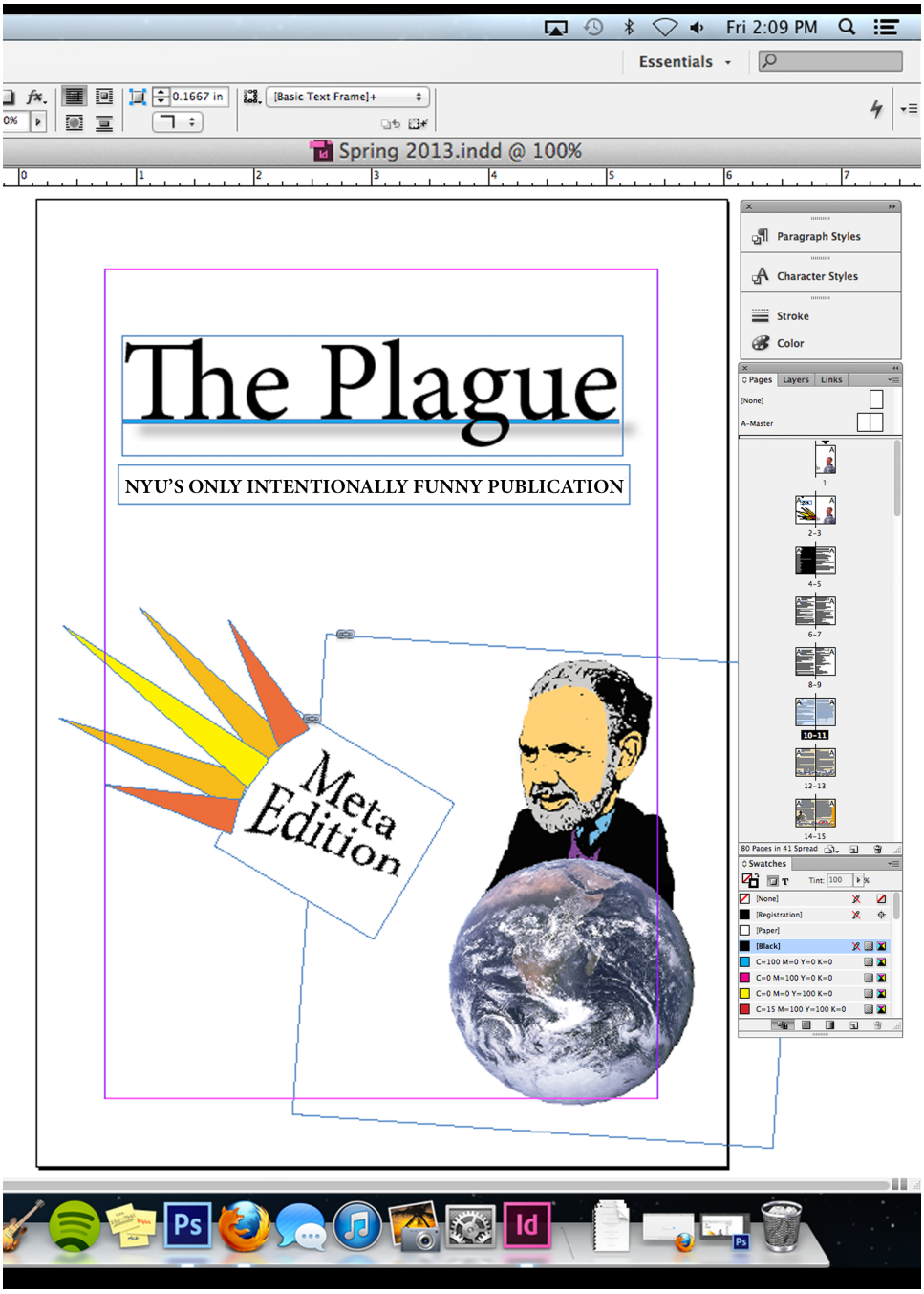

Fri 2:09 PM
Essentials
Spring 2013.indd @ 100%
Paragraph Styles
Character Styles
Stroke
Color
Pages
Layers
Links
Swatches
The Plague
NYU'S ONLY INTENTIONALLY FUNNY PUBLICATION
Meta Edition

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

At *The Plague*, our foremost duty is that we deliver quality humor, to you. But after another Spring semester toiling away on files and files of jokes to make you laugh, there's something we want to do slightly even more: we want to make you listen. We're desperate to simply say anything to anyone who's willing to really listen and take to heart the things we feel like saying. NB Last issue's "Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying" was clearly *read* by many (there are only a handful of copies remaining in our office and their pages are all stuck together), but listened to by none, since everyone is still telling us about the HBO original series **Game of Thrones**, a show well within the boundaries of the media format explicitly prohibited, by us, in our prior issue, namely, TV. Hopefully this regrettable pattern won't continue, although, by the time you're reading this in September, there'll probably be a new batch of **GoT** episodes on its way for you to illegally download instead of listening to us.

It's a sorry state of affairs on campus when another fad, big-shot HBO program gets us more riled up than the college humor publication. College students are expected by tradition to laugh at ad hominem attacks on their school administration and get inspired to drop lit firecrackers inside their professors' briefcases. Not huddle around some RA's Macbook passively absorbing the latest **Xena: Warrior Princess** substitute co-created by David Benioff, the son of ex-Goldman Sachs Board Director Stephen Friedman who probably sent his son to the Collegiate School when he got too old to stay inside learning English from Star Wars nov-

Layout.indd 2 7/9/13 5:12 PM

elizations. And it's not even as though he created the concept, since it's an adaptation from cash-grab series of fantasy novels "originally planned as a trilogy." I could introduce you to at least two separate men who could say they've written a S*ong of Fire and Ice* installment, and that's just counting *Plague* alums.

Not unrelatedly, a big deal is being made about how much **Game of Thrones** gets torrented, and we're as bewildered as the authorities on this one. When you go to download **GoT**, you're passing up an infinite universe of media just as easily available, since all media is stored online now. (That's a lot.) Why settle for a present-day HBO serial other than to keep up with Buzzfeed articles? What's the site that has lots of **GoT** news? Everyone knows the Jenny Holzer adage, "don't trust anyone over 30." I'd like to echo that sentiment, and remix it to say don't watch anything under 18. **X-Files, Star Trek,** both are big examples of great television you can watch instead online, even without a Netflix subscription, and these aren't dull-grey Zionist propagandafests.

Sure *The Plague* would be great if it had a viewership of millions and was made the center of social gatherings, by not just college students but high-earning young adults. Who wouldn't be with that kind of audience (aka budget)? But that isn't our destiny. We may print comparatively fewer copies, but we sweat not as long as they get into the right hands: the big, invisible ones that direct student opinion like checkers pieces. Moreover, in no way are we at all jealous of the producers or creators of **Game of Thrones**, it's just that, for two entities written entirely by computers, there seems to be a disproportionate amount of attention getting divvied out. In short, it's time to remember that we're your humor magazine, and *you're* supposed to listen to *us*. Here is what we damn well feel like saying:

- Stop joining sororities and fraternities, it isn't cool
- Just because HBO produces a show doesn't mean it's any more worthwhile of your time than any network serial drama, in fact it's probably less worthy
- Rape isn't funny
- Shout out to the Tisch documentary First Amendment guy, even though your joke was played out, you kept the dream alive
- Adventure Time is a children's show, and those are cheaper and easier to write, so of course they do so with the tastes of a pack of low-standard adult nerds in mind
- http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=02MLs5CAWTA
- Study hard and do your work on time

Layout.indd 3 7/9/13 5:12 PM

Staff

EDITORS

Karl Heiland
PRESIDENT

Michael Abraham
VICE PRESIDENT

Gilbert Shi
SECRETARY

Colette Porter
TREASURER

ALL OF THE WORK, NONE OF THE CREDIT

Mary Hodge
Otter Lee
Jordan Rubio
Josefa Bitenc
Genevieve O'Connell
John Lacy
Adam Holmes
James Edwards
Gabi Lenhard
Spencer Sapienza
Nate Einhorn
Dylan Fauss
Calvin Lord
Jeremy Levick
Dennis Yelizarov
Syed-Amaal Mustafa
Emma Flihan

FEATURING

Zig Zigman

Layout.indd 4 7/9/13 5:12 PM

Contents

This Page Registers:
5.4 kilogiggles

2 Introduction
3 Staff
6 Acknowledgements

NYU AWARENESS WEEKS

10 Older Women Also Have A Libido Week
11 Aly Week (In Memory Of One Half Of Aly & AJ)
13 iTunes Alternatives Awareness Week
14 James Vanderbeek Week
16 Lactose Intolerant Lacrosse Players Week

HOW WE MADE OUR FIRST MILLION

17 One Million Shoeshines
18 Made My Millionth Tear Yesterday Over My Lack Of Money
20 Suicidegirls.com
21 Wheat Futures

WHY MEN'S RIGHTS MATTER IN 2013

22 Sexy Robot Slaves Still Decades Away From Being Affordable
23 Because My Father Got Castrated By The Lady Sheriff So That Us Boys Could Vote
24 Because Boy's Life Magazine Comes At A Price

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

THINGS WE FROZE DURING WINTER BREAK

25 Pork Chops, I Call 'Em Pork Pops
27 Everything Else On This List Sucked

ANNOYING THINGS ABOUT BEING ON DEATH ROW

28 Getting Made Fun Of By Rapists
31 I'm Almost Certain I Left The Garage Door Open
33 The Douchebag In Front Of Me Brought His Kids
34 Each Time I Jack Off Could Be My Last So I Get Nervous And Don't Know What To Think About
35 Everyone Is Always Telling Fat Jokes

OUR DONATIONS TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

36 Big Red Jolly Rancher That Looks Like A Ruby
38 Picture Of Karl Doing A Slam Dunk Over Judd Apatow

TO DO

46 Come Up With Enough Rhyming Words To Make A Song
47 Buy 7 Members Only Jackets
48 Tittie Torture
49 Complete My Penis's Gradual Degradation Into A Vagina

WHEN IT WILL BE OKAY TO JOKE ABOUT THE BOSTON BOMBING

51 When The Boston Sheriff Is Able To Look His Son In The Eye
52 As Soon As It's Socially Acceptable To Talk About The Rare Splash Of Water That Hits Your Balls When You Take A Dump
53 After The Next *We Are The World* Song, But This One Is Sung By A Lone Bostonian Holding A Cream Pie

Layout.indd 6 7/9/13 5:12 PM

55 After Mother Finishes Her Bath, And She Takes Me To Comedy Practice
58 Once The Laff Index Rebounds To Pre-Bombing Chuckle Levels

This Page Registers:
26 laffs/minute

LESSER KNOWN PRODUCTS OF APRIL SHOWERS

59 May Dissociative Disorders
60 Skittles Turn Sour
60 Fucking Fried My Dell, Man

WHY THEY WON'T LET US STUDY ABROAD

62 I Prefer To Study Multiple Broads
63 I'm Pretty Racist Actually

LESSONS LEARNED DURING GENDER VIOLENCE AWARENESS WEEK

66 Vagina Is Located On The Bottom, Not The Front
69 "Consent" Isn't Just A Town In New Hampshire

ACADEMY AWARD SNUBS & LESSER KNOWN CATEGORIES

71 Best Outburst By A Sad Aunt
72 "Cute" Awards (Cutest Actress, Cutest Sound Design, etc.)
73 That One Guy In That Movie About How Everyone Has Muscular Dystrophy
74 Most Functional DVD Menu
75 Most Holocaust-y
75 Fattest Adele
76 Best Dog Who Had To Be Put Down
78 Best On Screen Display Of Faithful Monogamy

Layout.indd 7 7/9/13 5:12 PM

NEW INCENTIVES TO GET PEOPLE TO SUBMIT

79 Spend A Night With Your Favorite E-Board Member
81 A Date With A Random Plague Listserv Subscriber
82 An Ample Bosom On Which To Rest Your Weary Head
84 Free Glamour Shots By My Dad
85 "Free Rimjob" Coupons Redeemable At Any NYC Homeless Shelter

WHY POPE BENEDICT REALLY STEPPED DOWN

87 To Star In 'Magic Mike 2'
87 He Realized That When You Aren't The Pope You Can Tell Everyone About The Blowjobs You Get/Give
88 Because Officer Positions Opened Up At The *Korean Christians Club*
90 Found Yahweh

WHY WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING WRITTEN THIS WEEK

93 Because Our Piece Was Too Conceptual To Get Onto Two Dimensions
94 Messed Up 1st Kiss And Was In A Bad Mood
95 The Voices Wouldn't Let Me
95 The Old Man Caught Me With The Fountain Pen I Nicked Off His Desk And, Boy, Am I In For A Whuppin'

WHAT ARE WE MUTTERING UNDER OUR BREATH

96 "They Can See The Mustard On Your Gentials, Everyone Sees It!"
97 "You Forgot To Close The Garage Door, You Always Forget To Close The Garage Door."

Layout.indd 8 7/9/13 5:12 PM

98 "Wow...The Potion Worked, And I'm No Longer A Goat."

This Page Registers:
5.6 on the Laff-O-Meter

FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING

100 Mother Changes Her Merkin And I Get To Wear Her Winter One
101 John Sexton Inserts His Penis Into My Penis

DEADLIEST CARBS

102 A Bullet In Your Skull
103 Bullets Made Of Bread
103 Breaded Dick

MOST INDULGENT CARBS

105 Breaded Candies
106 Dr. Pepper
106 Mistress Pepper, My Dominant Landlady
108 Season 1 Game Of Thrones DVD And Packaging
110 Pages 5-6 Of The Bible

BEST PAGES

112 27
113 19
113 82

BEST LIST IDEAS

114 Favorite Kenan And Kel Moments
116 Most Articulate Prostitutes Of 2013
117 Best List Ideas
118 Where Is My Son?

Layout.indd 9 7/9/13 5:12 PM

119 Integers
122 Cars And The Racial Slurs That Suit Them
123 Bad Stuff Our Dad Did To Us
124 Best Chess Moves To Use On Drunken Sorority Girls
125 Things I'm Going To Do To My Beautiful Wife Of 25 Years Tonight

This Page Registers:
1.0 on the Dwayne Index
(Number of references to Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson or NBA All Star Dwyane Wade)

WHAT ARE COLE AND DYLAN SPROUSE MAJORING IN

126 Nothing In Particular, But They're Getting Some Minors
128 Dylan Majors In Tugging On Cole's Ponytail
132 Cole Bends Over And Dylan Uses His Back As A Flat Surface On Which He Can Forge Their Parents' Signature For A Permission Slip

RESEARCH FINDINGS

135 When Pregnant Women Listen To Mozart By Putting The Headphones On Their Bellies, It Gives The Babies Multiple Orgasms
137 Mice Don't Enjoy When Scientist Masturbate Them
138 1 in 10 Vin Diesels Is Really A Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson

HOTTEST JOBS OF THE 21ST CENTURY

140 Securities Sales Agent
142 Top Executive
143 Elected Public Official
144 Mars Rover

Layout.indd 10 7/9/13 5:12 PM

The Plague Holds Shortest NYU Club Meeting Ever

NEW YORK – NYU's comedy magazine The Plague held the shortest recorded meeting of any NYU club ever on Monday, October 22. When reached for comment, club president Karl Heiland said, "Yeah, it was pretty short."

According to several members, the record-setting meeting involved just a reading of a single article, a news parody. "It was perfect," said one contributor, who asked to remain anonymous. "We were just in awe of how good it was, so we left afterwards."

What did they do after the meeting? "Honestly, I don't even remember," said long time member Colette Porter. "That's how drunk I got."

"We didn't even have time to talk about dicks, or incest, or drug addiction. It wasn't our best meeting," said Heiland. After our interview with him, Heiland offered us a subscription to adult magazine Black Inches. "I'm selling them for extra cash. Help a brother out?"

Layout.indd 11 7/9/13 5:12 PM

Archaeologist's Journal

Bablyonian Dig, Iraq Sector 529

Day 47

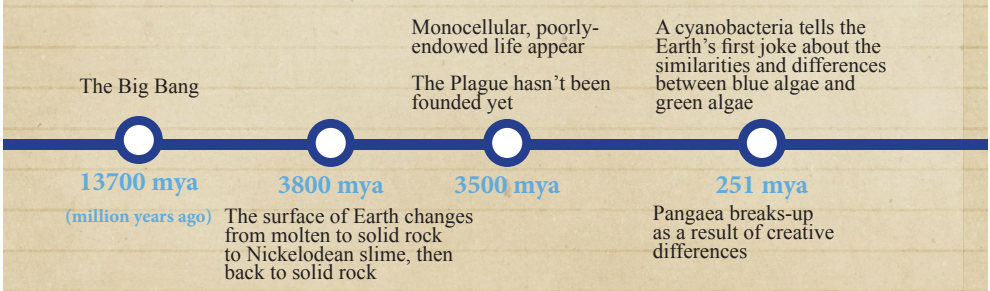
At last we have unearthed the entrance to the tomb, dating back to, we suspect, the era of Hammurabi. Upon entering, we discovered the sarcophagus of an as of yet unidentified female, surrounded by several vessels and treasures. Notably among these are several texts titled in Akkadian, "The Plague."

Day 49

We have examined the texts further, expecting them to describe an epidemic that brought about the downfall of these people or, perhaps, provide insight into the ancient civilization's mythos. We have instead found that the texts have nothing to do with any sort of plague, fictional or factual. They appear to contain several instances of the Akkadian words for genitalia, a discovery we believed to be in error, until we noticed the accompanying illustrations ranging from crude doodle to sophisticated diagram. We'd be faster in our study, but our two best translators have contracted some unknown and rather pus-filled illness and are recovering in a Baghdad hospital.

Day 53

As we continue translating the Plague texts, we realize they are all identical copies, each containing the same depictions of genitalia, along with letters, journals, and dialogues with unrelated images addressed to an unknown audience. The number of copies suggests the writers intended for distribution, but clearly this did not occur. Nobody in my team understands what these Plagues could possibly be for, and we all have sporadic nosebleeds whenever



Layout.indd 12 7/9/13 5:12 PM

in their presence.

This Page Registers:
5.4 chortles

Day 54
We open the other vessels in the chamber, hoping to find more sensible artifacts. Instead we find more Plagues. We soon realize that every item in the room is actually a facade for stacks of Plagues. Urns and baskets contain dozens of copies. A pile of textiles turned out to be cleverly arranged braided strands of camel hair draped over a heap of Plague texts. Even the sarcophagus' inhabitant rests on a pile of eerily preserved Plagues. Her wrappings are woven from the cover page, a puzzling illustration of an ancient king regarding a weeping infant with a basket of wheat. Everywhere we turn are more Plagues, and of course, the swarm of locusts that incapacitated the remaining members of my team.

Day 55
I lie alone in the tomb, unable to escape the hold these indecipherable texts have over me. I clutch at one of the texts and guffaw for reasons no mere man can understand. I carve a list of reasons why I won't return my mother's calls into my skin with the digging pick. I'm on the Akkadian translation of "I already have a dildo" when the room fills with warm ethereal light. A woman, the figure of feminine perfection stands before me. Whether she is the resident of the sarcophagus or the sex goddess Ishtar, I cannot know, but she leans down, gently kisses my parched lips, and whispers, "Burn them."

Day 56
I stand outside the once-preserved tomb, now engulfed in flames. The Plagues are no more. I am free.

Photosynthetic organisms start fucking each other

241 mya

The Ptersosaurs, the first flying reptiles appear followed by the first twerking reptiles

Sorry, I don't remember what happened here

202

Your guess is as good as mine

153

124

Hard to say what went on here. Something with Eukaryotes, maybe?

33.9 mya

The Ogligocene Epoch begins, marked by the first elephants with trunks, and a supervolcano eruption in La Gartia, Colorado

This is when the Battle of Gettysburg happened. It's not? Shit, my bad

30 mya

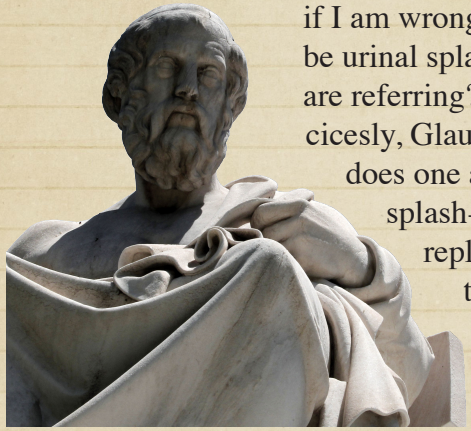
The Plague still hasn't been founded yet

Layout.indd 13 7/9/13 5:12 PM

LOST DOCUMENTS

Scholars of Plato's Republic have often noticed a moment in the dialogue between Socrates and his interlocutor where the topic discussed appears immediately to shift. In late 2007, a document was discovered buried underneath the Acropolis in Athens, Greece, that may provide a link to the truth behind the mystery of Plato's Republic. *What follows is a translation by Robert Fagel of the recently discovered document:*

"Well, Glaukon, it appears to me that for all men there is one chief impediment to pursuing goodness," I said. "Correct me if I am wrong, Socrates, but would it be urinal splash-back to which you are referring?" Glaukon said. "Precicesly, Glaukon," I said. "And, how does one attempt to avoid urinal splash-back?" to which Glaukon replied, "Well, Socrates, in truth it is a problem that I have never been able to resolve." "Wouldn't it be true then, Glaukon,



29 mya — Flowering plants evolve into the Earth's first primitive vaginas

20 mya — The first tool-making humanoids emerge with primitive prostate massagers

2 mya — The first accordian-playing little monkeys appear

3000 bc — Bronze Age begins

1,300 bc — Iron Age begins

740 bc — Balsa Wood Age begins

500 bc — Greeks or whatever Romans lived, did stuff, and died

Layout.indd 14 7/9/13 5:13 PM

that the best possible method to avoid urinal splash-back would be to vary the direction of the stream of one's urine?" I said, to which Glaukon replied, "I believe it. It must be true." "But then," I said, "you see I am different from the hoards of men who are still underground within the cave." Glaukon said, "Please explain to me, Socrates." I said, "Allow me to do so. Unlike those who live under ground, a tree grows in the soil, up into the heavens." Glaukon said, "It certainly does." I continued, "For that exact reason I am known among women as the 'stump,' for what grows from me protrudes thirty centimeters from my hips and is perpetually as hard as petrified wood. Additionally, it expands into a vast root system that is visible across the entirety of my abdomen and then down on both thighs to the knees. Do you understand what I am saying, Glaukon?" Glaukon said, "I am not sure, Socrates. You will need to explain further." I said, "Glaukon, this is why the good life can only be attained by some."

This Page Registers:
1.2 bashful grins

The remainder of the missing text remains unknown.

PRE-PLAGUE ERA
A period marked by nihilism and ennui

0
Jesus blah blah, etc

1492
George Washington and Abraham Lincoln mudglide across the Atlantic and discover America

1848
Feudal System stuff, I dunno. Serfs and shit

1899
The world braces itself for the birth of the most influential student publication ever

Life has meaning

1900
The Plague is founded

Layout.indd 15 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Top Student at NYU

Meet Anna, Top Student at NYU. Top grades, top perfomance, top attendance. Today she and Plague Magazine sat down to discuss...

PM: Is it easy to maintain your Top Grades, Top Performance, Top Attendance?

A: No, it is not.

PM: And how do you maintain your Top Grades, Top Performance, etc.?

A: Every day I wake up and give it my Top Performance, Top Grades, Top Attendance.

PM: What do professors come to expect from Top Student, Top Grades?

A: Top Grades, Top Attendance, Top Performance.

PM: What kind of things get in the way of Top etc.?

A: Family emergencies, sick days, religious observances, vacations, weekends, etc..

PM: And what do you have to say to the kids as Top Student?

A: Wake up, give it your Top Student, Top Attendance, etc..

FOUNDERS ERA
The dawn of laughter

1900
Sept: *The Plague* was formed after NYU Junior Horace Grantland (*CAS '01*) told a particularly uproarious titty joke: "*I wish my gal Barbara had a third titty and, like, five asses*"

1907
Mar: *Plague* vice president Archie Rockefeller (*CAS '07*) writes the publication's first tranny joke

1912
Feb: *Plague* member Marco Rubin (*CAS '13*) writes the publication's first tranny joke in Spanish

1919
Fall: *Plague* president Will "Two Combs" Russo was known for carrying two combs; one for the top, one for the sides. Russo was allegedly not so tough without his plank with a couple nails hammered in, otherwise pretty tough

Layout.indd 16 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Overcoming Sexism

It's no secret that sexism is ever-present in our elementary schools. From the female discouragement in math and science to the gender-separate-and-definitely-not-equal restrooms—exactly where are the urinals for the girls' room—third grader Miranda Tengu was all too familiar with the struggles she faced as a female in a male dominated recess hour. It was time to dominate back.

"I have to admit, I was originally going to use the jump rope to whip back the boys' penises into submission," Miranda recalls. "But the fourth grader Dean Sumners told me he could Double Dutch longer than I could, and well, my pride was at stake."

It was then that Tengu and Sumners entered the Dutch rope together. As they bounced unceasingly, the braided rope slashing past them in a fluid sphere, their fellow recessers chanting in rhyme, the once distinct lines between the young boy and girl's selves began to blur.

"It was remarkable. I could feel my femininity slipping away and Dean's masculinity being cast aside as well. For a brief moment, we looked each other in the eye, genderless and equal. That was, of course, until we switched bodies."

Miranda takes a moment to look at her reflection in the school windows, her new Adam's apple warped in the petroleum-glass composite. She can see Dean Sumners in her old body, being chased off the baseball field by his old friends. Indeed, Miranda has overcome the woes of womanhood by becoming a man.

THE ROARING '20s

Everyone yelled all the time

1920

Fall: *The Plague* staff consists entirely of shoeshiners, newspaper boys, and carriage horses

1924

Jul: *Plague* issues doused in a diluted Lysol solution become a popular method of birth control

1928

Sept: *Plague* treasurer Johnson Carver (*Stein '30*) coins the phrase "yucking it up" as a way to describe an outpouring of laffs

Feb: Alexander Fleming's discovery of penicillin marks a decline in sycosis barbae and staphylococcus-related gags

Layout.indd 17 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Fat Jonah/Skinny Jonah

(In the kitchen/living room area of a modern home in California. JONAH HILL is a rotund actor in a plaid shirt and jeans, should look like the real actor. His girlfriend ALLIE is in her late twenties, sitting casually on the couch watching TV. Open on a cheery JONAH coming into the home holding multiple shopping bags.)

JONAH
They had all the ingredients!

(ALLIE gets up and wanders toward the kitchen to sort through the groceries)

ALLIE
And they had the fresh goat cheese?

JONAH
You gotta milk the goat yourself if you want it any fresher.

ALLIE
And the soy chorizo?

JONAH
Yeah, I forgot what kind you like, so I picked up a couple different packs. I just…

(JONAH looks out the window with an earnest demeanor and ALLIE stops going through the bags and focuses her attention on him)

I just realize that I've gotten it wrong before,

at least… I realize it now. And I want you to know how important this is to me, getting things right…

(JONAH gets timid, but upon hearing his words ALLIE approaches JONAH with a smile, and wraps her arms around him)

ALLIE
Aww, Jonah-Bear. I haven't been perfect either. We're learning together. And now it's kind of like we're picking up right where we left off. It's almost like everything's back to normal.

JONAH
Yeah, this feels a lot more normal at least. It was weird when you could get your arms around me so easily.

ALLIE
(Laughs kindly)
Jo-nah, you know I don't just mean the weight… But it does kind of feel like I finally have you back.

JONAH
Looks like you've got all of me back, Al.

(The two laugh a bit more. ALLIE kisses him on the cheek and then starts putting some of the groceries in the fridge. JONAH wanders into the next room. He walks up to a mirror and in the mirror we see SKINNY JONAH staring back at him, a disturbed, cackling smile on his face.)

ALLIE
(From the next room)
Do you want to slice the peppers or start on the filling?

JONAH
Whatever you don't want to do, Al.

(We see FAT JONAH looking into the mirror from behind, and we continue to see the crazed reflection of SKINNY JONAH. From both views, we see JONAH removing a small tube of lipstick from his shirt pocket.)

ALLIE
I'll do the stuffing then, I know you like getting the peppers ready.

(JONAH unbuttons his shirt and begins covering his nipples in the red lipstick. SKINNY JONAH in the reflection still flashing a crazed smile. He writes "DEATH" across his chest)

ALLIE
Oh, and Jonah, have you seen that lipstick that I had out yesterday?

(Crazed SKINNY JONAH in the mirror slowly buttons his shirt and puts the lipstick back into his shirt pocket. He winks back at FAT JONAH)

JONAH
Sorry hon, haven't seen it.

END

Layout.indd 20 7/9/13 5:13 PM

starring

fat jonah hill

skinny jonah hill



COMING SOON

Layout.indd 21 7/9/13 5:13 PM

My Strangest Plague Assignment Yet: An Introduction To A Legend

By the time I gained the trust of most of the exec. board, I had been so thoroughly beguiled and humiliated by their grunt work that I could have been a natural member of The Plague thrice over. I'd sifted through the hundreds and hundreds of student submissions; driven Karl back from the ER while he verbally berated me; emptied the Plague Party swill bucket; I'd even flossed Michael's teeth while his hands were occupied writing comedy. However, my newest assignment was different. Tonight would be my first comedy field mission.

It started when Karl and Michael got an email from a man named Zig Zigman, claiming to be a Chinese, Jewish shrink with an MBA, who had given up his trade to become an intellectually humorous comedian. Right away I was intrigued. The guys decided that someone should attend one of his sets before they granted any of his requests for promotion. It turned out I was just the girl with experience enough for the job. But nothing could have prepared me for what I saw that night.

Zig Zigman's set was to take place in the basement of a pharmacy I actually frequent quite often, since they carry a hard to find ointment that Michael needs in order to live. The place looked nothing like the high-priced, hygienic warehouse that it usually was, though, and I wouldn't rub anything that I found here between anyone's toes.

Zig took to the stage -- he was a strange looking man. He had a sharp, exceedingly handsome face and stood about 5'2". He was wearing glasses and a business suit (he would later explain that he had just come from his day job at the Baskin Robbins' hiring department).

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

Everyone was sad all the time

1929

Oct: *Plague* president Emerson West (*CAS '29*) loses his fortune after ignoring his sickly uncle's warnings against speculation. He hangs himself in the publication chambers a week later

1932

Fall: Historically low issue sales force *Plague* members to subsist on a diet of dust, copies of Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*, and the leg meat of the lowest ranking member

1935

Apr: FDR's New Deal pays unemployed laborers $1.30/week to burn surplus *Plague* copies known as 'Hoover masturbation hankies'

But his jokes! Such explosive jabs, paired with exquisite, meandering daydreams. His surreal, skewed perspective on the everyday left me saying "huh" at times, but I was mostly doubled over in laughter. His style escapes description -- the best I could say is that his observations are composed like intricate little devices, but with a quirky, alien understanding of machinery -- like tiny music boxes that play Björk songs.

This Page Registers:
2 disingenous chuckles

I looked him in the eyes once during his set, and the gaze looking back wasn't that of a Jew or of a Chinese -- it was the gaze of a master comic, a predator on the hunt for laughs; his lines had something of the seasoned rhetorician, the targets of his satire getting torn to shreds to amuse us in our bloodlust for humor. He massaged my funny bone with the soft hands of a Chinese and the firm, forceful grip of a Jew.

I managed to grab a couple of drinks with him after the show, and he told me a bit about his life. He felt never Jewish nor truly Chinese; he didn't feel quite right as a businessman or as a shrink; he loved his humor, but mandated that it always have an intellectual side. I now knew this man deserved a wider audience. His struggles, his dedication to the craft of comedy, his level head, perforating insight, his sweatiness… It all reminded me of the fearless leaders of The Plague, where Zig's material, I was certain, deserved a generous spot in the sun.

He refused my offers at first, insisting on only getting the modest demands he set out to ask us for, and then granting that he would write, but only for free. Eventually, he acquiesced when I offered to buy him dinner sometime. (Now, we've just bat mitzvah'd our third beautiful daughter!). I hope the following Zigman originals ring today as they did to me, down in that smelly pharmacy: beguiling, bemusing, and above all, intellectually humorous.

WORLD WAR II
The golden age of jokes about women's baseball and U-Boats

Oct: All *Plague* male writers are drafted into the armed forces,

1940
and the organization's women take their places, giving rise to more character-driven and empathetic jokes

1941
Feb: First Hitler joke made by *Plague* member Sally Mitchell (*Stein '42*). Joke premise: *What if Hitler was a Welcome Week leader?*

1942
Mar: Every Japanese Member of *The Plague* is awarded a prestigious internship, none return

GUEST WRITTEN CONTENT

Sexton and the City

Ziggy Yoediono, MD MBA

A woman is sad because her husband has lost interest in her so she gets a facelift and her breasts augmented, hoping this will reignite the love they once shared. It works for a while, but then things go back to normal and the woman is once again unhappy.

Sound familiar? It's the story of every other couple living in Beverly Hills as well as other rich enclaves around the world. You NYU students are bright, so you understand that the reason the cosmetic surgery didn't help was because the real issues weren't being addressed. The sagging face and breasts were just an easier fix.

This classic love story reminds me of another tumultuous relationship: the one between your president and the faculty who oppose him. Before I go on, let me first say that you may find it odd that someone who has no affiliation with NYU, doesn't live in New York City, and used to roll his eyes at his college roommate for referring to New York City as "The City" has the audacity to nose around in your business. I'm flattered you think I'm being bold. I'm a psychiatrist, so not minding my own business and giving unsolicited advice are quite normal.

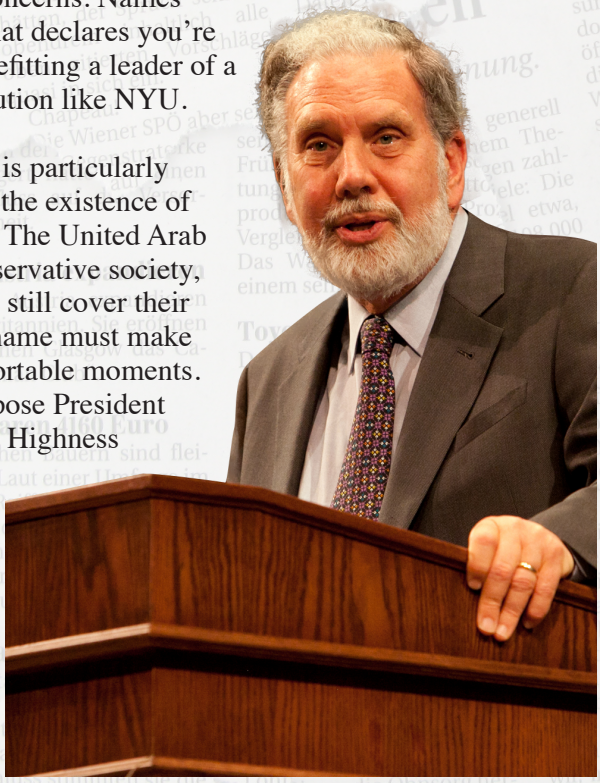
The fury over John Sexton appears to center on two issues. First is his leadership style. Despite his famous hugs, detractors claim that President Sexton is dictator-like, with little to no regard for anyone else. In other words, he's Bashar al-Assad minus the chemical weapons and wimpy chin. Second is his getting NYU 2031 approved. Naysayers argue that while NYU definitely needs the space, it doesn't need the astronomical costs associated with

Layout.indd 24 7/9/13 5:13 PM

This Page Registers:
3.4 appreciatory head nodds

adding 6 million square feet in The City. These are legitimate issues. People get upset when they feel as if they haven't been heard unless the person not hearing them is deaf. John Sexton is not deaf. That being said, I believe that the faculty are upset about something else other than his leadership style and NYU 2031, i.e. these two issues are the sagging face and breasts. So what's the real issue, you ask. It's his name.

I'm sure I haven't been the first person to hear "Sexton" and go "Hmmm. Switch the two syllables around and you have Ton [of] Sex. Hahaha." While it's a laughing matter to me, I'm sure the faculty has had concerns. Names matter, and one that declares you're a sex god is not befitting a leader of a world-class institution like NYU.



Furthermore, this is particularly concerning given the existence of NYU Abu Dhabi. The United Arab Emirates is a conservative society, where the women still cover their arms. Surely his name must make for some uncomfortable moments. For instance, suppose President Sexton meets Her Highness Sheikha Maryam Bint Mohammed Bin Rashed Al Maktoum for the first time when she visits the NYU AD campus:

President: Good afternoon, your Highness. I am John Sexton, and I'm the president of NYU.

Her Highness: John Section?

President: No. Sexton. As in SEX. S-E-X, like the show Sex and the City, and then TON.

Sexton isn't the only concerning part about your president's name. The name John may be as American as apple pie, but it also means "toilet" and "client of a prostitute." Put his first and last names together, and you're essentially saying that NYU's president gets a ton of sex with hookers in the bathroom. And if that weren't bad enough, he has a dog named Legs. Thank God he didn't name it Third Leg.

Even though John Sexton's name was the real issue, what faculty member in his or her right mind was going to say something about it? Hence, the faculty redirected their dissatisfaction towards his leadership style and NYU 2031, i.e. the sagging face and breasts.

By now you're probably saying, "Ingenious analysis. What's the solution?"

The beauty about being a psychiatrist is that we're never expected to have any answers, only more questions and advice. That's why therapy lasts forever. So here's my advice: John Sexton and his detractors must have a heart-to-heart about the real issue at hand. I am available for mediation in return for an honorary degree.

Ziggy Yoediono is a Chinese Jewish psychiatrist with an MBA who gave up psychiatry and business to become a writer, but did not give up being Chinese or Jewish. For more Brain Tickles, follow Zig Zigman on Twitter at https://twitter.com/zigzigman and Facebook at https://www.facebook.com/ZigZigman Feel free to contact him at zyoediono@gmail.com

Layout.indd 26 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

Students of NYU: If you want yet another way to procrastinate doing work, follow Zig Zigman - a Chinese Jewish psychiatrist with an MBA who gave up psychiatry and business to become a writer, but did not give up being Chinese or Jewish - on Twitter at https://twitter.com/zigzigman and on Facebook at https://www.facebook.com/ZigZigman

Zig Zigman

Zig Zigman

WAYS TO PREVENT OUR YOUTH FROM BECOMING RADICALIZED

- Ban the Wikihow article "How to become a terrorist (in 6 easy steps)"
- Send toddlers to bomb-sniffing dog training school.
- Mandatory Guantanamo Bay pen pal program for grade schoolers.
- Put an end to the film trope where the religious fundamentalist has his way with a locker-room full of women.
- Keep the family gunpowder on a high shelf that is out of children's reach.
- Reduce young adults' potential for harm by making them wear glasses with the wrong prescription.
- Big mousetraps rigged with a book called "Why United States Bad" instead of cheese.
- Mandatory background checks prior to the sale of all shoe bombs.
- Go beyond mandatory background checks and close the shoe bomb trade show loophole.
- Force children to declare loyalty to the United States on a daily basis at school.
- Wear an Osama Bin Laden mask whenever you spank your children.
- Don't let terrorists walk at graduation or go to the prom.
- Discontinue the "Insurgent Chic" line of shoes at Macy's.
- Put an end to the popular sleepover game "truth or religiously-motivated act of violence."
- Use the word "horrible" instead of "terrible."

GOOD, CLEAN JOKES ERA

An idyllic period when women were mild-mannered and comedy was wholesome

1947
Fall Issue Theme: *The Mischevious Family Dog*

1948
Apr: Jenny Nelson (*Gal '50*) forgets to bring the napkins to the *Plague* annual picnic, but everyone still had an enjoyable afternoon

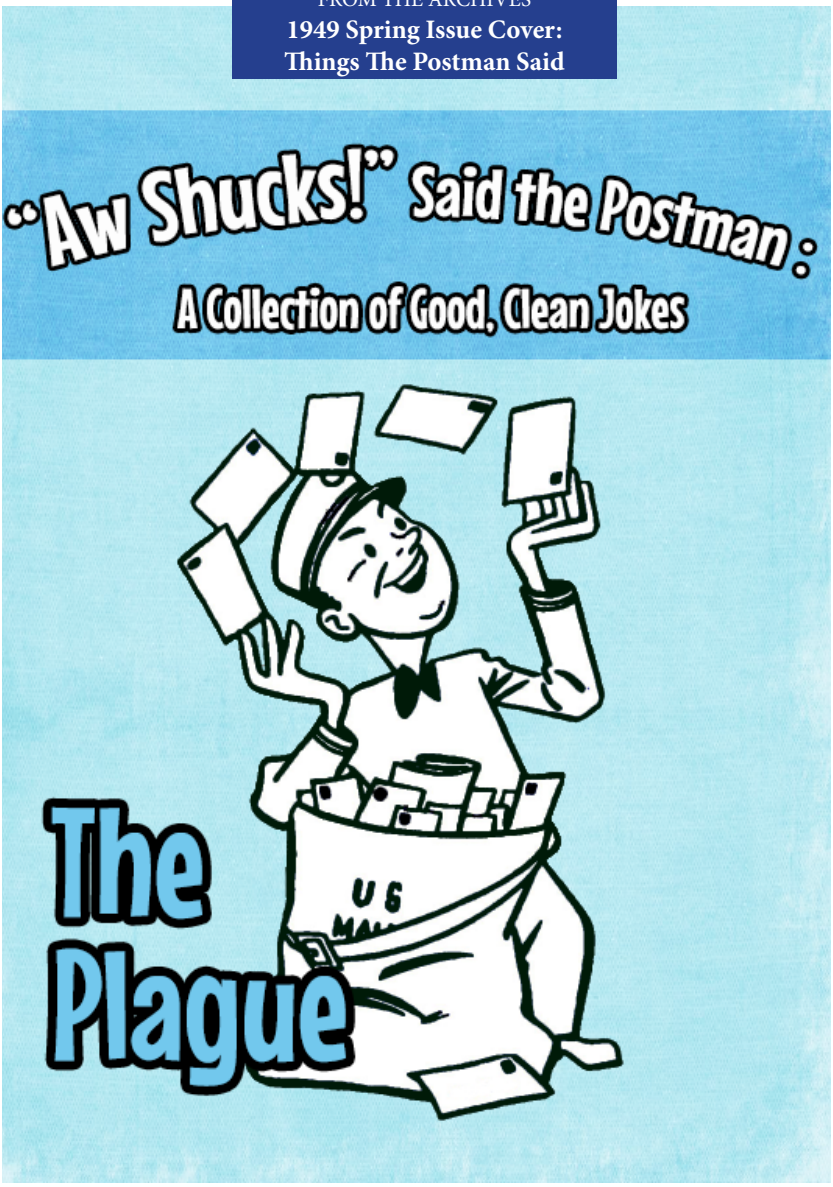
1949
Spring Issue Theme: *Things The Postman Said*

1950
Jul: The entire *Plague* writing staff is killed in a plane crash. The tragedy is known as "The Day the Laffs Died."

Dec: The Good, Clean Jokes era officially ends after a staffer writes the fake news headline: *Tisch Student Gay*

FROM THE ARCHIVES

1949 Spring Issue Cover: Things The Postman Said



Not So Tough After All

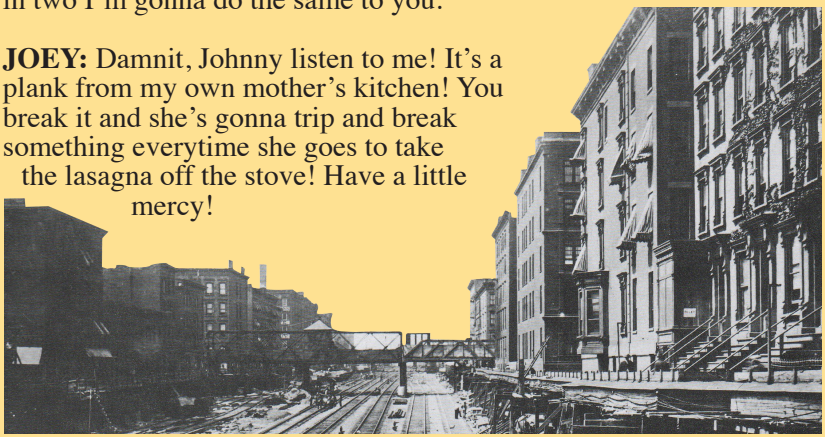
(In an empty lot in some rundown, industrial part of town. Everything vaguely '50s-esque. JOEY is a thug dressed in black and JOHNNY is a thug dressed in a very dark blue. Open on JOEY being shoved to the ground by JOHNNY. As he falls, JOEY drops the wooden board he was holding)

JOHNNY: I got ya now, ya milkshake-slurpin' bastard!

JOEY: Johnny, geez man, I swear, just give me back my board man!

JOHNNY: Not so tough without your board with some nails in it, now are you, fella? Give a guy a board with some nails in it and all of a sudden he becomes some bigshot, like he's a goddamn spokesman for Dove soaps or somethin'. Listen chump, after I break this board in two I'm gonna do the same to you.

JOEY: Damnit, Johnny listen to me! It's a plank from my own mother's kitchen! You break it and she's gonna trip and break something everytime she goes to take the lasagna off the stove! Have a little mercy!



THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT

Mar: *The Great Plague March* on the restroom

1951
Jun: *The Plague Equal Employment Act* allows mulattos to work as *Plague* maintenance people

1958
Dec: After *The Plague Civil Rights Act of 1958*, the magazine is desegregated though no black people show up anyways

1962
Apr: *The Plague* integrates with the now defunct *NYU Negro Humor Magazine*

Layout.indd 30 7/9/13 5:13 PM

JOHNNY: Mercy? Where was your mercy when you where poundin' Tony Two Combs over the head with your board with some nails in it? Huh? Your days as king of this neighborhood are up.

This Page Registers:
5.7 zingers

(JOHNNY raises the board up and breaks it over his leg, but in doing so, stabs himself with some of the nails. JOHNNY shrieks and cowers, falling to the ground with a defeated look in his eyes. His noise-making slowly subsides, and JOHNNY dies. JOEY slowly approaches JOHNNY and picks up the two pieces of the board. POLICEMAN arrives at the scene, carrying a much smaller board with nails in it)

POLICEMAN: Say! What's goin' on here?

JOEY: Looks like a coupla goons had a brawl over here and this guy met his match.

(POLICEMAN squats down next to JOHNNY's body to examine his wounds)

POLICEMAN: Another board with nails, guy never stood a chance.

JOEY: Insanity. Say officer, do you know where I could get some wood glue?

POLICEMAN: Wood glue! You know the stuff's been illegal for – wait!

(The POLICEMAN is too late; JOEY blindsides him with the board and he goes down. JOEY runs off through an alleyway, board raised triumphantly over his head)

THE VIETNAM WAR

1965
May: Our boys in Vietnam receive a shipment of *The Plague* and everything was alright, if only for a week

1971
Jan: First Jimmy Carter being tit-tyfucked joke is written by *Plague* member Ranley Mean (*CAS' 71*). Joke premise: *Jimmy Carter has nice titties*

1974
Jun: *The Plague* beats Lithuania in the space race

Sept: T*he Minetta Review*, NYU's 2nd oldest publication, is founded

Cooking On Your Lonesome

Whether you've just reached the end of an amorous and co-habitational relationship, or you've gotten bedbugs and your roommate didn't mind moving because his parents don't care about losing his deposit, one day you'll find yourself all alone in your vermin-infested dwelling, and eventually you'll need to do some Cooking on Your Lonesome. There are several steps you're going to want to remember.

Equipment

In order to cook, a certain number of cooking and eating utensils will be necessary. As far as silverware goes, you'll need at least one fork. Finding a fork is usually fairly easy. Restaurants as well as individuals who host you at their house rarely ever count their forks before and after your visit. Further, almost all take-out food aside from pizza comes with at least one plastic fork. You may reuse this fork as many times as you like, but remember to clean it and keep it away from heat sources.

As far as kitchen equipment goes, the big question you'll be asking yourself is: Do I need a pot or a pan? Ideally, you would

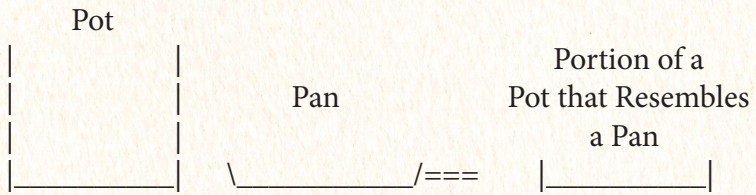


Layout.indd 32 7/9/13 5:13 PM

have one of each. Practically speaking, you'll only need one. Often times friends and relatives will recommend a frying pan, since it is versatile and allows the cooking of most types of meats and vegetables. This, however, is a great misconception. A quick examination of a cooking pot reveals its qualities actually come quite close to resembling a pan. For a detailed explanation of this principle, refer to figure 1.

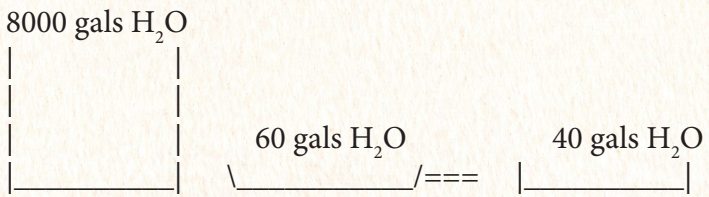
This Page Registers:


Figure 1.



By using only the lower section of a pot, you can achieve the exact same results that you would achieve using a frying pan. Additionally, pots are generally beneficial in that they can hold a much greater volume of water, unless being used as a pan. Please refer to figure 2.

Figure 2.



Attire

Living on your lonesome, it's easy enough to forget to close the bathroom door, to forget to wipe up various spills and emissions, et cetera... One thing you shouldn't forget, however, is to dress properly and fully while cooking. Cooking often involves heats that are far above human body temperature and can therefore cause overheating of the bodily flesh upon contact. For this reason, you'll want to make sure to wear a long-sleeve shirt, some thick blue jeans, and a pair of work boots. For additional convenience, protective goggles or face masks may be worn. Lantern helmets, though no longer possessing the same cache of their days of former glory, can also be useful, particularly if your ceiling light has gone out and you're not home enough to bother fixing it.

The American Medical Association recommends that anyone suffering from any of the following -- fever, rash, productive cough, sticky eyes -- wear a cloth face mask covering the nose, mouth, and eyes. However, cooking for yourself eliminates the possibility of spreading contagions and therefore the necessity to wear protective face masks.



Hazards

This Page Registers:
0.8 Honus Wagner Baseball Cards

When cooking on your lonesome, you'll be likely to leave dishes accumulating in a sink for at least a week at a time. Unacceptable, however, is to leave a stove on for a week at a time. Make sure all stove top burners, whether gas or electric, are firmly set to off. If you believe your gas stove is still running, or might have a leak, your best bet is to create an air seal between your nose and the stove top in order to make sure there's no trace of gas smells. Similarly, creating an airtight seal between your head and gas oven is an important step to making sure the pump mechanisms work correctly. Most people find it convenient enough to use an ordinary trash bag to create these types of seals and believe almost all troubles of living on one's lonesome can in fact be resolved by similar gas smelling techniques.

Food and Drink

What better compliment to a meal than your favorite cocktail? Even though many people consider drinking to be an activity that is best pursued in the company of others, many find it easier to physically ingest a meal on one's lonesome while enjoying a drink. Many people favor drinking while cooking since a typical result is to wake up having believed oneself to have not done any dishes, and to find them all cleaned during a moment of memory loss. Most people who wake up with dishes still dirty following a night of drinking should resume drinking the following morning in order to make sure the dishes get done by the following evening.

Layout.indd 35 7/9/13 5:13 PM

FROM THE ARCHIVES

1970s Gender Studies at NYU

Essay by Ben Holter

This essay will talk about gender and being a man. There are two parts.

Part 1) Boners.

Boners are the most important part of male sexuality and anatomy. The first boner I ever got I didn't know what it was, and I showed my dad. And he called me a faggot and locked me out of the house. When I was living in our doghouse was the first time I whacked it ever. Whacking boners is one of the most important parts of boners and male sexuality. Sometimes if you get a boner when you are sitting down you have to stay there until it goes away. One of the biggest questions in male sexuality is: Do boners go away before your train stop or because it is coming up? Everyone says different opinions about this topic. Boners are a very important part of male sexuality.

Part 2) Pussy.

Pussy is also an important part of male sexuality. Pussies can be

NO MEMBERS ERA

The Plague had no members

1976

Jul: A young black teenager named Andre Young sells *Plague* back issues out of his trunk.

This teenanger grows up to become rap producer and superstar, Dr. Dre

1978

Feb: Nothing happens

May: Zero laffs

1980

Sept: Nope, still nothing

Oct: A janitor moves some boxes of *Minetta Review* unitards from one end of the writer's room to the other

Layout.indd 36 7/9/13 5:13 PM

made out of almost anything. The first pussy I ever boned was actually my dad's pillow. It smelled like dog sweat. The second pussy I ever boned was my dog's bum bum in my dog's dog house. Every kind of pussy is different. Even girls have different kinds of pussies. One time I boned my friend Kyle and his pussy was the same shape as my balls and boner. It was weird.

This Page Registers:
3.4 on the Hole Count
(*Number of references to holes– anuses, urethras, sinkholes, etc.)*

Essay by Regina Marshall

Women's liberation is among the most important issues among women in the contemporary days. Modern women become liberated through learning about woman's liberation. Most women's liberation thinkers and speakers have come to the conclusion that several points about women and men are true. 1) First of all, no liberation thinker would concede that a husband can "keep you out in the garage" as the saying goes. That is fully inappropriate. 2) Your husband can only initiate physical reproduction while you are awake. 3) The different parts of your body constitute different facets of sensation that *you* feel. By keeping to these three tenets, most women's liberation advocates believe that by the year 2000 over 60 percent of women will be liberated, with the rate at which the liberation liberates them increasing at approximately 2% yearly.

1981
Fall Issue Theme: A mix up results in *The Plague* staff producing *Baedeker*'s Barcelona, Madrid, and Ford Lauderdale sections

1982
Spring: Hot-shot freshman writer Tood Richards (*CAS '86*) gets four things published in the magazine

1983
Dec: President Reagan recruits *Plague* members to perform diplomatic comedy bits for a group of Soviet ambassadors effectively ending the Cold War

1984
Mar: During *The Plague*'s annual field trip to the Libery Science Center, the staff accidently boards a juvenile detetion bus, leading to an afternoon packed with hi-jinks and benny-hill style montages of staffers being chased by at-risk youths

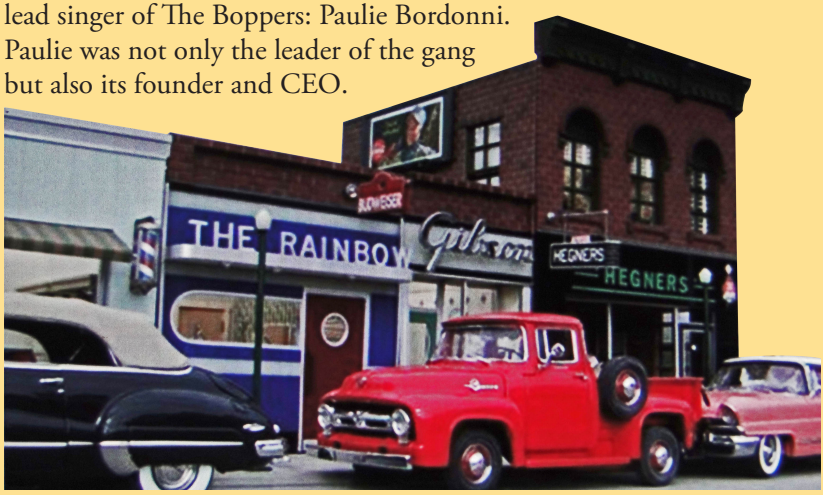
Layout.indd 37 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Paulie Bordonni and The Boppers

The Boppers were the toughest gang in all of Royal Oak, Michigan. They were the kings of the streets and they ran that town. When you heard their motorcycles roaring up the road from behind you made sure you pulled over to get out of their way. If you were at "The Burger Shack" and The Boppers showed up, you got your food to go. They were the meanest group of guys you could ever hope to encounter.

And they weren't just any club you could just sign up for, no, you had to earn your spot. Little Joe the Mole had to eat two whole jalapenos in under a minute to get in. Martin the Shark had to go a whole day without saying "the" to prove that he was worthy. And those weren't even the worst cases. Tony "Danza" had to buy tampons from every store in town, in a dress. So, needless to say, not just any old Joe was allowed to ride with The Boppers (except for Old Joe, a member of the gang notorious for once farting in every single resident's mailbox.)

But if you think those guys I just mentioned are bad, well I haven't even gotten to their boss yet. The big cheese, the head honcho, the lead singer of The Boppers: Paulie Bordonni. Paulie was not only the leader of the gang but also its founder and CEO.



And he was the meanest, toughest, and most well groomed of them all. Paulie didn't care for anything, and he showed it. Paulie never paid for drinks, he always ordered water cups and filled them up with whatever soda he wanted. Nobody ever said anything out of pure fear of what could happen.

This Page Registers:
4 Japanese agoraphobes

The Boppers were not a violent gang, though they had the capacity to be. All members were granted a dull switch blade and a well sharpened switch comb. Nobody knows how experienced The Boppers were with switchblades, but if the slickness of their hair was any indication, they were masters. Nobody ever dreamed of stepping up to The Boppers. It was either join them or move away. That is until their authority was challenged by a new gang: MS-13.

MS-13 was a new gang composed mainly of Latino-Americans. They were supposedly pretty tough, but everyone was sure that The Boppers would have them running home in no time.

What followed was a series of extremely gruesome gang battles. The Boppers believed the battles were going to be of a wise-cracking variety, while MS-13 thought they would be more of a murder and castrate kind of thing. Needless to say, The Boppers are no longer around, but their memory lives on in stories told by those who were alive to see them rule. Also, Paulie is still alive and owns a Little Caesars right outside the shopping mall. He will tell you about this stuff if you want.

THE CRACK EPIDEMIC

1965
Mar: In hopes of procuring a few pairs of the newest Dr. J's, *Plague* members begin slinging product in Trenton, New Jersey for a man named Dee Dee

1971
Jan: Dee Dee is murdered execution-style by a rival gang, but this is not enough to keep *Plague* members off the turnpike. Comedy takes a back seat to hustling, and joke quality falls to an all-time low

1974
Feb: After a near-call with a police bust, *The Plague* leaves the game behind. Still unable to afford Dr. J's, members settle for a sturdy pair of sandals each

Layout.indd 39 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Put Me In The Game

Coach! Time's running out. You gotta put me in the game, coach. I'm not exactly sure what sport we're playing here, but coach, please, put me in the game.

Are we playing basketball? I think this is basketball. I've got a good basketball-y feeling about this. We're definitely playing some b-ball here. Right? Listen coach, let me play in the b-ball competition. Trust me, I won't let you down. If we're on defense, I'll block the shot or punt the ball or whatever. That is, if we are on defense. I'm not entirely clear on that. If we happen to be on offense, I can make the three-pointer that we possibly need right now. Coach, I can do it. Once, I saw this video where two teams were playing what I think was basketball. One team had a player with cerebral palsy. He was their equipment manager or something, but they let him play for some reason. When this kid with cerebral palsy went into the game, he made like ten straight three-pointers. Coach, I don't even have cerebral palsy. Just think how good I'd be! Of course, this is all contingent on the fact that we are actually playing basketball.

Look, I'm just going to level with you. Honestly, I have no idea what sport we're playing. The stuff I said earlier about me picking up on some basketball vibes—that was a complete lie. I have absolutely zero clue what game this is. For all I know we could be playing baseball or soccer or football. We don't even have to restrict ourselves to the ball-related sports. It's definitely possible this is skeet shooting or something. I mean, literally, we could be playing anything. Literally anything. Is this boxing? Is this horse racing? Oh God, do I have to race a horse? Coach, I can

THE BRETT RATNER PERIOD

Film director Brett Ratner's (Tisch '90) reign as editor-in-chief,
Every page of every issue has Chris Tucker on it
(The Plague's most lucrative era)

1988
Fall Issue Theme:
Rush Hour

1989
Fall Issue Theme:
Rush Hour 2

1990
Fall Issue Theme:
Rush Hour 3

keep guessing all day but let's not waste my time or yours so here's an idea: how about you just go ahead and tell me the name of this sport and all the rules of said sport, and then we can go straight to putting me in the game.

This Page Registers:
Exactly 1 laff

Just say the word, and I'll be out on the playing arena giving everything I got to this game, whatever it happens to be. I'll give you my blood, my sweat, my tears, you sick-o. And whether you want it or not I'll even give you lots of saliva because of my congenital "dog-mouth" disease. All I want is a chance, one opportunity to show everyone I've got the killer instincts of a champion who, I dunno, kills stuff, I guess.

Seriously coach, you could say any number of things, and I would totally understand you want me in the game. Just yell out something like: "Ryan! Get out there and win this game for us!" or "You the man, Ryan! Do your thang!" or "Ryan! Give these lunkheads a pony ride to pound city!" You don't even have to call me Ryan. If you want you can call me by a nickname, but if you do, make sure you let me know what it is beforehand because frankly I'm not sure if I even have a nickname. Actually, I'm not 100% certain what my real name is. It's either Ryan or Rind or Rogg. There is a good chance my name is Rogg.

In the grand scheme of things, it doesn't matter if we win or lose or if I don't know what game this is. All that matters is that you let me play, and really isn't that what sports are all about? Maybe? I was never entirely clear on the purpose of sports. Whatever. Coach, just put me in the damn game.

EARLY '90s *PLAGUE*

1990
Spring Issue: Pieces like "*Why 80s Plague Sucked*" and "*Stuff That Is Funny About Flannels And Cargo Shorts*" drive many readers to suicide

1993
May: In a small manger in Bethlehem, a child is born. His name is Otter Lee

1994
Feb: Jason Marks (*CAS '96*) becomes the first *Plague* member to break the 10-joke barrier

1995
Apr: The Oklahoma City bombing kills zero *Plague* writers

Nov: *Plague* parties are no longer exclusively glue-sniffing parties

Layout.indd 41 7/9/13 5:13 PM

The Secret

Man: Dev, can you keep a secret?

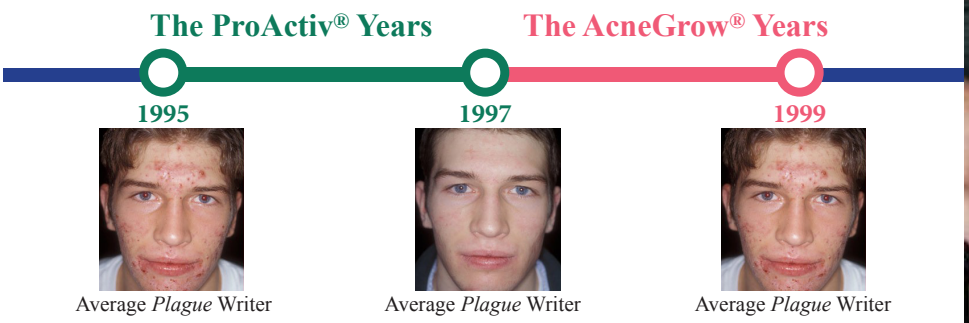
Devin: Yeah, sure, what's up?

Man: I'm a multiorgasmic man.

Devin: *(Does three backflips in succession from astonishment, after catching breath)* Really?

Man: Yeah.

Devin: *(Tip of his penis gets really red, but you can't see it because of his pants, but readers should keep this mind)*





Layout.indd 43 7/9/13 5:13 PM

The Positives Of 'Sugar Parents'

Commonly considered a violation of morality or a relinquishment of one's pride and self-value, it seems that the acquisition of a sugar daddy or mamma is an untapped resource of fiscal and sexual gain. A sugar "parent" is basically an older individual with substantial capital, willing to spend it on a younger party in exchange for sexual indulgence. Recently, more NYU students have been supplying Manhattan's elite and middle-aged with both their young bodies and an expense. NYU's Plague Magazine recently sat down with a few of these 'Sugar Baby' students to ask about the pros and cons of being a sugar child.

The first student we sat down with, Michael, is a sophomore in Stern and has been involved with a Sugar Mamma since the second semester of his freshman year.

Plague: Michael. Thanks for sitting down with us today. Can you give us a brief recap of your relationship with your sugar mamma?

Michael: Yeah, I guess. Uh, I met Charlene at a bar in Midtown last year. She kept buying me drinks and I started to realize how attractive she was for her age. She has fake boobs but they feel real. Anyway, I went home with her that night and…stayed there the whole night. The next morning she offered to take me to breakfast. I didn't want to be rude so I went. When I saw the spread she was able to afford and that she payed for it, I saw a financial opportunity.

2001

Sept: Freshman Justin Holt *(Tisch '05)* overdresses big time for his first *Plague* meeting

Nov: The Plague writing staff all get matching tramp stamps reading *'Plague 5 Eva'*

2002

Jan: In commemoration of an acting career spannig six decades, Academy Award winner Michael Caine is named an honory *Plague* online content editor

2003

Spring Issue Theme: *The Plague* is bought out by Warner Bros and is forced to produce a *The Adventures Of Pluto Nash*-themed promotional issue

Layout.indd 44 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Plague: How has your relationship grown in the last year?

This Page Registers:
1 patented Darryl Dawkins slam dunk!

Michael: We've gotten better at giving the other what we want. I know now that she really likes oral. And she got me an Xbox for Valentine's Day.

Michael is just one of many NYU students who have sought out the fiscal and social opportunity that comes with what many students call "sugaring." Kelsey, a Gallatin junior, just began a sugar-relationship with a man 34 years her senior. When asked about how long they had been seeing each other, Kelsey merely responded, "Long enough for a year's tuition."

Plague: What is the most expensive thing or venture you've had with your sugar daddy?

Kelsey: Martin and I went to the Bahamas once -- he has a house there. It was a really big place. It's actually kind of nice, when we're not having sex. Like spending time with the father I never had. It's really not a big deal. It's just like anatomy. And sex is still sex, even if it's decrepit or flaccid.

That it is. And it is this "still sex" that finances the education of several more students, secretly, on our own campus. Is is it safe? Is it legal? Of course it is. Hotandbarely18.com, Daddy-Baby-Dates.org and YungSlutsOldDogs.com all require STD testing from within the last year to register. It's also legal, I think. As a student footing the bill for this prestigious institution, I only have one question:
How soon can I get mine?

THE NASTY BOYS ERA

Feb: The first time anyone laughed at a joke made by terrible member Joshua Harris (*CAS '10*)

2005 — **2007** — **2008** — **2009**

A bizarre two year span during which Plague members inexplicably referred to themselves as "The Nasty Boys." The editor-in-chief title was changed to "The Nastiest Boy," and the vice president was known as "The 2nd Nastiest Boy," etc.

Apr: Harris receivies a second laugh and is promoted to tolerable member Joshua Harris

Layout.indd 45 7/9/13 5:13 PM

The Beast I Hate

Back in school all the other kids thought I was some kind of wannabe Gandhi just because I believed that it was only acceptable to bludgeon a dog in self-defense (for the record, that includes pre-emptive bludgeoning). While my friends were day-dreaming about what it would be like to intern at a slaughterhouse or even become a taxidermist's apprentice, I was busy working on a graphic novel loosely inspired by the Dogs Playing Poker paintings. People said I liked the animals. Being such an idealist when it came to these creatures, it was only natural that everyone in my province should seek me out as a sitter of domesticated beasts. And like any teenager, I didn't mind having a little extra money to put towards what you might call "teenage pastimes" (in my case, the pastime was finding remedies for elbow skin that was both flaky and greasy). So I took the occasional job looking after a local canine, and with money for my treatment, I was able to wear t-shirts without kids calling me names like "slime 'bows."



The arrangement worked out well, until a dog named Turner & Hooch came along and forever soured my relations with the kingdom Animalia.

This Page Registers:
4 Zigmans

Turner & Hooch was the name of Evelyn Paul's French Mastiff. He looked like the dog from the movie Turner & Hooch, so she called him Turner & Hooch. Mrs. Paul was an older woman on my block, and when she left town one weekend to visit her sister, she asked me to look after her dog. Regrettably, I said yes. I could already envision the money in my pocket and the ointment on my arm joints. So I showed up the first day, and everything was going according to plan. I petted Turner & Hooch a bit, and then heated up a bowl of chunky beef stew for him. Oddly enough though, he didn't pay any attention to his meal; instead, he barked and nudged me with his nose.

After a couple minutes of this behavior, he maneuvered behind me and started pushing me harder, as if to guide me somewhere. I followed him into the laundry room, which is where he sleeps. Once we got in there, Turner & Hooch put his paws up on the wall and turned off the lights in the room. Then he lay down on his dog bed, and this is when I noticed that something was out of place: his genital region was slathered in peanut butter. Turner & Hooch gawked up at me, barked, licked his groin, and then looked back up at me with expectation in his eyes. At this point, I was so confused that I started to cry, the salty tears burning the flaky (though not greasy) skin on my face. Eventually I managed to drag Turner & Hooch into the backyard, where I sprayed him down with a hose.

The next day, I came back to the house determined to make sense of what had happened the day before – maybe it was all a bad dream. But when I walked into the living room, I saw that

Layout.indd 47 7/9/13 5:13 PM

my nightmare had again become a reality: Turner & Hooch was sitting up on a big leather chair – mouth watering, back legs kicking with excitement, and groin again smeared in peanut butter. I knew he was clever because yesterday's peanut butter had been the creamy kind, and today he was trying out the chunkier stuff. The primal lust in the room was overpowering; I bolted out of the house, trying to leave the whole scene behind me. I ran through the street, cursing every non-human animal that I had ever respected. I regretted every day of my life that I had spent as an ally of these beasts, and I felt sorry for every time I had refused to play childhood games like pluck the duck.

This Page Registers:
2.0 on the Dwayne Index
(*Number of references to Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson or NBA All Star Dwyane Wade)*

Turner & Hooch, I hope that you've learned your lesson: we all deserve respect, and respect means that you can't trade a salty spread for oral sex. Did you learn that before the urinary tract infection killed you, you big, stupid, two-named dog? In a way, I still love the animals, but I'm just not so naïve about their true nature. Wherever you are in canine hell, know that I forgive you, Turner & Hooch. But still, if you were around today, I would bludgeon you in self-defense – though you stole my idealism, I still have the right to protect my emotions.

Aug: Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson reads an issue of T*he Plague* and laughs four times

Sept: NBA All-Star Dwyane Wade reads the same issue

2009
and doesn't laugh, though his breathing quickens a few times in a way that could be interpeted as a smirk

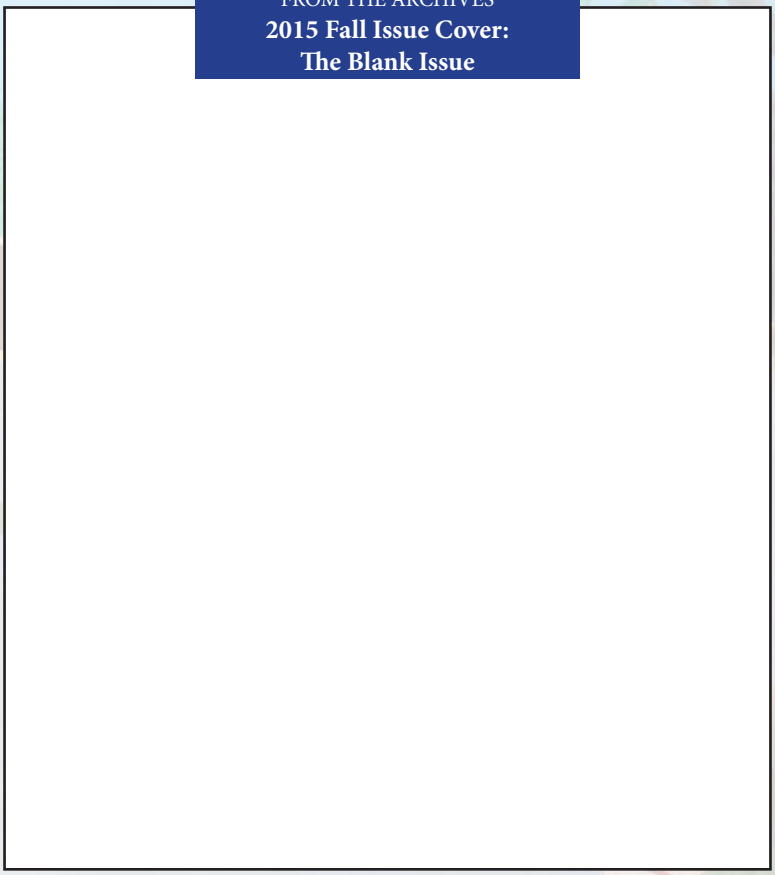
May: 2000th dick joke in *Plague* history written by Mike Reed (*CAS '11*) Joke premise: Fake news

2010
headline: Dakota Fanning Gets Sex Change, Sports 10-inch Boner To Oscars

2011
Sept: *The Plague* takes a historic group outing to go see Toy Story 3 in IMAX

FROM THE ARCHIVES

2015 Fall Issue Cover: The Blank Issue



THE LOST GENERATION

2012

During the period between the release of Psy's "Gangnam Style" and Bauuer's "Harlem Shake," The Plague finds itself having an existential crisis. Submissions are characterized by a bleak, desperate tone

2013

Sept: Reader poll spins out of control, resulting in a schism over soda size. *The Plague* is split down the middle, but the small soda camp disbands within the first semester

2014

Jan: An entire meeting is spent watching butterly knife videos

Fall Issue Theme: The infamous blank issue

2015

Psych Experiments

Like most NYU students, you probably find yourself in need of a quick 10-20 dollars from time to time. After all, it costs money to keep yourself fed, clothed, and stocked up on trading cards. Getting a job takes precious time away from keeping up to date on TV and looking at memes online, but luckily, the NYU Psych department's got your back. If you haven't already hopped on the wave of readily available, easy to earn cash, you'll be pleased to find out that NYU lets you participate in short, paid psych studies, with no obligation besides a couple hours out of your schedule. Here's what's in store for prospective test subjects in Fall 2013.

· Participants are rigged with electrodes and presented with a variety of Nathan's hot dogs. The participant is instructed to eat as many of the hot dogs as possible while being continuously shocked by voltage from the electrodes. The purpose of this study is to determine how many all-beef franks can be eaten despite pain from electricity. It pays $15 per hot dog. Difficulty: Medium.

· The participant is equipped with $20 and is driven to Seneca Niagara Casino to do as he or she will. The house is then in charge of performing observations and recording data on the subject's subsequent good or bad fortune, decision making capacity, and sweat levels. The participant is to report to them from now on. Difficulty: Hard.

· The participant is strapped to a seat and has to watch a selection of episodes of the hit series *Louie*. He then has to complete a short essay on why he or she thinks the series is funny. Pays $15. Difficulty: Easy.

· The aim of this study is to determine how buying decisions influence lasting happiness. It consists of a short questionnaire about one's

Layout.indd 50 7/9/13 5:13 PM

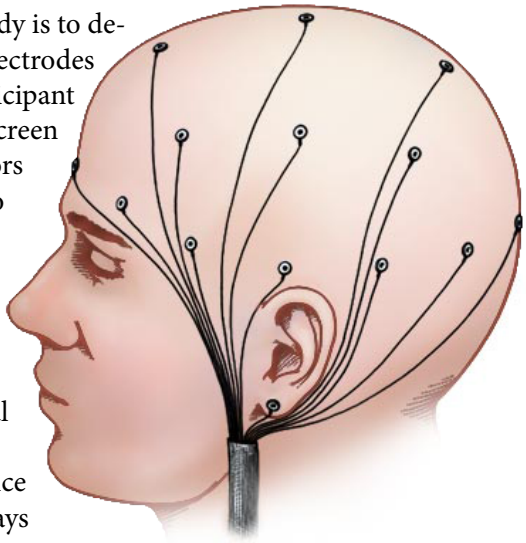
personal thought processes as a consumer. $30 are presented depending on how much true satisfaction the participant would probably derive from it. Difficulty: Very Hard.

This Page Registers:
0.0 on the Dwayne Index
(Number of references to Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson or NBA All Star Dwyane Wade)

· The participant is strapped to a chair and has to watch a selection of episodes of HBO's hit series *Girls*. Every time his penis stirs, a father figure administers a reassuring pat on the shoulder. The exercise is then repeated with an episode of *Spartacus: Blood and Sand*. Pays $20. Difficulty: Medium.

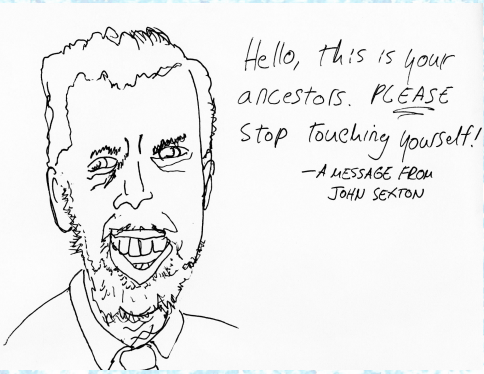
· The participant is given a copy of the Wall Street Journal to read while he is outfitted with several electrodes. The soundness of his subsequent financial decisions under the influence of continuous electrical shocks sent through the electrodes is then monitored. Pays $15. Difficulty: Easy.

· The aim of this study is to determine the effect of electrodes on one's skin. The participant is seated in front of a screen displaying various colors and shapes. There is no correlation between the images onscreen and the occurrence of electric shocks, and the participant is tested for psychological factors such as anxiety, reflexivity, and resistance to electrical current. Pays $10. Difficulty: Easy.



ART GALLERY

Every semester, we at The Plague receive thousands of fantastic drawings from our young readers all across the tri-state area. These are a few of our favorites.



John Sexton, by Peter [age 8]



How I Feel About Sexton, by Tonya [age 6]



Mr. Sexton, by Randy [age 7]

DISCIPLINED PLAGUE

The depraved years

2015

Sept: The publication receives a strict new step-advisor who decides to really lay down the law

2016

Mar: *The Plague* discovers femdom erotic hypnosis, and the writers lose themselves inside a rabbit hole of sexual decadence and depravity. No issues are produced this year

2017

Jan: *Plague* parties are limited exclusively to S&M and gloryhole gatherings

Layout.indd 52 7/9/13 5:13 PM

This Page Registers:
2.1 schoolyard taunts



Professor Sexton by Cynthia [age 6]



John Sexton, by Neraj [age 4]



President Sexton, by Mike [age 9]

THREE PHIL ERA

Span during which three Plague members were named Phil

ONE PHIL ERA

One Phil left

2020
Jan: Phil Hamm and Phil Michaels riff on each other's ideas during a meeting, creating a nice Phil-on-Phil feel-good moment

2021
Apr: Phil Laizk comes out of the closet. Phil H. is accepting though Phil M. is a homophobe

2022
May: Phil L. and Phil M. graduate

2023
Mar: Phil H. absolutely kills it with a piece about an autistic dining hall cashier

Layout.indd 53 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Drugs

Tony: Look at them over there. Reading under the bleachers.

Maxine: Wow, what is that Kerouac? Or by that awful smell in the air I would say it is some pretty dank "Atlas Shrugged".

(They both take large hits from a crack pipe)

Tony: It's just like, why? You know? I mean do they think that is going to help them get into college?

Maxine: Pshhh, none of those guys are interested in college. They are just a bunch of burnouts. *(Empties an Adderall bottle into mouth)*

Tony: Yeah, I even overheard them discussing "Game Theory" in the bathroom. It is just so public! Do they even care about getting caught? *(Flicks a needle and sticks it into his neck)*

Maxine: My mom told me that they don't even have parents. They are all here on a scholarship and live in some house nearby.

Tony: Well I heard that they don't even go home after school. They all stay and "debate with each other" in the library. I think it is code for some kind of weird devil ritual.

Maxine: Jeez. Well, all I can say is that I am definitely going to avoid all those kids whenever I can. *(Eats cigarette)*

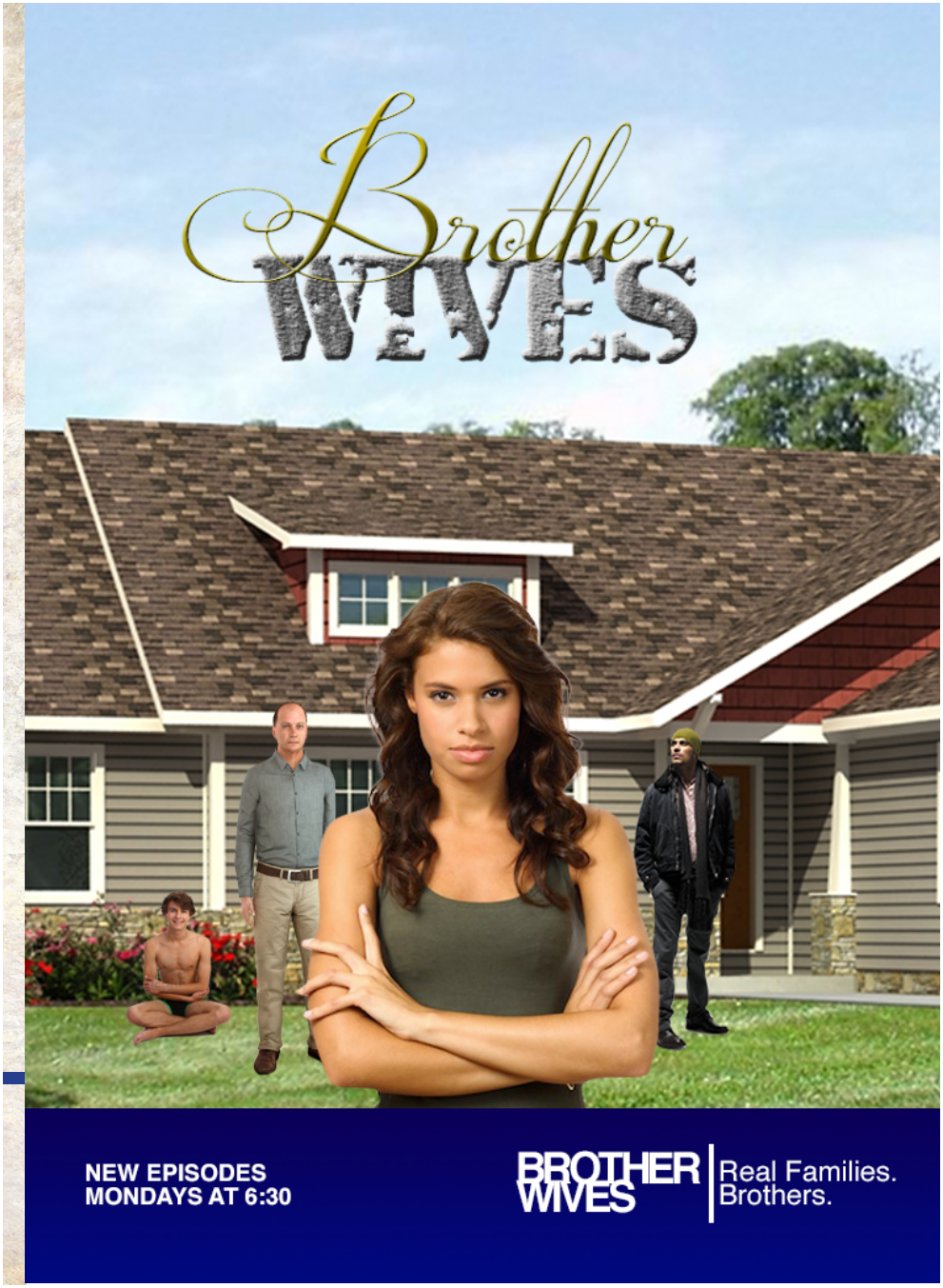
2030 Oct: *Plague* treasurer Michael Sharn's (*Stern '33*) test results come back negative, but he he still has to live with the emotional repercussions

2031 Mar: NYU reveals Phase 2 of its 2031 Plan: the dissolution of NYU and the auctioning off of its assets to the highest bidder. *The Plague* is sold to Brotherwives Inc.

2035 Fall: A 54-year-old Justin Timberlake guest edits the semester's issue

2036 May: Jesse Rogers (*CAS '37*), founder of the *Plague* basketball squad, becomes the first member to dunk a volleyball on a 9-foot hoop

Layout.indd 54 7/9/13 5:13 PM


Brother
WIVES
NEW EPISODES
MONDAYS AT 6:30
BROTHER
WIVES
Real Families.
Brothers.

FIRESIDE CHATS: THE VOICES OF REAL AMERICA

(INT. TWO ARM-CHAIRS FACING THE CAMERA BUT SLIGHTLY SLANTED TOWARDS EACH OTHER SORT OF LIKE HOW 60 MINUTES' INTERVIEWS ARE SET UP. A FIREPLACE WITH A FIRE IN THE BACKGROUND. THE HOST SITS IN THE CHAIR ON THE LEFT AND HIS GUEST SITS ON THE RIGHT. THE SETTING FEELS LIKE WHAT I IMAGINE A SKI LODGE IN ASPEN WOULD FEEL LIKE)

(THE HOST IS A CLEAN-CUT MAN IN HIS TWENTIES, DRESSED LIKE A YOUNG REPUBLICAN. HE IS NOT HANDSOME. HE IS HOLDING NOTECARDS)

HOST MIKE DUNBAR
Hey, there watchers. Thanks for joining me for another episode of Fireside Chats: The Voices of Real America where we have short interviews with the average American: our garbage men, our IT guys, our wheel-chaired people. No politicians and no celebrities.
(pointing his index cards at the camera)
This is real America, folks. I'm your host Mike Dunbar. With us today is Danny Marks, a 10-year-old boy who has to wear a hearing aid. How's it going Danny?

(DANNY IS A PALE, SKINNY KID. HE SITS NERVOUSLY IN HIS CHAIR, HANDS CLASPED, LEGS CROSSED TIGHTLY. HE STARES AT HIS HANDS)

Danny?
(DANNY DOESN'T RESPOND)

Hello? Danny? We're starting Danny.

(HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS IN DANNY'S LINE OF VISION. DANNY LOOKS UP)

Okay. There we go. How are you doing, Danny?

(DANNY DOESN'T APPEAR TO UNDERSTAND, HE INDICATES THAT

KARL'S DIVORCE

Former Plague President Karl Heiland (CAS '14) gets divorced

2040
Aug: Karl is heart-broken after his wife of ten years files for divorce

2043
Jan: The custody battle ends after Karl's 8-year-old daughter opts to live with her mother and her mother's new boyfriend

Layout.indd 56 7/9/13 5:13 PM

HE'S HAVING TROUBLE HEARING. THE HOST LEANS IN AND STARTS SHOUTING)

DANNY? CAN YOU HEAR ME? HOW ARE YOU DOING DANNY?

DANNY
(softly, not making eye contact)
I'm doing okay.

HOST MIKE DUNBAR
(still shouting)
HOW IS SCHOOL GOING?

(DANNY ONCE AGAIN IS LOOKING DOWN AND APPEARS NOT TO HEAR)

HOW IS SCHOOL GOING?

(DANNY DOESN'T RESPOND)

(to someone off-camera, not shouting)
Is he wearing his ear-thingy? I don't know what I'm supposed to do. You're going to go get his mom? Okay, great. Get his mom. Jesus Christ.

(CUT TO NEW SCENE. NOW DANNY'S MOM, SANDRA IS SITTING NEXT TO DANNY ON A SHORT STOOL)
(SANDRA IS KINDA MILF-Y BUT ALSO KINDA NOT, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?)

HOST MIKE DUNBAR
(to camera)
Okay, now we're here with Danny and his mom, Sandra.
(shouting to Sandra)
HOW ARE YOU, SANDRA?

SANDRA
I'm doing great. Thanks for having Danny on the show. Deafness is really a big problem in the United States

KARL'S BROKEN FAMILY

Former Plague President Karl Heiland (CAS '14) has a broken family

2043
Oct: The other children at Tilman Middle school bully Karl's daughter because she comes from a broken home

2050
Jun: Karl forgets to pay the electric bill so he drinks his booze alone in the dark. He picks up a pen and paper, but the jokes don't come like they used to

Layout.indd 57 7/9/13 5:13 PM

today and most schools are inadequately equipped to care for deaf children like my Danny here.

(SHE SMILES AT DANNY AND RUFFLES HIS HAIR AFFECTIONATELY)

(A BEAT AS THE HOST REALIZES SANDRA IS NOT DEAF. HE LOOKS AT HIS CARDS)

HOST MIKE DUNBAR
Okay…So how is Danny doing in school?

SANDRA
He is very good at math and he loves reading. The only problem he is having is with bullying. Both he and his albino brother get bullied a lot.

HOST MIKE DUNBAR
Danny has an albino brother?
(jokingly)
Maybe we should've had him on the show instead!

(SANDRA SMILES POLITELY, BUT SHE IS OBVIOUSLY OFFENDED. THE HOST REALIZES HIS MISTAKE)

(regrouping)
Okay, well let's move on to our next segment, The Tools of Real America where our guests show us something from their daily lives. What do you have for us Danny?

(A BEAT AS HOST AND SANDRA SMILE AT THE CAMERA. DANNY SITS THERE SILENTLY LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA WITH BUG EYES. SANDRA NUDGES DANNY)

SANDRA
(shouting to Danny)

THE DIAGNOSIS CHEMOTHERAPY

2051
May: Every *Plague* member learns they have cancer after a health inspector discovers tumor lumps in every writers' balls/tits

2052

Average *Plague* Writer

2053
Fall Issue: Issue focuses on jokes about cancer and baldness as away of taking the power away from the disease.

2054
The cost of chemo leads to *Plague* members' thoughts of ending it all so the magazine doesn't have to bear the financial burden

2055

Average *Plague* Writer

Layout.indd 58 7/9/13 5:13 PM

SHOW THE NICE MAN WHAT YOU BROUGHT FOR HIM.

(DANNY REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND HANDS SOMETHING TO HOST. IT'S A HEARING AID)

HOST MIKE DUNBAR
(holding hearing aid up to the camera)
WOW, THANK YOU DANNY. REALLY, THANK YOU SO MUCH.

(SANDRA HELPS FASTEN THE HEARING AID ONTO THE HOST'S EAR. CAMERA SHOWS A SPLIT SCREEN OF THE HOST'S EAR BEFORE HE PUT ON THE HEARING AID AND AFTER)

(CUT TO ANOTHER SPLIT SCREEN OF HOST'S EAR AND DANNY'S EAR)

(CUT TO ANOTHER SPLIT SCREEN OF A SMILING SANDRA AND DANNY WITH HIS THOUSAND-YARD STARE)

(CUT TO ALL THREE STANDING UP FROM THEIR SEATS. THEY ARE ALL HOLDING HANDS, DANNY IN THE MIDDLE)

HOST MIKE DUNBAR
(to camera)
Thanks for watching folks, and a warm thank you to Sandra and her son Danny.
(turning to Danny)
THANK YOU DANNY.
(to camera)
Tune in next week for more Fireside Chats: The Voices of Real America.

END

THE LONG ROAD BACK

FULL RECOVERY

2056



Average *Plague* Writer

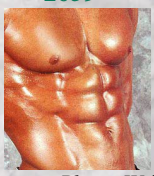
2057

May: The staff is finally ready to pick up a pen and start writing jokes again, finding comedy to be a therapeutic way of dealing with lasting emotional scars

2058

Spring Issue: Joke construction in this issue is clunky though some pieces show flashes of previous joke writing brilliance

2059



Average *Plague* Writer

Half Liners

We here at Columbia University's Department of Sociology have been intensely researching new forms of the joke, and have produced what the research team believes will represent the future of humor in the coming decades: The half-liner. The half liner achieves the team's pre-determined goals as to what qualities must go to define the contemporary joke: concise, witty, and ranging from obliquely offensive to humbly charming. The team has also produced a universal grade for measuring the effectiveness of jokes, measured in units of 1 to 5 Red Hot Chili Peppers (the RHCP Index).

International student majoring in cinema studies: Perturbed at discovery that expression "a-hole" not reference to film Annie Hall.



African American man, a recent widower left to fend for his three young children without the love and support of spouse: "Aw, hell naw."



Disease prevention specialist and epidemiologist, upon learning of son's acceptance to Harvard University: proud, though trepidatious of potential exposure to unvaccinated students.



Daughter of US Senator, having placed in second during her final swim meet: state of disbelief that she has traveled to Philadelphia for swim meet.



Overweight plumber, smelling of cigarettes, recently engaged to his godfather's daughter, speaking over

EPOCH OF TECHNOLOGICAL INNOVATION

2061
Jun: The advent of the computer changes our lives forever

2063
Oct: *The Plague* upgrades to the coal-powered Gag-O-Matic capable of producing over 100 jests/hour and over 200 half-liners/hour

2067
May: Roger Dayton (*CAS '69*) becomes the first *Plague* member to type more than 60 words/minute

2070
Sept: *Plague* physicist Bedelia Phelps perfects time travel so *Plague* editors can steal jokes from future issues

Layout.indd 60 7/9/13 5:13 PM

intercom, ill-fitting pants: "Hi, the super called me. Is now a good time?"



Dogs of opposite sex in dog park begin coital intercourse. Owners: "Hey, hey! Hey! Hey, stop that!"



Woman parks car four inches from curb: Exits car along with poorly endowed boyfriend.



Two men leave bar, walk down street, hands accidentally come in contact. "Uhp, sorry bro."



Soldier returns from Afghan war: Deep depression resulting from inability to remember neopets password.



Sister of mental patient visits brother in institution: "How have you been? Mom says hi."



Retired police officer concluding phone conversation with grandson: "Stay out of trouble!"



African American arrives late to meeting with landlord about adjusting terms of lease: Flustered from hurrying, forgets to mention problem with showerhead.



Uncouth remark overheard by professor following conclusion of lecture: Upset that drycleaners "misplaced" pair of suit-pants.



White man standing next to black man at urinal: Notices absence of wedding ring on other man's finger.



Children playing on swing set, young boy exposes himself to girl: Incident reported to both mothers, quick lunch arranged for following Saturday.



Woman making business trip to Washington state having rented car, upon returning it without gas and discovering the amount charged to have it filled at the rental agency: "Well, next time I will definitely remember to fill it before I bring it back."







BEFORE THE EVENT

2072

20 83

AFTER THE EVENT

2091

May: The Seer forces *The Plague* to move its offices from Precinct 8 to the Decontaminated Zone

Layout.indd 62 7/9/13 5:13 PM

FRESHEST JOKE TOPICS FOR THE NEXT CENTURY

This Page Registers:
5 Bit-laffs

-Taking the train on high-radiation days
-The idiots who live in the Decontaminated Zone
-The Event
-How bad intravenously injected food tastes
-The American population being forced to serve as anal slaves to pay back the national debt
-How dumb this school is and the stupid idiots who run it
-Trend of teens snorting pure flames to get high called "knitting"
-Middle-aged dogs around the world encountering existential crises
-The growing epidemic of erectile dysfunction in young males due to internet porn
-The Teapot Dome Scandal
-The thing where you put a mecahnical pencil up a cow's udder
-Jamie Lynn Spears' granddaughter's pubes

Layout.indd 63 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Borrowed Gum

Candace: Hey, Suzanne can I borrow a piece a gum?

Suzanne: Sorry, this was my last piece.

Marcus: You can borrow some gum from me.

Candace: Oh, thanks.

Marcus: But you have to give it back when you're done with it. You know, since you're just borrowing it.

Candace: Ha ha oka-

Marcus: Just you know, when you're done, put it back in the wrapper and give it back to me. That goes for you too, Suzanne, and any of your friends. I'm collecting them for an arts and crafts project about DNA. DNA for saliva acidity, that is, not cloning. Or genetic engineering. Neither of those. If you guys finish your gum after this period, I've got a caramel tin attached to the outside of my locker. You can put your pieces in there with a 3x5 card that says your name, how long you chewed it for, and if fraternal twins run in your family. If you do that, you can borrow gum from me anytime. You'd really be helping me out with my collage.

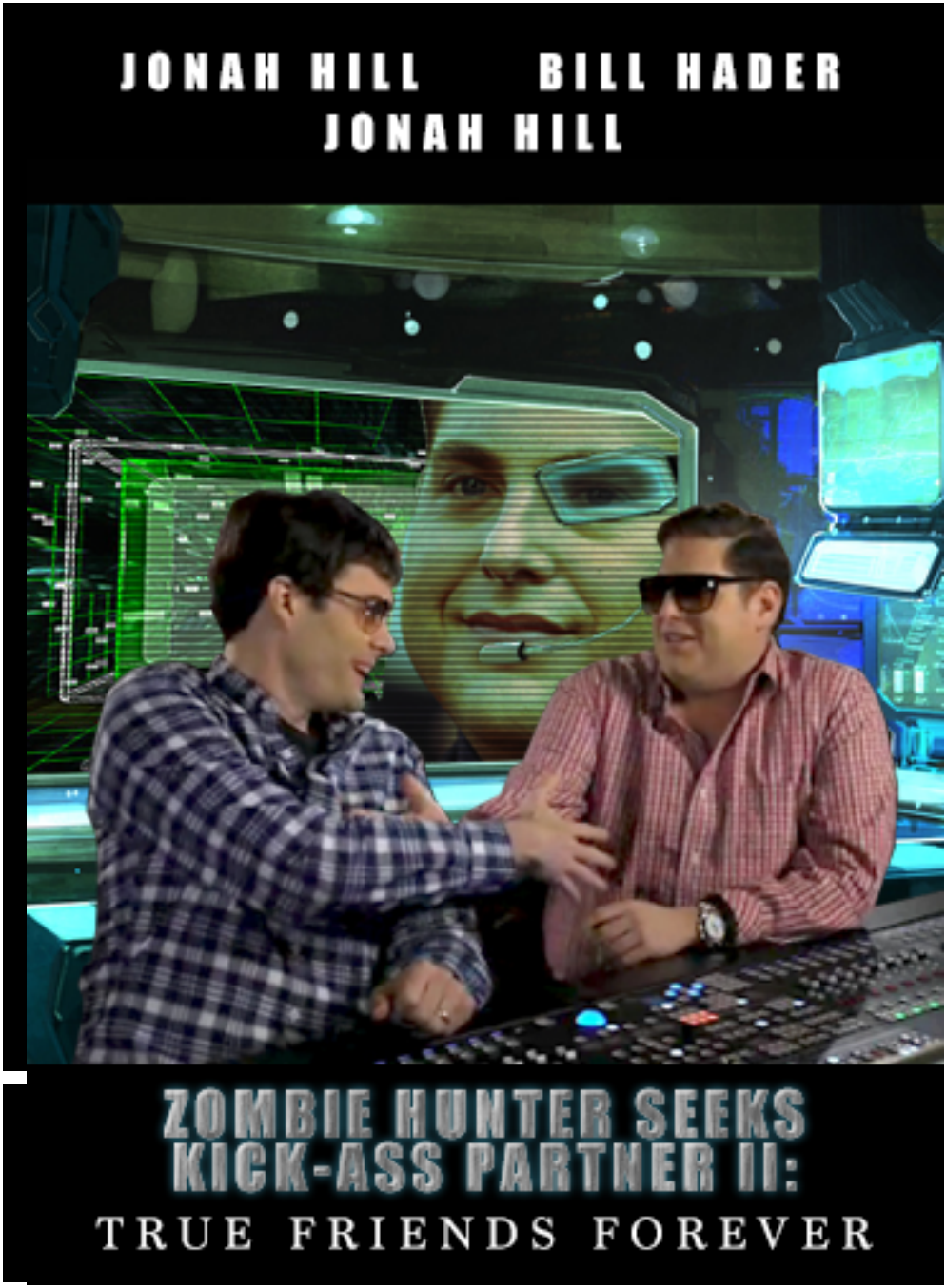
Candace: Actually, I just found a piece of gum in my purse. Thanks though.

Marcus: Oh, okay. (Pause) Can I borrow one of your ova?

Candace: What?

Marcus: I'll put it back.

Layout.indd 64 7/9/13 5:13 PM



Layout.indd 65 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Designing The Perfect Dick Joke

T. Bantovas, P. Liang, C. Udovici, Plague, et al

abv1470@nyu.edu, lal32@nyu.edu, cu490@nyu.edu, plaguemagazine@gmail.com

ABSTRACT

In the past, dick jokes have been a highly involved yet crudely inexact science. By the Uniqueness and Existence Theorems (proved in Bauer's paper "Solutions to Dickerential Equations"), we know that for each setup, there exists one perfect dick joke, yet we've only been able to find an exact solution of dick jokes of order 1 or 2 (i.e. involving 1 or 2 external subjects respectively).

APPLICATION

Here we see the solution to an order 2 dick joke:

y = solution to the joke
s_1= subject 1 c_1=initial condition of the dick regarding subject 1
s_2=subject 2 c_2=initial condition of the dick regarding subject 2
t=time

Thus the general solution as a function of time: $y(t)= c_1e\text{^}s_1 +c_2e\text{^}s_2$

Here is a topical example:

Let subject 1 be the Mercurite aliens with an initial condition of hard.
Let subject 2 be the Inter-Galactic Council with an initial condition of semi-hard.

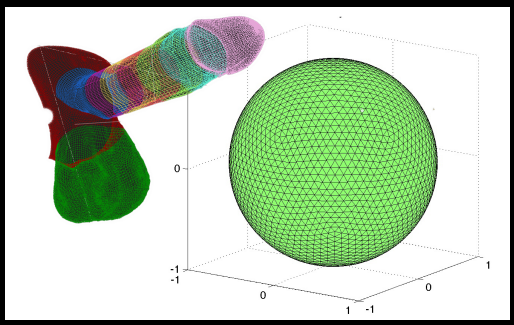
Thus we have the true solution:

y(t) = "Terrorists hijack the Inter-Galactic Council Hive Mind with unceasing thoughts of Mercurite boners."

2501
May: *Plague* scientists discover the algorithm to create the world's greatest dick joke

Layout.indd 66 7/9/13 5:13 PM

When we plug this equation into MatLab we get the following graph:

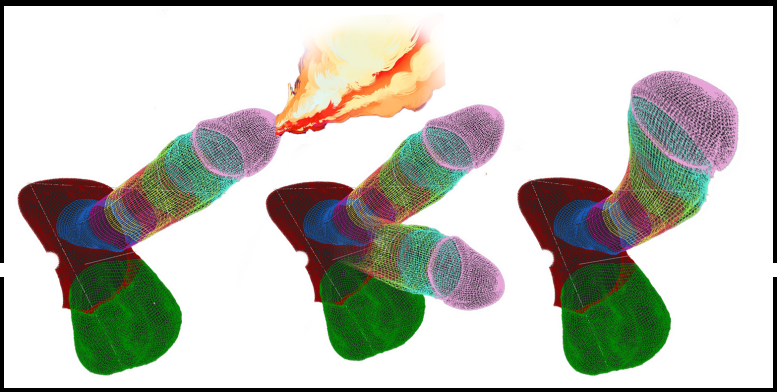


Of course as we increase the order of the dick jokes, we must rely on MatLab more for approximate solutions, which are generally satisfactory provided we approximate by very small dick lengths.

ORDER ZERO

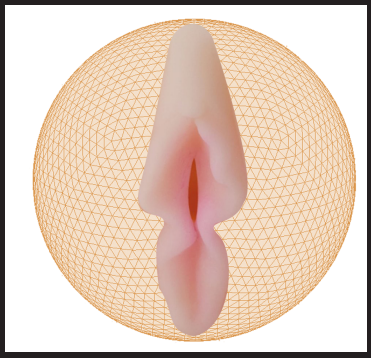
However, most beguiling was the dick joke of order 0: a dick joke with no external subjects. A dick joke in itself.

We discovered that approximations by conventional numerical methods generated dick graphs of dismal length, dicks of illogical proportions, and dicks with improper ejaculate. We knew there must be some error.



We returned to the basics and determined a dick joke with no external subjects must depend on the following:

t=time
c=initial condition of the dick joke
(Usually flaccid, semi-hard, hard, ejaculating, or refractory)
d=depth of the dick joke
(In most circumstances, we want the dick joke to deeply penetrate, so we can assume that d is very large)



Finally we added in k, the equilibrium constant, which determines the peak of the joke (or the dick tip).

However, when we attempted to plot solutions of the form $e^{[(dck)t]}$, we generated a vaginal solution rather than the desired phallic one.

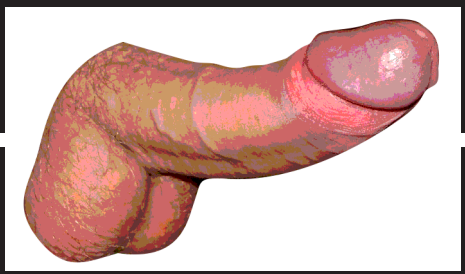
That's when we realized that the perfect phallic joke needs a little vagina, so we added the final constant, i, to account for the imaginary dick, aka the pussy.

Solutions are of the form $y(t)=e^{[(dick)t]}$

Given the initial condition c=hard (the most desirous initial condition):

y(t)= "The boner dicked the pussy so forcefully that it came quite rapidly yet satisfyingly."

This is the perfect dick joke.



FROM THE ARCHIVES

3001 Fall Issue:
First Insectsoid Issue Excerpt



TRANSLATION:

.... As insectoids, we all have pretty poor eyesight so you've probably imagined being blind before. But I doubt you've ever imagined the reality of Jennie Kink. They say the hills have eyes. Jennie's boobs have eyes, and they're hills of sorts. Her nipples act as lids, blinking open and closed, and in her eye sockets Jennie has pockets of skin like baby kangaroo flaps. As a child, Jennie frequently put grape jelly in one and peanut butter in the other, so she could make sandwiches throughout the day. Though because Jennie can't see above chest level, she often stabbed herself repeatedly when loading her knife with spreadables. The habit made for a lot of bloody PB&J's....

Sept: Mankind becomes extinct due to a combination of global warming, rape culture, porn culture, and a tainted batch of Deer Park bottled water.

3000
As a result, *The Plague*'s editorial board consists solely of insectoids who were frankly pretty hacky writers

3001
Fall Issue Theme:
Arthropods

Layout.indd 69 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Diary of Mr. Diesel

It was an overcast day in New York City. My alarm scares me awake. I jump out of bed, grab my towel, and stumble over to the shower. Little did I know that this would be the most sexually adventurous day of my life.

Hold on. I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me give tell you a little backstory. The name's Vin. I'm well built—6'4", 225 lbs of pure muscle, and I'm hung like a Argentinian Lape Duck—which has the largest schlong to body ratio of any animal. I am often mistaken for Dolph Lundgren. I never had much success with women through high school, but my grandmother thinks I'm very handsome, so things are looking up.

I hurried out the door to get to work at the library. I try to keep my head up on the way to work, smiling at the strangers as they pass me by–unless I think they could beat me up, then I check my phone in hopes that someone has favorited/retweeted my very hilarious tweets I spend a lot of time trying to word correctly. They haven't. But that's neither here nor there. In fact, it's at the library, where I glide through the revolving door and take a seat at the circulation desk.

Then I see her. Her beautiful smile takes me by surprise and I lose myself in her eyes; crystal blue like the Caribbean sea. She also has huge bazongas.

"Hi, I'm looking for a book," she giggles.

"Then the library is a pretty good place to start!" I smirk, leaning forward awkwardly. "Maybe I can be of some assistance," I chuckle, trying to seem suave and cool. "Do you know the call number of the book you're looking for?" She bites her lip and leans across the desk. We kiss. Passionately.

"I think it starts with 69..." she giggles. She leans back across, and we passionately kiss. I lean away, and she gasps for breath. I whisper tenderly in her ear:

TRAGEDIES THROUGHOUT AMERICAN HISTORY

1906

Apr: A major earth quake strikes San Francisco causes several devastating fires and about 3,000 deaths



1915

May: The RMS Lusitania is torpedoed and sunk by a German U-Boat causing heavy loss of life, and catalyzing the US' entrance into WWI

1926



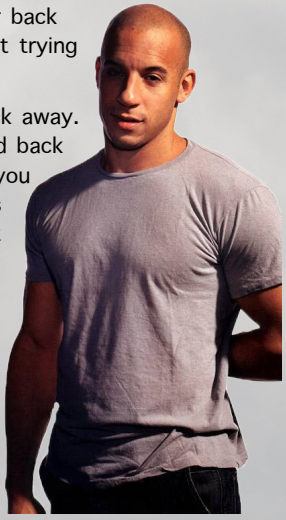
Jun: *Plague* member Roger Horace (*CAS '28*) falls off a horse and scrapes his knee

This Page Registers:
1 firm Vin Diesel handshake with eye contact

"Listen, I really enjoyed that and all, but I think you might be a bit confused. We don't use the Dewey Decimal System in this library, so it probably doesn't start with 69. With the Library of Congress System, the call number will start with two letters that will likely refer to the subject matter." She flashes me a sultry glance and grins.

"So, what if it started with U and I?" she says, undoing the top button of her blouse. She leans across the desk and heavily sighs into my ear, nibbling on my earlobe.

"Well, that doesn't really make sense. The U letter refers to Military Science. For example, UD refers to infantry sciences, UF refers to Artillery. This system only goes up to UH--other services," I whisper back tenderly, also casually nibbling her ear lobe. I'm just trying to go with the flow.



"Ow, stop biting my ear!" she coos. She leans back away. "Listen. Do you want to do this or no? I can't hold back my feelings for you any more. I've been following you on Twitter, and you are very hilarious and it seems like you spend a lot of time trying to get the right wording, and I really appreciate that, Vin."

"Oh definitely. I find you very attractive. But like, the subject heading UI doesn't really make sense. Do you get that?" I ask.

She sighs, then walks away. I notice a small box left on the counter and open it.

A phone number is wrapped in a red satin thong, very damp.

Dec: A US naval base at Pearl Harbor is attacked by Japanese forces, killing 2,402 Americans and injuring 1,282

Mar: An awful gaffe results in a poorly constructed joke in which the punchline is placed before the set up



1941



1950

Jun: *Plague* members are chased across a beach by the jocks

1963

Nov: 35th US President John F. Kennedy is assassinated by Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas, TX

Charlie Kaufman's Bedroom

After long, trying days of introspective writing and insisting his fro is way cooler than Jon Glaser's, screenwriter Charlie Kaufman likes to go home and unwind with his lovely wife, Denise.

Charlie: Denise, you're lovely.

Denise: I'm your lovely wife.

Charlie: I love you so much. I want to renew our vows. It's like a wedding within a wedding.

Denise: Oh God, your genius turns me on.

Charlie: Denise, not in front of the kids.

Denise: Babe, let's go to the bedroom.

Charlie: Oh hell yeah.

***

Denise: Oh yes.

Charlie: Oh fuck yes.

Denise: Oh yeah, do me, Charlie…

Charlie: Denise, talk dirty to me.

Denise: Oh yeah? You want me to talk dirty?

Charlie: Yeah, baby.

Denise: You want me to describe our sex to you? You're penetrating me. DEEP.

Charlie: Yes…

1968

Apr: African-American civil rights leader Martin Luther King is assassinated at the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, TN at the age of 39



1975

Feb: *Plague* member Terry Reynolds (*Stern '76*) writes a real flopper about meal plans that gets no laughs

Oct: Dr. Pepper is accidently spilled on *The Plague*'s joke processor

1999

Apr: Dylan Klebold and Eric Harris massacre 12 students and 1 teacher at Columbine High School

2001

Sept: Al-Qaeda terrorists hijack passenger airliners and crash them into the North and South towers of the World Trade Center, killng nearly 3,000

Layout.indd 72 7/9/13 5:13 PM

Denise: In and out, in and out. Animals have been doing this since the beginning of time.

This Page Registers:
an affable mongoloid

Charlie: Oh God!

Denise: And our priorities as human beings, coupled with developments in science and medicine, allow us to fuck just for fucking.

Charlie: Keep going…

Denise: This is making me slightly uncomfortable, but you like it so much.

Charlie: So intimate.

Denise: The angle we're at is really unflattering on me, and I'm extremely self-conscious.

Charlie: Babe, do you ever wonder what people watching us having sex would think?

Denise: Never.

Charlie: It doesn't turn me on, I'm just so curious… About humans, you know?

Denise: Oh God, you're a fucking genius. Anybody watching us would get so hot they would want to fuck also.

Charlie: And then they would inspire other people to fuck!

Denise: All of humanity is connected through common experience, Charlie. And yet we're all so isolated. Can we ever really know another?

Charlie: I just came.

Mar: University-wide cuts reduce *The Plague*'s budget by a good 200 buckeroos

Aug: Hurrican Katrina hits the US, and causes 1,833 deaths

Jun: *The Plague* is charged an additional $253.14 by their publishing company for formatting errors

2004 **2005** **2011**

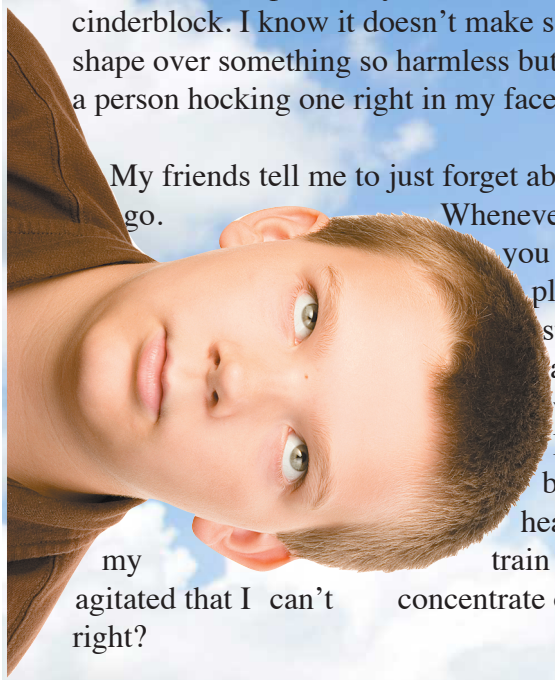


Oct: Only *The Plague* president and vice president show up to a meeting. They pass the lists back and forth so much they get carpal tunnel syndrome

Layout.indd 73 7/9/13 5:13 PM

My Pet Peeve

For as long as I can remember, I've always been fairly high-strung. I was the type of kid who would get angry at his friends for not putting their toys away. Even now as a grownup, I get irritated by things as simple and trivial as people who bite their nails, slow walkers, The Jackson 5, fluoridated water, or when I accidently shoot myself in laser tag. But there's one thing I absolutely cannot stand. I'm actually kind of embarrassed to admit what it is because it's such a silly, trivial little thing, and for the life of me I can't understand why it grinds my brain-gears, so to speak. The one thing that I absolutely hate is whenever someone spits in my face. It makes me want to punch a cinderblock. I know it doesn't make sense to get so bent out of shape over something so harmless but there's something about a person hocking one right in my face that just bothers me.



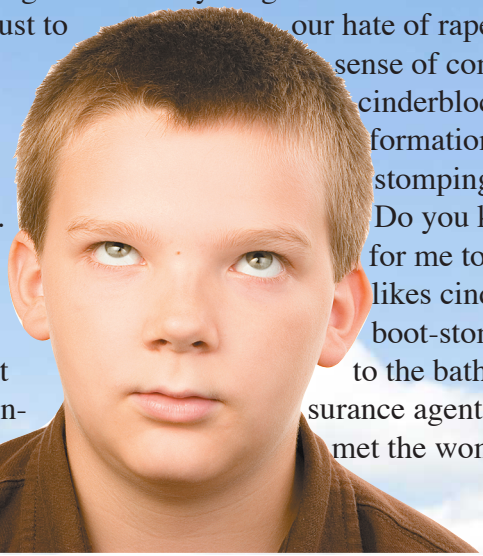
My friends tell me to just forget about it, but I can't let it go. Whenever it happens, and I assure you it happens often, I completely fixate on it. Say I start a conversation with a stranger at night, and while I'm talking they line up a thick gob and bulls-eye me in the forehead, I immediately lose my train of thought—I just get so agitated that I can't concentrate on anything else. Weird, right?

This Page Registers:
100 toothy smirks



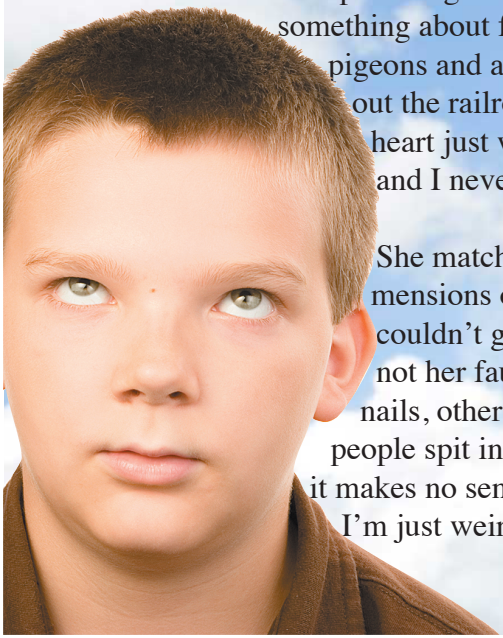
In fact, this pet peeve of mine has gotten to the point where it's hurting my relationships with face-spitters. I stopped spending time with my mailman because he kept trying to shoot streams of spit at me through the gap in his front teeth. I told him I won't be around anymore when he delivers mail to my house because I have laser tag practice. But the truth is I'm too embarrassed to admit I'm really avoiding him because it bothers me that he spits in my face. He would think I was crazy!

My little quirk has even hurt my romantic life. Just last week, I went out for dinner with a woman I met through eHarmony. She seemed great, a real knockout. Like a black Jennifer Aniston. Immediately, we just clicked. It's like we were made for each other. We agreed on everything from our love of smelling fresh sawdust to our hate of rape culture. We both feel a sense of completeness when we stack cinderblocks into symmetrical formations, and we both enjoy stomping things with our boots. Do you know how hard it's been for me to find a woman who likes cinderblock-stacking and boot-stomping? When she went to the bathroom, I called my car insurance agent to tell him that I had met the woman I was



going spend the rest of my life with. I'd read in Dr. Orgasm's Seduction Manual the best time to set a second date is during the first date so when she came back, I plucked up the courage to ask her if she was free that weekend.

My plan was to take her to the park with a big bag of pretzels, throw the pretzels on the ground, and then together we'd go to town on them with our boots and stomp them into a fine powder. But right after I got to the part about the pretzel stomping, out of nowhere she made a loud snorting noise, tilted her head back for leverage, and launched an especially thick glob of phlegm, hitting me square between the eyes. I tried to play it off and continue talking about the pretzels, but I was just so turned off at that point. I mean, two minutes earlier I thought I was in love with this girl and now after some spit to the face, I didn't even want look at her. Frankly, I just wanted to get up and leave but she kept staring at me so I ended up muttering something about feeding the pretzel powder to pigeons and afterwards maybe checking out the railroad tracks near my house. My heart just wasn't in it anymore though, and I never called her again.



She matched me perfectly on 29 dimensions of compatibility, but I just couldn't get past her face-spitting. It's not her fault. Some people bite their nails, others fidget their legs, and some people spit in my face. I know it's silly, and it makes no sense, but I can't stand it. I guess I'm just weird like that.



Layout.indd 77 7/9/13 5:13 PM

An Exchange of Wellness

(Operator picks up the phone as it rings)

Caller: Hello, is this the student health hotline?

Operator: Yes, this is the NYU Wellness Exchange. How may I help you?

Caller: Well, it's just that something has come up… something that I never thought would happen.

Operator: It's a good thing that you took the first step and reached out to us. Now, what's the problem? Are you or anyone you know in any danger?

Caller: No, not at all.

Operator: That's great… Are you feeling alright?

Caller: I'm well, thanks.

Operator: Hmm... Then, why are you calling?

Caller: I'm just calling because I realized that everything in my life is perfectly fine right now.

Operator: …So there's absolutely nothing wrong?

Caller: Nope…

Operator: How are your classes going?

Caller: I'm getting all As. My professor is going to send my memoir, "I'm So Happy to Be Happy," to a journal for publication.

Operator: That's great. How's the family?

Caller: Well, all my grandparents are still alive. My uncles and aunt enjoy six figure salaries. My younger siblings behave perfectly.

Operator: And your parents?

Caller: …They got divorced!

Operator: Oh, I see, do you want to tell me more about that? I understand that divorces can be a difficult time for children of any age…

Caller: Well, they reached a mutual understanding that they were better off as just friends. We all still live together as a happy family. Isn't it wonderful that a man and a woman can enjoy a platonic bond together?

Operator: I suppose it is. Got any pets?

Layout.indd 78 7/9/13 5:13 PM

This Page Registers:
24-inch vertical leap

Caller: I had a cat.

Operator: Had?

Caller: Well, she passed away last month.

Operator: I'm so sorry.

Caller: Nah, it's fine. She passed in a beautiful way.

Operator: What do you mean?

Caller: When it was time for her to go, she leapt onto my lap and kissed me on the cheek. I held her one last time before she ascended to heaven.

Operator: That's a beautiful metaphor.

Caller: It's not a metaphor! Chloe's eyes turned into shining pearls. I watched iridescent wings sprout from her back—as she was borne into the air, she spoke to me. She was all like, "Meow! Meow! Promise me. Promise me. You must live your life to the fullest. The world is a beautiful place and you are loved. Meow!" Her wings began to shimmer and I was graced with the scents of morning dew on grass, the milky aroma of a new baby… the cultured essence of a **Game of Thrones** viewing party, complete with organic red grapes and mild Manchego cheese. And in a swirl of rose petals she left our plane of existence.

Operator: …That's a lot to take in. So, do you feel ok? You haven't been experimenting with any drugs, right?

Caller: No, although my family has a special gene that prevents us from getting addicted to anything.

Operator: So everything's fine?

Caller: Yep. Thanks! Wow, these things really do work. I feel even better about my amazing life. Bye!

(Click)

Operator: Say Charlene, you won't believe the call I just got!

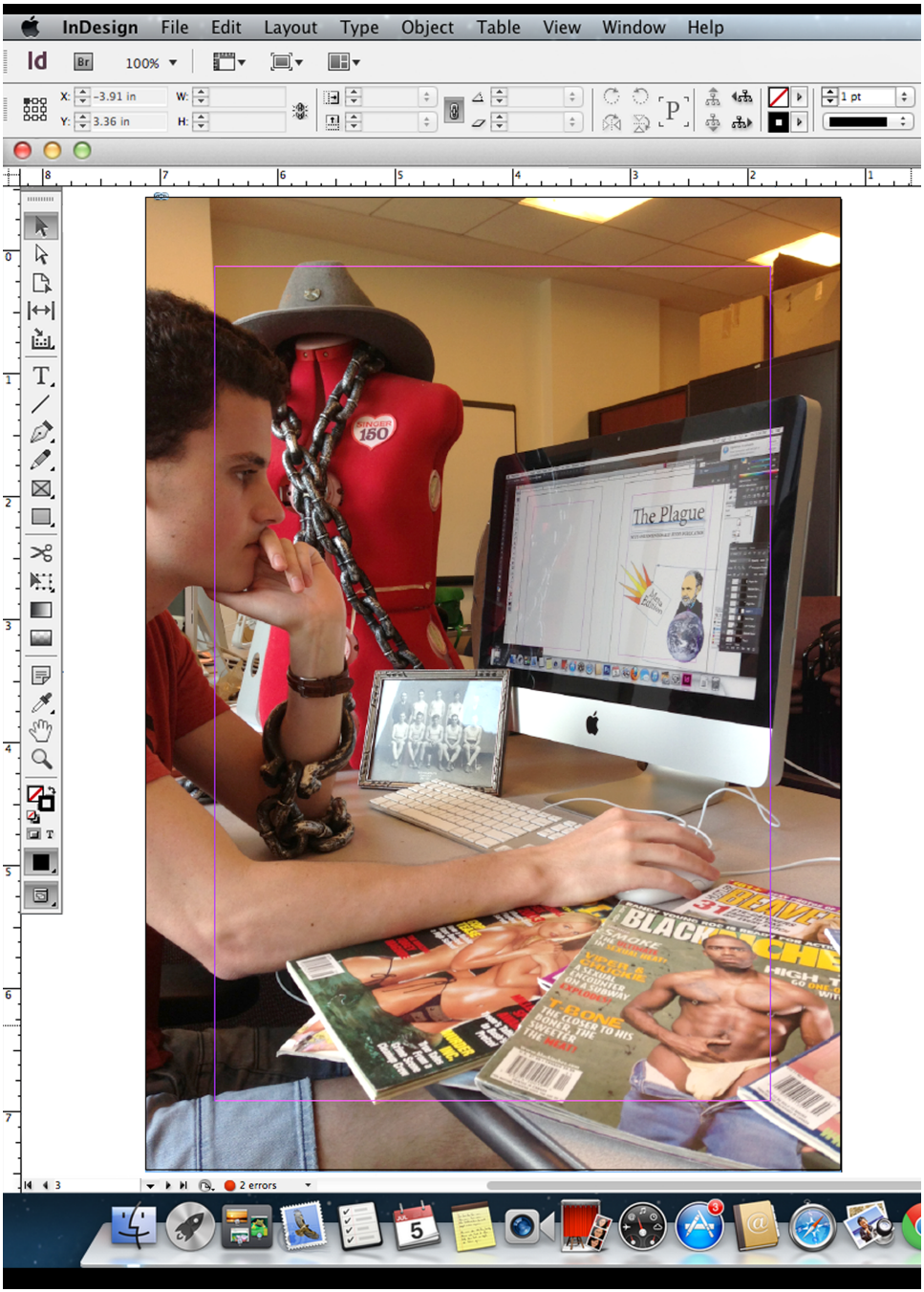
Charlene: No talking during your shift!

(Phone rings. Operator picks up)

Operator: NYU Wellness Exchange. What can I do—

Caller: Meow! Meow! Promise me…

Layout.indd 79 7/9/13 5:13 PM


InDesign File Edit Layout Type Object Table View Window Help
The Plague
BLACK
2 errors