I dare you. Mad Libs only provides a system for genuinely unfunny people to appear as though they were funny, encouraging genuinely unfunny people to use words in ways that never intuitively occurred to them to use as a way of being funny and the covers of Mad Libs books play upon unfunny people's fears of social inadequacy, nearly screaming out, “Man, if someone sees you doing a Mad Libs book on the train tonight, they're totally going to think you're hilarious!”; in that sense, it is like the Bible—it provides a system where by reading it, generally awful, cruel people appear as though they were good. Look no further than to 1978 World Mad Lib Champion, Jerry Falwell (incidentally, Falwell won the 1978 World Mad Lib Games with SCROTE).

Mind you, just using funny words doesn't make you a funny person. A funny person will not only use funny words but have an intuitive sense about the timing, placement, and context in which funny words will be most funny. This is closely related to the idea of humor as a *techné*

(for a discussion of Socratic's concept of the *techné*, see Benson's 2002 *Plato's Use of the Techné-Analysis*; for a display of egoistic intellectual masturbation related to *techné*, sit next to any two middle-aged men who have nearly identical sweaters and horn-rimmed glasses in Central Park during the spring months).

Now, the fact that genuinely unfunny people are able to pose as funny people might not disturb you. You might say, “Listen, author, the majority of this essay has not been funny. You would have done well to do your first draft in the new Mad Libs book, *Mad Libs Wild, Wacky, Silly Screeds Against Mad Libs*. Mad Libs doesn't actually promise to make people funny, rather it's just like training wheels or alcohol: it makes you become better at what you do. But it takes practice and commitment to become that great bicycle rider or that great estranged father; the training wheels alone won't do it for you.” The problem with this reply is that it has a problem of most replies. It makes a fairly reasoned reply to my argument. As a good academic, I will ignore it.

The problem may not be so dire with regards to humor, but I fear that substantive, meaningful communication will break down as a result of this Mad Lib-mentality: people will come to a point in the future where they simply string words together and think themselves as great bards or great humorists. In fact, I see it happening now—I see it even in my own life. A few weeks ago, my girlfriend told me that I would have to answer one question before she lost her virginity to me, asking, “Do you really love me? Because if you don't, then I don't think that I should really jump into this too quickly. I know you understand where I'm coming from.” Well, no, I didn't. Was this a case of Mad Libs humor ringing empty for me again? What did she even mean? Did she think she was being poetic? It seemed like a prime case of that Mad Lib-mentality destroying any hope of fruitful human social interaction, i.e. sex, and communication, i.e. sex.

I just pray that the world my children grow up is a little less Mad than this one is turning out to be.

THE MAILROOM

Open letters of apology from The Plague

DEAR PING CHING RYU XIN TZU

I don't know who the actual president of Asian people is since Mao Zedong died, so I thought that might be close enough. There's so many of you this has to reach somebody. Oh, sorry about writing that—is saying there's a lot of “you” racist? I'm not trying to be, but I think just by population statistics, Asians are actually the highest. And statistics aren't racist, right? Anyways, the point of this is to apologize for all the mean things I've thought about or said to Asians.

I'd like to apologize for all the times when I've been introduced to an Asian person and I automatically assume that they are Japanese and when they say otherwise I push the issue by saying “But you look Japanese.” I think it's because the Japanese have a monopoly on so many electronic products I adore such as my Sony headphones, my Honda Civic, and, of course, my Nintendo Wii (Did you know you can fight someone in boxing? Fucking boxing!) that I associate Asian-looking people with the Japanese. But, if you're an Asian who doesn't like Japanese people, it's because of the Japanese I'm apprehensive to play video games. The Japanese make so many video games, I won't play one with Asians in fear they'll humiliate me in their virtual reality superiority, whereas I could humiliate them in physical reality, like in sports. But a friend told me that it's only the Japanese and Koreans who are good at video games, so that's a relief.

I'd also like to say that I'm sorry when I confuse which Korea has a fascist dictator and ask them if they are from that country and if they like their homeland. Look at this way: I mean, for white people, it's hard enough determining what the difference is between North Dakota and South Dakota with them being equally boring.

The last thing I would like to apologize for is my lack of Asian friends. I think this is due to my fear of having to eat something that looks like huge owl pellets coated in rice while they shout at me in their native tongue and I don't know whether they're excited or angry. And also because of my previous belief that all Asians were raised to learn a martial art from birth

and are waiting to use it on an unsuspecting white people—kind of like Jackie Chan in that movie *No More Mr. Nice Guy*.

Anyways, I'm sorry for harboring such thoughts and I hope that I can make some Asian friends with this letter to absolve myself.

Sincerely,
Andrew Mallonee

DEAR UPSTEIN

N.Y.U. Quiznos, you shall rue the day that you fucking took the Prime Rib Sandwich off of the menu and replaced it with the ultra-shitty Prime Rib Ranchero. Obviously, your corporation has no soul. What is with all of these fast food restaurants (and that is what you have succumbed to, Quiznos, fast shitty food) and adding “Mexican flare.” The only “flare” that I got from the sandwich was a fiery diarrhea from peppers that must have been picked from a field doused in Agent Orange.

I tried to compromise. When I asked for prime rib meat with mozzarella cheese and peppercorn sauce, your employee went on and gave me a Ranchero. I could have been a dick right there and then and said, “No, I refuse it,” but I took a chance on your creation. This was a mistake. Instead of the Prime Rib Ranchero, it should be called the Prime Rib Rancid-o.

There was once a time where I could come to your establishment to turn my frown-stein up-stein down-stein. But now, without my Prime Rib, all hope is lost. You might say try the Honey-Mustard Chicken, but everyone knows that's for pussies. You might say try the Roast Beef and Cheese, but I want Grade-A meat. In conclusion, I hope the C.E.O. of Quiznos's plane crashes just like John Denver's. And there won't be a song written about it. All that will be left is your shitty excuse for a sandwich, inducing diarrhea and sadness across campus, nay, across the world! I demand change. Give me Prime Rib or give me death.

All the best,
Joshua Demobello

P.S. I'm sorry for damaging your lettuce tub. In my indignation, I may have accidentally climbed over the counter and assaulted an employee. At least, that's what my lawyer tells me. I blacked out at the time and can't remember anything between ordering and sitting down to eat my meal.

DEAR FANS

I'm Mary-Kate. I haven't written to you in a while, I know. I've been really anorexic. But there are a few things I want to get off my chest.

First and foremost, I want to apologize for killing Heath Ledger. It really was unintentional. When he asked me if it was alright to have a few drinks and take his diazepam, I said yes without realizing that he had also recently taken his temazepam, oxycodone, hydrocodone, alprazolam, and doxylamine. I felt awful. I really did. I'll miss running into him when I'm wandering around SoHo not going to school or eating.

While I'm on the subject, I'm sorry for not eating. I know that so many of you look up to me, and it's certainly not something I want all of you to imitate. Eating is important to your health and survival.

I also want to apologize for leaving N.Y.U. I know it was awkward for all you N.Y.U. students when all your friends said, “How are the Olsen twins?” and you always had to correct them, saying “Well, actually, they were only there for a year before they dropped out.”

What was I talking about? Sorry, I'm a little lightheaded from having not eaten for the last three years. I had one more thing I wanted to come clean about. I take a lot of pride in my acting, and there was a period of my life where I really lost my passion for the craft. I'm ashamed to say that you could see it in my work, especially *The Adventures of Mary-Kate & Ashley: The Case of the US Space Camp Mission*. It was a disservice to you and to the *Adventures* series, to phone it in like that, and I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me.

XOXO,
Mary-Kate Olsen

MY ONE DESIRE

At least I don't have testicular cancer

In our world of quick fixes and fad diets, I've managed to keep a level head. I'm happy enough with my body, I mean, I'd like to grow a few inches... taller, but aside from that I'm pretty happy. Yet there is one thing about myself that I would give my first born for, and that is George Clooney's voice.

It all started when I was re-watching a modern American classic, *Ocean's Twelve*. I realized that if I die or just go crazy and end up talking to God, his voice would probably sound just like my boy George's; but it would be an octave lower: amazing, but not Clooney-amazing. I don't know if it is the tone, timbre, or what, but that thing makes me pay attention. Why would I want this siren of seduction aside

from its obvious greatness? Well, I'll tell you.

1. I could have all the blind women in the world.
2. I would have a much better shot at most of the women who can see. Sounding like Clooney would counteract how goofy and awkward I am.
3. People would take me more seriously. Citing reason two, my goofiness not only in appearance but demeanor often leads people to not take me very seriously. Perhaps this is a fair assumption. Yet as I grow older I can see this being a problem.
4. I would easily pass every class I took. Each time I'd answer a question, all the

noise in the classroom would immediately cease and my voice would cascade through the classroom more powerfully than an avalanche, crisper than a mountain stream, leaving all of my fellow students and the teacher wondering how they could ever be satisfied again once I left the class, carried on their shoulders. So pretty much, I could say whatever I want. On top of that, I'd make sure all of my tests were verbal to ensure the same benefit to my exam scores.

5. I could get any job. From hamburgers to Hollywood, I could do it all. I don't even act and I would be pulling down millions in a year. Honestly, George Clooney is a good actor and he's pretty and everything but he's nothing without the voice. Nothing. I can totally see me knocking elbows with Brad Pitt and the rest.
6. My life would just be better. Even if I went crazy, I'd still lead an excellent life. Don't you want George Clooney telling you to watch out for cars and updating you on the time? I would. George would probably not do that; but I would. I would do that for you.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Very few people know the real story behind the American Revolution. But everyone knows that men will do anything for sex. And that, dear reader, was the real reason for revolution. You might be skeptical, but sit back, relax, and enjoy this lesson in herstory.

It is well documented that the colonists were upset about new and excessive taxes being levied by King George III. The truth behind that, actually, was that his wife wanted a new china set. The King could not afford it, so he had to tax the colonists. Anyway, the King raised taxes on stamps, tea, and sugar.

This is when the female colonists totally had a conniption. Without tea, they were not able to have their tea parties. Needless to say, this was a huge problem. Without tea parties, they could not gossip and sew together. Stamps, we know, are very similar to stickers. Everyone knows women love stickers, and this was especially true in the colonial period. Without stickers to paste in their leather-bound sticker books, and tea parties to socialize at, there were thousands of angry women with nothing to do. But the last straw—rather, America's last straw—was the sugar. Without sugar to eat by

the pound, women were left hungry and cranky. Hungry, cranky, bored, sticker-less, hungry women were soon rioting in the streets, on the rag.

Let me add this: you often hear about the colonists complaining about "taxation without representation." This is only a half-truth. In reality, female colonists were just upset that they were not invited to the party that was British Parliament. They complained to their husbands about these grievances, and threatened to withhold sex until the men revolted.

The seeds of revolt had been planted, or rather, had not been planted. Paul Revere rode around warning that the British were coming. The women got a little distracted at this point, noting that Paul Revere's pony was really pretty and nice. As they pet it, the British advanced even closer. At Lexington and Concord, British soldiers and American militiamen finally faced off. Neither side wanted to shoot first, but everyone just really wanted the women to shut the fuck up. So they decided on war.

George Washington led his ragtag American soldiers to victory in the war for independence, knowing full well that if he did not, he would never again visit Martha's Vineyard. And that, dear reader, is herstory.

—Dr. Flint Woodcock, feminist historian

My cup of reasons continues to overflow, but I think that's enough to illustrate my point. If not, I suggest, watching one or all of Mr. Clooney's works. You won't be disappointed.

Having George Clooney's voice would make me the happiest man on earth. I don't want his good looks or even his witty quips; just that glorious voice. Honestly, if everyone, man and woman, had George Clooney's voice it would still bring tears of joy to my eyes with each word. The voice of George Clooney is akin to a fine wine. It is something that should be appreciated for its depth, color and texture. But unlike a fine wine, this glorious nectar of the gods has no expiration date, in the movies at least.

George, if you're reading this, can I please have your voice? We could do this through just a simple voice switch, or possibly one of those chip things that went on Tom Cruise's neck in *Mission Impossible*. I'm happy with anything. And congratulations on your knighthood; the Queen must really like your voice too.

SIX HUNDRED SEVENTY SIX COMMON WORDS

Experimental comedy!

I, and, the, you, that, is, it, uh, a, to, of, know, not, yeah, they, have, in, do, um, we, are, but, was, so, like, well, just, for, think, there, oh, huh, or, on, what, right, my, hum, really, he, with, would, be, if, one, am, about, all, because, get, can, out, at, had, them, this, up, when, as, did, lot, then, some, go, she, people, no, got, mean, good, now, kind, going, time, were, me, will, from, things, more, see, your, been, how, too, something, much, little, where, here, guess, okay, very, an, thing, our, could, their, other, two, work, yes, years, has, even, say, back, down, way, any, does, those, probably, pretty, who, her, sure, want, year, into, than, said, real, take, home, school, over, stuff, went, put, never, by, kids, which, make, him, always, only, around, these, big, anything, doing, three, actually, day, off, us, maybe, money, come, his, still, nice, used, five, should, most, every, long, first, new, everything, many, different, getting, sort, house, thought, course, last, also, bit, old, car, same, care, need, let, great, feel, family, through, children, done, before, use, being, problem, pay, four, look, ever, though, whole, why, read, seems, another, remember, bad, find, hard, talking, interesting, live, part, trying, keep, place, try, better, far, else, tell, after, bye, whatever, quite, area, twenty, enough, couple, ago, having, own, either, fact, hundred, somebody, watch, while, sometimes, away, texas, high, made, husband, usually, heard, dollars, type, once, anyway, started, might, few, again, came, times, give, everybody, six, life, person, seen, exactly, ha, ten, college, fun, job, start, week, able, country, buy, point, play, talk, working, gonna, call, Dallas, least, since, both, state, took, called, wanted, news, night, almost, system, ones, someone, may, days, goes, next, believe, looking, parents, end, enjoy, wife, half, gets, saying, hm, mother, yet, love, until, guy, child, company, agree, wow, run, makes, especially, thirty, coming, whether, idea, eight, small, gone, together, such, spend, understand, problems, saw, government, myself, sounds, world, bought, movie, boy, lived, hear, city, worked, name, thousand, best, women, T.V., each, comes, credit, stay, help, basically, month, paper, seem, thinking, definitely, change, seven, found, certain, nothing, wonderful, friends, music,

tax, funny, places, young, months, food, number, supposed, dog, show, cars, certainly, summer, water, matter, fifty, reason, side, told, drive, moved, close, story, taking, gotten, today, less, anymore, set, business, during, pick, important, living, town, mine, dad, happened, situation, taxes, public, crime, deal, happen, yep, program, man, paying, eat, older, book, schools, rather, percent, eighty, easy, favorite, son, outside, says, tried, between, computer, reading, involved, gosh, neat, sit, knew, several, drug, air, making, camping, left, friend, room, absolutely, weeks, morning, won't, insurance, law, anybody, gun, married, age, daughter, works, along, books, miles, health, listen, stories, minutes, although, hour, jury, card, nine, kinds, wear, running, takes, cost, major, under, American, must, mind, already, guys, north, paid, without, hours, recently, case, mom, expensive, turn, budget, hand, ahead, worth, cut, large, forty, often, middle, weather, amount, education, full, movies, second, control, don, drugs, war, top, hope, wrong, enjoyed, liked, ah, god, sense, watching, difference, mostly, yourself, decided, looked, experience, states, fifteen, interest, talked, team, service, bet, leave, against, bring, walk, wonder, cat, nursing, recycling, everyone, learn, vote, class, death, father, benefits, instead, lots, tend, fairly, front, lives, game, particular, line, wait, sister, question, fine, interested, past, somewhere, cold, felt, trouble, check, kid, spent, imagine, playing, group, later, unless, taken, difficult, brother, early, Christmas, phone, ready, California, door, hit, woman, exercise, office, looks, local, men, fish, York, twelve, using, income, terms, ask, growing, hot, Plano, except, grew, happens, yard, cards, finally, winter, kept, gave, needs, changed, sitting, street, move, goodness, punishment, companies, wish, girl, sixty, themselves, figure, vacation, radio, wants, putting, black, society, rest, south, didn, ought, test, nobody, store, seventy, lake, played, baby, dinner, hate, forth, starting, topic, white, weekend, areas, free, guns, general, newspaper, dollar, tough, chance, oil, across, ways, beautiful, built, capital, open, community, national, stop, cats, late, teach, testing, shows, plan, university, catch, happy, hey, sorry, information, totally.

THE PLAGUE IS GOING ON A PICNIC AND BRINGING...

Alex Rubin
Baedeker's stuff
Cock jokes
Dangling modifiers
Everyone Hates Chris DVDs
Flim-flammetry
Gorgonzola
Hungry, hungry hotties
Izzy Alcantara
JELL-O Jigglers
Kabernay Savenion
Lorna Doones, NOT
Million Man March. We won't feed everybody, though.
Nitrous, man. Lots of it.
OutKast
Penis
Quiche Lorraine
Rhino-plastics
Smaller picnics
Testicles, so the women can make a few jokes
Ugly chicks, so the guys can make a few jokes
Viagra—what's a picnic without a hard-on?
Wieners. I mean like, the food, pervert.
Xylophones?
You! And something with a Z.

Hessians eat lots of bagels.

THE PLAGUE EXPLAINS...

MOVIE ENDINGS

- He has to go to class
- It was all just a wet dream
- She thought it was the lip gloss, but it was her all along!
- A large boat sinks, but no one's on it, so no one really cares
- The space shuttle lands and everyone cries... because it actually crash landed... into a volcano

FUTURE ROLES FOR DANIEL DAY-LEWIS

- Denzel Washington (in blackface)
- A man who's paralyzed everywhere but his left ass cheek
- *Norbit*, playing every role
- Jeff Foxworthy in the artsy remake of the *Blue Collar Comedy Tour*
- Roseanne in a John Goodman biopic
- Mr. Dink in the live-action *Doug*

WHAT BO DOESN'T KNOW

- How to stop the hurt inside
- The way to a man's heart
- His child's real father
- How many fingers I'm holding up

MEGA MAN BOSSES

- Jewish Mother Man
- Girls Don't Know What This Is Man
- Ariel Sharon Man
- Sodomy Armadillo
- Woman Man
- Scathing Retort Man

SWEET NATURAL DISASTERS

- Big-ass titties breaking shit all over New York
- Bear invasion of Hollywood (they're on fire)
- A plague killing all women... seriously, I hate women
- White chocolate floods Harlem

WHY THEY HAVEN'T TUNNELED TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH YET

- Morgan Freeman refused to narrate it
- They overshot and all the Chinese fell through
- HOT LAVA
- Crippling self doubt
- they r pussiez

MIDDLE SCHOOL PICKUP LINES

- I like your retainer.
- You've got braces. I've got braces. Let's get connected.
- You got a nice rack over the summer.
- Hey hot stuff, I've got *Drake & Josh* TiVoed at home.
- I have candy in my van. Like my clown suit?

FEATURES OF THE MAGIC SCHOOL BUS WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT

- Fully-stocked wet bar
- Seat belts
- Hybrid engine runs on wonder and knowledge
- Bare knuckle boxing ring
- Sundae station
- The license plate said "FRESH" it had dice in the mirror

I'M NOT ANGRY, I'M...

- hemorrhaging internally
- crysturbating
- watching *Frasier* reruns
- Scott Baio

MUSICAL GENRES THAT NEVER TOOK OFF

- Rythym & Farts
- Playing dicks like they were flutes
- Applecore
- Gregorian Gangsta Chants

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

- To think about girls when I masturbate
- 1024 x 768
- Have sex with more water wings
- Kill more white women
- Make an Asian friend, then ask him to teach me karate

THINGS FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATION OF WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

- A lot of dead hobos
- Prob. a gay stegosaurus and shit
- Jumanji!
- The rest of Fergie's lady lumps
- \$26,000 of each student's tuition
- The egg that The Timekeeper hatched from four thousand years ago

EUPHEMISMS

- Greasing the womb
- Trevor's Anointed One
- Giving Patty da mayonnaise
- Ruining your diet
- Sending Grandma to "live on a farm"

VALENTINE DAY'S GIFTS

- A beating
- Non-consensual sex
- A beating followed by non-consensual sex
- Anal... come on baby, please!
- I wasn't going to say anything, you but you could shave your nuts.
- A break from all the loneliness

THINGS GRAMERCY GREEN WILL HAVE

- Those weird European outlets that don't work
- Enough asbestos to blow your mind... and lungs
- White people
- Bitch sophs with housing priority

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

<http://readtheplague.wordpress.com>

WHY IT'S TOUGH TO BE WHITE

- Black History Month gets tiresome after a while
- Sunburn
- Lose all your money to Indian casinos
- Being a valued, contributing member of society takes responsibility
- Can't dance!
- Don't have hos in different area codes

WHY IT'S NICE TO BE WHITE

- Great at running routes
- Ancestors didn't die from sissy diseases like smallpox
- Golf/tennis!
- BET's usually a high, hard-to-remember channel
- Classical music, FTW
- God is white

WHO'S GETTING OUR VOTE IN 2048

- Senator Zac Efron
- Robobama
- Gozer the Gozerian
- Eric

WHY N.Y.U. WON'T RELEASE ITS BUDGET

- 50% of tuition to "Sexton's burritos"
- Waiting to hear the magic word
- It's in Chinese and they can't find a translator
- Waiting for Mel Gibson to pay *Ransom*
- Out of printer paper

DAN SMITH WILL TEACH YOU

- Guitar
- The state capitals
- How to dismantle an atomic bomb, by U2
- To never back down
- The methods with which Dan Smith uses to teach

WHY GHOSTS DON'T WEAR SHEETS ANYMORE

- They're hiding from Pac-man
- Fucking picky about thread count
- Sheets are a bunch of conformist bull-shit, dude
- Ruins the ol' "sneak 'n' rape" bit
- It's embarrassing when they get a ghost boner
- Easy to trip over and fall through entire buildings

BAND NAMES BEFORE THEY WERE SHORTENED

- Jay-Zenon: Girl of the 21st Century
- Radiohead, Shoulders, Knees and Toes, Knees and Toes
- Leonard Douglas Skinnard III
- The Spice Girls, 1 Cup
- Rage Against the Machine Because the Stupid Machine is Broken and the Repair Guy Can't Come 'Til Tuesday

DISAPPOINTING TREASURES AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

- Pot of mold
- Testicular cancer
- The realization that the pot of gold is inside each of us
- Her pies
- Fool's Gold, on V.H.S.
- Female comedy writers
- Having your faggot friend hit you with a red shell and pass you at the last fucking second

LEGENDS OF THE TIMEKEEPER

- Bitten by a clock at young age, now has the proportionate timekeeping abilities of a clock
- Vocal cords of adamantium
- Trademarked catch-phrase "Clock-a-doodle-doo!"
- Gained his timekeeping powers in rare quartz-mining accident which lodged a crystal deep in his brain

INAPPROPRIATE FUNERAL ATTIRE

- Your suit... *birthday* suit!
- The shirt he got stabbed in
- #1 foam finger
- Your face! BURN

WHAT KILLED THE DINOSAURS

- Shark Week
- Suge Knight
- Dinosaurs are a myth. I'm pretty sure the Bible debunked this a while back.
- Me, in Turok, all fuckin' day

PORNOGRAPHIC FILMS STARRING THE ELDERLY

- Snap, Crackle, Pop: Arthritic Sex
- Cockoon
- Old-Gasms
- On Golden Shower Pond
- #1 Grandpa in the #2 Hole

ONE FISH, TWO FISH, RED FISH...

- Dinner!
- Mercury poisoning
- Blue balls
- AIDS!

DISTRESSING OPENINGS TO A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

- then I said, "No, *you're* H.I.V.-positive!"
- Can I call you back? I was about to pass this kidney stone.
- ¿Qué?
- My God, is it really you? How did you get out of the aquarium, much less make a phone call?

LISTS IN THE MAGAZINE BUT NOT ON THE WEBSITE

- This one

Hookers are in it for the money.

Arthur's New Adventures on PBS

weekdays at 9 a.m.



COME TO BARBADOS

PEDOPHILIA!

ASS - PINEAPPLE

A silhouette illustration of a beach scene at sunset. On the left, a large bear-like figure stands on its hind legs, holding a small human figure. Next to them, a person holds a pineapple. In the center, two people stand together. To their right, a person is crouching, and another person is crawling on the sand. On the far right, a person stands with their arms raised in the air. A dog is running towards the right. The entire scene is reflected in the wet sand.

WHERE ANYTHING
GOES



**RUBIN
RUBIN
RUBIN!**

The Plaguey Bunch

*Look at all the hilarious people in The Plague! But who's that person in the middle? That, my friend, that could be **you**! (Especially since you're probably a white heterosexual male, **BUT IF YOU AREN'T ONE OF THOSE, WE COULD USE THE DIVERSITY!**)*

So come join *The Plague* every Monday at 6:30 p.m. in Kimmel 708!