

The Plague



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The Plague

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Then turn it over and read it backwards!

STAPH

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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.** Sending puppies into space. **7.** Justin Beiber rashes. **8.** Picking up chicks at golf tournaments. **9.** upside down 69ing. **10.** that one scene in Mr. Holland’s Opus 11. all those other scenes in Mr. Holland’s Opus

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Stephan Polniaszek; Audrey Underwood; Nanci Cooke; Bob Butler; S.A.B. & ASSBAC; Jesse “Rafe” Meyerson; alexrubin; Halloween Adventure, I guess; the BBC, the baby on the Francesca’s menu; Jeff Francoeur’s Laser Cannon; the other student publications; pharmacists; disc golf; shake that bear; people that don’t sue us; people that do sue us and lose - ha!; whoever left all those jelly beans in the pub lab; our moms and dads, your moms and dads; and of course, GM Printing.

The Plague © 2010 Volume XXXII
Issue 1
60 Washington Square South, Box 152
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Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

Hello dear readers, and welcome to the Spring 2010 issue of *The Plague*. This is my final effort as editor-in-chief, and thus, my final chance to address all of you here. As the staff puts the finishing touches on this issue, I'm left with a number of feelings about my future that I'd like to share.

I am going to law school in the fall. Why? It felt like a good idea when I decided on it 15 years ago and, if anything, I am a man of conviction. Now, I must be honest, practicing law is not my "dream job." My "dream job" is General Manager of the New York Mets, but unfortunately I am automatically disqualified because I possess a functional frontal lobe. So off to law school it is.

When I think about attending law school, I realize how much it is going to fucking suck. Almost immediately I will be swept up by a riptide of self-importance, inserted like a wide-eyed orphan into the rat race of the budding professional world. Based on my knowledge of the profession (which admittedly amounts to ≈nothing), lawyers are presented with two career tracks, provided you do well enough in law school to avoid flunking out, failing the bar, or gouging your own eyes out with the edge of a tort textbook somewhere in between.

The first track is corporate law, where you have to shove your face up older lawyers' assholes and lick around to get anywhere. Traditionally, this is where the money is, but given the state of the economy®, who the fuck knows. The other path is public interest law, or the "pussy" track. You can find a rewarding career in public interest, work like a dog, and earn just enough not to die. Aside from the fact that I am woefully unprepared to take anything seriously at this point in my life, the main reason this depresses me is that I am bound to do unpleasant things for the better part of the rest of my life.

When I went to Admitted Student's Day for law school, my suspicions were confirmed. I jotted down some notes that day, hoping to come up with material for this column. I don't have an entire story arc, but I will share some remarks.

"painful welcome video – student hurricane network – lifehouse soundtrack?"

"I'm the only person who hasn't shaved for this, aside from a couple girls."

"Jacked lumber-douche enters in 2 size 2 small polo - rival identified"

"class rings, balding, pantsuits. some people brought their moms"

"dude pours individual juice bottle into cup. Why?"

"9 1/2 black people here"

All in all, I was left less than encouraged in regards to my pending social life at law school. I'm not saying I'm all that cool, but at this gathering I felt like Trip Fontaine in *The Virgin Suicides*.

My point is that this magazine may very well be the last pleasurable activity I ever participate in, until I'm a



Five O'Clock Shadow

filthy old man and I can pretend to have degenerative dementia at Little League fields. That's why I wanted to really go out with a bang this issue.

The problem with comedy writing is that it's really hard. Every piece of shit on the planet thinks they're funny, and to laugh at someone or something else is to cede a little bit of your own sense of humor ego. Crippling self-doubt gets in the way of my comedy writing all the time. I have what I think is an idea for something hilarious, but once I digest it doesn't sit right and I end up puking it back up all over the floor of the publication lab. What I thought was funny now will probably not be what I think is funny now-er. That makes it hard to even get through a sentence, let alone put together 30 some odd pages.

The only way to overcome this dilemma is to "go for broke," as they say.

The theme of this issue, if there is one, is absurdity. For example, it's absurd that the turkey leg on the front cover managed to remain intact, given that it is in Josh's hand. I think there's a lot in here that most people won't be able to help but laugh at. More importantly, a bunch of jerk offs had a good time and some free meals while making it. And isn't that what this magazine is really all about?

Josh and I leave the magazine in the hands of Craig and Andrew. Craig works for the Onion, so fuck him, and Andrew really milks as much as possible out of every chromosome. The legacy Josh and I have left is clear, at least to the two of us. Farewell.

I just wanted to add one unrelated note. Colin Cowherd from ESPN radio is the worst person on the face of the Earth. I hate him more than anyone, ever. Listen to him for five minutes, even if you don't like sports, and tell me you don't want end his life. My sincere hope is that miserable and unfortunate things happen to him consistently forever. He once said, I'm paraphrasing, that Olympic hockey was unfair because it's dominated by rich nations. He rattled off the nations that were important in international hockey (Canada, Russia, U.S.A., Finland, etc) and cried foul for other "poor" nations, like Ghana, that can't compete. You know another big difference between those countries? THE FIRST ONES HAVE FUCKING ICE. Fuck you forever Colin Cowherd.

He also likes to refer to the New York Mets as a circus show, playing carnival music while he shits on them. I hope he loses control of his bowels for eternity.

The Mets have won seven games in a row and nine of their last ten. I want to make note of how happy I am right now so that when they spit the bit down the road I can remember what it felt like. Gary Matthews Jr. is a terrible baseball player and shouldn't be on a Major League Roster. I don't understand why Oliver Perez loses 5 miles per hour off his fastball in the prime of his career, or why the Mets decided to pay him 36 million dollars to do absolutely dick-nothing. So, now I'm on the record.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

There are a few great things about being among the upper echelon of Plague officers. The most obvious advantage is all the free, crazy pussy Nick and I get from the legions of the lithe, freshmen coeds that make up our swollen fan base. I'm talking like Donny Osmond pussy. To specify, I'm referring to the amounts of ass we get, although some of the vaginas do bare an uncanny resemblance to Donny's leering, Mormon face. Nick and I should turn this misshapen genetalia down, but I have a lot of things in life, and a discriminating penis isn't one of them. And you can imagine if my D isn't choosy, his turns down fewer women than James Caan does acting roles. Elf? Seriously?

Ok, I must admit, the above paragraph, in addition to being wildly inappropriate, is patently untrue. It feels good to say this, because—despite an insurmountable amount of evidence to the contrary—I do have a very active conscience. Despite its activeness, it rarely dictates my actions, because for better or worse, my conscience is kind of a bitch. Regardless, I seriously considered replacing my first paragraph or removing it completely, but I really like that Donny Osmond bit. Hot shit.

One of the actual advantages we Plague leaders enjoy (outside of our own minds) is the upmost esteem and respect we get among our peers. Of course, part of this is due to how fucking lame every other traditional source of comedy has become. Ever since the cancellation of the unparalleled Dionysian gifts that were MadTV and the Jeff Dunham Show, comedy enthusiasts have been forced to turn to Saturday Night Live. While SNL was a sufficient substitute for enthusiasts of the Mencia School of Comedy, it has fallen off in a big way. These days, it's about as unfunny as that genital-crushing Willem Dafoe vehicle, Antichrist. Don't know what I'm talking about? Check it out here: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Antichrist_\(film\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Antichrist_(film)). *Shudders.* Regardless, the Plague remains the single finest source of pure comedy made in the traditional way: by under-sexed, whiskey-and reefer-filled white kids who think they are the authority on every fucking thing. As one of the leaders of this intellectual Bacchanal, I demand the respect of people all over this fine, urine-soaked city. If I had a dime for every time CAS Dean Santirocco asked me to teach a special section of Writing the Essay focused on comedy, I would have enough money to carry out my ultimate fantasy. For those of you who don't know, my fantasy consists of hiring Ellen Paige and Blake Lively to

star in a porno based on "3's Company." I, of course, would play the part of John Ritter.

Despite all this, the best advantage of being a Plague officer is that we get two cracks at producing the essential go-to source for comedy. Don't get me wrong, I am extremely proud of last semester's issue. It was, without a doubt, significantly funnier than any of the previous issues produced during my four-year tenure with this magazine. The issues of previous years can be described as, in order: Freshman Year: Collegehumor proving ground; Sophomore year: heavily-edited, over-polished, soulless, old-timey humor; Junior Year: Our president and vice-president were both women. I wouldn't trust them to park a Yugo in a loading dock, much less produce a magazine. Last semester, Nick, for the first time since I've been here, brought the MOTHER-



I fucking hate you

FUCKING THUNDER. Still, we had some issues, which we spent this semester correcting. First, we didn't rain enough on the hug-filled, beard-covered parade that is John Sexton's life. This semester, we tore his old ass up. Just read the magazine, you'll see what I mean. Second, we had some layout and editing issues, the most noticeable being when we accidentally cut out almost an entire article during layout. This semester, we are committed to including the entirety of all our articles. To be frank, we are doing this more out of necessity than out of pride, because so few of the submissions we've received have been printable that if we don't include them in their entirety, the magazine will be four pages long. Seriously, some times I wonder if the youngbloods at the Plague are trying to ensure our failure. It's like these ass-hats don't realize that the ability to acknowledge and laugh at other's people humor does not a comedy-writer make. Throwing the words "fuck," "bitch," and "ho" 30 times into a stupid

article about something your stupid friend said doesn't make you funny, it makes you Katt Williams. I don't even know what to say.

The thing I most want to improve though is my "Things I Damned Well Feel Like Saying." I know, I know, you're thinking: "But Josh, that was literally the funniest thing I have ever had the immense pleasure to read in my life. You're 'Things I Damned Well Feel Like Saying' filled my life with meaning and my underwear with sticky good-time sauce." Well, I appreciate that, and I too get a half-chubby every time I reread my masterpiece, but there is always room for improvement. There were even two criticisms that I would like to address. First, Nick and I were concerned that our works were too similar. As I'm sure you can see, I didn't have too difficult of a time making something different than the rudimentary scratchings of that angry, Greek, goat-worshipping bastard. I made something that was funny, and, like, clever. Second, when my Mom last semester's "Things I Damned Well," she put the magazine down when she got to the part where I mention "drinking an entire bottle of Booth's Gin and passing out facedown on my keyboard with old Bruce Lee fight clips playing on Youtube." She then looked me dead in the eye, and said, with the typical grace and subtlety that defines most of my mother's accusations, "Josh, do I have to worry about you being an alcoholic?" I would like to address this query directly: Mom, that was a joke. I don't drink that much, and more importantly I don't drink gin. Ever. I'm a whiskey man, through-and-through. Furthermore, I constantly handle myself with the upmost restraint and dignity. In fact, I drink less than most of my peers at NYU. Don't be concerned by the fact that I'm swigging Dewar's White Label as I write this, just applaud my ability to double-task. Actually, I guess I am multi-tasking, as I am in class right now. But you should be proud of me.

Boy, am I glad that's settled. Anyways, I don't really know how to conclude this. I don't really have any direction I'm heading or point I'm trying to make, other than the fact that I'm better than you. Hopefully, you can find something in this, my NYU swan song, to appreciate. If not, you can go fuck yourself, you worthless slag. Go join Program Board, the only place where your worthlessness and tom-fuckery is an asset.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Plague Editors,

In a recent issue you referred to the Washington Square News as a "heaping pile of shit", and while I usually enjoy your publication, I must say that I take issue with this metaphor. As the Tri-State area's foremost fecal activist, I have been a longtime champion of fecal rights.

I take issue with the aforementioned comparison for a number of reasons. First, shit is a bodily waste that all humans, even Shiloh the mermaid girl (albeit through a hole in her side), produce. The WSN, on the other hand, is produced by a small number of individuals; hardly universal. I would also like to add that shit serves a biological purpose, as it represents our processed food. By this logic, it can be said that we once enjoyed shit, whereas the WSN has yet to be enjoyed by anyone. Further, leaving the WSN on someone's doorstep tends to produce a more violent reaction in the victim than a heaping

pile of shit. I could go on, but I hope that I have made my point clear.

In conclusion, if you must compare the Washington Square News to something, allow me to suggest a puddle of New York City summertime vomit on the sidewalk, left to bake and bubble in the glaring sun. I feel such a description would be more apropos.

Sincerely,

John Sexton

President, Metropolitan Fecaltariat Association

Dear Editors,

It has come to my attention that you are planning to run an editorial written by a fecal activist that may be disparaging towards me. I ask that you allow me the chance to defend myself.

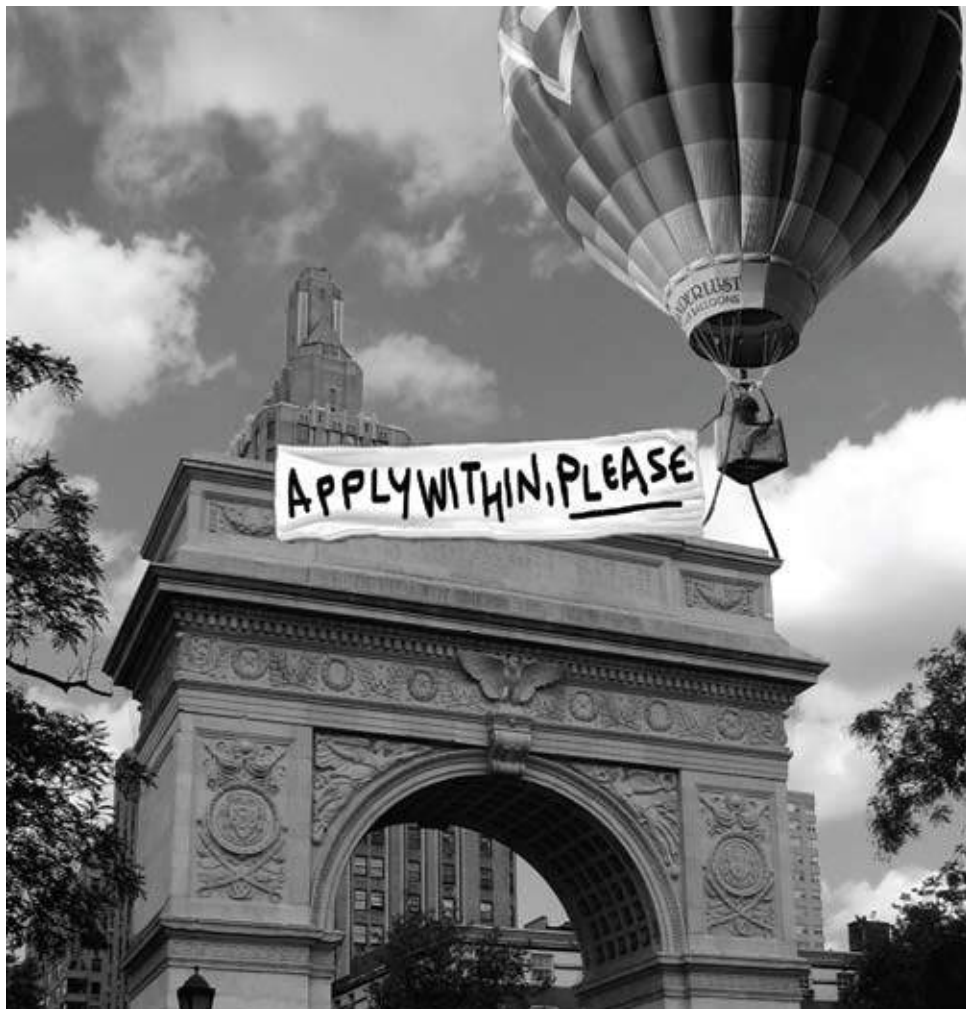
As a puddle of New York City summertime vomit on the sidewalk, left to bake and bubble in the glaring sun, I am quite offended to be compared to the Washington Square News. For one thing, I am certainly better known and respected than the WSN. People take care not to step in me and often let out a gasp if they come close. I doubt this sort of caution is taken with a WSN. More importantly, you cannot deny that my originator exerted some effort into creating me, while the same cannot be said for the WSN.

I hope that in the future Mr. Sexton will tread more carefully with his choice of words, as I have found them hurtful indeed. When dealing with an entity as worthless and unfortunate as the WSN, please consider the feelings of any human excretion you may offend in the process.

Regards,

A Puddle of New York City
Summertime Vomit on the Sidewalk,
Left to Bake and Bubble in the
Glaring Sun

Luke Wilson Seeks NYU Undergrad for Unpaid Friendternship



Stop by former human being Luke Wilson's hot air balloon hovering above Washington Square Park any time, any day to interview for this exciting new position. In a drastic attempt to bring some kind of joy into his loveless, pointless existence Wilson will be living in a hot air balloon tethered to the arch indefinitely; and he'll need company. An ideal friendtern will be willing and able to reenact Old School, in its entirety, to rekindle a time when Luke still wanted to wake up each morning. Additionally, the friendtern will refrain from mentioning Mr. Wilson's prominent neck fat and less prominent acting career and even less prominent relationship with his brother, the more talented but equally miserable Owen Wilson.

The following is the Wikipedia plot Summary, word for word, of the recent film Precious, with my ongoing comments as I read it for the first time. Incidentally, the plot reads like a Mad Lib I wrote at a sleepover in 5th grade.

In 1987, obese, illiterate, black 16-year-old Claireece Precious Jones (Gabourey Sidibe) lives in Harlem with her dysfunctional mother, Mary (Mo'Nique).

Ok, so far I'm following. Seems like an unfortunate story.

She has been impregnated twice by her father, Carl,

Wait, wait, what the fuck?-

and suffers long term physical, mental and sexual abuse from her unemployed mother. The family resides in a Section 8 tenement and subsists on welfare.

I'm sorry, I'm still pretty mind fucked about the father raping and impregnating her twice, I don't know where the hell this is going.

Her first child, known only as "Mongo" (short for "Mongoloid"),

What? Why would anyone name a kid something like that....unless...

has Down syndrome and is being cared for by

Precious's grandmother.

Holy shit. What the fuck???

Following the discovery of Precious's second pregnancy, she is suspended from school. Her junior high school principal arranges to have her attend an alternative school, which she hopes can help Precious change her life's direction. Precious finds a way out of her traumatic daily existence through imagination and fantasy.

Allright, maybe we're moving forward here. Maybe she can overcome this.

While she is being raped by her father, she looks at the ceiling and imagines herself in a music video shoot in which she is the superstar and the focus of attention.

Again, can't really wrap my head around the rape thing, but let's keep at it.

While looking in photograph albums, she imagines the pictures talking to her. When she looks in the mirror, she sees a pretty, white, thin, blonde girl.

Little weird, but I'm gonna give her the benefit of the doubt here.

In her mind there is another world where she is loved and appreciated. Inspired by her new teacher Miss Blu Rain (Paula Patton), Precious begins learning to read. *Teachers name aside, this seems to be a step in the right direction.*

Precious meets sporadically with a social worker named Miss Weiss (Mariah Carey),

Nothing lends gravitas to a film like Mariah Carey.

who learns about incest in the household when Precious unwittingly conveys it to her. Precious gives birth to her second child and names him Abdul.

Which baby naming book did this bitch buy?

While at the hospital, she meets John McFadden (Lenny Kravitz), a nurse who shows kindness to her.

"I want to get away..."

After Mary deliberately drops three-day-old Abdul and hits Precious,

She purposely dropped an infant. She PURPOSELY DROPPED AN INFANT.

Precious fights back long enough to get her son and flees her home permanently.

Yea I'd say maybe she ought to get the fuck out of there.

Shortly after leaving the house, Precious breaks into her school classroom to get out of the cold and is discovered the following morning by Miss Rain. The teacher finds assistance for Precious, who begins raising her son in a halfway house while she continues academically. Feeling dejected, Precious meets Miss Weiss at her office and steals her case file. Precious recounts the details of the file to her fellow students and has a new lease on life.

Pretty tame stuff in comparison here. Considered omitting it save for lost clarity.

Her mother comes back into her life to inform Precious that her father has died of AIDS.

I'm numb at this point, no big deal. I guess the tragedy is finally over.

Later, Precious learns that she is HIV positive,

Or maybe not.

but Abdul is not.

Well thank God for that, then!

Mary and Precious see each other for the last time in Miss Weiss's office, where Weiss questions Mary about her abuse of Precious, and uncovers specific traumas Precious encountered. The film ends with Precious still resolved to improve her life for herself and her children. She severs ties with her mother and plans to complete a General Educational Development test.

That will do her a whole lot of good when she's dead from AIDS.



North by Northwest: OK, see ya in fucking Saskatchewan then

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WSN

please burn
your WSN
in a tire fire.



Sexton Charity Donkey Show Raises Thousands for Haiti

Mike O'Malley
WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

NYU President John Sexton's live donkey show for the NYU community was an overwhelming success. The performance generated over \$8,000 to for relief efforts in Haiti. The exhibition featured Sexton performing sexual acts with several adult members of the genus *Equus* on stage at NYU's Skirball Center for the Performing arts. Judging by the packed house, it seems that the whole student body was more than willing to pay ten dollars to see the president fuck a donkey.

Luckily for these eager students, Sexton did not disappoint. The forty-minute performance included the president enthusiastically penetrating a female donkey and performing felatio on a male. "The way John connected with the animals was simply stunning," said CAS junior Harvey Whitney, "it takes a real performer to maintain eye contact while rimming a

donkey." In a rousing finale, a glistening Sexton was mounted from behind by a particularly well-endowed and virile male donkey.

The idea for the event, aptly named 'J-Sex and the Sexy Asses', came from the university president himself. In his previous position as President of the University of Mexico at Tijuana, Sexton was known to spend many a night enjoying, and sometimes performing, in such events. Initially at a loss for a unique fundraiser for those devastated by the recent earthquake in Haiti, Sexton turned to his long-dormant erotic hobby. "It was a gamble, but it paid off quite well," Sexton said of the show. "I am both amazed by and grateful for the exuberance and generosity of the NYU community." While the president has not made plans for any other charity donkey shows in the future, he has hinted at the possibility of a national tour after his tenure at NYU. "Who knows?" commented Sexton. "If it's for a good cause, there really isn't anything I wouldn't fuck."

NYU Grad Assigned as Pigeon-Shit Scraper

Jamie Escalante
WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

The NYU Employment Appropriations Committee (EAC) ruled recently on the future of Lisa Cosper, deciding after much deliberation that the art major is best suited for pigeon-shit scraping.

"In this day and age, an art degree is about as useful as a zip drive. That is to say completely and utterly worthless," said EAC chairman, Alon Schulz. "I know we're trained to find the best jobs for our young graduates but you can't expect us to make diamonds out of coal, coal in this case being a bunch of idiots in sundresses."

Schulz explained that placing Cosper on 'scrape duty was largely based on the fact that everyone hates her half-rimmed glasses, her unsettling enthusiasm for Indie films and her fucking clown make-up.

"Her skill sets include working with pencils, standing a piece of canvas lengthwise, stepping back to admire that thing, finding random splatters beautiful, scratching dried paint off fingernails, and basic digital photography level I and II. The board members agree Cosper will have an exciting career scraping various parks and bridges, and if she's lucky enough, the Statue of Liberty," said Schulz.

Local Modell's Transitions to Barter System

P.J. Rittenhouse
WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

A Modell's Sporting Goods in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania has made waves recently by renouncing modern economic norms. After a weak second quarter, the struggling branch made a radical change to their business model. "The barter system was the prevailing method of commerce for thousands of years; we're just reinstituting a proven success. It might be a bit drastic but so far it's going pretty well. Just look outside, we got those five horses for a 24' trampoline; I think that's a pretty fair trade," said store manager Rodd Selbee. Other notable barter items at the Lafayette Street Modell's include: two tons of chicken feed for a tennis racket and three mountain bikes, a tray of lasagna for Phillie's sweatpants, and a used hot plate for a pair of size six Heelies. It's hard to say whether the new business model is working for the company, as there have been no official profits recorded. Some employees are unnerved by the change. "I really don't care either way, except for the fact that last week I was paid in sunflower seeds" said stock clerk Charles Shaver. Selbee told us, "I'm looking for the first season of Buffy on VHS and I'm willing to trade almost anything for it so come on down and let's make a deal."

CAS Freshman's Mom Is Literally A Whore

Richard Waters
WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

Recent reports have confirmed the long-standing rumors that Francine Rothschild, a.k.a. Franny Sparxx, mother of CAS Freshman Jared Rothschild, literally performs acts of a sexual nature in return for money. Members of the New York University community who have met Ms. Sparxx are less than surprised by the confirmation.

"I knew something was going on almost as soon as I met Jared and his mom on move-in day," said Steven Benoit, Rothschild's roommate. "After about three minutes, [Ms. Sparxx] asked my dad if he would 'help set up the bathroom.' They stayed in there for like, twenty minutes, and when they came out Jared's mom was wiping her mouth and popping some chewing gum." Benoit then explained that his father insisted the family eat in the dining hall because he was "short on cash."

Though a significant portion of Ms. Sparxx's clientele are the parents of Rothschild's friends, she relies heavily on solicitation of NYU faculty members. "I knew all along she was a hooker," reports Professor Vincenzo-Renzo. "Most of the time when a student's mother is willing to sit on my face as I read Nietzsche's 'On the Genealogy of Morality' out loud into her vagina, it's because they want their

Students Randomly Selected for NYU Abu Dhabi

Maria Polyandropulous
WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

Earlier this week, Mr. Al Bloom, Vice Chancellor of the NYU Abu Dhabi study abroad program picked

A BRIEF LOOK INTO NYU'S NEW INTERNATIONAL SITES

names of NYU students out of a hat, the selected students to participate in the Abu Dhabi program. Witnesses reported that Mr. Bloom, clad in a gold-plated speedo, dove into a giant top hat filled with slips of paper containing the names of every NYU student and proceeded to swim around like Scrooge McDuck, occasionally clawing a slip of paper out of the hat. When questioned about the necessity of the giant top hat, Bloom's secretary revealed, "Bloom gave me a list of items needed, a gem-encrusted chalice full of what I think were Gold Doubloons, and simply said 'get it done by Tuesday'."

When approached for an interview, Bloom proposed that we meet

child to get a better grade," explained Prof. Renzo. "I was perplexed when Franny expressed interest, because Jared is getting an A in my course. Of course, it all became clear to me when she asked me for a C-note when it was all over...specifically not the one I was using to wipe the lady juice off my brow."

Rothschild is very open about his mother's profession, and handles any insults with aplomb. "You wouldn't be insulted if I called your dad a CPA or whatever, why should I get upset when people call my mom a hooker?" he speculates. It has not always been easy for Rothschild, however. "It was pretty rough when the man I thought was my father killed himself after he walked in on mom getting DP'ed by two of his golf buddies, but I got over it. And it's pretty cool that my dad could be anyone from Bobcat Goldthwait to US Senator Robert Byrd (R-W.Va)."

Ms. Sparxx hopes that her recent exposure will translate into new business arrangements. Right now she insists that she operates without a pimp, but would love to be assimilated into a pimp's stable. "That's where the real money is," she reports, "I'm doing alright now, but hopefully if a new daddy makes me his bottom bitch, and if I suck a lot of cocks during graduation, I might be able to afford to put Jared into Alumni Hall next year."

him "hat side." "I just want everybody to have the chance to experience this opportunity," said Vice Chancellor Bloom. With his carpenter's matted chest hair prominently rising above the fill line of paper in the hat, Bloom explained how he and his staff "created a magnificent academic environment for the students, but not enough people were signing up." The speedo-clad, dumphy-bodied "swimmer" was confounded regarding students' unwillingness to enroll in the newly founded, barely-established program in a country surrounded by political unrest, hostile extremists and "beautiful beaches."

When asked about whether there were similar difficulties gathering faculty to agree to leave the main campus to teach at Abu-Dhabi, Bloom's eyes glazed over and he began in a robotic tone, "error...error...cannot process". Bloom began to smoke profusely as blips and beeps emitted from his central processing unit. After a few minutes of what appeared to be a mechanical failure, Bloom stopped moving entirely, and sank to the bottom of the hat.

Mythbusters: What Does Nose Know?

Jamie Mynatchisout
WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

Adam Savage and Jamie Hyneman, in their quest to prove or debunk anything in popular culture that could possibly be construed as a "myth," have most recently overturned the notion that "the Nose Knows."

"Actually," Hyneman said, "we've concluded that the Nose knows very little, especially when it comes to topics such as foreign policy, modernist literature, and the best times to plant seasonal vegetables. It hardly even knows which way is up. Frankly, I think it's been given a much better reputation than it deserves, now that we've been able to scientifically test its cognitive abilities."

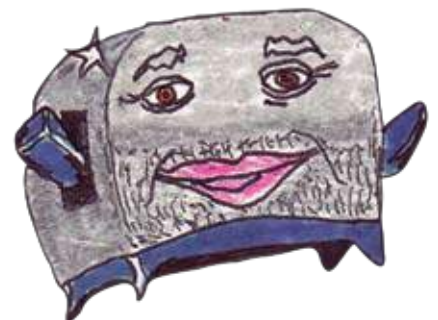
Hyneman and Savage conducted a series of controlled experiments, approaching the issue from a variety of vantage points. First, they constructed a Nose replica out of ballistics gel, shot it with a pistol, and examined the impact in slow motion. This accomplished very little, but was still cool to watch. For their second test, the Nose was invited to participate on a panel discussion on Affluence and International Human Rights Laws, but remained curiously mute.

"The test was inconclusive," Savage said afterward. "It's difficult to tell if the Nose was just feeling moody or possibly afraid of voicing an unpopular opinion."

The pair then turned to standardized testing, where the myth was officially debunked.

Hyneman said, "The Nose bombed the SATs, ACTs, GREs and pretty much every other test we threw at it. I think this case is closed."

Next week, Mythbusters will take on the common notion that "some guys, some guys are only about That Thing, That Thing, That Thi-i-i-ing."



Dark Knight: Prefers the more politically correct term, "African-American Warrior."

Business Trip.

Past midnight on a Tuesday, two traveling salesmen on a arrive at a Red Roof Inn to find that their bedroom only has one bed.

Todd: Oh look, they must have gotten our reservation wrong; they only have one bed.

Chip: Yeah... weird. What should we do?

T: Well... I don't know it's so late... I guess we could ask the person at the desk.

C: Eh, it doesn't matter to me if it doesn't matter to you. I think we'll have room.

T: Okay, I don't mind; I just need to get some rest.

C: Yeah, long day tomorrow. Who knows how long it will take those idiots to get another bed up here? Let's get to bed.

T: Alright.

A few minutes later, the two are ready for bed.

C: So you want to watch the game highlights? I'll put on Sports Center.

T: Yeah, sure, are you comfortable? You got enough room over there?

C: Yeah, I'm good. You?

T: Yeah, so let's decide. You want to sleep dick to dick or dick to ass?

C: Ah... ha. umm. What?

T: You know, which one do you think would be better?

C: Neither... man. Why wouldn't we just sleep ass to ass?

T: I, I just didn't think of it. You know, there are some many ways. If you want to get technical, we can sleep head to toe to dick to dick.

C: I don't want to get technical man, I just don't understand why we wouldn't sleep ass to ass.

T: I don't see what the big deal is. I mean, we have boxers on.

C: Dude, it's just not normal. And, I'm a little uncomfortable now. First you asked to split a drink at Sonic and then you tried to brush your teeth while I was in the shower. You heard the water running man. It's weird.

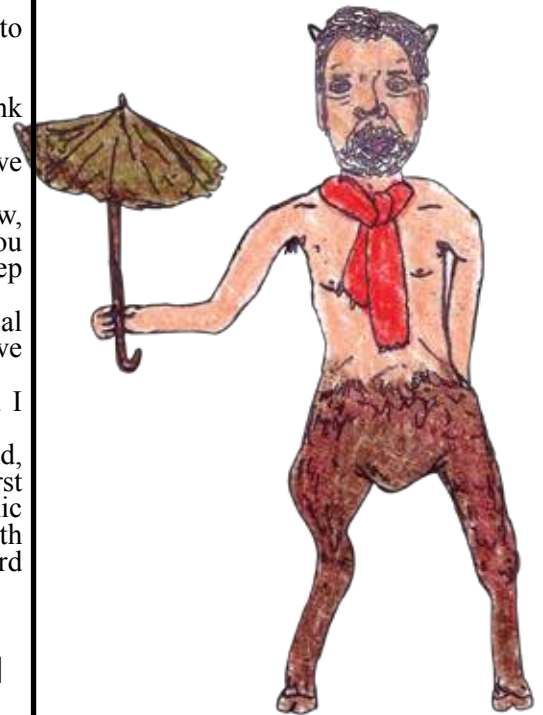
T: I don't understand why.

C: Alright, that's enough.

[Gets out of bed; walks to the door.]

T: Why? Come back to bed!

C: No way, I'm sleeping in the Taurus.



A LATE TRIBUTE TO THE LATE, GREAT LES PAUL

Les Paul, the well-known guitarist and world-class pioneer, passed away in August of 2009. This tribute is being written six months after his death because I've spent most of my time composing power ballads in memoriam. And everybody knows that when you play a power ballad on the electric guitar, girls flock to you with reckless abandon until you satisfy their every sexual desire. I think Les would approve.

You see, without Paul's invention, half the so-called "sex gods" of the music industry would be rendered utterly dickless. Take, for instance Prince—excuse me, the artist formerly known as Prince. Prince is a four-foot tall, AARP joining, black woman who writes perverse lyrics like "incest is everything it's said to be". Without his six-stringed electric phallus, Prince would not even know what "pretending not to know when I blow it in your

eyes" means.

Les Paul is as important to sex as Steve, the guy who came up with date rape, whose belated tribute will come in the next issue of *The Plague*. I mean, how else would Mick Mars of Mötley Crüe, Keith Richards of The Rolling Stones, or Steve Howe of Yes ever know the difference between the warmth of a woman and the warmth of a buttered bagel pulled straight from the microwave without the help of their trusty electric guitars? Especially Steve Howe, who is kind of a mix between the Crypt Keeper, Hugo Weaving and death when he's not hidden behind his signature Gibson.

Musicians everywhere honor the life of Les Paul and recognize the immense contributions he made to the art form by emulating his innovative playing style remembering his state-of-the-art recording techniques and fucking aerosal-haired groupie skanks. God bless you.



Nineteen Eighties Whore

There are dystopian nightmares, and then there are dystopian wet dreams. In *Nineteen Eighties Whore*, Orwell chronicles the passionate affair between double-plus virile Winston, and Julia, a filthy anti-establishment slut. The two find common ground in their hatred of the oppressive government, and proceed to treat totalitarian London like a couple's retreat. But Big Brother is always watching... and beating off in the corner. They capture the two lovers mid-coitus and force Julia to perform sex acts in front of Winston, culminating in a particularly disturbing oral group scene. "HOW MANY DICKS DO YOU SEE IN HER MOUTH WINSTON?" "Four sir...what else can I say...I see four!"

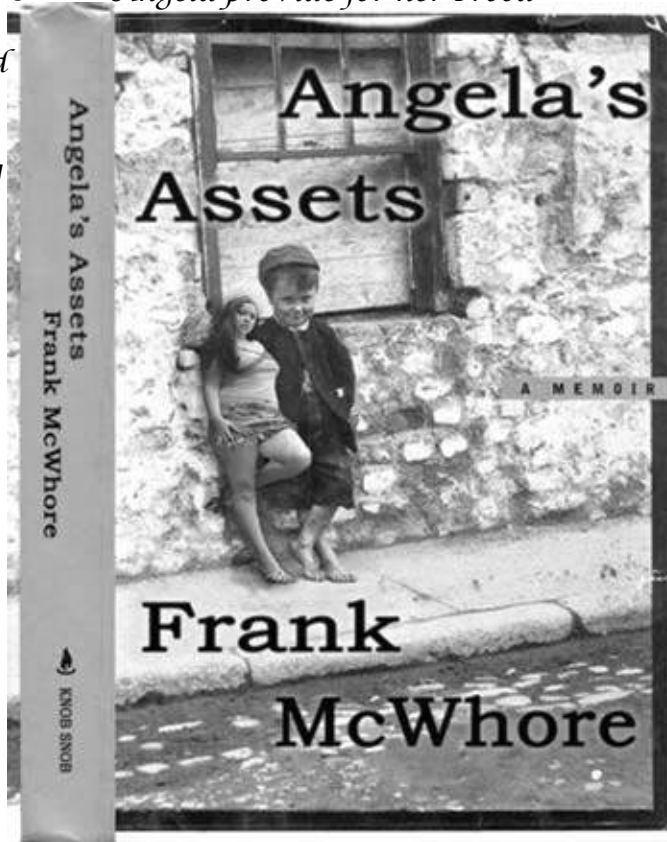
Go Down on Me, Moses

Time swirls like cum in the mouth of one of Big Daddy Ike McCaslin's hookers in this epic of the past, present and future in which an incestual, interracial whore ring is laid out. The novel chronicles the story of Big Daddy's pimping trials and tribulations: from training his bottom bitch, Lioness, to wear a collar, to his most vexing challenge: training one of his girls to seduce The Bear, the large, hairy gay enthusiast impeding his operation's success. Ike trains his bitches to defend the identities of the natural client market residing in William Fuckner's Suckaguyoffa County without defending their—or the reader's—innocence.

Angela's Assets

We at Knob Snobs are pleased to bring you a true classic. *Angela's Assets*, the winner of the 1999 Marquis de Sade Prize for Autoerotic

Biography, is a beautifully tragic chronicle of the McWhore family's struggle to survive in the grimy industrial jungle of Liverpool City, Ireland in the 1930s. Suffering the indiscretions of an alcoholic husband, Angela McWhore finds that the only way to support her family is through a complex mixture of begging and banging. You will be simultaneously amazed and aroused as you see Angela provide for her brood



through an amazing mixture of optimism, and rough, rowdy, unprotected sex. After a childhood full of poverty and witnessing emotionally-scarring sexcapades between his mother and various industrialists, our witty narrator Frank strikes out on his own, and finds himself working for and sleeping with an insatiable money lender and cougar in the twilight of her life. Can Frank channel the resourcefulness and charisma of Angela's spirit, or will he slip further into the seedy world of illegal money-lending, and more troublingly his boss' old vagina?

Como Agua Para Fuckolate

Tita Con Muy Grandes, is good at two things: makin' plantains and takin' dick. Against her mother's wishes, this young exotic Latina struggles to turn the family's kitchen into her own mess hall. Tita hungers to take the strapping, young Pedro as her lover, so she expresses herself the only way she knows how: with a long ladle in hand and a gaping mouth. Eventually, the nubile, rebellious Tita submits to her mother's craving for a ménage à trios. Enjoy the imaginative mix of foods and fluids, this is truly a hot and perspiring tale of a full-bosomed girl's search for fulfillment.

Ethan Dome

Literary critic Lionel Trilling has dubbed the climax of *Ethan Wharton's Ethan Dome* "terrible to contemplate" - a moment that "the mind can do nothing with." Only now—as it celebrates its hundredth anniversary—is *Ethan Dome* suddenly and furiously emerging as a force to be reckoned with. This tale of love, frustration, and

obligation focuses on title character Ethan Dome, a farmer stuck in a loveless marriage to a wretched woman marred by constant maladies and general bitchiness, Ethan is stunted and dissatisfied until he meets his wife's younger, hotter cousin, Mattie. Mattie is exactly what Ethan needs - she loves to dance and frolic in the New England snow at twilight. Plus, she looks like she gives head like a champ. Will Ethan blow everything?! No longer considered "minor Wharton," *Ethan Dome* leaves you smiling and satisfied every time.

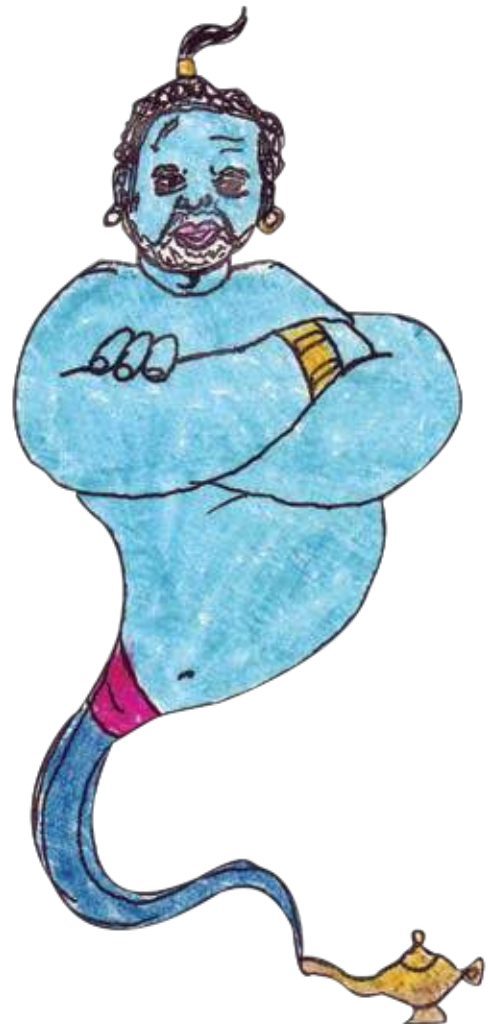
Some Like it Hot: Still, I prefer iced tea



Ok ladies, the first thing you're gonna wanna do is pull that sheet down. The one's that are most ready tend to pop right up. Gingerly grasp it by the base. You might want to shake it a bit, just to get it ready. At this point, some girls like to lick the tip, just to get a sense of the taste and texture. I however, suggest you just put it right in your mouth. You'll like it, I swear. It's a bit salty and has a sort of a smoothness about it. The next thing is the most important: **DO NOT CHEW IT.** This will ruin the experience. Just suck on it, or play with it with your tongue. Whatever you do, just keep your teeth away from it. Trust me. When you've sucked out all the juices, tilt your head back and let it all slide on down your gizzard. And that, ladies, is how you eat a sardine.

Raffi—Brand New Banana
 2.4 out of 5 stars.

Aging children's music megastar Raffi (real name: Raffi. Really?) is back with a vengeance. Eager to shed his image as a role model and children's entertainer, Raffi's latest effort, Brand New Banana is Raffi as we have never seen him before. "I never asked kids to look up to me," Raffi said in an interview with Vice magazine. "What parents choose to expose their kids to is their own business. I'm sick of carrying the burden of 'keeping it clean' for the millions of children who listen to my music." And Brand New Banana is anything but clean. The title track is a tongue-in-cheek reference to Raffi's 1994 hit single, "Bananaphone." Raffi raps: "Girl, get in touch with my bananaphone / it ring-ring-rings when I'm home alone / Wanna call you up and we'll make a deal / Gonna fuck your face while you suck my peel." The hip-hop influence of Brand New Banana appears again in the album's standout track, "Make you Blubber." Raffi's resentment towards the direction of his career shines in every line. "When the money roll in and the blunts roll out / I'mma make that water squirt right outta your spout / We be swimmin so wild and swimmin so free / 'Til I gotta shut you up and make you blubber for me / C'mon blubber for me." These two tracks, unfortunately, are the bright spots on an otherwise lackluster effort. Brand New Banana may have achieved the edginess factor that his prior material lacked, but at the end of the day, Raffi is just still pretty creepy.





Hey kid, what's that you've got there? BuzzCuts? The essential compilation album of 30 of the best alternative rock songs of all time? Man, I can't even remember the last time somebody bought anything this good at my store. We need more young people like you, kids who really appreciate the gods of alt-rock. Classics like Drowning Pool, Papa Roach, Creed, Hoobastank—I could go on forever. Now, I'm not usually a sentimental type but the first time I heard Creed's 4 minute epic, "6 Feet From the Edge," chills went up my spine. I didn't want to eat or drink for three days. I just sat in my room and let the poetry and power of Scott Stapp's voice wash over me. On my desert island list of "Alt Rock Dudes with soulful voices," Stapp is tops. No contest. But hey, I'm getting carried away here. There are just a TON of quality cuts on this mix. "Butterfly" by Crazytown. "Fly" by Sugar Ray. Oh man, "Kryptonite" by Three Doors Down. That was me and my old lady's song; our relationship in a nutshell. I used to hold her and sing this song seductively in her ear because I was so head over heels in love with her. If I went crazy, I always knew that she'd still be my Superman. We were into gender play. I was, at least. Anyways. She'd try to wiggle away and tell me to stop, that she hates the song, but I knew she was just playing with me. That's the kind of girl she was. I'd be tearin' it up on the air drums as I sang, just like my boy Brad Arnold, and she'd be in the

kitchen, makin' me a pie. When she left, it was one of the worst experiences of my life. I spent days blasting "I Hate Everything About You" by Three Days Grace (also on BuzzCuts) to her answering machine.

Shit! Where was I? Oh right, BuzzCuts. Great comp, just fantastic. But I'm gonna let you in on a secret, kid. We just got something better in stock, since I can see you're a kid with some classy taste. It's called The Edge, and I swear, you've never heard anything like it! BuzzCuts is a great comp, but The Edge is, simply put, the ULTIMATE rock collection. Take the first collection, and add the magic of Godsmack, Puddle of Mudd, Evanescence and P.O.D. What could be—I mean literally—what could be better? Looking for "Freak on a Leash"? It's on The Edge. "I Write Sins Not Tragedies"? The Edge. It has all the music that really makes me feel alive, music that knows about real pain. It makes me wanna grunt like a man! And having a hot babe like Amy Lee in the middle of the mix doesn't hurt, either. I'd like to "wake... up inside" her, know what I mean? Let her "lead me down into her core". And I'll "bid her blood to run," any day of the week! Actually that last one sounds gross, so never mind. The point is, kid, you got a lot of amazing stuff here to choose from. In the immortal words of Finger Eleven, "If I traded it all / If I gave it all away for one thing / Just for one thing / Wouldn't that be something?"

So what'll it be then? Two discs of raging poetic BuzzCuts or the raw, sexy OOMPH of The Edge? Hell, if I were you, I'd take both!

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IS EVERYTHING FUCKED?
DOES EVERYONE SUCK?
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New Moon: Not that big a deal, comes like every 21 days



*Taste
Life
Again*



FANTASY SPORTS PERFORMER OF THE WEEK



Steve Hauser, 24, had a stellar drafting season and is leading 9 of his 10 ESPN fantasy baseball leagues thus far. The West Nyack native recently relocated to his mother's basement, and the change of scenery has done wonders for his fantasy game. Hauser has more vicarious homers than any other fantasy sports athlete on the ESPN network. Hauser's commitment to roster management is uncanny and he is constantly working the Gmail wire looking for trades to improve his ballclub.

Hauser, above, mulling over a decision in his recent live draft. Citing his improving peripherals, he chose Marlin RHP Dicky Nelson over Tiger RHP Rich Benally.

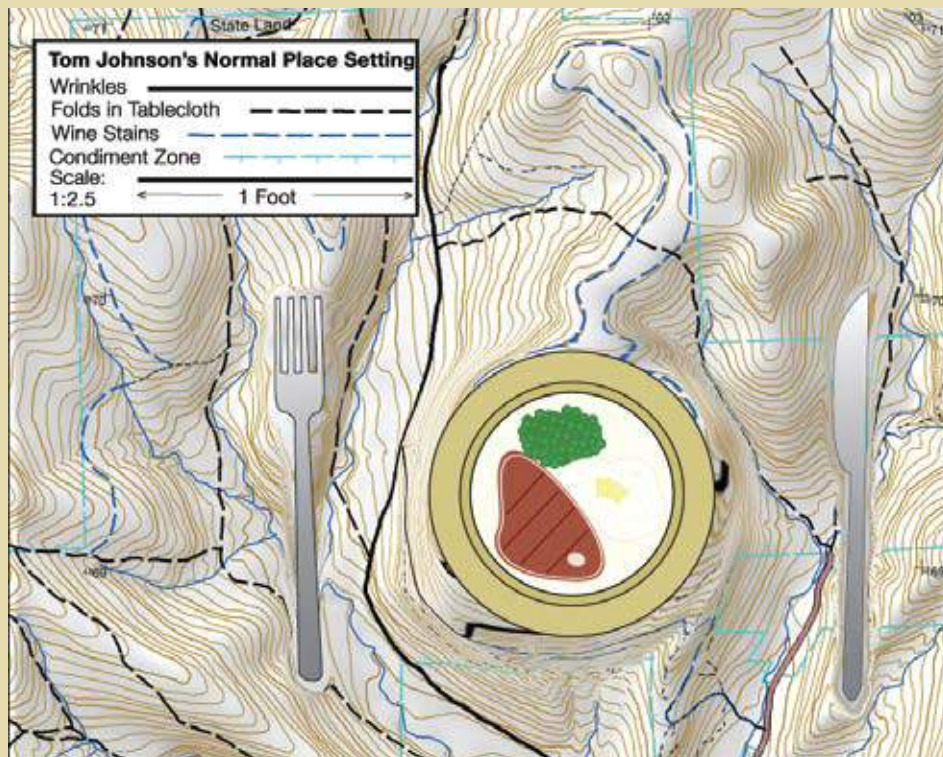
G. WALCOTT UNDERWOOD

As a Harvard-educated cartographer, I never imagined there would come a day when my office telephone ceased to ring. Unfortunately, that day seems to have arrived. To be perfectly honest, many a lonely night was spent sipping artisan Amantillado sherry at my late-Baroque drafting desk, which was bequeathed upon me by my mentor - the dean of Cartography at Harvard Dr. Prescott G. Prescott IV, when I wondered if my expertise was still in demand.

That being said, as a Harvard man, a scholar, I gracefully extended my services to my former Cambridge mates. Yet despite my outreach to the Crimson community, the response has been lackluster. It would seem almost as though my fellow alumni were colluding against me out of a bitter and deep-rooted envy; of the seventy some handwritten letters I sent out on hand-pressed Egyptian papyrus with genuine Tierra Del Fuegan squid ink, there were just two responses, both of which were quite rude indeed. Charles VanderMeer (Harvard '58) wrote, "Although I appreciate your talents, please take me off this list. I'm tired of your junk mail." Wilson "Heavyhanded" Leadbellows (Harvard '56) wrote, "G., cut this shit out, everything was mapped before we even graduated; I'm surprised you ever found work. Go play golf or . . . something." These responses appalled me and I realized ex post haste that to stay afloat amongst these woe begotten currents I needed to expand my services to the teeming masses. After many trying Sunday dinners at the Harvard club, followed by agonizing hours of tossing and turning on my Eagledown mattress upon my Jeff Gordon #24 racecar bed (because I am of the belief that we all deserve a treat now and again, yes?), I finally came to the conclusion that as a true Harvard man, I would adapt. This brings me to my present query:

Dear John Q. Public,
I am offering my services to you for any of your cartographic needs. I have and will map anything from dreams to dinner plates. If you can name it, I can map it. In accordance with my thorough classical training, the average 16x20 map will take me anywhere from three to twelve weeks and costs roughly \$46,000. I expect to be onsite for the majority of the project but will do the final coloring in my Cambridge office. These works are of archival quality and can be framed with either Alpine cherry oak or an exquisite and rare Polynesian rosewood, both from my special collection, for an additional \$7500.

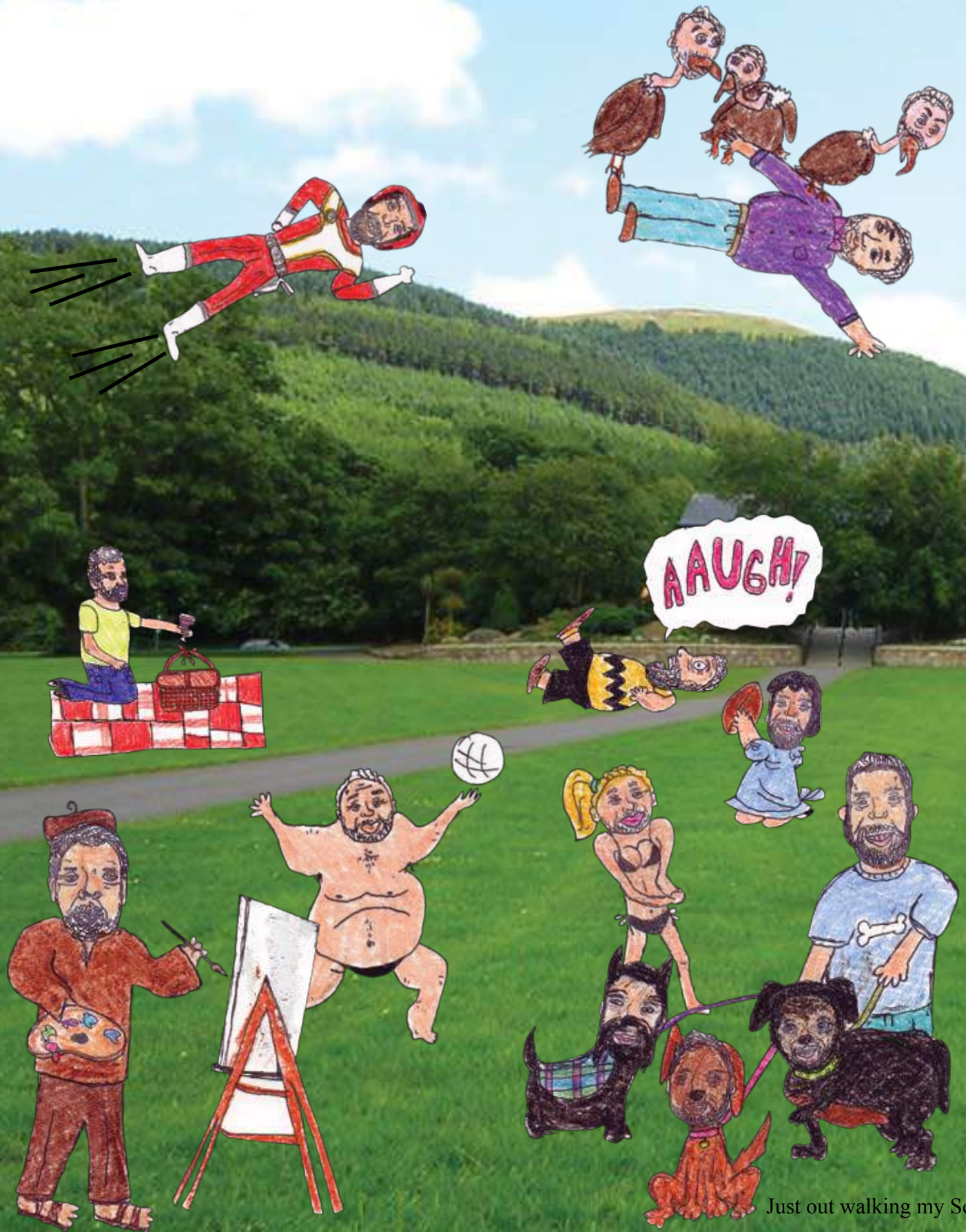
Sincerely,
G. Walcott Underwood '57



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CAMBRIDGE, MA

T:314.618.6381
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Sexton Family Reunion



Saturday Night Fever: You really shouldn't be out dancing then

Just out walking my Sextons.

**(la rue saigne)
je vis
(comme)
je rêve**



**le
transcende-
ntallilismis-
ticneoisml**





bateaux contre le
cessez le courant
pour désigner



ISLAM IS THE WAY
READ THE HOLY QUR'AN
THE FINAL REVELATION

l'art est tout à
tous en tout temps.
Je pleure

Single Dad

Angry Dad

What Poor Ex-Husbands Teach Their Kids -
That Their Trolloping Ex-Wives Do Not!

By Robert T. Kiyosaki

Hi, I'm Robert Kiyosaki. You might know me as the author of *Rich Dad Poor Dad* or maybe you've read my equally cryptic *Why You Want To Be Rich*. Whatever the case, I'm glad that you've purchased my most recent masterpiece, a spin-off of the *Rich Dad Poor Dad* series. This installment being, *Single Dad Angry Dad: A Guide to Marital and Parental Success*. This text is a bit different from my previous works in that I decided to conduct interviews instead of relying solely on my imagination and Wikipedia.

I found the two dads in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, at a meeting of the Local 308 carpenters' union. Our first dad, Joe, is a father of three. Our second dad, Tom, is also a father of three. Joe is admittedly single and Tom, admittedly angry. Their only stipulation for participation was that they were interviewed together, at Denny's. My treat.

Before I extrapolate some hollow motivational phrases, here's the brief conversation that I based a 400 page book on.

Robert: Good afternoon gentlemen. Let's jump right into it.

Tom: Tell me about it Bob, I'm on my lunch hour and need to sneak off to the port-a-john to rub one out; it's the only joy I have left in my life.

Joe: I couldn't agree with you more, T. I'm tired of jerking off in my driveway while the babysitter watches. I schedule her until seven; she's supposed to work until seven. What goes on in my garage at 6:45 is my own damn business.

Tom: Oh, I gave up on the garage a long time ago, Joe. That reminds me, this one time I was coming home from Knights of Columbus and -

Robert: Gentlemen, gentlemen, let's get back on the subject. As fathers of three, are there any lessons you could offer to all the dads out there?

Joe: Always take the jelly packets home, Rob-o. You know, carpentry will do a number on your hands so if you put some jelly on your hands before you beat it, you'll feel like a kid again. Personally, what does the job for me is the Denny's #4598 Blueberry Jelly but if you find yourself at an IHOP you're going to want to go with the #3053 Raspberry Preserve. I can't tell you how many times old #3053 has saved me in a bind. Tom, remember that time when it was thirteen below?

Tom: Oh yeah, Big Joe.

Joe: Tom knows. Anyway, at thirteen below you're gonna need to work with at least the #3053, you might even need the #7054 Blackberry Marmalade; especially if you're lubing up in your pickup before work.

Tom: Right on, the #7054 is practically in the Union handbook. At thirteen below if you're not prepared, we'll wait for you; that's the point of a union.

Robert: Is there anything that you could offer on the subjects of marriage or maybe even parenthood?

Joe: Parenthood? I'll tell you something about parenthood Robby. Have you ever spent your whole day organizing your tool box only to have your little shit of a son lose your 3/4" wrench? Do you think it's easy trying to make children hate the woman that birthed them? It's not Rob - it's not. I work ten hours a week plus thirty overtime with the 308, Rob. Look at me. Here I am on my required two hour lunch, breaking my back for those damn kids.

Tom: You said it Joey. One time, I was trying to sneak off to the bathroom, you know, for a midnight quickie with Mr. Mano. Anyway, I tripped on a bunch of toys and fractured my finger I was on paid disability for two months Roberino. It was union mandated. I had no choice. And let me tell you, that time was rough. How often do you speak to your wife, Bobby?

Robert: Great question Tom. I -

Tom: Because I don't like to talk to my wife.

Joe: Me neither, Tommy.

Tom: You don't have a wife Joey, but you know what I mean. Imagine trying to teach your daughters about thongs and tanning salons with your wife always looking over your shoulder. You aren't ever going to breed the popular sluts you've always wanted in that kind of environment. No way, no how.

Robert: I'm not sure if this is going in the direction I intended. I...

Joe: Give her a few years and I'd totally treat your daughter's snatch like an open faced rueben.

Tom: Likewise J.

Robert: Right, well maybe we shouldn't talk about children. Maybe you two have some advice about marriage?

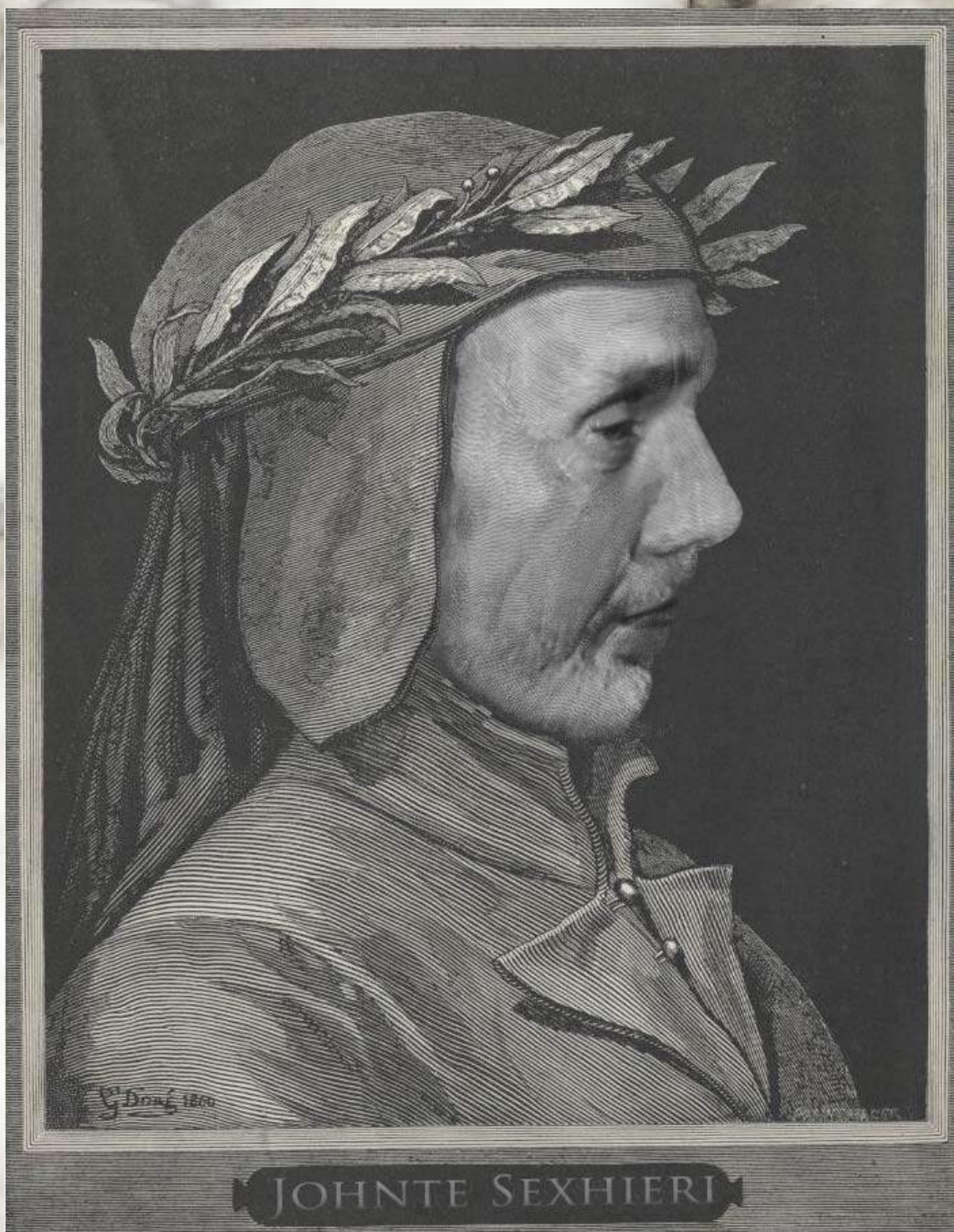
Joe: Well, I'd say marry the hottest broad you can find because when it comes time to score some extramarital ass, you want your kids to be as cute as possible. I can't recommend the mall parking lot enough, Bobby. I've found three of my past five wives there.

Tom: That's completely true, although I tend to lurk around the Sbarro on 5th St. when I'm looking for some new tail. Hey Joey, that reminds me. Remember that job we were working on across from the women's only gym on 5th Street. How about the views from that place? Robby boy, that was a once in a lifetime job. We'd go to the top floor of the building and each take a window and when Yoga started at 8:30, so would we. You see, we'd each bring our own lube and -

Robert: OK guys, I think that's enough.

SEXTON'S INFERNO

As NYU undertook another foolhardy conquest, this one some sort of massive text exodus/reorganization, a text appeared that hadn't been seen in years. Without any proper demarcation, the text was brought to the circulation desk for processing; it revealed a mystery that not even Sean Connery as William of Baskerville would have taken on—at least not without an adolescent Christian Slater. Beneath the cracked leather binding was none other than *Sexton's Inferno*! A mid-90s translation by NYU's very own Johnte Sexhieri. The following is a collection of excerpts from this groundbreaking poem.



Man on Fire: AHHH AHHH AHHHH PUT IT OUT

ORIGINAL ITALIAN

CANTO I

Ciao Mario.
Dov'e la Papa John's?
E' molto chiuso al Ponte Vecchio.

CANTO II

Grazie!

CANTO III

E la gelato, dov'e?
Vado al cinema con mia mamma.
Che?

CANTO IV

Mangia il spaghetti, amore.
Con i pomidori?
Con il pesto!

CANTO V

Mussolini.
Pavarotti.
Tamagotchi.

CANTO VI

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696 Ave. of the Americas
212.255.1240

CANTO VII

11AM-10PM Sun-Thurs
11AM-11PM Fri-Sat
UNLIMITED.BREADSTICKS.

CANTO VIII

Really though, unlimited breadsticks.
Please come. No one ever comes.
I work for tips.

CANTO IX

Sun-Thurs 2PM-Close
I DJ parties on weekends
"Good Tunes, Great Rates" - Alghieri & Son
Audio

CANTO X

212.255.1240
Leave a message with the hostess
Appointments available Sun-Thurs 2PM-Close
696 Ave. of the Americas

ORIGINAL 90s

MIXTAPE ONE

Midway on my journey to the bathroom
I found myself in a dark elevator
So I turned on my light-up pen and wrote this poem

MIXTAPE TWO

Each year August rolls around and I get all anxious,
Anxious for that tail.
You know, that freshy fresh 'tang.

MIXTAPE THREE

So I thought I'd do a quick translation of this Dante shit.
You know, to meet some hot and desperate coeds,
The real ripe shit.

MIXTAPE FOUR

But before I do that I want you all to know
That every now and then the old prof needs to unwind
And sometimes the whiskey's not enough.

MIXTAPE FIVE

So if you're looking for some killer notes
Maybe an old exam or paper
I got it all right up to '78.

MIXTAPE SIX

Here's a little taste of JSex's tranny
slation skills:
Dante's Inferno, in three lines.

MIXTAPE SEVEN

Olive Garden
696 Ave. of the Americas
UNLIMITED.BREADSTICKS.

MIXTAPE EIGHT

That's all you need to know, ladies.
My office hours are:
Sun-Thurs 2PM-Close

MIXTAPE NINE

696 Ave. of the Americas
Ask for a table in the back.
Free fountain drink refills.

MIXTAPE TEN

To all my homies at the JCC and to Carson down at TRL
I'll be kickin' it this weekend poolside
East Greenwich Country Club, by the divingboard
Shalom.

Melissa's Self Defense Tips for Keeping Your Ass Dick Free

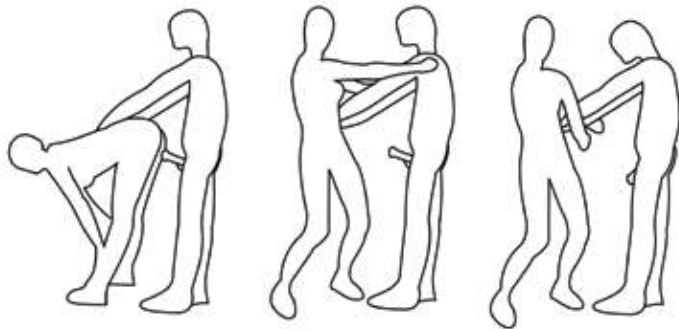
Ladies, I know how daunting the thought of butt sex is. The vagina is elastic and meant to get fucked hard and often, but I'm not so sure about the asshole. Us women are delicate flowers and the asshole is the boney thorny off limits turf.

You see, with every ass-fucking there is the risk that you'll accidentally lose control. This can go in a few directions, all extremely embarrassing. At best, a thin layer of shit coats your partner's shaft. In the worst case scenario, the heavens open up and it's like Slimetime Live all over your bed, car or dormitory lounge couch. Although this would feel freeing, like a giant enema, the shame and cleanup process following renders this a traumatizing experience.

Now that I've hopefully deterred you from consenting to anal, let me teach you my foolproof methods for protecting your delicate brown flower. The simplest way is by making your vagina extremely available territory. If a man knows his girl is down at any time, maybe ass sex won't even cross his mind. There are times however, when in the heat of the moment, your man may get overconfident, and decide to go off the reservation. Constant vigilance is required to defend against this kind of unforeseen transgression. For this reason, I've developed a comprehensive guide to self poop-shoot defense. Drawing from the best natural defenses in the animal kingdom, I have developed six techniques for keeping one's behind exit-only.

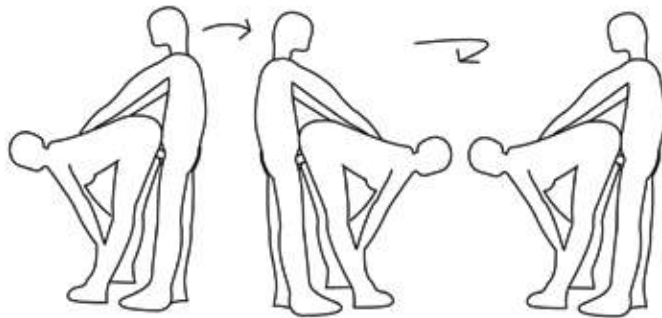
The Spinning Springbok

In the event of an unwelcome invasion while in the classic doggy-style position, quickly tighten your sphincter to prevent insertion. Subtly extend your elbow and lock it into an appropriate striking position. Next, in a fluid but forceful motion, sit up and rotate 90°, striking your ass-ailant in the chest with maximum force. Then, look at your opponent with the terrified but intense eyes of a springbok defending her young from a lone hyena. The force of the blow will make your opposition clear, and the fiery glare will induce shame and perhaps even flaccidity on your now discouraged enemy.



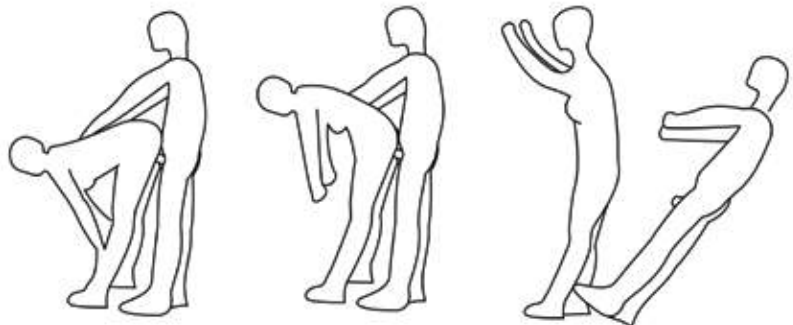
The Duck-walk

In the event that a male succeeds in fully inserting himself in your rear, this maneuver will minimize your losses (both physically and emotionally) and ensure the immediate cessation of any unwanted thrusting. Using all your rectal might, clench your sphincter around his member like a vise. At this point, your assailant will almost certainly want to pull out, but in order to make your point, keeping his Johnson painfully (for him) inside you, waddle around the room a few times, like a petulant mallard. Increase and decrease speed abruptly, for maximum penile-pain and lesson learning.



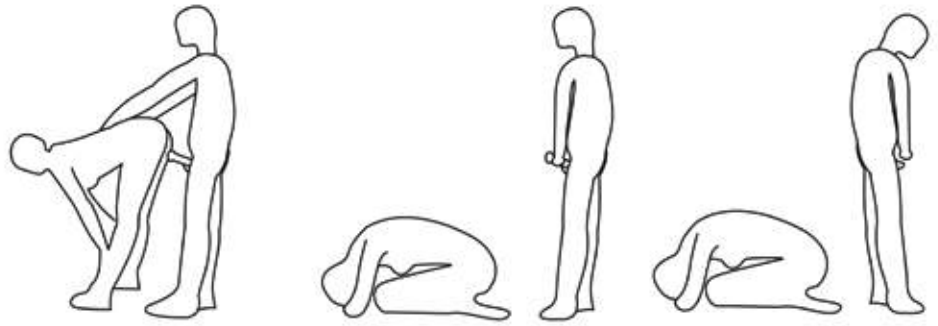
The Angry Stallion

This beginner' technique is the natural reaction most women have to unexpected sphincter intrusions. Simply throw back your mane, snort, and buck like a bronco on crystal meth. Unless your intruder is a cowboy, this will most likely scare him off.



The Possum

This technique, more than any others, requires a quick reaction time. At the slightest brushing of your buttocks, immediately collapse into a heap as if you just suffered a fatal gunshot to the head. Though your mate will undoubtedly attempt to wake or perhaps even resuscitate you, it is absolutely crucial to remain completely motionless and limp. Breathe as slowly and lightly as possible, and attempt to keep your eyes slightly open but glazed over, like nature's master of this technique, the Northeastern Wood Opossum. The vast majority of men will become extremely uncomfortable and cease all attempts at insertion.



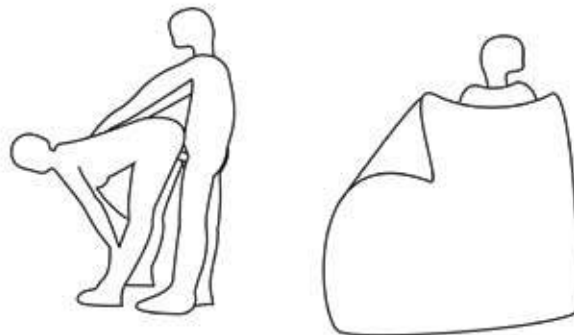
Mosquito Whine

As your consort prepares to enter you, begin emitting a low but continuous buzzing hum. Start it quietly and have the volume oscillate as if there is a pesky mosquito flying around his ears. This distraction is a surprisingly effective means of causing limp-dick. Additionally, this technique can be incorporated with any of the other defenses.



Coyote Ugly

Hopefully the above techniques will allow you to have a safe and happy sex life that is completely anal-free. However, in the event that those preventative measures failed, this technique is designed to ensure that the successful intruder does not develop into a repeat offender. Essentially, after he falls asleep, use whatever means necessary to make yourself look as heinous as possible. When he wakes up, one look at the mess you've turned yourself into will fill him with deep regret and self-denial. This punishment, though more mental than physical, is still quite effective.



Dear Mother and Father,

I apologize for my delay in writing, the front has been particularly dangerous of late. We have been able to maintain our position in the bathroom; in and around the sink. Under the cover of night, while the humans are dormant, we execute covert food gathering operations into their living quarters. We have not heard from the kitchen sink colony in weeks now, and we fear that the Great Purge affected them as well.

It is difficult to press on when so many friends have died within the reach of my feelers. I have seen men, brave men with families just like myself, doused in Listerine. The remains of our comrades are left crushed on the bathroom wall; haven't these monsters heard of the Geneva Convention? The bodies serve as a bitter reminder of our defeats. Granted, we eat the bodies from time to time, but they are still bitter reminders. It sends chills down my exoskeleton just to think of it. I am able to continue only because I know our cause is just.

There have been whispers in camp about alternative solutions to end this conflict. Some of the weak-minded gatherers have proposed striking out and settling in an entirely different apartment. Others, perhaps the most despicable of our brood, have brought up the possibility of a peace treaty with the humans. They would be called

spineless, if any of us had spines. Our people have controlled the apartment complex above the defunct Moroccan restaurant since the time of Great King Thoraxaphon, it is rightfully ours. Though the barbarians have superior technology and edge us in brute strength, our numbers and our spirit will eventually overcome our aggressors. As they prance about without a care, we are plotting beneath their feet.

General Roachenhower has chosen me to be part of an elite task force made up of our best and brightest roaches, our mission will be to travel south to the kitchen and attempt to make contact with the sink-side colony. I fear that they have been wiped out by the Purge. I am sure The Daily Egg has covered it by now. The humans came with biological weapons, wiped out our larvae and destroyed our infrastructure. I was able to sprint towards a toilet paper roll and take cover; few were so lucky.

I hope that this letter finds you well and that I will be able to write you again soon. If I don't, please do not weep or hatch any eggs in my remains. I will have died for a just and honorable cause.

Yours truly,

Private 1st Class
Squiggles McRoachington



THE PLAGUE EXPLAINS...

SO...WE'RE BACK... HERE'S A LIST OF IMPRESSIVE FEATS

- Standing 69
- Walking a mile in my shoes... MY SHOES
- Deviated septum and rectum - simultaneously
- Andrew correctly using: their, there, they're, affect and effect
- Sitting through a two-hour conversation with Richard Dreyfuss
- Making a decent Plague list
- Going one day at NYU without saying, "Fuck this place."

IN ADDITION TO "FACE DOWN, ASS UP," WE ALSO LIKE TO FUCK

- Shoulders back, knees together
- Diaphragm in, condom on
- 69, Todd on top
- Slow... real slow
- Pants off, goggles on
- Dick split, vagina sewn
- Purebred Palominos on a crisp

Autumn day

- Wearing Merkins
- Missionary out of habit
- With the knees, not the back

LOST BIBLE TEACHINGS

- Parable of the Unleavened Lunchable Cracker
- "Don't Call it a Comeback" by Jesus
- Samson and hey there, Delilah
- "Yo, fuck the meek"
- Paul's second letter to Dear Abby
- Dan Brown's lost book
- Lyrics to ICP's "Miracles"

THINGS TO SAY TO MASTURBATORS ON CHATROULETTE

- Have you checked your testicles for lumps?
- Nothing. Just prop your cock and roll.
- Nothing. Lock eyes. Engage in unspoken masturbation marathon.
- You need to squeeze your webcam.
- I like your *Pulp Fiction* poster on the wall back there

LESSER KNOWN EARTH WEEK EVENTS

- Wednesday evening, April 21st: 2nd Street dorm residents will refrain from urinating in recycle bins
- Weeklong Todd-tree masturbation
- Tofurkey hunting
- Think about the environment. How does that shit work?

PLAGUE MEMBERS AND THEIR RESPECTIVE FATES

- Josh: Falls into own butt hole, never seen again
- Todd: Roman Polanski's next victim
- Josh: Mistaken for manatee while swimming in the Gulf of Mexico, run over by cigarette boat
- Andrew: Beast of Burden
- Henry Clay: Compromises integrity
- Alan: Gets mad pussy and the like
- Gaby: Lives for NPR; DIES FOR NPR!
- Todd: Fatal, third-degree astroturf burn
- Alan: Lives forever - Terra Cotta Alan

KARL MALONE, KARL MALONE!

- Who?
- As you lay unconscious, Karl Malone prepares to take his prize...
- Neither rain, nor sleet, nor snow can stop the mail man from getting 'dat ass!

EXPECTATIONS OF AVATAR FROM SOMEONE WHO STILL HASN'T SEEN IT

- It's about internet forums, right?
- A massive finale featuring a choral interpretation of "My Heart Will Go On"
- The spore ship sinks
- Cameo of the blue-dick guy from *Watchmen*

NOW THAT IT'S SPRINGTIME

- Bitches be showing meat!
- April showers bring Todd's shorts
- The weather's warm enough to make a run for the Union
- I shall find a mate!
- I can shed my outhouse coat
- Your pale body is disgusting

WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND ON THE SUBWAY

- Nuestra diccionario de ingles
- Children. Man they suck
- Any notion that I would not be the one in four women who are raped in her lifetime
- My parcel, wrapped in brown paper and twine. I hope if some sees it they say something!
- My musical tastes. The people who play the saw are just really talented.
- A very sad quartet of winos singing "His Eye is on the Sparrow"
- Tyler Perry. To be fair, I thought he was a crazy old homeless lady.

WHAT FOUR YEARS OF PLAGUE MEETINGS HAVE PREPARED US FOR

- Four more years! Four more years! (Chuck)
- An empty resume
- TV theme song trivia night
- Actually watching Taxi
- Lots of fodder for political smear campaign against us
- Hanging out with a bunch of dudes
- Gettings used to that rapey vibe
- The ability to look the crazy bouncer in the rice paddy hat at the Continental in the eye without laughing

FAVORITE OLYMPIC SPORTS AND WHY

- Female Figure Skating - for the cameltoe
- Male Figure Skating - for the cameltoe
- Waiting two years for the real Olympics
- High-speed dying
- Yay China!
- I like gymnastics. I don't know which Olympics that's in but whatever.

WHAT IS WHITE SAUCE?

- Garlic cloves and ranch. Get a grip.
- Always keepin' the red sauce down
- Frothy discharge
- I can't see the color with my eyes closed
- Tzatziki's retarded cousin

...THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

<http://readtheplague.wordpress.com>

LESSER KNOWN HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATIONS

- Putting the lime in the coconut and drinking it all up
- Paying it forward... to the Cayman Islands
- Blogging about you're (sp.) experience abroad
- Unauthorized circumcisions
- Pronouncing "Le Poisson Rouge" with a french accent
- Calling levels of a building "concourses"
- Going to volunteer in Haiti but vacationing in the Dominican

WHAT 2010 WILL BRING

- That crazy Minetta chick's sex tape (background music: Fleet Foxes)
- Justin Beiber's first rehab stint
- Eventually, Henry will bring the fucking pizza
- A cheap bottle of wine and a pie for desert
- The noise
- Fucked up 2011 glasses
- More cargo shorts for Todd's birthday
- Henry Clay's hot new EP
- HUGE LADY PUBES

WHAT DOES YOUR BOOT SAY ABOUT YOU?

- Get the fuck off my face
- I'm a little bit country, a little bit rock 'n' roll but mostly mid-90s industrial metal
- I think I'm an Italian guy but really everyone knows I'm gay
- I have several older brothers
- I have one leg
- I refused to pay tons of parking tickets
- I am a few inches shorter than I look right now
- I don't like to leave my goldfish home alone

WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE PENS IN THE PUB LAB?

- Seized by the infamous Pen15 charter of the Lower East Side Yakuza
- Alan needs them for his nest

FOOLPROOF CONTRACEPTIVE METHODS

- No love, no baby
- Cucumber in the ass
- Make sure it's angry
- Laugh at his equipment
- Mid-90s Tyson punch
- Late Tyson bite
- Falcon PUUUUUUUUUUNCH!
- Sex in a motel
- Thinking about Justin Bieber's face
- Murder/rape or rape/murder
- Dreamcatcher
- Handjobs
- Alzheimer's and a one-night stand

WHY BELTS SUCK

- Can't see the whaletail when you're wearing one
- Studded belt distracts from my hilarious graphic tee
- They can't contain my girth

LIST DOUBLE FEATURE! BESIDES THE WEENIE, SUE COLLINI ALWAYS GETS:

- Literary allusions
- A fruit basket, for Christmas
- Coke blown up her ass
- THE PIZZA TO THE MEETING ON TIME, DAMMIT
- Asics - gotta save those knees
- The difference between their, there, and they're

THINGS TO SHOW ON CHATROULETTE

- Your girlfriend shitting in the bed
- Mad labias bitch
- Myoplex whey protein containers
- Your Ethel Merman impression
- The face of lonely

NEW JOBS

- Owen Wilson's friend
- Owen Wilson's nemesis
- Pen15 club treasurer/ CPA
- Rapist understudy
- Cockjockey
- Vag stretcher
- Fellatio simulator

DRUGS TO ABUSE ON 4/19

- Crack Spokane
- "My intoxicating wife" - Jackson Browne
- Peyote

WHAT WE DID OVER SPRING BREAK

- Quietly sat in a tent alone not jerking off
- Jerked off
- Got a single mother to fist herself with a hulk hand via chatroulette
- Reorganized our Samba and Nalgene collections
- Went to Cancun with TRL

POSSIBLE PLAGUE PROM THEMES

- Drinking, high school style
- Uncle Chuck's birthday
- Uncle Tom's cabin
- Angela Lansbury gang bang



Midtown Toilet Review

Here at *The Plague*, half of us are some sort of queer-ass vegetarians. The other half of us pretty much spend our time wandering around Manhattan, drunk and/or stoned off our tits, stuffing lamb gyros with extra white sauce into our ugly faces. As such, we have pretty much become a sort of twenty-first century minutemen, except instead of killing occupying forces at the drop of a hat, we take huge dumps. And much like the minutemen of old needed to know where to access arms and ammunition at a moment's notice, we understand the importance of knowing where the closest and best public restrooms are at all times. This space will heretofore be devoted to passing on this crucial knowledge in the form of reviews of bathrooms in and around New York City. We do this so that the next time you are far from home and need to squeeze one out, you know what your options are. Each issue will compile a Plague-dumper's notes on the 5 A's by which we judge our crap-stations: Access, Ambiance, Aroma, Atmosphere, and Ass-Comfort. This issue considers the restrooms in the Manhattan Mall in midtown.

Backstory: Our reviewer was deposited, mid-afternoon, on the corner of 33rd and 7th after a five-hour bus-ride with an intestinal tract full of Popeye's chicken strips and hot chocolate mixed with Peppermint Schnapps. It was immediately obvious to him that the closest option was the best option. He swiftly duck-walked his way into the Manhattan Mall located from 32nd and 33rd street between

6th and 7th Avenue to find the bathroom.

Access: Our dumper laments that the mall lacks any clear signage for the restrooms and that the route to the bathroom requires an "arduous journey" down two escalators and through a crowded and extensive basement-level JC Penney's. At the same time, this drop-stop is applauded for its easy access to the subway and the fact that "you don't have to buy anything to use it." Furthermore, the reviewer notes that "the Senegalese mall security guards were obviously too underpaid and too happy about having work visas to deny my obviously-inebriated ass entry."

Ambiance: The muted lighting and low-volume pop music proved the errant defecator with a relaxed vibe. At the same time, the lightly hued beige marble tiling and stainless steel stall construction provide a comforting sensation of security and guaranteed privacy.

Aroma: Initially, our critic was taken aback by the wilting, lemony smell of the chemical cleanser but complained that it failed to cover-up a stench that was "distinctly assy." After a few moments of nasal adjustment however, the lemon-scented cleanser cancels out the butt-stank and the air mellows out to a breathable level.

Atmosphere: This is the only major shortcoming of the Manhattan Mall's ass-shack. Over the course of a single dump, this reviewer endured two janitors ominously screaming at each other in some Slavic tongue, after which a mop swept under the stall door and over his shoes, leaving them grimy and wet.

Afterwards, our man reports, "a gaggle of shrieking, un-chaperoned children rushed in and ran around, banging on the stall doors, causing a sphincter-clenching racket." As if this wasn't enough, despite the fact that our reporter occupied the furthest of five possible stalls, a typical "shit-storm dumper" ricocheted into the stall immediately to his left, tossing toilet paper around like confetti, grunting, farting loudly, and generally carrying-on like a turdy force of nature. Sadly, these are the things one must learn to accept as inevitable in mall restrooms.

Ass-Comfort: Here, we will provide our reviewers unadulterated words because nothing else will do the experience justice. He writes: "This was undoubtedly the most comfortable toilet my two cheeks have ever had the opportunity to rest on. It is the reason people refer to a shitter as 'the throne.' Slightly angled back towards the wall, the seat provided the perfection so desperately sought after by John Sexton in his memoir, *Abu Dhabi's Ahab: One Man's Hunt for a Porcelain White Whale*. My ass felt as though it was being cupped by the hands of God himself. Though the seat is manufactured from hard plastic, it's design is so ergonomically brilliant that it feels absolutely pillow-esque. If you were to close your eyes while using this bowl, you might think you weren't taking a crap in an over-crowded mall in New York City, but that you were in a breezy plantation manor in Georgia, giving Dolly Parton a glorious Cleveland Steamer. In short, if you are in or near the Tri-State Area, I suggest you drop heat in this bathroom. You will not be taking a shit; a shit will be taking you...to Paradise."



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"Barricade!" someone shouted.

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