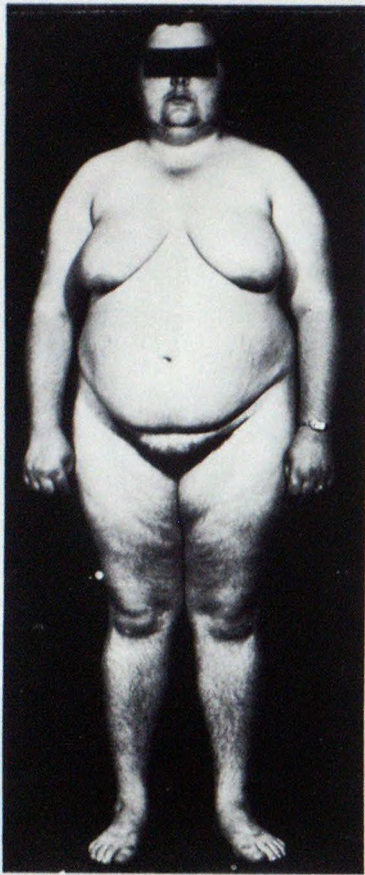


PLAGUE





Spring fashions

The perfect hemline creates
a sharp look.



Hi. Look, I'm a little busy, so I'll make this short. The issue looks nice though, doesn't it? Yeah, well, I guess anything's better than that last piece of tripe we churned out. Hey, c'mon, we were sick that week. But that's all raw sewage under the bridge: We've been working 'round the clock to bring you a rip-snortin', springtime yukfest, and we think you'll like it.

Of course, as with any undertaking of so heroic a scale as the production of a quality college gagmag, there are a number of little people to thank. But as I said, I'm pressed for time. Now g'wan, amscray. Shoo. And please remember to have your pet spayed or neutered. Bye.

MR. MILLER,
Editor-In-Chief

P.S.: A big New York, "Howwww Do!" to Dave Leo and all those madcap funsters up at the Syracuse REPORT. Keep smilin', fellas!

Since we are ostensibly a democratic, equal-opportunity organization, The PLAGUE is required to accept submissions—no matter how stupid—from any of you clods who narcissistically long to see your name(s) in print. (Sigh) Okay, okay, send them to Room 403, 21 Washington Place, NYC 10003. Articles must be typed, double-spaced, or Doug will bring them home and wipe his hiney with them. Artwork must be black ink on white paper, or it will meet a similarly horrid fate. Enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your submission, in case it blows so bad we've got to get rid of it immediately.

If you're such a knuckle-walking nimrod that no one else will talk to you, go ahead and—I know I'm gonna regret saying this—call us at (212) 598-7920. Now stop reading this inside-cover garbage and settle into the magazine itself. You schmuck.

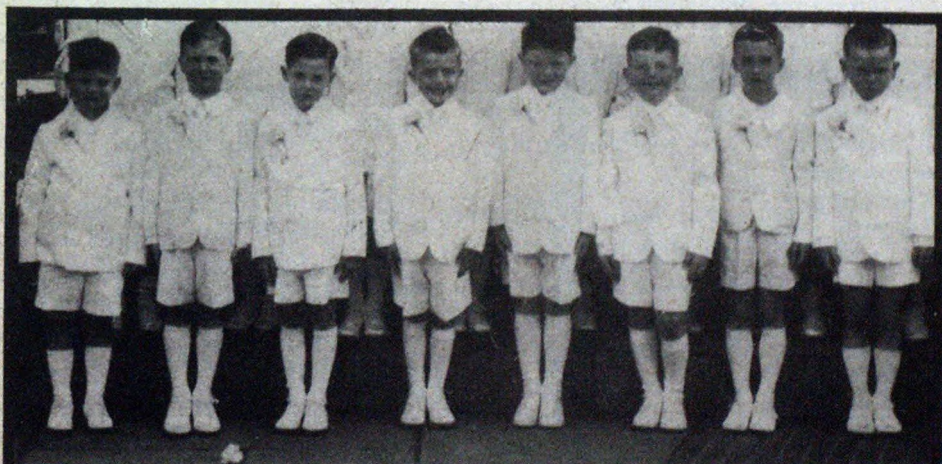
That's me
up there,
schlepping
away at my
li'l ole desk.
Great pic, huh?
The missus
took it on one
of those Polaroid
jobs. —Mr. Miller

Reach over 3 million
college students
through the



THE STAFF Consists of the Following Persons:

Extra Thick and Zesty Editor	Doug Brod
Intimate Apparel Editor	John Walsh
Alfonso Ribiero Editor	Scott Zwiren
Much-Maligned, Long-Suffering Editor	Bob Young



ALSO STARRING: John Chaneski, Bart Cox, Kathy Kikkert, Jason Vega, Jon Zeiderman. And a tip o' the hat to . . . Rich Brown and Steve Korn.

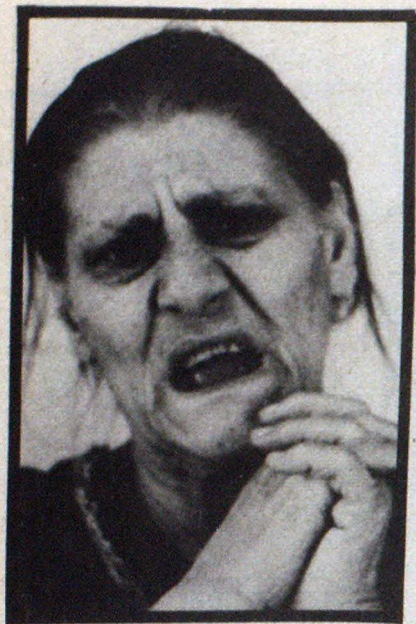
...and the Wacky Neighbor,
Dave Greene. God bless you, Little Man! Get Well Soon!

P
L
A
G
U
E

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New York, NY 10003

Faithful, affectionate,
home-loving Oriental
ladies looking for sin-
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band. \$10.00 will bring
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need for joining our club.

SLEAZY GOSSIP



—The real “Goldie Hawn”—
Silvana Mangiafranni



—“Goldie” expresses shock when
she finds out that the truth has
been discovered



—Elvis Krebbs—Is he scarred
for life?

Goldie Hawn: Her “Real” Self And Her Real Love

The *Plague* has uncovered some startling facts relating to superstar Goldie Hawn. Supposedly, Goldie is 39 years old, has blond hair, and is involved with actor Kurt Russell. The *Plague* undercover staff has discovered that Goldie’s life is quite different than the one which she presents to the public. Goldie is actually an 86-year-old Italian woman, currently involved in an illicit love affair with an 11-year-old boy named Elvis.

“Make up does wonders for her,” claimed an “unnamed source.” “She’s really been able to fool the public.”

Goldie’s real name is Silvana Mangiafranni, and she lives in the Bronx, a block away from her son, daughter-in-law, and eight grandchildren. When Silvana was in her 70’s, she decided that, instead of going to an old folks home, she wanted to be an actress. Silvana knew, however, that she was too old to get any decent parts, so she hired makeup expert Gar Watson, a 90-year-old, hunched over, blind man to make her over. It wasn’t long before Silvana was a 20-year-old, bikini-clad go-go dancer performing on “Laugh-In.”

The *Plague* uncovered the truth about Goldie when a call came to our offices from someone named the “unnamed source.” The “source” told us that if we wanted to see Goldie Hawn naked, we should go to Apartment C2 at 1440 Arthur Ave. in the Bronx. Being lechers, we immediately agreed. Upon our arrival, we saw something that would not soon be forgotten. We witnessed 86-year-old Silvana prancing around nude with 11-year-old Elvis Krebbs, also nude, singing “Watching Scotty Grow” in unison. To add to our surprise, Goldie/Silvana’s ex-husband Bill Hudson, member of the wildly successful Hudson Brothers, arrived on the scene. Apparently, he was mad because Goldie/Silvana divorced him, and he wanted to get even by exposing her. Expose her he did, literally and figuratively. Soon after, Silvana broke down and told us the whole sordid story about how she’s been deceiving the public.

“I wanted to get even,” says Hudson. “I couldn’t bear not being able to make love to her wrinkled body anymore.”

**Art Linkletter: "I'm in Love,
Beautiful Love!"**

The great TV star, Art Linkletter, author of "Kids Say The Darndest Things," is a happy man these days. "Life, for me, has begun again," states the jubilant Linkletter.

After his daughter and wife died, Art had nothing to live for.

"My life was shit," says Art.

One day, he was driving by a farm, and it was there that he saw the one thing that would save his life from eternal depression. His savior was Hobart, the Friendly Mule. As Art drove by the farm, he glanced over and saw Hobart prancing around.

"It's as if I were struck by Cupid's arrow. When Hobart's eyes met with mine . . . well . . . it was love, beautiful love."

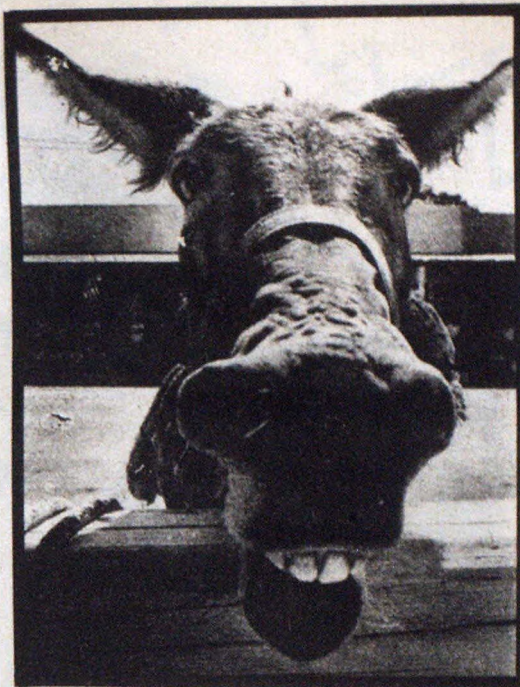
Since that day, Art and Hobart have become inseparable. They take walks together, eat out all the time, go to movies and, rumors have it that they have set up housekeeping.

"Those rumors are true," says Art. "My home is now like heaven. When Hobart and I make love, I can feel the earth move, especially when he champs at the bit."

Will Art and Hobart wed?

"I don't know," replies Art. "Whenever I mention marriage to Hobart, he kicks me with his back legs in the groin. He's somewhat of a free spirit, but I'm sure I'll be able to convince him to settle down eventually."

Until then, Art and Hobart will continue living in a world of love.



*—Hobart the Friendly Mule
flashes a toothy grin when asked
about his lover, Art Linkletter.*



*—Art recalls the expression on his
face when he first saw Hobart.*

Do you think the President's plan to cut government employees' pay by 5 percent is justified?

NO 54.1% YES 45.9%





KING
OF
MEN

KING!

K I N G !

K I N G !

Fred Blassie. The "Hollywood Fashion Plate." Fred Blassie. The "King of Men." Fred Blassie. A legend.

He was one of the most successful wrestlers during the '50s and '60s and, in the early '70s, became a full-time manager in the World Wrestling Federation. The Great One has guided the careers of many grapplers over the years, including George "The Animal"

Steele, Ivan Koloff, Hulk Hogan, Big John Studd and, most recently Nikolai Volkoff and the Iron Sheik who, on December 26, 1983, realized Blassie's greatest dream by winning the WWF Championship. The Sheik, of course, was defeated a month later by former Blassie protege Hulk Hogan, who had changed his rule-breaking ways when he entered the AWA a couple of

years earlier. Besides becoming an Ayotollah (by decree of Ruhollah Khomeni himself, according to the Iron Sheik), Blassie has also gained quite a reputation as a recording star. As one can see from the following interview, which took place recently at Madison Square Garden, Blassie has a heartfelt opinion on just about everything, and has an uncanny knack for turning an interviewer into a "pencil neck geek."

Plague: When did you begin your wrestling career?

Fred Blassie: Well, I mean, the people aren't interested in when I began my wrestling career, but let's say that it was better than three decades ago that I was wrestling. (pause) Anything else?

P: I

FB: I know, you pencil neck geek, you're just standing in awe of the great Freddie Blassie. . . .

P: I am, I am. . . .

FB: That's the way everybody is the first time they come in cahoots to see Freddie Blassie, they stand there with their mouths open! Now, you're not here to be catching flies, or anything! You're out here to ask me questions! If you've got anything to ask me, just feel free and fire away! What do you want to know?

P: Okay, what's the . . .

FB: Alright, I've got it! I know what you're talking about! You're talking about my record "Pencil Neck Geek"! Well, that was #1 for 21 consecutive weeks on "Dr. Demento." As you know, Dr. Demento plays the world's worst records, so you know "Pencil Neck Geek" was the world's worst of all times, but it has been #10 for the past 4 years. Freddie Blassie only publishes the best. "Pencil Neck Geek," "U.S. Male," and "God's Gift To Women." I can really understand why all you pencil neck geeks do a double take when the great Freddie Blassie walks down the street because it's the first time you're seeing a great man in your presence. You can look, but don't touch! Alright, what else you wanna know, Bob?



P: Okay, so . . .

FB: That's it! I tell ya! So, that's it, huh? Well, I can see, it's gonna be a great interview! Who are we gonna do this interview for? Who's gonna read this? Who's gonna be listening to all this?

P: It's for New York University. . . .

FB: New York University! New York University! New York University! It seems like I've heard of that university before. Where's that place located?

P: It's in Greenwich Village.

FB: Greenwich Village! That's what I knew! That's where all them bums and pencil neck geeks come from down there! Greenwich Village! Yeah, I can really understand those pencil neck geeks wanting to talk to Freddie Blassie, because it's the first time they're listening to a real man! Listen to those goofy teachers they got down there at New York . . . what do they teach down there at New York University?

P: They teach journalism.

FB: Journalism! Ahhh! That's great! I got it! That's what we need, some more journalists! I guarantee you! That's just what we need! And what else?

P: Film production.

FB: Film! Oh, yeah! That's what we need, too! We need more film editors and guys that cut and splice and things. That's what those guys do whenever they see Freddie Blassie, whenever they film Freddie Blassie's proteges. They always try to make us look in a bad light because they edit the thing and do a very poor job, so I'm glad to see that New York University is going to turn out some good film editors.

P: And they teach Art.

FB: Art! Art! Art! Art who?

P: Art . . . painting.

FB: Who?

P: Painting! You know. . . .

FB: Oh, painting! Oh, yeah, well that's, ohh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah! You mean they got some Toulouse Latrecs running around there?

P: Yeah.

FB: Yeah, some of those little midgets. Yeah. Okay, yeah, what else?

P: Oh, they teach . . . uh . . . English.

FB: Don't they teach you anything about women?

P: I don't think there are any women courses. . . .

FB: English! Who cares anything about English when you got these beautiful looking gals running around! Is it a coed school?

P: Yes.

FB: Well, my God, how can you

FB: Who?

P: They have actual courses that teach comedy.

FB: Courses that teach comedy. Oh, they've got to be a bunch of jokesters down there! You've got to be a jokester to go to New York University! You've got a bunch of comedians down there!

P: Well, I gues I'm a jokester.

FB: (laughs) I knew there was something about you that was funny! You go to New York University?

P: Yes, I do!

FB: Well, I'll be darned! What are you taking up?

P: Film production.

FB: Film! Oh, you're one of those kind of guys who splices the good film with the bad film, and then you sell the bad film, and that looks like Freddie Blassie! I know what you guys do!

P: Oh no, no, no. . . .

FB: Oh, yeah, yeah. . . .

P: Oh, well. Let's see what else they teach at NYU. They teach . . . well, let's see. . . .

FB: Oh, is that right! You know, Christmas just passed by . . . Santa Claus comes down the chimney, and I know those pencil neck geeks from New York University, they believe that stuff!

P: I believe it!

FB: Aww, sure you do! Well, that answers you for being a film splicer!

P: Well, it's . . .

FB: Oh, that's okay, no, no, no, I've got nothing against Santa Claus, Bob. . . .

P: Oh. . . .

FB: I like Santa Claus. (He spits on the ground.) Oh, yeah, yeah. Nice guy.

P: How about the Easter Bunny?

FB: Oh, the Easter Bunny! Yeah, yeah, I love the Easter Bunny, too. (He spits on the ground.)

. . . now, look, when I went to school, I mean, I got kicked out of six universities, and every one I got kicked out of was because I was messing around with the women. (laughs) I didn't go there to learn anything! I went there for one thing: to wrestle and to play around in my spare time with the females.

P: Uh, huh. Well, they don't teach . . .

FB: Well, I can tell, New York University, oh yeah, they've got great film editors, great artists, oh yeah, con artists!

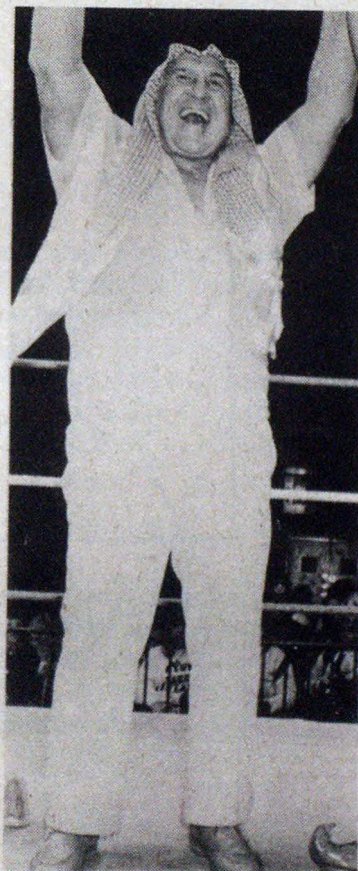
P: Con artists?

FB: That's right! That's what they're teaching down there! Con artists, yeah.

P: They have courses in comedy.

P: Ohhh. . . .

FB: I'm a great, wholesome lad, you know what I'm talking about?



P: I think I do. . . .

FB: I only manage the best, Bob, you know that!

P: Oh, yeah!

FB: The meanest, the roughest, and toughest are handled by yours truly, Freddie Blassie!

P: You've got the Sheik. . . .

FB: The Iron Sheik, and I've got Nikolai Volkoff! That's right!

P: Uh huh. And who else do you have?

FB: Oh, I've got 'em all! If they're good, Freddie Blassie handles 'em! If they're not mean, tough, rough, get out there and kick, stomp, and bite. . . .

P: The Sheik is. . . .

FB: Oh, yeah, the Sheik is, without a doubt, the World Heavyweight Champion.

P: Hulk Hogan had his uncle as a referee?

FB: That's right, he had his uncle as a referee! But, uh, we'll get that all remedied, taken care of! Anything else you wanna know, Bob?

P: Well, I guess that's it. We've covered a whole spectrum here.

FB: Well, I think so! You think any of those pencil neck geeks down there will now what I'm talking about?

P: I'm sure they will.

FB: You think so?

P: Some will.

FB: No, no. Unless they come from California, then they'll know what I'm talking about. These pencil neck geeks from the east, they're stuck for an answer when you tell 'em "hello."

P: Yeah. . . .

FB: That's right, and tell the teacher that, the guy that teaches English!

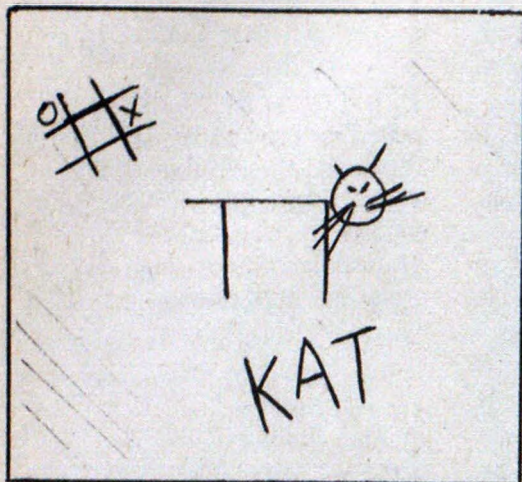
P: I will.

FB: If he wants somebody to come down there and teach somebody something, they ought to hire me!

P: Uh huh.

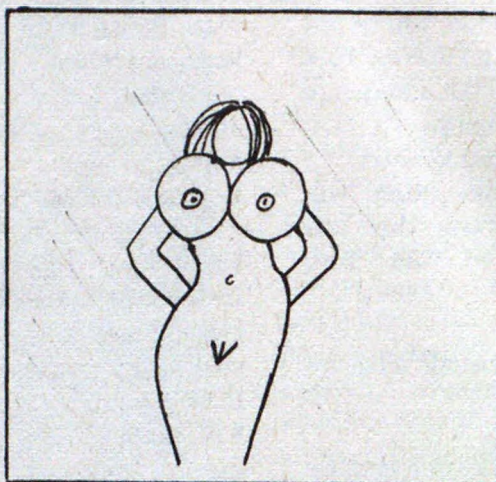
MASTERPIECES OF BATHROOM MIRROR STEAM ART

This week: The Works of Aaron Seaman



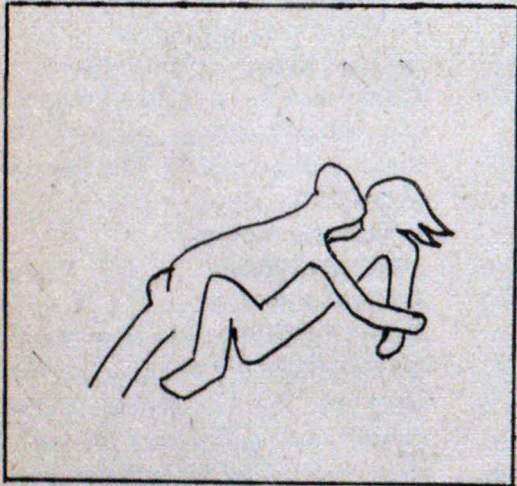
"The Innocent"

Age 6



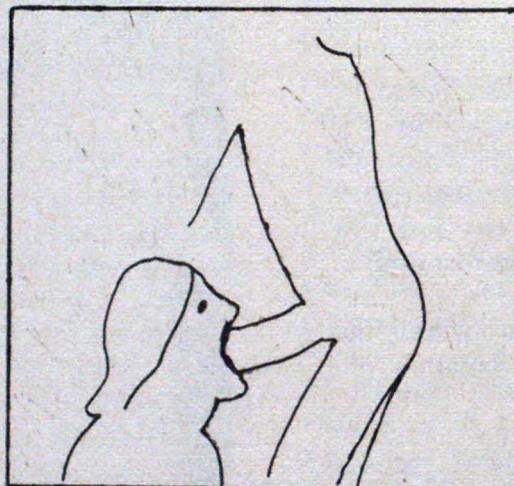
"Extremes"

Age 12



"Experiments in Forms"

Age 14



"Linear Motion"*

Age 16

*Aaron's last work. It reappeared when his mother showered and his father beat the shit out of him with a hammer.

AT THE MOVIES/3-3-3

EBERT

Our next film is called PIECES. It's a new thriller starring Christopher George and his wife Lynda Day. There's a vicious murderer going around cutting up young coeds at a New England college and George plays the detective on the trail of the killer. Here's a scene early in the film when the killer clad in a dark overcoat follows a pretty dancer into an elevator and chops her up with a chainsaw he has hidden under his outerwear.

CUT TO TAPE

CUT TO EBERT

EBERT

Now, wasn't that a wonderful bit of suspense. I really liked PIECES. I thought it was a wonderful, exciting thriller, even charming in spots. As you can see though, the film is unabashedly violent, but I think kids of all ages will get a real kick out of it.

SISKEL

Pog... You must be kidding. This is a sick, sick movie. I can't believe you actually recommend this worthless piece of reprehensible trash.

EBERT

But Gene, I think you missed the point. There's this wonderful correlation between the child at the beginning of the film putting together the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle and the killer's piecing together of the limbs of the dead bodies. The cinematography, with its evocative grainy texture really benefits the movie and the performances, especially those of George and the great Edmund Purdom are priceless. This was the last film of the underrated Christopher George, but I think it's a terrific swan song.

SISKEL

I can't believe it. How can you praise a movie that lingers on a shot of a scared girl getting the urine scared out of her. And that final scene, when a corpse comes back to life and squeezes a man's crotch until it bleeds. I was offended by this film, and I don't feel that strongly about other vulgar films I have seen.

-more-

AT THE MOVIES /4-4-4

EBERT

Oh Gene, your such a pansy. PIECES was simply a marvelous filmic experience, one to savor for a lifetime.

SISKEL

Rog... You know, I think all that food you've been eating has gone to your head and got in the way of your critical faculties. And have you seen yourself on the screen lately sitting there taking up two aisle seats with your fourteen rolls of fat hanging over your belt. You look as if you buy your clothes from Herman's tent department.

EBERT

Fuck you, asshole.

SISKEL

That's your opinion.

EBERT

Damn straight.

SISKEL

Next at the movies... We'll be taking a look at Russ Meyer's retelling of the Dracula legend starring Kitten Natividad, FANGS FOR THE MAMMARIES.

CUT TO COMMERCIAL

G RINDHOUSE

REVIEW



Jungle Warriors

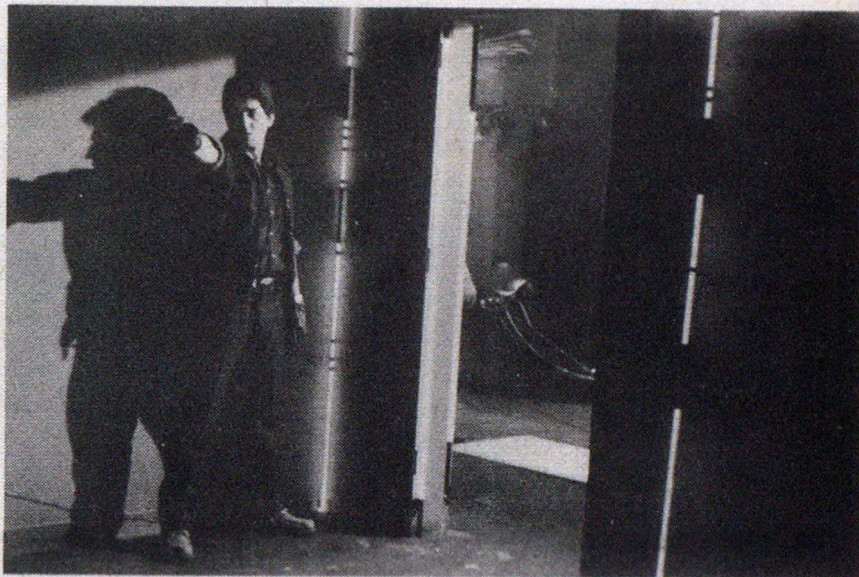
A group of nubile models, traveling to South America for a location shoot, are imprisoned by an overweight, incestuous drug kingpin in this action-packed, sweat-drenched epic. A first rate cast of pathetic has-beens led by John Vernon, Alex Cord and Woody Strode, pick up some quick carfare for their efforts. Meanwhile, sleaze veteran Marjoe (*Mausoleum*) Gortner reaches the pinnacle of his illustrious acting career with the role of a harried, coke-snorting photographer.

The Mutilator

This chicken-fried, North Carolina-lensed slasher flick starts off slow but makes up for it with one of the most gratuitously gory last half hours I've ever witnessed. Best scene—After being severed at the torso, the killer picks up a battleaxe and amputates the cop's leg. A howl.

Savage Streets

Linda Blair, playing yet another foul-mouthed teenage tramp, stars in this intense revenge potboiler. When her deaf-mute sister is brutally gang-raped, Blair, armed with a cross-bow, stalks the streets of L.A. dispensing her own brand of good cheer. The slimiest villains seen in quite a while (led by Robert Dryer, most recently seen on *T.J. Hooker* with, get this, Marjoe Gortner) and a really slick production makes this one of the year's best.



Robert Beltran Kicks Ass In NIGHT OF THE COMET



A C.H.U.D. Kicks Ass In C.H.U.D.

Red Dawn

John Milius' piece of paranoid red-neck propaganda proceeds at a lame snail's pace, but it does feature some stellar sleaze stalwarts Ron (*Super Fly*) O'Neal and William (*Grave of the Vampire*) Smith as the baddies.

Hot Moves

The quintessential horny-teen-age-boys-who-wanna-get-laid-before-summer's-out movie, that's genuinely funny and even more smarmy.

C.H.U.D.

S.H.I.T. The only film this year I was sorry I plunked down by sawbuck for. I got into *Fleshburn* for free.

Repo Man

Droll: This one had me on the floor. See it twice to get all the jokes and dig the bitchen soundtrack. Best scene—The convenience store shootout.

Gremlins

Walt Disney gets slipped a mickey and the majors release its meanest holiday flick yet. Funny, scary—and cruel. Beats overblown, unfunny shit like *Ghostbusters* and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* blindfolded.

Night of the Comet

Uneven, slight bit of sci-fi horror fluff, played for laughs by a talented cast. Features the neatest, upbeat (for an apocalypse movie, that is) ending of the year.

Body Double

Dumb, dumb, dumb. But in my book, DePalma can do no wrong. Stay for the terrific end-credit sequence.

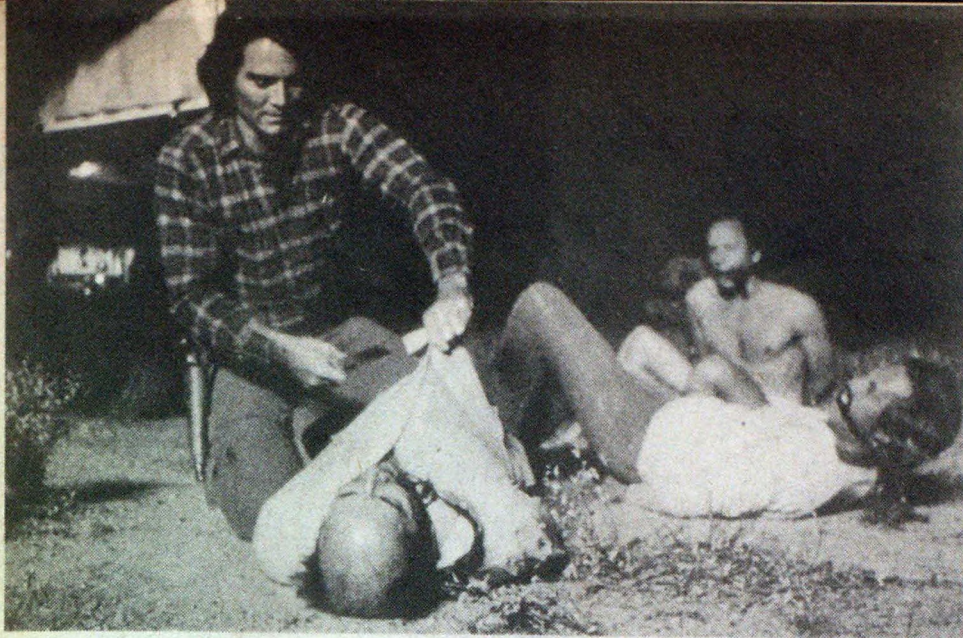
and now the Schlock Movie of the Year

The Terminator

Whoosh. Varoom. Hey, look out! He's got a laser gun. Kar-runch. God he's still alive! Clang, clang. Zapp! Best action flick since Mel Gibson tore up the Australian outback with a gas tanker. Arnold's perfect, the atmosphere's well-wrought and the cinematography is virtuosic. Never lets up. Whew.

And on the lighter side . . .
Emmanuelle 4

A bevy of gorgeous, gorgeous women, an hilariously inane pseudo romantic script and lush, steam photography—and I was still bored. Best scene—sexual cuisine in the mud. Best line—"My luggage is my past."



Wily Redman Sonny Landham Kicks Ass In FLESHBURN

A Nightmare on Elm Street

The most satisfying horror film in a long time, *Nightmare* features some actual honest-to-God scares. The great John Saxon gives yet another star turn as the stonefaced father of the heroine that has him triumphantly receiving the King of Schlock Movies crown from the now ex-Christopher George.

The Evil that Men Do

Theresa Saldana furthers the cause of Victims for Victims by appearing in this incredibly violent (for a major studio) release. Watch for the serious gonad squeezing Bronson exacts on a slimy wetback—totally off the wall.

Fleshburn

Probably the most boring movie of the decade, this thing reminded me of those banal Made-for-TV survival flicks from the early-70's. Characters say "fuck" twice and get an "R." No sex, no violence. Yawn.

Legend of the Bayou

A one-weeker I originally saw with the more graphic moniker *Eaten Alive* back in the mid-70's, *Legend* was Tobe Hooper's follow-up to his classic *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. This one has the best opening line in sleaze history: something along the lines of "My name's Buck and I'm aiming to fuck." See Neville Brand babble like a Grand Central Boozer! See Mel Ferrer get a scythe stuck in his neck!

Make Them Die Slowly

This overrated (by the cognoscenti, that is) European cannibal gross-fest is an anomaly to say the least. Scenes of maggot eating, brain eating, penis eating and breast puncturing are intercut with endless Wild Kingdom-like stock footage and vicious animal slaughters. Yuck. Don't miss the phoney NYU interiors in the epilogue.



Crazy Annie Kicks Ass In THE TERMINATOR

CAST

"When you learn how to act then you'll be good"—Stanislovsky

CASTING—Herve Vellachaise look-alike. Must have fat hands and stubby fingers, and must threaten tall, large-breasted women with gun convincingly for the live action film bio of "The Speedy Gonzalez Story."

CASTING—All male cast wanted for a summer stock company of *The Trojan Women*.



CASTING—Plastic explosives and cutlery show at the Felt Forum needs hostesses. Waxy complexions preferred.

CASTING—All children's version of *Oh Calcutta*. Contact Peter Pederast.

INSTRUCTION—Jimmy Randolph School of Acting known for work with the hosts of the Channel Five Movie Club.

The Apex Tech Man will teach you the method. Known for his work with the cast of "Horror at Party Beach."

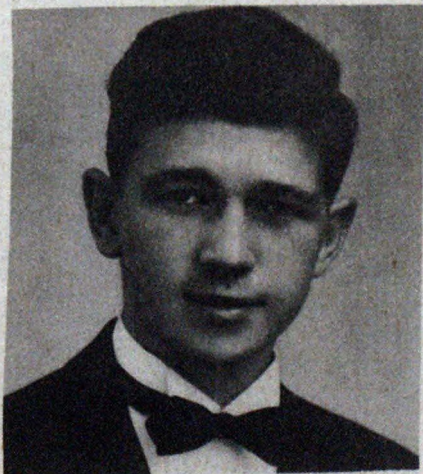


I N G !



CASTING—Pritz Studios is casting a performer who can make love to a Duncan Heinz brownie mix. Serious professionals only.

CASTING—Seeking intense boy for *Hamlet Meets Josie and The Pussycats*. Due to open in Akron soon.



CASTING—Big black muther who don't take no shit for no one. He best be big, he best be bad, he best be hung like a crane. For Woody Strode's production of *Black Jesus II The Resurrection*. Momma Productions, 125st and Lenox.

CASTING—Club talent wanted at The Scumpit. N.Y.'s oldest septic tank is auditioning men, women and others for a unique lounge performance.



CASTING—Guests for The Joe Franklin Show. A one page essay on "Why I'd be interesting on late night TV."

NEWS FLASH



The medical world has recently been astounded by one of the most startling oddities in the history of modern science. Tiny Lo Lee Chin, of Peking, was born with three legs and a small rectangular strip of black masking tape over his genitals. After an intricate operation, a team of crack surgeons removed the tape and were shocked to find former California soft-rock star Jimmy Buffett performing his hit "Margaritaville" between Chin's three little legs. When asked how he happened to end up in such an odd place, Buffett replied, "I dunno dude. I'm, like, rilly bummed ya know."

The child is said to be resting comfortably and is now mulling over offers for skateboard endorsements from three major US manufacturers.



JIMMY BUFFETT

ALL MARY, ALL THE TIME

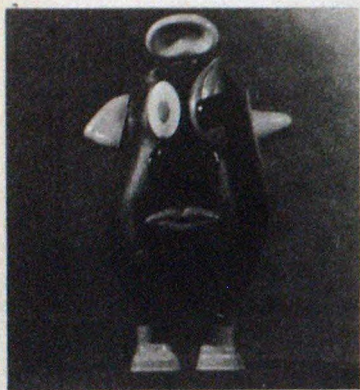


**The World's First 24-Hour-a-day
Mary Tyler-Moore Rerun Channel**

Paris...
Springtime

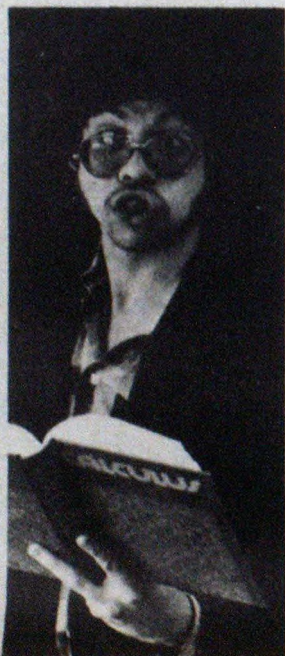


They can top JOEY NUDNIK !



THEY CAN TOP JOEY NUDNIK

Lucky Contest Winners Gain Instant Fame! In our last issue, famed Borscht Belt gagmeister Joey Nudnik challenged readers to top him with their funniest jokes. PLAGUE mailroom clerks worked double- and triple-time to process the torrent of entries, and the editors now proudly present the very best of this crop.

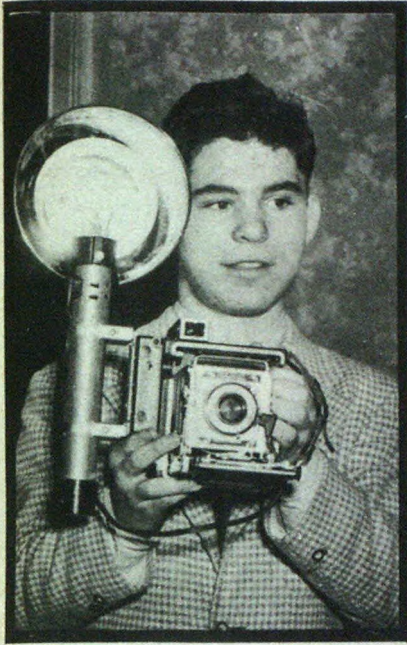


Gerhard Oslo of Staten Island says, "Bambi could never have become a mother if her hart hadn't been in the right place."

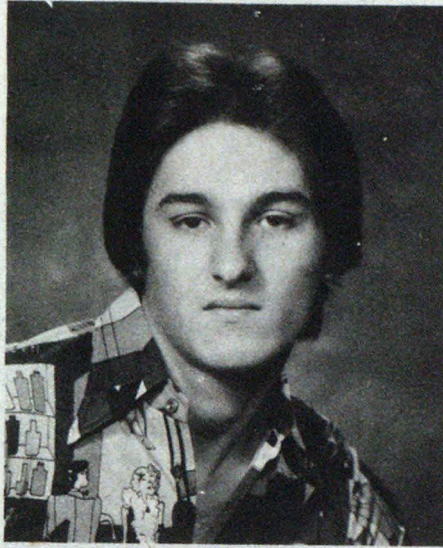


Sherry Chepesko of Jersey City asks, "What's the difference between 'unlawful' and 'illegal'?" Then she answers herself, "'Unlawful' is when you do something wrong; 'Illegal' is a sick bird!"

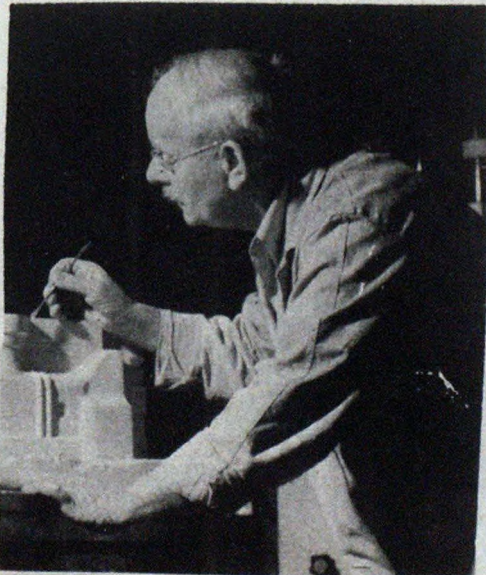
INSULTING PHOTOGRAPHER



This Week's Insult: "You Ought to be the Planned Parenthood Poster Child."



VINNIE CARBONARA, 29, Student: "Oh, yeah? Well, your mother bakes things and sends them to Willard Scott."



COSMO TIETELBAUM, 43, Electrician: "I am."



MICHELLE NOBLESE, 16, Vinnie's Bitch: "Hey, Vinnie, ya gonna let this guy tawk ta me like dat?"

SCENES FROM *BEYOND* VAUDEVILLE 4

with



MASON REESE!

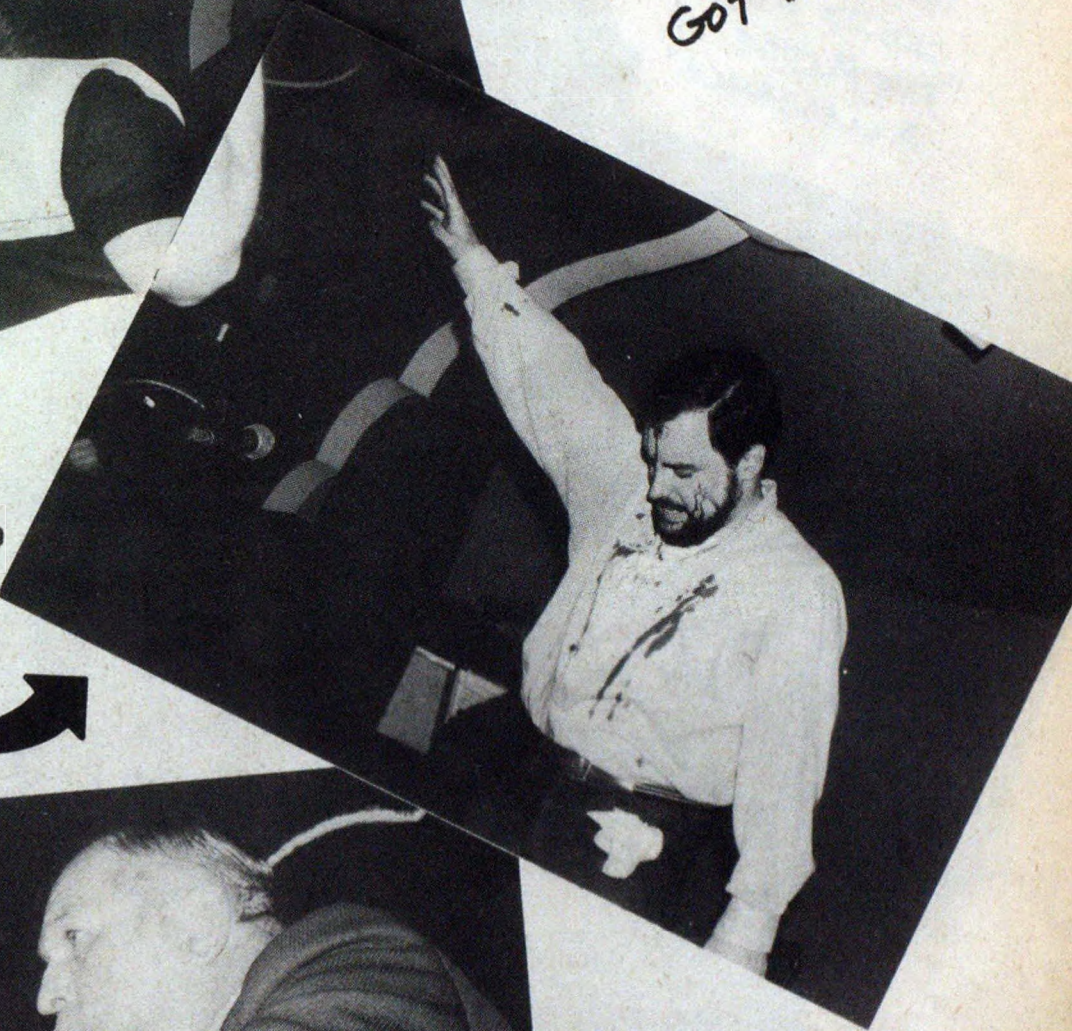
THURSDAY, APRIL 18th, at 7:00 PM at SPEAKEASY (107 MacDougal St.).



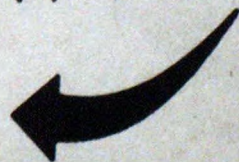
LANCE VENTURE
EMOTES TO THE
POWERFUL SONG,
"I WANT TO
KNOW WHAT LOVE IS"



T.V. STAR MASON
REESE IS BACK,
AND THE PLAGUE'S
GOT 'IM!



IRENE & HER
HUSBAND KNOW
WHAT LOVE IS!



"STRYKER" DOES
IT UP RIGHT!

THE ENTHUSIASTIC
CROWD RECITES
"THE PLEDGE OF
ALLEGIANCE"



ELVIS
LIVES!

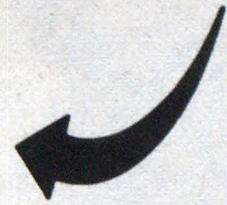


STRYKER
SINGS IT UP
RIGHT

THE FANS
SWAMP "STRYKER"



"THOMAS PAINE."

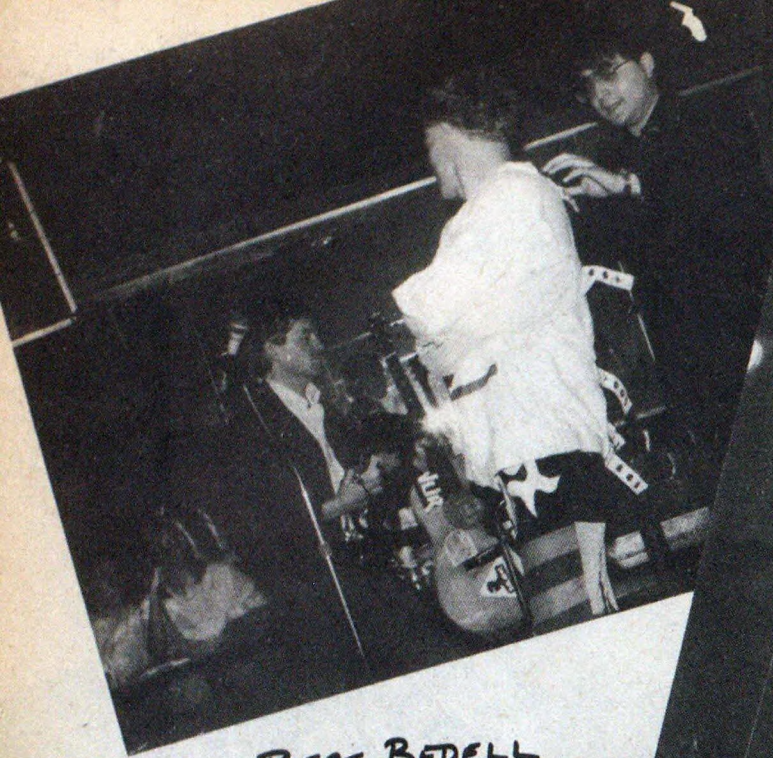


MICHAEL KAUFMAN
SHARES THE
SPOTLIGHT
WITH UNIDENTIFIED
AUDIENCE
MEMBER.



THE GIFTED
BOB KLINE
(AVAILABLE
FOR BAR MITZVAHS).





BERT BEDELL
WOWS 'EM!

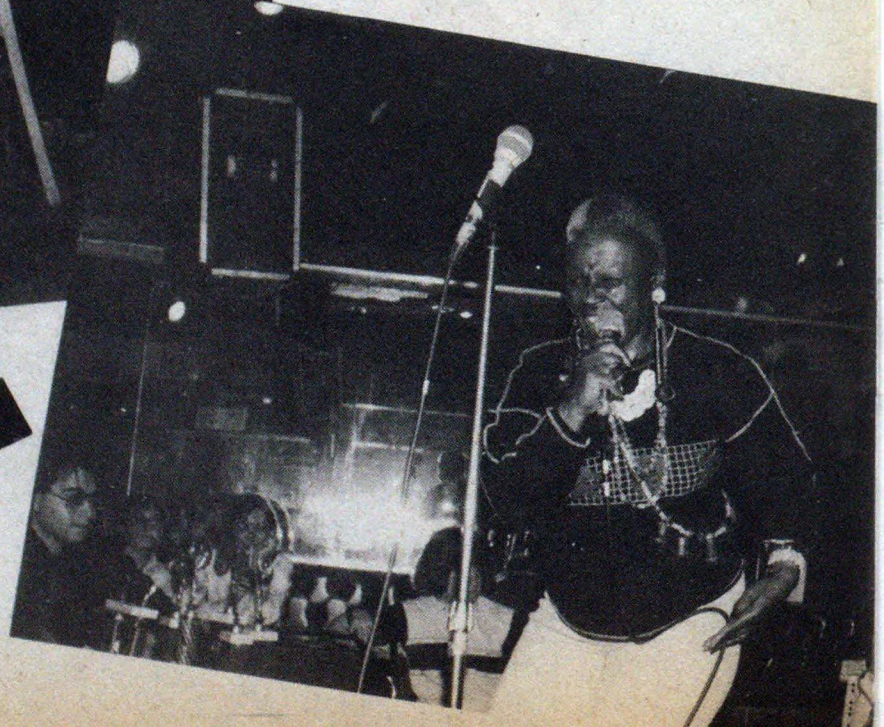
BILLY JACKIT
IS LET LOOSE
ON THE WORLD!



"DELTA BLUES"
SERVES IT UP
HOT!

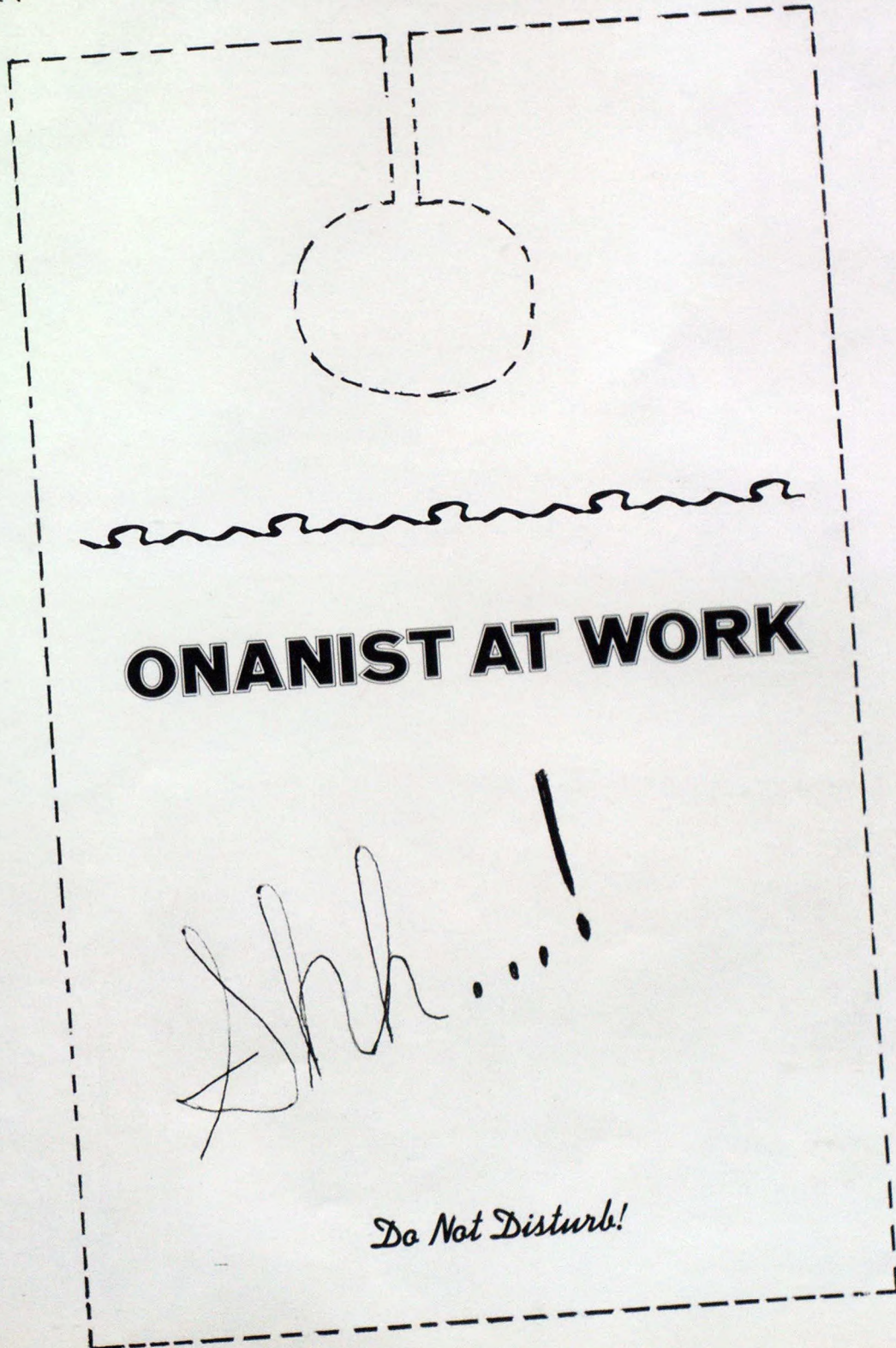


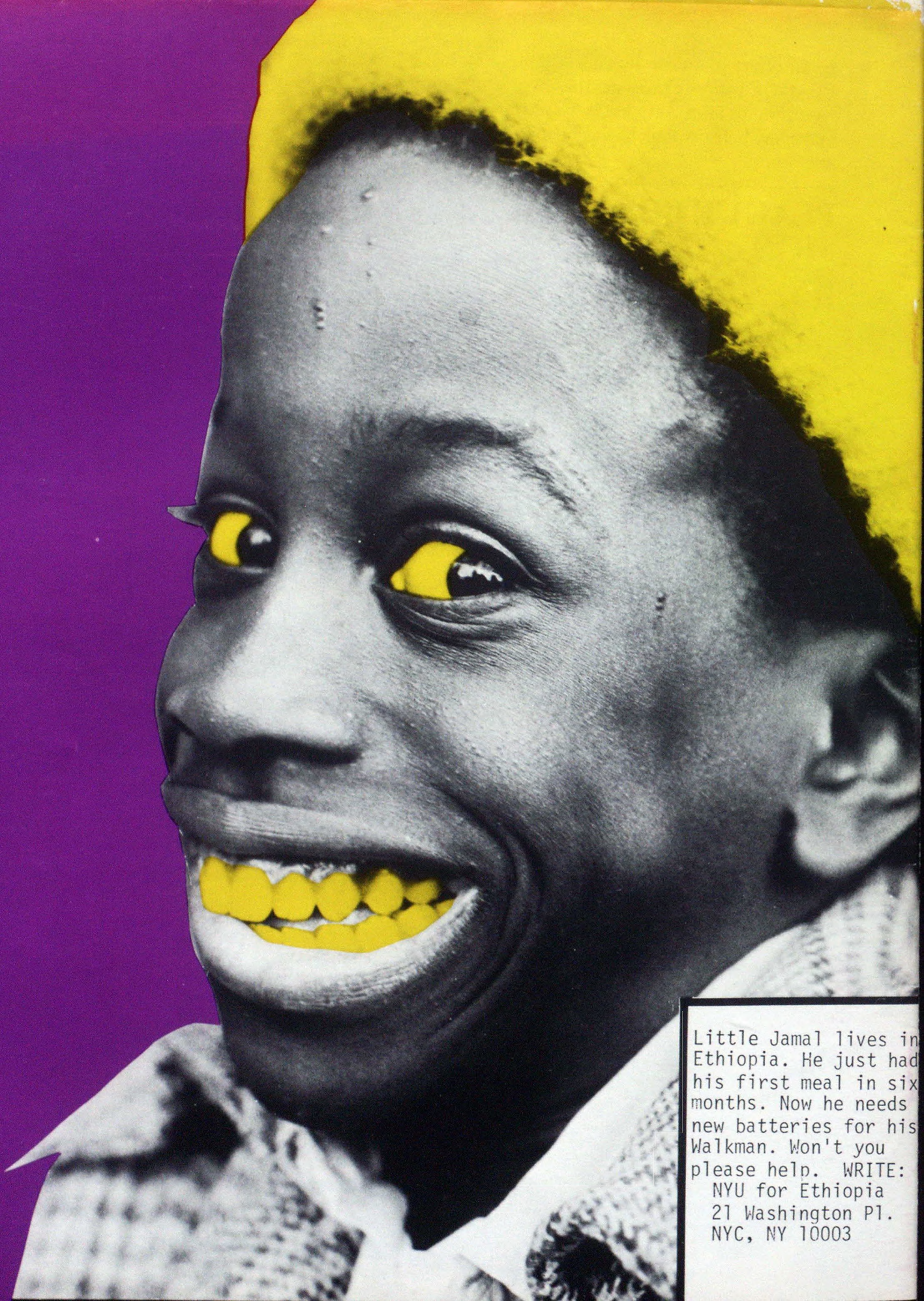
DELTA'S LADY
SINGS THE BLUES!



In an effort to amuse our discerning readership, as well as fill up a page with a cheap gag, the PLAGUE proudly presents this great 'n' groovy doorknob sign. Just cut along the dotted line (we recommend an X-Acto knife, but Mom's sewing scissors will do), and hang on your doorknob to make any hallway look like a cheap hotel corridor! Oh, hey, don't thank us. It's the kind of guys we are.

PLAGUE BONUS GIVEAWAY # 337: THE DOORKNOB SIGN





Little Jamal lives in Ethiopia. He just had his first meal in six months. Now he needs new batteries for his Walkman. Won't you please help. WRITE:
NYU for Ethiopia
21 Washington Pl.
NYC, NY 10003