

PLAGUEBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR NYU

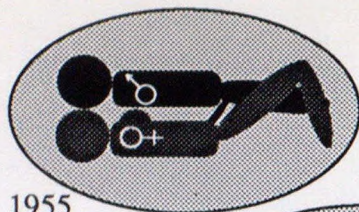
MAY 1991 • FREE

**TOON TWINS
IN A TORRID
PICTORIAL**

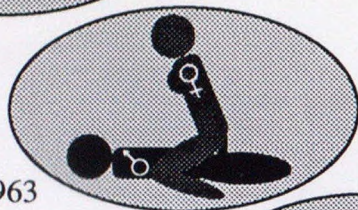
**EXCLUSIVE:
VIOLETS
FOOTBALL
NYU'S BEST
KEPT SECRET**



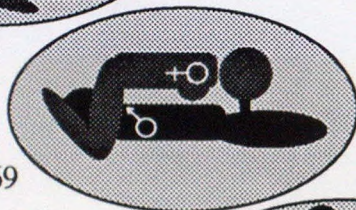
PLUS:
**AL GOLDSTEIN
INTERVIEW**
ALEX KAUFMANN
JUDY KLASS
DAVE KLISIEWICZ
ROB WESKE
JOY WHITESIDE



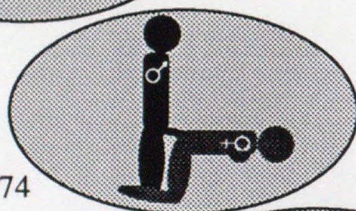
1955



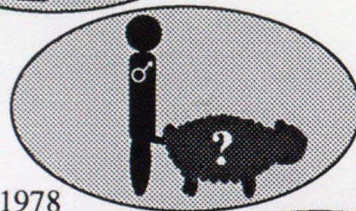
1963



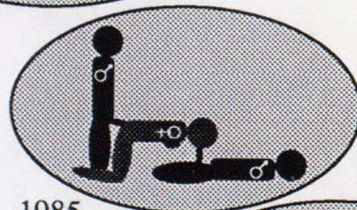
1969



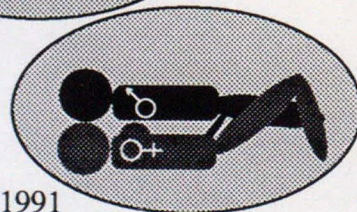
1974



1978



1985



1991

You always come back to the basics.



PLAGUEBILL

We've got Toon Twins for this month's pictorial. They're **Dixie** and **Trixie Pixie**, and they're from **Disney Studios** in Orlando, Florida. These stars of such memorable underground porno toons as *The Little Mermaids*, *101 Horny Dalmations*, and *Lady And The Tramp* have arrived to grace our pages with their own brand of torrid temptation. In case you're wondering, Dixie is the nice one, and Trixie... well, she's not so nice.

Speaking of not nice, Rick Falco, a.k.a. the *Private Dick*, returns, only to discover that adventure and revenge aren't the most important things in life. **Plagueboy** Executive Editor **David A. Klisiewicz** bids farewell to his job and the *Private Dick* series in order to pursue a real life.

Plagueboy Art Director **Amy M. Zucca** prepares to take over as Layout Editor for 1991-1992. Her qualifications and experience are too extensive to list here, but take our word for it, she's the right person for the job. When asked how she felt about her new job, she said only, "Thank God I don't have to work with Dave anymore."

Seth Minsk will return in the fall to resume his job as **Plagueboy** Managing Editor. In the meantime, he spares no expense or risk to expose the truth about the sinister machinations that drive the NYU Athletics Department. He presents the real story behind *Violets Football: NYU's Best Kept Secret*.

There's more to a magazine than editors, however. A newcomer to the staff of **Plagueboy** is **Judy Klass**. She has very strong opinions on the matter of sex in art, and focuses on genitalia in the cinema in this issue's *Women* column.

Despite the long-standing rivalry between the *Washington Square News* and **Plagueboy**, their most widely known Opinion columnist appears as a guest columnist this issue. Some have called him a martyr, others have labeled him a degenerate sexist pig. Regardless of the opinion one has of **Alex Kaufmann**, **Plagueboy** is proud to present his work in this issue's *Men* column.

What's a magazine without cartoons? Boring. That's why **Plagueboy** keeps Senior Cartoonist and #1 Food Critic **Rob Weske** on our non-existent payroll. His work is nothing if not distinctive.

In high school he was voted "Most Likely To Get Beat Up." **Lawrence Lewitinn**, **Plagueboy** General Manager and all-around scapegoat, answered this month's questions to the **Plagueboy** Advisor. We admire his fortitude, since he accomplished this from a hospital bed. If that isn't determination, we don't know what is. Get well, big guy.

Experience is no prerequisite for reviewing movies, and **Dan Milano** is no exception. To the best of our knowledge, he has no qualifications, experience, or particular talent for reviewing films. But what critic does? Look for his opinions in the *Movies* column.

If you're going to talk about qualifications, though, you have to talk about **Joseph Cioffi**, **Plagueboy** Computer Systems Manager. **Plagueboy** would still be just a good idea if he hadn't been there to make the hardware work. Credit also goes to him for our tasteful rabbit logo.

The ultimate double-threat of Layout Editor and professional rambler at **Plagueboy** is **Glenn Hauman**. Although he is a mysterious figure (half the **Plagueboy** staff has never seen him, the other half claim he's too big to miss) he somehow manages to get the pages out in near-perfect condition... albeit somewhat late.

Joy Whiteside, **Plagueboy** cartoonist and soon-to-be Art Director, makes a splash with her first work of fiction, *Peace Of Mind*. If you've ever had a date from hell, you'll understand.

Matt Salacuse is **Plagueboy** Sergeant At Arms, and the creative spark that ignited this issue's pictorial. Essentially, he was the one who said, "Why not use nude Toons?" Good thinking, Matt.

Last, and probably least, is **Michael "Dammit" Zammit**, who didn't write a damned thing for this issue, but pushed a 2-ton gray cart to get our issues to you. Besides, it was a really good photo of him, and you know...

Enough, already. Enjoy.



KLISIEWICZ



ZUCCA



MINSK



KLASS



KAUFMANN



WESKE



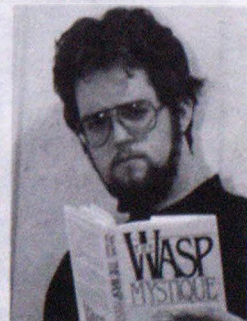
LEWITINN



MILANO



CIOFFI



HAUMAN



WHITESIDE

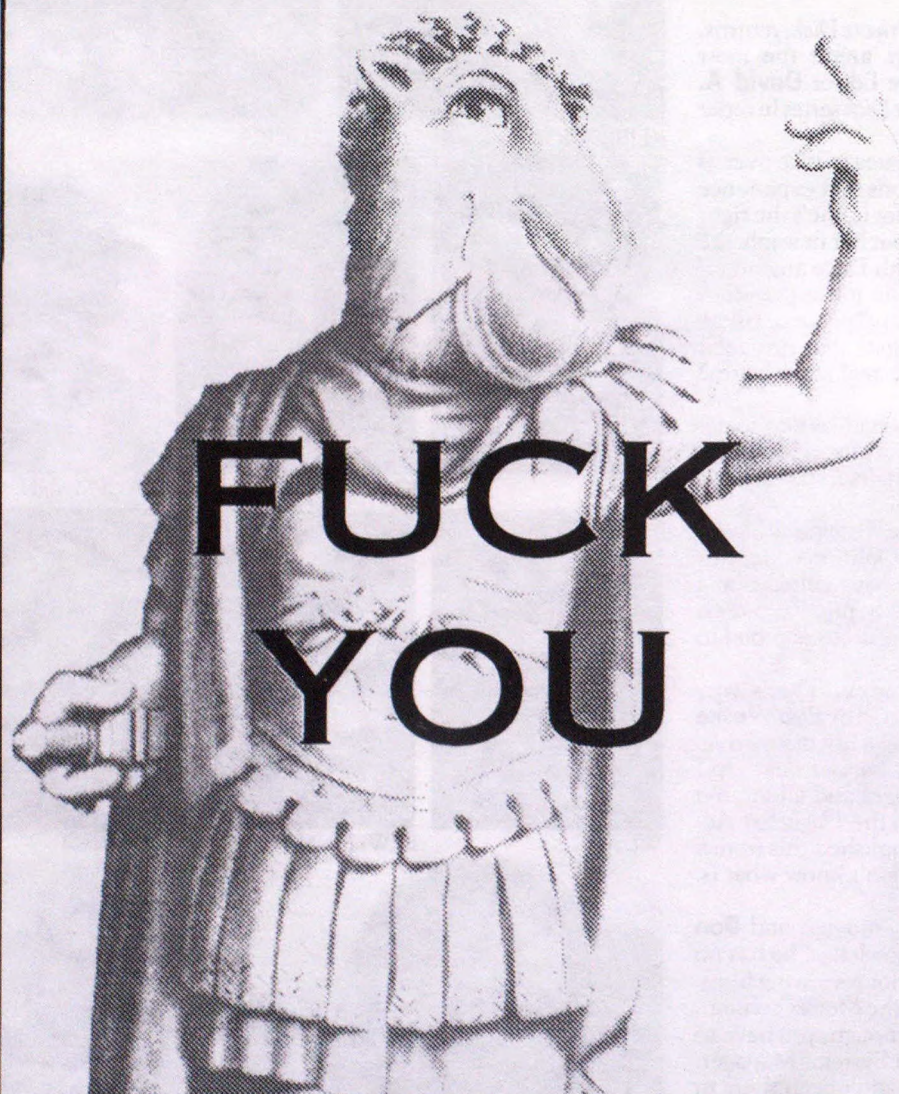


SALACUSE



ZAMMIT

The *PLAGUE* and its mascot Spike, The Dick-Nosed Roman Party Camel, would just like to offer a hearty...



to the *New York Post* for its tasteless decision to publish photos of the death of Eric Clapton's son. The *Plague* has never been a paragon of good taste, but even we would not have printed such a thing. We feel that the *Post* trivialized the pain and tragedy of the Clapton family, and should be ashamed. The *Plague* hopes your paper's unions go on strike and shut your ass down. May the photographer who took the photos and the editor who published them fall out of a 57th floor window while Eric Clapton gets it on videotape. It'd serve you vultures right.

PLAGUEBOY

DAVID A. KLISIEWICZ
executive editor

GLENN HAUMAN
layout editor

SETH MINSK
managing editor

AMY MARIE ZUCCA
art director

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general manager

MATT SALACUSE
sergeant at arms

ANNE KADET
recording secretary

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computer systems manager

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Sheila Gracie, David A. Klisiewicz

SPECIAL THANKS

Mina Karam, T-Shirt Gallery, Mike Hochberger, Lara Kisiel, Francis Chin, Alex Belov, the *Washington Square News* for use of its layout facilities

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PLAGUEBOY.

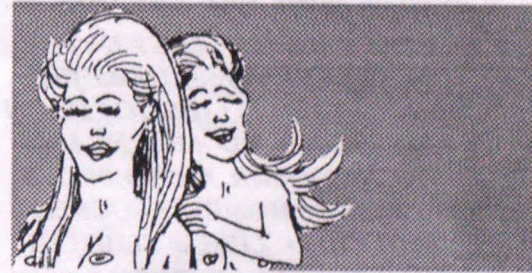
vol.14, no. 3 — may 1991

CONTENTS FOR NYU'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAGUEBILL	1
CONTENTS	3
DEAR PLAGUEBOY	4
AFTER HOURS	5
MOVIES	DAN MILANO 7
MEN	ALEX KAUFMANN 8
WOMEN	JUDY KLASS 9
PLAGUEBOY ADVISOR	10
PLAGUEBOY INTERVIEW: AL GOLDSTEIN—candid conversation	11
TOONTOWN TARTS—pictorial	12
FATE OF THE PRIVATE DICK—fiction	DAVID A. KLISIEWICZ 14
PEACE OF MIND—fiction	JOY WHITESIDE & DAVID KLISIEWICZ 18
VIOLET'S FOOTBALL: NYU'S BEST KEPT SECRET—article	SETH MINSK 20
GRAPEVINE—tabloid-like bullshit	22



The Dick That Refused To Die



Double Your Pleasure



Flaming Football

COVER STORY

Our lovely quarterback is Rebecca Russell, who was more than happy to show off NYU's team colors. She was photographed by Contributing Photographer Sheila Gracie with a Minolta FG 35mm camera on Ektar 125 Extra Sharp Color Print Film, f/11, 1/250 sec. The jersey was created by T-Shirt Gallery, New York, New York. Film processing for the cover was done at Clicks Photo. The photo was retouched by Glenn Hauman on a Macintosh IICx with Adobe Photoshop™ and Colorset 1.5™. Dave and Seth sat in on the photo shoot and drooled lewdly whenever the model wasn't looking. Our rabbit, meanwhile, is having a hair-raising good time.



ART AND PHOTO CREDITS: Front & Back Cover photos—Sheila Gracie; Inside front cover design and artwork, Plaguebill photos, photos of Al Goldstein (p.11), Toontown Tarts photos (p.12, center insert) fake ad designs on p.4 & p.17, photos of Bart Simpson, Seth Greenspan, Skeletons, & "Jeff Lynne & Robert Plant"—D. Klisiewicz, except photo of G. Hauman, by G. Hauman; by the way, these are real art and photo credits, so if you're waiting for a joke, you're shit outta luck; page 2 Camel Ad design — D. Klisiewicz, graphic from Camel cigarette ad by Young & Rubicam; After Hours cityscape taken from *Playboy* Magazine; After Hours graphic, *Plagueboy* Advisor graphic — Dennis Mukai; Women column graphic from Magna cigarette ad; Raw Data graphic (p.6) — Hap Kliban; p.6 Spotlight photo of Cheryl Lynn Wirth stolen from her resumé; Pictorial Artwork, "Grey Poupon" p.15, "X-11 Rocket" p.17, "Safe Sex" p.19 — Rob Weske; p.13 cartoon "Falling" — Adam Griffin; Party Joke girls — Joy Whiteside; Private Dick graphic, p.14 — Charles Burns; here is our perfunctory Dick Butkis joke — sorry, it's in our charter; In case you were wondering, no one took credit for the photos of Bruce Willis, Donald or Ivana Trump, or Richard Nixon; all unspecified graphics are public domain clip art; *Plagueboy* is a parody of *Playboy* Magazine produced by *The Plague*, NYU's Only Intentionally Funny Magazine, & an Equal Opportunity Offender. Fnord.

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DYNAMIC DILDOS

Having read your Consumer Report on
vibrators in the December issue, I must
disagree with your choice of the Chambers
2000 as "Most Versatile" for 1990. I have
found that the Black and Decker "Alien,"
with its 18 inches of black cast iron shaft,
large-block Diesel engine, and retractable
jaws, has proved itself to be infinitely more
satisfying, as well as being an effective hedge-
trimmer and home-protection arsenal.

It also greatly improved my relationship
with my mother-in-law.

Katherine Stuart
Salt Lake City, Utah

While the Black and Decker is undoubtedly
quite agile, its gas mileage was deplorable. It got
only 9mpg Highway, and a pathetic 6mpg
City. The Chambers 2000 represents the
model we felt was the best compromise between
all factors.

KIRSTEN FRIER

Kirsten Frier, Miss January 1991 wins my
vote for Plaguemate of the year already.
She is the hottest, most voluptuous, entic-
ing woman I've ever laid eyes on. Do you
have any more photos of her in your archive?
Does she have a personality (not that it
matters)? Do you rent her out on weekends?
Is she Kosher? Would it be possible to clone
her?

Don't get the wrong idea - I love her for
her mind - but do you have any inflatable
versions of her? I must have her, or I will
prove my love for her by shooting President
Bush.

John Hinckley
A Remote Nuthouse

We'll do anything you want, just don't hurt
George! We can't risk handing the mantle of
power over to Danny. Miss January's address
is 621 Via Barranca, San Francisco, CA,
92553, her phone number is (408) 555-1618,
her middle name is Marie, and she hides the key
to her back door on a hook under the porch.
Good luck, and stay loose.



DEAR PLAGUEBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAGUEBOY
PLAGUE MAGAZINE
21 WASHINGTON PL. BOX 189
NEW YORK, NY 10003

ALAN ALDA'S OTHER BALL

I got a -20 on your February Sensitivity
Exam. Does this mean I'm not a nice guy?

Lawrence Tisch
New York, NY

Read the Exam. It says clearly: "O and
Below: You are worthless scum. Go kill
yourself." We recommend sleeping pills, big
guy.

SEX APPEAL

Is it true that your staff is one big inces-
tuous cluster-fuck? If so, are you accepting
resumés? I really need it bad.

Karen E.
New York, NY

In answer to your letter: Yes, No, and
Obviously.

WHO ASKED YOU?

How come this Letters Page reads like a
National Lampoon ripoff?

Eugene Lovitz
Chicago, IL

Fuck you, Eugene.

MARCH'S MISUSED MARSUPIALS

I was deeply offended by your callous use
of marsupials in the March centerfold pic-
torial. I can't believe you would do such
heinous things to a kangaroo. Anyone
could tell that its pouch was not designed
for the use to which you put it. Moreover,
given the Syphilis epidemic that is ravag-
ing the koala community, you "exposed"
your models to needless jeopardy.

Take some advice from all of us here
"down under" - the outback is no place for
"bunnies."

Olivia Newton-John
PET ME
(People for Ethical
Treatment of Marsu-
pials Everywhere)

PLAGUEBOY AFTER HOURS



ON THE ROCKS, PLEASE

French supertanker *Soif L'Argent* collided with an iceberg last month while it was en route to New York. The iceberg left a gaping wound in the tanker's side, allowing the *Soif's* cargo to spill into the ocean - more than 20 million gallons of Perrier.

Officials from **Greenpeace** and **EarthFirst!** are calling the spill the worst soft-drink accident in history, pointing out that over fifty-thousand fish, twenty whales, and countless sea-birds have washed up on shore feeling very pretentious.

Cleanup is expected to cost over \$ 300 million.

HEEEEE'S BAAAACK!

Panamanians were dismayed this April to discover that their new *el Presidente* didn't *habla Español*. Further investigation revealed the Panamanian leader was none other than former U.S. President Gerald Ford. His identity was revealed when, on a routine inspection of the Canal, he fell ass over teacups into the water.

Panamanian officials are only mildly upset, saying, "...as long as the aid money keeps coming from America, we don't care."

SAY AGAIN?

Police arrested female rapper Queen Latifah outside a popular West Hollywood nightclub where she was allegedly dancing naked on Wayne Newton's limousine, shouting, "Come ride me, you lillywhite homeboy!"

Once she was fingerprinted and strip-searched, the police ascertained that she was, in fact, Tipper Gore of the **Parent's Music Resource Center**. When members of the press questioned her regarding her seemingly schizophrenic double life, she replied, "I like to keep'em guessing."

SAME, YET DIFFERENT

Vice President Dan Quayle insured a place for himself in the *faux pas* Hall Of Shame during his visit to China this March. In a futile effort to establish himself as a

leader in U.S. Foreign Policy, he addressed Chinese Prime Minister Sung on the Great Wall, saying "Tear down this Goddamned wall!!! The Germans did it! You rotten little bastards can do it, too!!!"

When U.S. Ambassador to China Evelyn Mayer informed Mr. Quayle of the Great Wall's actual historical significance, he apologized profusely, saying "Gee... I'm sorry, I didn't know it was an antique or nothin'. Could we maybe just move it over a few feet?"

In an unrelated development, Chinese officials are expected to revoke Mr. Quayle's Travel VISA.

ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING

Violence swept through the streets of Grand Rapids, Michigan, when tens of thousands of angry protesters took to the streets to denounce the death of Harvey Gibson, professional Elvis Impersonator. Official reports say that he was beaten to death by sixteen Hare Krishnas wielding tambourines and small Conga drums. The death of Gibson was just the latest in a series of Elvis-bashings that are sweeping the country like an epidemic.



When word of Gibson's death went public, Elvis-rights groups marched on City Hall, blocking traffic in a two mile radius for over four hours. Protest leader Sarah "Priscilla" Darby, who claims to be pregnant with Elvis' space-alien love baby, started the crowd chanting Gibson's last words: "Don't be cruel..."

Kenneth Takamoto, a.k.a. "The King" of **Elvis Impersonators Everywhere In Organization** (or E.I.E.I.O.) denounced this violent trend, and was quick to point out that "many famous athletes and celebrities were really Elvis. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Tammy Faye Baker, Larry Bird, Bo Jackson - are all really Elvis. In fact, one of every ten people is Elvis."

When asked what he felt was the reason behind the violence, Takamoto answered that "it's horrible that the Elvis-phobia propagated by Ed Sullivan still persists in an enlightened America. We need to learn to live together. Deep in our hearts, we're all Elvis."

The Hare Krishnas could not be reached for comment.

TONGUE MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

A Texas mother was so intent on making sure her daughter made the cheerleading squad that she was willing to hire a hit man to kill a competitor's mother, authorities said February 10th.

They said Wanda Webb Calloway, 36, of Channelview, Texas, plotted the murder in hopes that her daughter's 13-year-old rival would be so overwhelmed with grief that she would drop out of the competition.

Both girls were trying out for a spot on the Jackson Junior High School cheerleading squad in Channelview, about 20 miles southeast of Houston.

"The motive in this case sets itself apart from other cases," said Harris County prosecutor Alex Brown. "It may well be the stupidest reason for a murder ever conceived."

Brown said police first learned of the plot after a go-between approached by Calloway in late January tipped authorities. He said at first Calloway wanted to hire a hit man to kill both the daughter and her

RAW DATA

EXAGERRATIONS, LIES, AND BULLSHIT

QUOTE

"History will be kind to me, for I intend to write it."

- Winston Churchill

"The *Plague* will be kind to us, for we have written it."

- Glenn Hauman & David Klisiewicz

SORRY, NO RELATION

Percentage of ordained clergy who counsel teenagers against contraception: 95; who are obsessive masturbators: 97.

Portion of Manhattan food venders who report that most New Yorkers like their nuts honey roasted: 2/3.

Percentage of vaginal juices from bunny rabbits contained in Elmer's Glue: 32.5.

4 out of 10 married men in America are dead. The other 6 wish they were.

99.8% of all foreign-born New Yorkers have crossed almost every border in existence to get here, with the obvious exception of the language barrier.

TELL IT LIKE IT IS

Percentage of *Washington Square News* Editors who really need sex bad: 14.2; of *Plague* Editors: 68.6.

Percentage of all WSN Staffers who wish they'd worked for the *Plague* instead: 53.

Percentage of all *Plague* Staffers who wish they could write for *Minetta Review*: 19.

Percentage of all *Minetta Review* writers who'd rather work for *Brownstone*: 36.

Percentage of *Brownstone* writers who'd rather work for the WSN: 74.

Why don't we all just trade staffers and be done with it?



FACTS OF THE MONTH

The Earth's supply of gravity will be exhausted by the year 2003.

The entire solar family is rushing towards the constellation Hercules at 40000 mph.

The Galaxy is constantly losing energy, and will eventually decay into complete entropy, a state of zero energy transfer. Doesn't that just fuck up your long term plans?

spell "women" correctly so that they could stop writing "womyn" on their official letterhead: 95.

Percentage of all Women Studies majors who actually prefer men: 38.3; who prefer farm animals: 18.2.

SINK, LINE, & HOOKER

Percentage of all Victorian-era prostitutes were over the age of 65: 17.

Percentage of all modern day prostitutes predicted to carry the HIV Virus: 71;

Percentage of prostitutes in 1990 who were suspected to be under the age of 16: 43.

Percentage of all prostitutes currently working in New York City legally classified as Farm Animals: 4.

Percentage of men between the ages of 18 - 32 who would pay them to stay away: 63.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER...

Percentage of all homosexual men who have, at one time or another, attended Tisch School Of The Arts: 91.6; who wish they had been born a gerbil: 66.3.

47% of gay males protest humor about their sexual preference, but secretly admit that being "the butt of a joke" excites them.

Percentage of all homosexual men who fantasize about being a greek prison warden: 32.4.

FLOCK TOGETHER

Percentage of Womyns' Club members who order their hot dogs without the actual meat, (Just an empty bun with ketchup in it): 68.

Percentage of NYU Feminists who secretly wish they knew how to

mother, but decided the double murder was too expensive. They said she then opted to kill the mother, Verna Speath, 38, for \$2500.

Calloway was arrested February 8th and charged with solicitation of capital murder. If convicted, Calloway could be sentenced to life in prison, authorities said. Calloway has no previous convictions, and was released on bail.

There is a happy ending, however. Her daughter made the squad. School officials said that Kelly Calloway was picked "...for no other reason than her talent as a cheerleader." Insiders claim that Kelly's talent as a teenage prostitute was the real factor. When we asked Kelly if the claims of prostitution were true, she replied, "Which is worse? Hiring a killer or sucking a little cock? Mom was just too uptight to suck cock."

SPOTLIGHT



Faith Miller

Hard work is nothing new to **Faith Miller**. The 22-year-old actress has been sloughing her way through walk-on spots and dead-end commercials for over six years now. Miller, a 1990 graduate of New York University's School Of Drama, just got her big break in *Blazing Chrome*, a film directed by **Joseph Setele**, a 1990 grad of NYU's prestigious Institute of Film and Television.

Her character in the film is Meg Dietel, a feisty young reporter who helps SWAT specialist Tom Brock (**Steven Seagal**) track down an android serial killer. The film marks Seagal's first venture into Science-Fiction, and Miller's first feature film.

When asked why he cast Miller in such a pivotal role without even a screen test, Setele answered easily: "She sucked my cock."

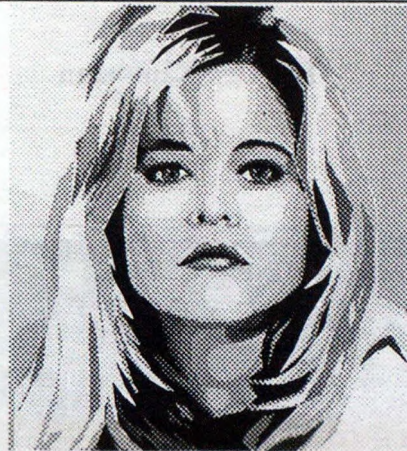
MOVIES

By DAN MILANO

HOLLY HUNTER AND RICHARD DREYFUSS star in Universal's new stab at the romantic comedy, titled **Once Around**. In the film, Holly plays the young, lonely Renata Bella, oldest daughter in a close but bizarre family which is soon disrupted by Renata's eccentric millionaire boyfriend (Dreyfuss). Rounding out the cast are Danny Aiello as Hunter's father, and Laura San Giacomo as her newly married sister. The film is enjoyable, I suppose, but it should be obvious by checking out the ad campaign that there isn't much skin waiting to fill the screen. Maybe it's for the best though, since I personally am in no hurry to see Hunter and Dreyfuss hidin' the salami. I was hoping for some sex, lies, and videotape action from San Giacomo—but no such luck. If pure, sugary romanticism is your thing, however, *Once Around* is two hours worth of innocence which should leave the viewer feeling very... pure. ♫

Boredom seems to be the new rage this year, displayed to the max in Paul Mazursky's latest effort, **Scenes From A Mall**, which stars the king and queen of dullness, Woody Allen and Bette Midler. The story is... beside the point. People see these movies for one reason—to hear Allen complain. This film certainly does not disappoint. The story concerns a dull California couple celebrating their sixteenth anniversary when suddenly their plans are ruined as they each admit to having extramarital affairs. Now I suppose if Midler dropped a few and found someone really drunk this would be plausible, but Woody? Let's get real here. Not only does his character confess to having four affairs, but one of them is supposed to be with a 25-year-old girl! I'd believe in military intelligence before the idea that Allen can get it up, and that's saying something! For the first time in my career as a critic I was totally caught off guard when predicting the possibility of skin in a movie. You can imagine my horror and dismay when I sat there, my jaw resting on my lap, as I looked up at Bette and Woody making their own version of mattress magic. This film is not for the squeamish, I assure you. *Scenes From A Mall* deserves to be listed under the horror section when it is released on video. ♫

A movie about Jim Morrison! Novel concept! Val Kilmer stars in Oliver Stone's **The Doors** as lead singer of one of the 60's hottest



Oliver Stone's grim fairy tale delivers first-rate cleavage from Meg Ryan.

rock bands. Judging from the frantic anticipation surrounding the premiere, a certain *Batman* déjà-vu was in the air. And why not? Stone delivers the amazing cinematic vision he's known for, accompanied by a terrific cast. Kilmer's Morrison is right on the mark, and boy, does he get laid!! The film comments on the dark side of rock and roll—the drugs, the alcohol, and so on—but still, there isn't a man alive who wouldn't want 10,000 half-nude women pawing at him and screaming his name. It should be pointed out that Stone treats us to a glance at a tasty portion of Meg Ryan's anatomy, and I for one am writing him a personal letter of gratitude. The film's one flaw is obvious—most of the nude women in this movie are quite attractive, but as anybody who has seen *Woodstock* knows, the 60's were a time of bean diets, poor hygiene, and flat chests. Otherwise, the music is intense, the cleavage first rate, and the story... the cleavage is first rate. ♫

Director Jonathan Demme, who brought us *Married to the Mob* in 1988, has returned to the screen with an adaptation of Thomas Harris' suspense novel **The Silence of the Lambs**. Jodie Foster plays an FBI academy student who is given the opportunity by her department superior (Scott Glenn) of interviewing and deriving information from a jailed psychiatrist turned psychopath (Anthony Hopkins) to uncover the identity of a serial killer. The film is a roller coaster which instills true fear in the viewers, but holds reveals no decent cleavage or ass to speak of. Demme, who showed the world what Michelle Pfeiffer would look like as a brunette in

Mob, now does the same with Foster, who usually appears as a blonde. It's obvious that Demme has a brunette fetish. It apparently works well since both movies reach a ten on the babe-o-meter. The only skin shown has been ripped off people's bodies, but Jodie's face is pretty hot.. It's a shame that the last good sex -scene Foster had on screen was with Mark Harmon in *Stealing Home*. Since then, audiences have only been able to see her as the object of violent sex, as in *The Accused*, which is hardly arousing due to the sensitive trauma of rape. *Silence* is a good film, but for those who look forward to ogling Jody can at least be on the alert for the scene in which she holds a pen lusciously between her rosy lips as she researches newspaper articles at the FBI library. Such a tease, that Jody. ♫

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by dan milano

Alice: Woody Allen's latest creation starring Mia Farrow. Pack a full bottle of Pepto Bismol. ♫

Awakenings: No women, and Robin Williams doesn't do his "Mork" thing, so it's pretty much a waste of time. ♫

Cyrano de Bergerac: An obvious ripoff of Steve Martin's *Roxanne*, but not nearly as funny. ♫

Dances With Wolves: Kevin Costner on a horse in a field. Go for it, ladies. ♫

Edward Scissorhands: Oh, Winona! A touching fantasy about a guy with scissor hands who falls for a real babe. ♫

The Godfather Part III: What's wrong with Andy Garcia? He goes from a babe like Bridget Fonda to that skag Sophia Coppola. Talk about kissing the director's ass. ♫

Green Card Andie MacDowell falls for Gerard Depardieu. Yeah, right! ♫

Hamlet: Oh, the women just love that damn Mel Gibson. No cool special effects, and Glenn Close has a moustache. ♫ 1/2

Meet the Applegates: A funny film from the director of *Heathers*, just as inventive but lacks the babes. ♫

Mermaids: I'll say it again: Oh, Winona! She looks even better since the only other woman in the film is Cher. ♫

Not Without My Daughter: Even if Sally Field was hot, you still can't see under that Iranian veil she has on. ♫

The Russia House: High on the dullness level, but if Russian women look like Michelle Pfeiffer, I'm packing my bags. ♫

♫ Major cleavage

♫ Enough tits to justify \$7 a ticket

♫ A "C" cup at best

♫ Not a tit in sight

By Alex Kaufmann

Being male in today's society means we must conform to what women want us to be.

We must come across as "Sensitive '90s men," while still being able to bench-press six manhole covers. Today's "Cosmo women" would settle for nothing less. The expectation they have for us comes from what they see on movie screens and television.

A few years ago a poll was taken, asking women who they thought the sexiest male character on television was. They picked The Beast, from *Beauty and the Beast*, saying his romantic nature more than made up for his superficial ugliness. That may be, but how many of those women polled would have given him the time of day in a singles bar? And how many of them would have stayed with him, once they found out he was too cheap to pay his fare (never mind hers) on the subway, preferring instead to cling to the top of the train?

Women don't seem to understand that if all men were like those in movies and on TV, no one would need movies or TV. After all, how many people on TV go to the movies? But, it's so hard to get them to put down *Cosmopolitan* while we try to explain this. Who wouldn't prefer reading in big, white letters on a magazine cover "YOU CAN HAVE EVERYTHING YOU WANT OUT OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP" to having to listen to someone telling them that relationships involve compromising expectations. (Just as an aside, how many of you guys read the sex stuff in *Cosmo* when she's not around? Come on, you know you do.)

We mustn't smoke, unless it's pot. Today's women are health and fitness nuts who spend an hour on "The StairMaster" at the gym and then take the elevator to their second floor apartment. They would make a scene in a restaurant if someone were to light a cigarette in the same zip code (unless the offending smoker looked like he/she might defend themselves from verbal attack, then she'll have you do it.)



MISOGYNIST FUNNIES

But, no matter how straight-laced and pro-law-and-order they appear, many women enjoy getting high at least once in a while. (Helpful diet tip: marijuana has no calories.)

We mustn't drink alcohol, unless we're sharing a bottle of wine with our girlfriends on a hillside picnic—some women wish to live in a Renoir painting. Of course, who can blame them when most men's idea of romance is a garter belt. Thus, any man who actually enjoys picnicking with his girlfriend will earn her undying affection, while earning his friends undying ridicule.

Men today must all be "pro-choice" or risk being estranged from the opposite sex. When confronted with men who question abortion, women claim that men cannot "understand" the issues involved in a woman's "right to choose." Yet, when homosexual groups come out in support of abortion rights, women don't have a problem accepting support from people who not only can't "understand" the issues involved, but have no reason to even think about things like pregnancy.

Men must also respect things like homosexuality (because what self-respecting '90s woman would be complete without at least one homosexual—male, never fe-

male—friend?) and feminism. We're not allowed to ask whether the people who use the term "womyn" know how to spell.

We must decry previous instances of sexist behavior by our predecessors or risk the wrath of today's feminists, who, far from burning bras, prefer to make men crazy by demanding contradictory things from us. But, it's not really their fault, they don't know what they want either; they only know we're not giving it to them.

Men have to look like Tom Cruise, while possessing the intellect of Albert Einstein and the sensitivity of Alan Alda. The whole package is required. If you look like Woody Allen, you're a wimp. If you have the intellect of Dan Quayle, you're a dolt. If you've got the sensitivity of Andrew Dice Clay, you'd better be packing a foot-long in your trousers because then they'll gladly forgive you. Being literate is helpful, since the *Cosmo* quizzes are written for an advanced seventh-grader's vocabulary. Being able to recite the story line of *Beauty and the Beast* (the TV series, since no one reads anymore) doesn't hurt, either.

Women all say that money doesn't matter. That's true, unless you have either none at all (in which case you're shit out of luck, fella) or you have Donald Trump's millions (down from billions but who's counting?). C'mon, do you really think Marla is with The Donald for his charming personality? Can a guy his size really be endowed enough to give her "the best sex" she's ever had? Does anyone really care?

Women say that men just want sex. We might well ask, "what do they want from us?" Only looks, brains, sensitivity, willingness to use a condom (since that implies some sort of sacrifice for their benefit), open-mindedness, ability to cry (but, they're still jealous that we don't wear mascara that will run when we cry), health, wealth and a really big dick.

In short, women have expectations that men cannot possibly hope to live up to. But that's okay because, if we did, they'd want to be "just friends" anyway.



By Judy Klass

As a WOMAN, my job here at *Plagueboy* is to look at issues that affect us all from a special, intuitive, WOMANLY viewpoint. Usually I examine the sort of sensitive vague issues that most tug at my WOMAN's heart: men being able to cry, couples setting aside quality time for just *touching* each other in the fast-paced '90s, having children to enrich a relationship, etc.

But let's face it - however good the interviews and articles are, however loudly y'all protest, we all know men buy *Plagueboy* mainly to look at the pictures and leave them... well, damper than when you found them.

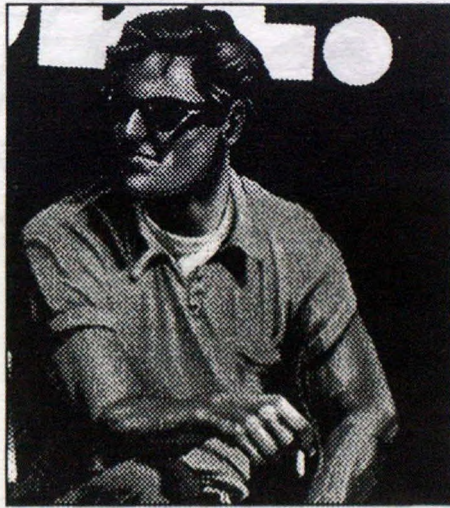
Don't get me wrong. I'm not uptight about sex. (How do you think I got this job—on the basis of my IQ and journalism skills?) And I am not a self-righteous, humorless, feminist bitch. I am not opposed to sexploitation; sexploitation is a value that I hold dear.

I just think that it needs to be more democratic. We need more male sex objects, and parts thereof. More male butts, penises, and rippling thighs and chests decorating our lives, as we live day to day.

You may say that women do not enjoy pornography as much as men. That *Playgirl* is read largely by gay men, and that it can't hold a candle to *Blueboy* in terms of crass, satisfying pictorials (and I would agree). But I think that pornography and its enjoyment are values that can be acquired. Women can learn how to properly ogle and objectify the male form. And don't tell me that men just aren't as "beautiful" nude as women. Depends on the man, I say, and depends on how you go about photographing him. Just flip through a book of Robert Mapplethorpe pictures and you'll see that objectifying males requires only a different—but no less valid—aesthetic than objectifying women.

I discussed this with my friend, Sally, as we viewed an exhibit of male nudes in a trendy SoHo gallery just last week. The conversation went something like this:

"It's the use of light and shadow, don't



WHERE'S THE BEEFCAKE?

you think? The way they play upon the muscles."

"Mmmm - hmmm... yes," she replied. "Muscles."

"And the way the artist has captured him in repose. Like a plain, with fruit, ready to harvest."

"Harvest...oh, God, yes, yes!"

We both agreed that this outing contributed to our spiritual growth.

Already, society is developing a greater appreciation of the semi-nude male form. A young friend of mine from an all girl's high school told me that her senior class voted overwhelmingly to have the Soloflex Man as the speaker at their graduation. (Unfortunately, the school administration vetoed this proposal and they got stuck with a middle-aged city councilman instead.) The year that the Calvin Klein Underwear Man, with his semi-hard on in his briefs, hung on a bill-board over Times Square was among the happiest years of my life.

One medium that cries out for more beefcake is the movies. I went to see *Dangerous Liaisons*. In the course of this period piece, Michelle Pfeiffer gets her tits out, and so does little teenage Uma Thurmon.

So, where was the full-frontal nude shot of John Malkovich? I waited for it - it never came. Neither did I for that matter. I paid as much as the guy sitting next to me. Is this social justice? Is this equality?

Or, since "Toons" are a theme of this issue, let's take Jessica Rabbit. While the six-year-old boys in the theater are drooling over her low-cut dress, and Kathleen Turner's speaking voice, and Amy Irving's singing voice... what am I supposed to look at? Bob Hoskins? The rabbit? Get serious.

I don't buy the argument that a man taking his shirt off in the cinema equals a woman taking off hers. The impact is just not as great. As for Mel Gibson's butt, it's lovely and a step in the right direction, but it's not enough. Hollywood must work toward a day when everything is tit for tat - so to speak - when for every pair of breasts in a film, a dick is thrown in for balance.

The benefits would be incalculable. Most girls have gone to the movies with a male friend or on a first date, and the female nudity towering before them on the screen makes them feel embarrassed and vulnerable. Men never experience this. A few more celluloid male organs (and I don't mean Richard Gere's 2-second flash in the '70s, I mean a sustained shot) will help guys to empathize.

If Hollywood changes in this way, male stars will be judged more on the basis of their bodies than their acting talent; they will feel degraded and humiliated. And isn't that what Tinsel Town is all about? Why do superstars think we worship them, if not as seedy little playthings?

We can look forward to whole new movie genres, like female first fuck films ("Porky's" in reverse) and female buddy flicks in which some scantily clad, conniving man almost - but not quite - busts up the friendship. It may not shut up Andrea Dworkin, but it'll silence lots of her heterosexual cohorts. Even Tipper Gore might learn to like MTV if its clips were full of gyrating male body parts.

I know I would.



THE PLAGUEBOY ADVISOR

I recently read in another publication that playing Handel's Water Music Suite at 60 decibels while making love will result in simultaneous orgasms. After several failed attempts, I was wondering whether I could be doing something wrong or is it all just a pile of bullshit? — T. T., Chicago, IL

The research to which you refer was conducted by Dr. Wilhelm von Reichmann, noted Austrian sex therapist and conductor. Excerpts from his report were found only in **Outweek** and NYU's **Washington Square News**, as other publications have more self respect than to print such silly nonsense. His research was filled with distortions, miscalculations, and downright lies. In 1989, von Reichmann was stripped of his chair at der Akademie von Shtuping in Austria for his fraud. It is unfortunate that the common folk, such as yourself, still receive such misinformation, which has caused you to waste valuable time. Science has already proved that simultaneous orgasm can be achieved only by playing Wagner's "Der Ring Des Nibelungen" at 55 decibels.

I am a 23 year old college sophomore who's had a few problems with women. Actually, they've all had a few problems with me and I can't figure out why. Recently, my dates have followed this pattern: I'd start off by taking her to Peggy Sue's on 13th St. where I'd impress her by throwing chicken bones off the top floor. After chugging an entire brewski in front of her, I'd take her back to my frat house to meet the brothers. There, me and the guys would chug some more beers and hold competitions for the longest and loudest belch. Because me and the brothers always do things together, we'd take my date, fix her up blindfolded and take turns doing it with her. The problem is this: afterwards, my date won't exchange phone numbers with me. What am I doing wrong? — G. P., New York, NY

For a frat boy, you're doing fine. However, if you want to do more things with your brothers, why not a circle jerk instead? You all seem to be able to do that with great aptitude.

I recently purchased a Yorx component stereo system, complete with CD, turntable, dual cassette, AM/FM tuner, and DAT. I patched the components together through a Pioneer SX-90 20-band graphic equalizer, then routed the audio output through a JVC amplifier. The speakers are



Blaupunkt Improved Bass models, with 750 watts per channel. I still can't get any sound out the speakers, however. Are the components incompatible? — M. T., Dallas, Texas

The parts are totally compatible. Try plugging them in, shithead.

Lately, my boyfriend has been an absolute sex maniac. He claims that the change in his sexual appetite occurred only after he started eating hamburgers from NYU Dining Services. Is it possible that Grade D meat is an aphrodisiac? — K. C., New York, NY

Well, our girlfriends have had no complaints. We would recommend moderation, however. An NYU Dining Hall is no place to get horny.

My Italian boyfriend recently began making me perform a strange ritual whenever we get together. He makes me eat a really huge canoli with cream filling while humming Frank Sinatra songs. Is this practice common among Italians? And does cream filling always taste so bad? — Fed Up, Baltimore, MD

We asked Dan Milano & Amy Zucca, our resident Italians, about the practice you described. Neither was familiar with it. Dan said, however, that it seemed similar to the high school practice of buying a twinkie for the cutest girl in the cafeteria, and groaning loudly as she eats it. It could be your boyfriend went to Dan's high school, and just got nostalgic.

For the last twenty years, I have been a chronic masturbator - perhaps three or four times a day. The problem is, I'm not a young man any more, and all the abuse of my organ caused it to start chafing. The soreness persisted, and soon I was left with tender, painful callouses up and down the shaft of my penis. I don't want to give up my favorite pastime, but if I don't, it'll kill me. What do you recommend? — Big Red, San Diego, CA

We recommend a girlfriend, dude. But seriously, there are any of a number of possibilities. Our Editorial staff is divided on which is best; Glenn Hauman recommends KY Jelly because it's cheap and water soluble; Dave Klisiewicz suggests Bertoli's Extra Virgin Olive Oil, but he's always been partial to things Italian. The best part, he says, is that you can cook with it when you're done; Seth Minsk gives his seal of approval to anything Kosher and slippery; and staff writer Seth Greenspan stands by WD40 and Liquid Wrench, mixed at a ratio of 3 to 1, respectively. Good luck, and happy stroking.

Is there life on Mars? — A. B., Larabie, WY We consulted numerous experts, and most agreed that the likelihood is minimal. The planet's atmosphere has insufficient oxygen and nitrogen to support most multi-cellular life forms. Also, the chance of single-celled life forms near the polar ice caps is slim, since most prokaryotes and eukaryotes prefer water with an average temperature of 10 - 20 degrees centigrade. According to the Features Editor of **OMNI**, however, there is a top secret alien base hidden on Mars' surface where drunken homeless people from Tennessee are taken to be dissected by Elvis, along with countless innocent cattle. We don't wish to say that the people over at **OMNI** are complete and total loons, but...

Why? — H. Goëthe, Frankfurt, Germany Why not?

All reasonable questions--from dating problems, sports cars, and etiquette, to deep psychological troubles, impotency, and canolis--will be answered personally by our computer intelligence systems. The most humiliating and pathetic questions will be printed here for the entire student body of NYU to mock unrelentingly.



PLAGUEBOY INTERVIEW:

AL GOLDSTEIN

a humorous and candid discussion with the publisher who offends new york city on a weekly basis about sex, etiquette, and the first amendment

Al Goldstein is a man some would say is just asking for trouble. The irreverent publisher of *SCREW* magazine and producer of *Midnight Blue* - the most talked about program on Manhattan Public Access Cable - seems to excel at infuriating people. **PLAGUEBOY** sent us - **David A. Klisiewicz**, its Executive Editor, and **Lawrence Lewitinn**, one of its most widely despised staff writers - to speak with the man whose reputation is slowly approaching the level of a cult mythology. We entered his office at Goldstein Publications, and found it filled from top to bottom and edge to edge with miscellaneous gadgets, electronic equipment, and mementos from years in the pornography business. The office, like the man, is overflowing with things to catch one's interest, and its presence is so overwhelming, you don't know where to begin. We chose to start at the beginning.

PLAGUEBOY: Briefly describe your childhood.

GOLDSTEIN: Childhood was wonderful. My father would beat me, and my mother tried to shoot me. Other than that, it was a normal Jewish life. They kept dropping me off at the synagogue, saying

"Pray, learn, and be happy."

PLAGUEBOY: What's your family life like now?

GOLDSTEIN: My mom died two years ago. My father has Alzheimer's, but he was so stupid, we don't know the difference. I have a brother who's brain-dead. He's in Arizona. He's a cashier for 7-11. Pathetic family, I hate 'em all. Other than that, I'm a lovable guy. Compassion for the world.

PLAGUEBOY: Are you married?

GOLDSTEIN: Married for the fourth time. I have a young wife, who looks like my daughter, a teenager, people think I'm fuckin' my child. I don't fuck her. I used to be a real slut, but I don't cheat. I'm too old and too fat, and my dick is too small, so I just eat pastrami.

PLAGUEBOY: What would you be doing if you weren't running *SCREW* Magazine or *Midnight Blue*?

GOLDSTEIN: See this? This is my hack license. I renew it every year. I'm a licensed New York cab driver. In my limousine is my taxi license. I'd be driving a cab, really having a good time. Listening to the radio, pounding on the dashboard, life would be full, happy. Instead, I'm a

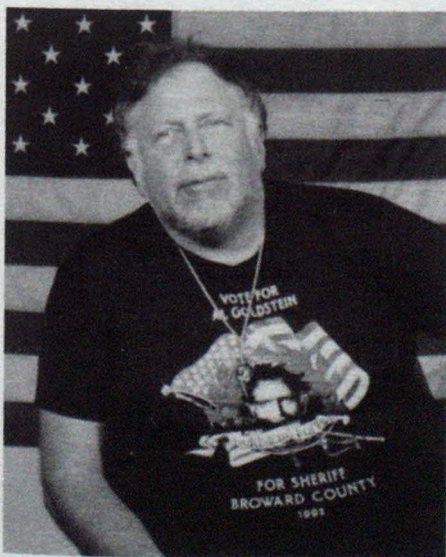
fuckin' pornographer. Life is filled with failure.

PLAGUEBOY: Who's your favorite evangelist?

GOLDSTEIN: Swaggart's the best speaker. I love Swaggart. Jimmy Swaggart dresses well, speaks beautifully, he's wonderful. Bakker never was good. Bakker never had the fire. And Burt Lancaster in a movie called *Elmer Gantry*. See *Elmer Gantry*. You're too young to be familiar with it, (it's) a really good film. Swaggart is who I'd like to be. He's really a great performer. Comes right from his gonads.

PLAGUEBOY: What was your favorite lawsuit?

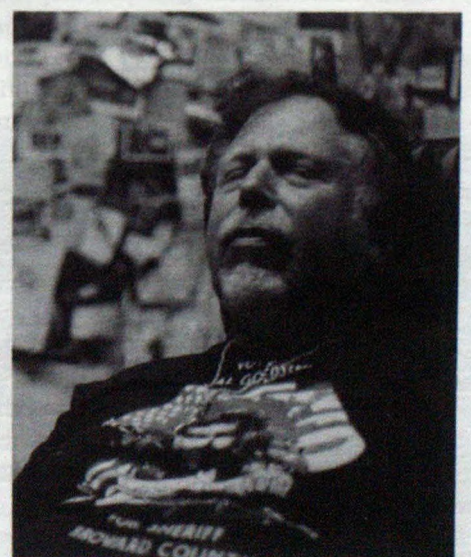
GOLDSTEIN: The Pillsbury Dough-Boy. If you'll look under that jet there, you'll see the Dough-Boy and Dough-Girl fucking. We were sued by Pillsbury 'cause we did that (satire) on the Dough-Boy. I don't want to cover it, it's too boring. I'll just say look it up. My Editor will tell you about it. They sued us. After three years we won the case. And it's important, 'cause it's a precedent for satire. I liked that case, 'cause we fuck with the Dough-Boy all the time, and in the Japanese *SCREW*, we would have
see GOLDSTEIN, p.16



"The sex part of *SCREW* is important, but to me, it's boring. What I love about *SCREW* is the outrageousness of it, the political content."



"One of the joys of being fat is that people know I don't have AIDS. I think if women had brains, they'd only fuck guys like me, over 250lbs."



"Meg Ryan is delicious. She is so clean and wholesome. She is every Jewish guy's ultimate shiksa."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVID A. KLISIEWICZ

ART BY
ROB WESKE

Cinema enthusiasts, take note: this month's Misses May are Dixie and Trixie Pixie, the animated sensations who like to keep the public guessing. The twins are classic examples of "same, but different." Dixie has starred in such wholesome fare as *Little Mermaid 2*, while sister Trixie shocked the world with her antics in *101 Horny Dalmations* and *Felix The Cat Gets Some*.

When we approached the sisters for this photo shoot, we got a mixed reaction. Dixie wasn't sure if posing nude would be good for her career or not, but eventually decided that "it was time for a transition to more adult roles," such as the sequel to *Heavy Metal*, scheduled for Production in the fall.

The problem, of course, is that sister Trixie is up for the same role. Trixie didn't hesitate when offered the chance to pose. She claims that she "never passes up a chance to get naked."

Both girls are very big sports enthusiasts, and enjoy a wide regimen of activities. Dixie prefers aerobics, but Trixie leans toward high-impact masturbation when she wants to burn calories. One sport they both agree on, however, is sky-diving. "I love the feeling I get when I'm falling," says Dixie. "It's a sense of real freedom." Trixie's thrill is more sensory. "I love to feel the air rushing past my clitoris at 100 mph."

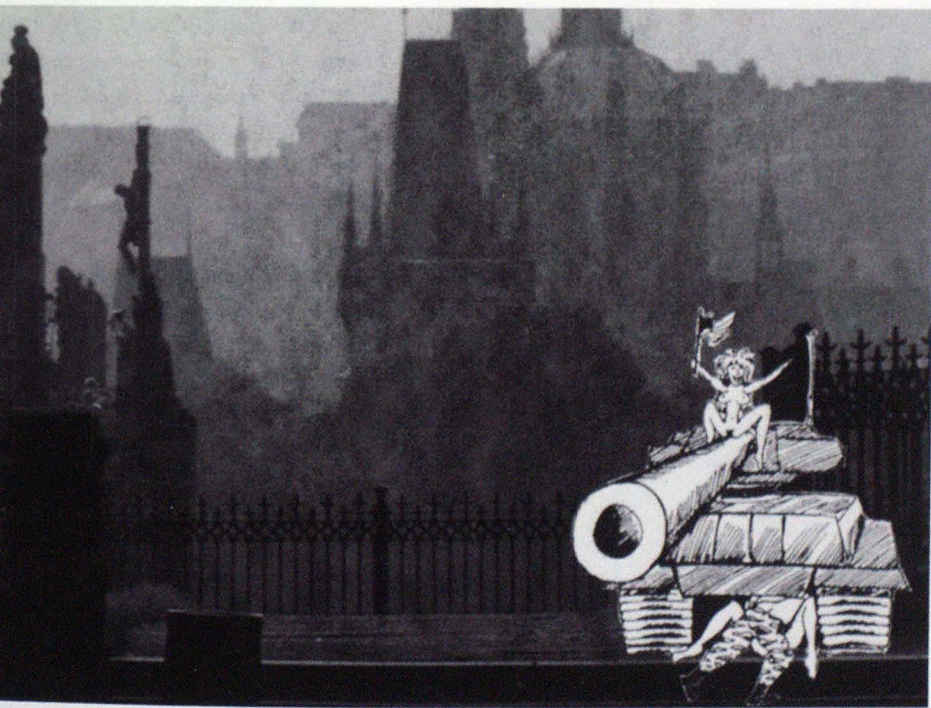
As different as the girls may be, both were there to support our troops in the gulf. They paid a special visit to the 32nd Armored Toon Division, stationed on the Kuwaiti border. Dixie showed her true colors, and Trixie... well, let's just say she did her part for morale.

When the final reel is done, and the silver screen flickers and fades to black, the audience remembers the Pixie sisters. They may not be real, but they're good enough to jerk off to if you can't afford real smut. So go ahead and sticky the pages — we'll print more.



TOONTOWN TARTS





The girls love a variety of sports, from skydiving to professional tanning. The pair is currently in training to compete in the Olympics for Synchronized Swimming. We're sure they'll make a splash.





Trinie Pixie



Dixie Pixie

PLAGUEBOY'S PLAGUEMATE'S OF THE SEMESTER

MISSSES MAY



Trinie Pixie

PLAGUEMATE DATA SHEET

Name: Dixie Pixie

Bust, Waist, Hips: Sorry, I'm only 2-D

Height: varies

Weight: none of your damned business

Birth Date: April 1, 1969

Birth Place: Orlando, Florida

Ambitions: To be real

Turn Ons: Elmer Fudd in a towel, Bullwinkle as natured

Turn Offs: Paint thinner, Dumbo's butt, airbrushes

Favorite Movie: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit"

The Perfect Date: A Prince Charming who knows the real me

What you should know about my sister: She played patty-cake with Roger Rabbit

When No One's looking: I pretend I'm Snow White

Pet Peeve: Rabbits get all the good parts



My new puppy, age 6



Raising Team Spirit, age 15



At the Prom age 18

PLAGUEMATE DATA SHEET

Name: Lixie Pixie

Bust, Waist, Hips: Sorry, I'm 2D

Height: Varies

Weight: Ride me, big boy, and find out.

Birth Date: April 1, 1969

Birth Place: Orlando, Florida

Ambitions: To be an only child.

Turn Ons: Dumbo's butt, airbrushes

Turn Offs: White Out, Elmer Fudd in a towel

Favorite Movie: Futz the Cat!

The Perfect Date: Pinochio (when he lies)

What you should know about my sister: She played patty-cake with Jessica Rabbit.

When No One's Looking: I sniff Turpentine

Pet Peeve: My roles never have any depth.



Giving a hand-job to Uncle Angus Age 5



Raising Team Spirit Age 15



at the Prom Age 18

PLAGUEBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What's the hardest thing about eating a bald pussy? Getting the diaper back on afterwards.

What's the hardest thing about eating a vegetable?
The wheelchair.

What do Marion Barry and Marilyn Quayle have in common? They both blow a little dope.



This guy goes into a bar leading a half-sized alligator on a leash. The bartender yells at him, "You can't bring that animal in here!" The man says, "This isn't just any old alligator, he knows tricks. I'll show you." He lets the alligator climb up on the bar, then says, "This alligator can hold his mouth open for any length of time you say, to the exact second. Name a time." So, the bartender says "47 seconds." The man says, "OK, when I say go, start your watch. Go!" The alligator opens its mouth wide, while the bartender watches his mouth. The man says, "To prove how much confidence I have in my pet, I'm gonna lay my dick in his mouth. But, just for safety's sake, start counting the seconds from 45 on." The man does so, and when the bartender starts saying "45...46...47...", right when he says 48 the man pulls back his dick and the alligator's mouth snaps shut. Everyone at the bar was very impressed with this stunt. The man says, "Thanks a lot! Now, would anyone else like to try?" And, of course, all the men just sort of mumble and turn back to their drinks. I mean, trust only goes so far. However, one little guy at the end raises his hand rather timidly. The man says, "You there!! You're a real man! You're brave enough to try this?!" To which the other man says, "Yeth, but I don't think I could keep my mouth open the whole 47 seconds."

What do you need if you see Saddam Hussein burried up to his neck? More sand.

Two condoms walk by a gay bar. One turns to the other and says: "You wanna go in and get shitfaced?"

A woman was being examined by her doctor when he asked her to remove her sweater. As she obliged, he noticed a large letter "H" on her chest.

"What's *that*!?", asked the doctor.

"Can you get rid of it?" she asked. "You see, my boyfriend goes to Harvard and he made love to me while wearing his school sweater. I guess the ink rubbed off or something."

"I see... I suppose I could get rid of it with cosmetic surgery, then," the doctor said, and scheduled an operation.

A few days later another woman came in, this time with a large "T" on her chest. The doctor was surprised, to say the least.

"How'd *that* happen?" he asked her.

"My boyfriend, Doctor. He goes to Tufts, and I guess the ink rubbed off from his shirt as we made love. Could you remove it?"

The doctor obliged. Several patients later, however, a third woman came in, this time with a large "M" on her chest.

"Let me guess," the doctor said, "You were making love to your boyfriend who goes to Michigan..."

"No," she replied, "My girlfriend. She goes to Wisconsin."

Our unabashed dictionary defines constipation as "an illness where you just don't give a shit".



A man was trapped on a desert island with only his dog and a flock of sheep. Every time the man tried to have sex with one of the sheep, the dog would start barking and running around, preventing the man from having his way with them. One day a beautiful woman washed up on the island on the brink of death. The man nursed her back to health, and the woman asked him with lust in her voice, "What ever can I do to repay you?"

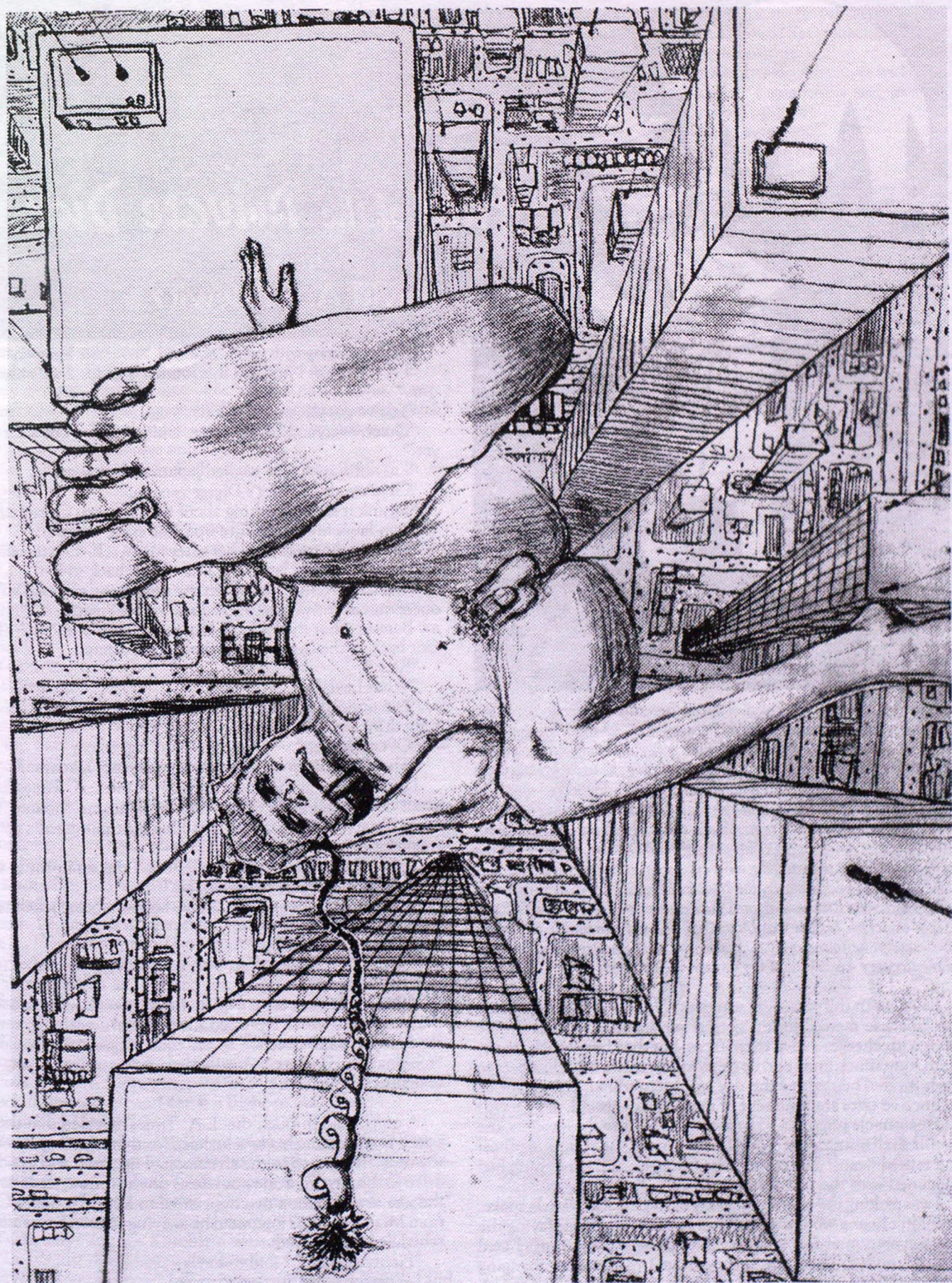
"Well," said the man, "could you watch my dog for awhile?"

What's 74?? 69 with sales tax.

How do you know when you've walked into a gay church? Only half the congregation is kneeling.

Why did the Mafia kill Einstein?
He knew too much.

Heard a good one lately? Nobody asked you.



"Look, honey, I'd love to chat, but..."



Fate of the Private Dick

fiction by
David A. Klisiewicz

The story so far: Rick Falco, Private Investigator, woke up in his underwear on the median strip of Highway 405, 45 miles south of Los Angeles. After being interrogated by the police, he hitchhiked back to his office, puked, and passed out. The next morning, he woke up and went into his office, said hello to Layla (his secretary), discovered that he'd been missing for two weeks, and also realized that his sex-drive had been tampered with, but didn't remember a thing. Brilliant detective work revealed it was not the work of his ex-girlfriend Deirdre, but actually the doings of Travis Augustus, the most cutthroat corporate investigator in L.A., who had been hired by the National Organization of Womyn to kidnap Rick. As Rick investigated the warehouse where he'd been held, he was attacked, his car was blown up, and the warehouse exploded. Fortunately, he found a clue, a sheet of paper that could unlock the whole mystery - except that it's written in Japanese.

Layla sat in the passenger seat of my '71 Mustang, deciphering the Japanese memo while I gorged my appetite on four double tacos with cheese. I love these tacos, but the cheese sticks to my teeth sometimes, and I end up drinking an entire 6-pack of beer to wash it off. The malt of the day was Meisterbrau, chosen for its distinctive taste (reminiscent of moose piss - absurd, yet flaccid) and reasonable price (\$3.95 a case). As I bit into the last taco, the tortilla shell disintegrated, and I found myself with a lap full of beef and refried beans. No big surprise, though. The same thing had happened with the first three, too.

I was picking the cheese out of my button fly when Layla spoke. I couldn't hear a word she said over the stereo. I was playing the Spanish station at full volume. Odd thing is, I've always hated Spanish music. There are few constants in our ever-changing universe: Water is wet, the sky is blue, and I hate the Spanish station. Layla turned the volume down.

"What's wrong with you?!" she said. "You hate Spanish music!"
"I don't know. I just had this sudden urge for *La Bamba* at 78 rpm."

"You've got cheese in your fly."

"Quiet, everybody'll want one. Did you figure out what it says yet?"

"I'm not sure. I only studied Japanese for a year."

"Give me the Reader's Digest version."

"I think it says something about the National Organization of Womyn launching a satellite from the space shuttle."

I grabbed the paper from her to see for myself, then remembered that I couldn't read Japanese. I handed it back to her.

"We've got to find out when the next shuttle launch is." I got out of the car and walked over to a newspaper machine. Pulled out my Beretta. Shot the lock off. Grabbed a copy of the L.A. Times. Got back in the car. Layla looked at me funny.

"Rick?"

"What Layla?"

"I've noticed that you've been a little jumpy lately. Have you been drinking coffee again?"

"Of course not."

"Then why did you just shoot a newspaper machine?"

I looked over at the fractured husk of the L.A. Times box. A small crowd had gathered around it. Someone shouted 'Stand back! Give it air!' I realized that I had just murdered a perfectly innocent inanimate object.

"I have no idea," I answered. "I did the same thing to the jukebox at El Caliente two days ago."

"Don't worry about that. You've been shooting jukeboxes for months."

"Oh, that's a relief."

"Since it's not the coffee, I have a theory," she said.

"Let's hear it."

What Layla went on to explain for the next hour or so was that the same event which repressed all my sexual urges heightened my tendency toward violence to an equal degree. Layla called it "sublimation complex." I called it a fancy way of saying I was sexually frustrated.

A quick read through the L.A. Times revealed that the next Space Shuttle launch was scheduled for that morning. I checked the time. It was two in the afternoon. I figured it was a two hour drive to the airport, a one hour delay on the runway, four hours in the air, and at least a two hour drive to Kennedy Space Center from Miami. At this rate, we'd be arriving sixteen hours after the scheduled launch time.

"Plenty of time," I said to Layla.

I shifted the car into gear.

Layla spent the duration of our trip east trying to rehabilitate me. Her home remedy consisted of having me play my John Lee Hooker tapes on my walkman while trying to make lewd remarks to the stewardesses. By the time we touched down, I'd managed to ask one of them for a pillow. Layla shook her head sadly.

"We're gonna have to use more drastic measures," she said in the rental car, undoing my cheese-stained button-fly. This was one of those moments that, if part of a movie, would be carefully edited out. The camera would pan away to a teddy bear, a fan or a fire hydrant or something. You probably expect me to describe my tryst with Layla in lurid and graphic detail. Well, forget it. First, I'm sure your imagination can concoct something more sensual than I could print here. Second, what happened between me and Layla is none of your damned business. And besides, my mother reads this shit. (We now return to our story, already in progress...)

My head drooped back against the seat as I caught my breath. Suddenly, I remembered everything. Well, not exactly everything, but at least I was able to look at Layla and feel a surge of testosterone rip through my jeans. I was back to normal. Well not exactly normal. Because now when I looked at Layla, I got a strange kind of warm, squooshy feeling in my stomach, and I couldn't think of anything to say. Layla looked into my eyes.

"How do you feel?" she said.

"I've got a strange kind of warm squooshy feeling in my stomach."

"That so?"

"Yeah. Layla... does this mean I'm in love with you?"

"Probably. But it might just be the airline food kicking back. Look over your shoulder."

I glanced back over my shoulder. A tall redhead in a scarlet dress cut fourteen inches above the knee. Walking a poodle. I looked back at Layla.

"So?"

"You're in love."

"Is that bad?"

"Depends on who you ask."

"So what do we do now?"

"Now that you've got your brain back in gear, call your client and tell him you're on the case."

"Call who?"

"Your client. You know, the guy who's paying you to investigate this mystery."

Suddenly, I realized what had been nagging at my brain all along. It wasn't that I didn't know I loved Layla. I'd known that ever since I first laid hands on her. What was missing from my life was a client. For the last three days, I'd put my neck on the line for nothing. People had tried to shoot me, blow me up, and generally make my life a lot shorter. The reward for all this, of course, would be my fee. To collect a fee, however, you need a client.

I hit the brakes as I yanked the wheel to the right. The car skidded across the median strip and onto the other side of the freeway. I stepped on the gas.

"What are you doing?" Layla said. "We have to stop the shuttle launch and find out who's behind this mystery!"

"Fuck that. I'm not getting paid for this job, so we're just gonna go back to the airport and catch a flight to New York."

"New York? Why?"

"Because that's where I belong, sweetheart. I'm a New Yorker. I'm sick of L.A. Sick of generic beer, mini-malls, and Lamborghinis. Sick of Highway Cops with God complexes. We're goin' back to New York, gettin' married, and opening up my old office again."

"Rick, did you just say 'getting married'?"

"Yeah, why? You got a problem with that?"

"No. It's just that I hardly know you."

"What's there to know? I sleep late, drink before breakfast, and shoot any jukebox that plays *Postcards From A Dream*. I like sex, hate work, and couldn't find Uganda on a map if you paid me. I

never rat on friends, always get even, and injure anybody who hurts my girl. My favorite food is pizza, my favorite drink is Chivas on the rocks, and my favorite CD Boxed Set is John Lee Hooker's Greatest Hits. Everything else is bullshit."

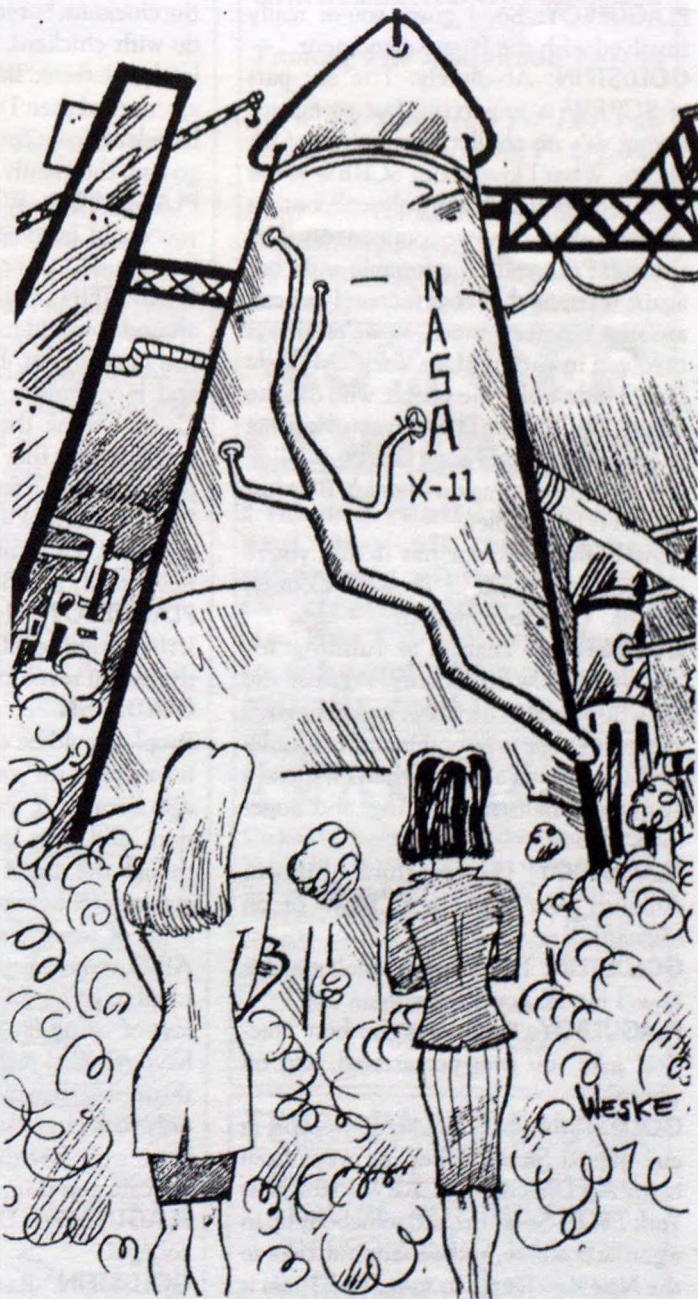
Layla looked on in fascination, her sky-blue eyes wide behind a waterfall of strawberry blonde. Layla often said that I was ridiculously blunt. I disagree. I am up-front.

"So what do you say? Will you marry me?"

She shrugged. "Sure. I've got nothing to lose."

More romantic words were never spoken.

An anti-climax? You bet! Wish you could find out who was behind the evil plot? Wish you knew what the evil plot was? Well, keep your eyes open for **Private Dick -The Motion Picture**, cumming soon in a theater near you!



"I know exactly what you're saying--for some reason, just working on the X-11 Space Probe leaves me breathless..."

AL GOLDSTEIN *(continued from page 11)*

"I would wake up to some women and I would wonder 'how could anyone fuck them?' It was like Godzilla had fallen into my bed."

the Dough-Boy as the symbol that finished every article. But it was good because it was us against a big corporation.

PLAGUEBOY: So, I guess you're really involved with the First Amendment.

GOLDSTEIN: Absolutely. The sex part of SCREW is important, but to me it's boring. It's no challenge running a fuck photo. What I love about SCREW is the outrageousness of it, the political content - who we abuse, who we comment on. The sex stuff I'm totally comfortable with, but again, it's not a challenge for me. I've been arrested nineteen times, so we're always involved in battles. Last week's *Midnight Blue*, I didn't like the people who did the movie *The Grifters*. They never invited me to a screening. So I got a tape of the film, and I ran the ending on *Midnight Blue* just to ruin it for people.

PLAGUEBOY: Rumor has it that you're running for Sheriff of Broward County, Florida. Care to comment?

GOLDSTEIN: Yeah. I'm running for Sheriff of Broward County. Against the guy who busted *2 Live Crew*, 'cause the guy's a moron. I hope to be nominated in June by the Libertarian Party, and then I'll spend a year and a half campaigning, and hopefully, I'll win.

PLAGUEBOY: Do you think this will diminish your work in SCREW or on *Midnight Blue*?

GOLDSTEIN: No, 'cause I don't do shit now. I just do cover lines.

PLAGUEBOY: What was the best practical joke you ever perpetrated, and on whom?

GOLDSTEIN: My ex-Art Director, a guy named Steve Heller, he went from being Art Director of SCREW to the *New York Times*. So we dressed somebody up in a gorilla costume, and we sent him over to the *New York Times* to visit. The *Times* is staid, and very refined, and reserved, and he almost got fired. Steve hates my guts now for that. When I used to have fights with people, I used to send them live

chickens. There's nothing to do with live chickens, so people would be stuck with them. You see, Puerto Ricans would eat the chickens, but Jews don't know what to do with chickens. I haven't done that lately. I think I'm gonna start doin' it again. And then I used to send people big barrels of Kosher pickles, 'cause when they go bad, they really stink.

PLAGUEBOY: What would you do if you could become invisible for twenty-four hours?

GOLDSTEIN: Follow Michelle Pfeiffer around. I would just love to put my head real close to her. But maybe Ted Turner and Jane Fonda would be equally fun. Cause I think that they're both so self-involved that they never look at the other person. I have a feeling that Jane's saying "Look at me, look at me," and Ted Turner's saying, "Look at me, look at me," so they never really see the other person.

PLAGUEBOY: Hypothetical Question: If there were no AIDS, where do you think the sexual revolution would be today?

GOLDSTEIN: It would be continuing. People would be experimenting. I think it's a shame for you guys, in terms of your age, because it was an experimental period, and now everyone's afraid, even though the risk of AIDS is, I think, exaggerated (for heterosexuals). I was hearing a lot of women say no to me 'cause of AIDS, and every time I dated a new woman, I had to go for an AIDS test. One of the joys of being fat is people know I don't have AIDS. I really think that fat is in. I think that if women had brains, they'd only fuck guys like me, over 250lbs. We know we're healthy. You two guys, you're delicate and thin, you might be dying.

PLAGUEBOY: Did you get much in college?

GOLDSTEIN: Rarely. I rarely got laid. I got laid a little bit when I had my Rolls Royce, but otherwise, I rarely got laid. Even when I paid for it, I rarely got laid. I was terrible with women. I felt intimi-

dated by them. I didn't know how to make small talk. I was a real loser.

PLAGUEBOY: What's a day in the life of Al Goldstein?

GOLDSTEIN: Pathetic. It's very quiet. Used to be exciting. If you ask that question in a month, maybe it'll change. Right now, I'm into food. I'm fat, I'm eating. I'm thinking "which deli do I go to?", "which bagel do I have?", "will I go to Katz's or 2nd Avenue Deli?" I'm so big, I have to lose weight for the election. In two weeks I'm gonna start Optifast. When I get thin, I become more sexual. I'm a very addictive personality. So when I'm into food, I'm into food. When I get thinner, I at least start lookin' at women again. And I'm monogamous, so I think maybe I've gained a lot of weight 'cause I'm not fuckin' around for the first time in my life.

PLAGUEBOY: What was the worst thing you ever woke up next to?

GOLDSTEIN: That truck driver from Weehauken. No, I've had some real pigs. My first wife wasn't so pretty either. I would wake up to some women and I would wonder "how could anyone fuck them?" It was like Godzilla had fallen into my bed. I thought I was in a Japanese movie or something.

PLAGUEBOY: Have you ever heard the term "Coyote Ugly"?

GOLDSTEIN: No, what is that?

PLAGUEBOY: That's when you wake up and find this girl laying across your arm. You have to get out of there, but she's so ugly that you don't dare wake her up. So you chew your arm off. Double Coyote Ugly is when you chew off the other arm so she can't find the one-armed man.

GOLDSTEIN: That's great. I like that, it's a good definition. You've had them too. It's right from the middle of a Stephen King novel.

PLAGUEBOY: By what criteria do you rate porno films?

GOLDSTEIN: Used to be by my hard-ons, now I'm 55, and I'm old, my dick is dead. Now if the girls are pretty, and I think I would've liked to fuck'em, I'm satisfied.

PLAGUEBOY: Who was your favorite porn star? Shtup her?

GOLDSTEIN: Well, Linda Lovelace gave me a blowjob. I'm in her book *Ordeal* where she felt suckin' my dick was an ordeal. It was a small dick, I don't think it was much of a challenge for her. I've had sex with most of the women in the business

from ten years ago. Now I really don't bother, but ten years ago, I was much more sexually active.

PLAGUEBOY: What's your favorite non-X-rated film?

GOLDSTEIN: Good question. (long pause) Ok, *Heathers* is a contemporary film, but... name some films.

PLAGUEBOY: *Blade Runner*.

GOLDSTEIN: No, not really.

PLAGUEBOY: *Highlander*.

GOLDSTEIN: No...

PLAGUEBOY: *Die Hard*.

GOLDSTEIN: No...

PLAGUEBOY: *When Harry Met Sally...*

GOLDSTEIN: I'll go with that one. You're right on the money. I like that film 'cause it asks a good question. Meg Ryan is delicious. I think if I knew I was dying, my fantasy would be to have her sit on my face. She is so clean and wholesome. She is every Jewish guy's ultimate *shiksa*. She is beautiful. She just married somebody. I feel she's cheating on me.

PLAGUEBOY: Being as you are the paragon of good taste...

GOLDSTEIN: Yes.

PLAGUEBOY: In your opinion-what wine goes with *Captain Crunch*?

GOLDSTEIN: Schaeffer beer. You just slurp it down. You know, you take a diet soda, you just shake it up and shoot it in your face. That's the best thing.

PLAGUEBOY: In your opinion, what are the hardest words to hear from a woman?

GOLDSTEIN: "I'll marry you." You were

drunk, and you proposed, and the dumb bitch said yes.

PLAGUEBOY: What's your idea of a perfect date?

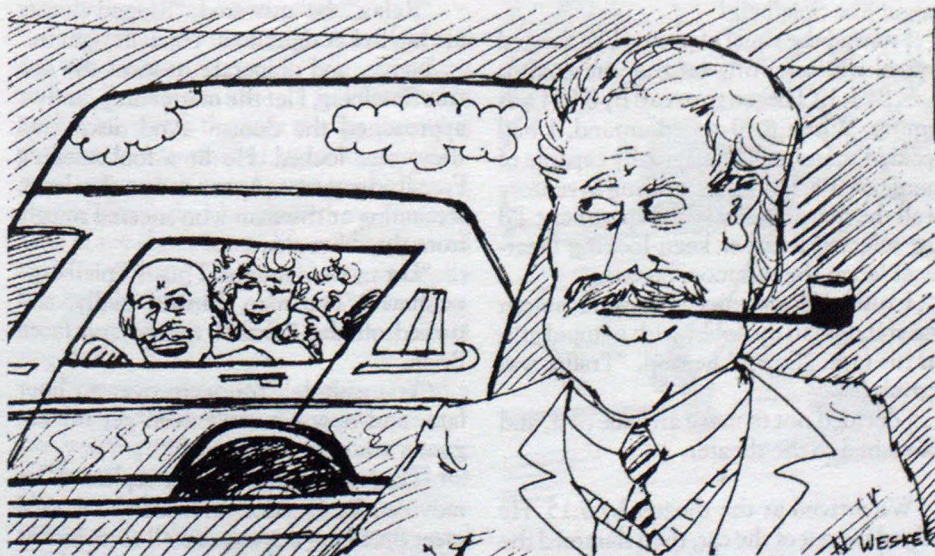
GOLDSTEIN: Girl says "I want to suck your dick and feel the warm come oozing down my throat," then I know I'm dead and in paradise. Also, upon blowing me, jumps in a cab and has to go home. You need that one-two punch.

PLAGUEBOY: You're stranded on a remote desert island. You have an unlimited supply of food and prescription drugs. If you could choose only one companion, who would it be?

GOLDSTEIN: Nobody. I wouldn't want to share it.

PLAGUEBOY: What do you want for your epitaph?

GOLDSTEIN: "He never wasted a minute." Something like that. Or "He tried," or "He gave a shit." Probably that one, "He gave a shit." I give a shit. I'm suing Sony 'cause my TV set broke. Fuckin' Sony. I hate to be fucked up and ripped off. As a cab driver I'd roll the window down and yell "Fuck you." You see now I'm so popular, I have to keep this fuckin' thing here (pulls out a revolver), and a shotgun under there, and my chauffeur's a bodyguard. I like the fact that people hate me. It means I piss them off. That's good. So many people go through life, they're invisible. Not to be invisible is, I think, the most important thing. To make a difference.



"Excuse me, old chap--m'lady is a bit dry. You wouldn't happen to have any Grey Poupon?"

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TERM PAPER BLUES?

**HEY, GIVE US A BREAK!
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY
PERSON WHO HAS TO
WRITE ONE. JUST STOP
BITCHING AND WRITE THE
DAMNED THING!**

This cheerful message was brought to you by *The Plague* in an effort to improve our readers' academic performance, 'cause we're nice guys.

Manhattan sucks. I've lived in New York City for almost a year now, struggling through my courses at NYU. I've been accosted by drug dealers and the homeless morning, noon, and night. I've been mugged. Twice. Lost my ID twice besides.

My new roommate confessed her unquenchable lesbian desire for me one day as I stepped out of the shower. My Western Civilization instructor explained how he grades papers: an "A" is his way of rewarding me if I swallow; "B" if I spit; "C" if he comes in my mouth; "D" if he doesn't; and "F" if I refuse.

I got hit by a speeding Gypsy cab. My parents came to see me in the hospital to cheer me up... and to explain that my tuition would be subtracted from my inheritance.

But nothing - and I mean nothing - compares to the nightmare world of dating in New York City. Between STD's and AIDS, I almost couldn't care less if I never got laid again as long as I live. But talk is cheap, and the body is weak, so against my better judgement, I decided against celibacy.

The nightmare began when I met Brian.

We met in Plant Psychology 101. I could feel his eyes on me from across the room, staring with lustful intent. He lacked some of the qualities I look for in men. Specifically, a neck and a forehead. But he had a pulse, so I settled for that. And there was something about the way the drool hung from the open sore on his lip that intrigued me.

As class ended, he approached me. Sat down. He licked his lips, then mumbled in a way that sounded like Sylvester Stallone. Finally, he said something I could understand.

"Anyone ever tell you that you have..."

"What?"

"Excessive facial hair. I couldn't help but notice."

I was about to suggest that he go fuck his fist when he interrupted my train of thought.

"You're an actress, right?"

"Yeah. How'd you know?"

"You look like the type that would fake orgasm."

He was right, and I was losing interest fast.

"You wanna go to a screening tonight?"

I stifled the urge to spit on him and headed for the door. But then he spoke the magic words:

"My uncle is Steven Spielberg."

I'd met Mister Right.

The screening was at nine. He agreed to pick me up at seven. By 6:30, I was dressed to kill in a new white dress, a really hot off-

PEACE OF MIND

*if you're going to go out with
sleazeballs, at least pick one
you can live with*

fiction by

JOY WHITESIDE &

DAVID A. KLISIEWICZ

the-shoulder job. I'd spent a fortune on it, but how often does one get to meet a movie mogul like Spielberg?

I started the ritual of pacing like a caged animal while waiting for the intercom to buzz. By 7:30, I began to sweat. By 8:00 I was fuming. When 8:30 rolled around, I had decided that, yes, I was actually capable of murder. At 8:31 I started taking inventory of all the sharp objects in the apartment. I'd just selected a rather keen-looking meat-slicer when the intercom buzzed.

I rushed downstairs. The sonuvabitch was standing in the lobby with a stupid grin on his face. "Sorry," he said, "Traffic was terrible."

I decided not to make an issue of it, and we rushed to the theater.

We arrived at the theater by 9:15. He helped me out of the car, then slammed the door. I took half a step before I heard the stomach-turning sound of ripping fabric. My white evening dress had just become a mini. I glared at him, fingernails drawn and

ready.

"You are going to die," I hissed.

"Relax," he answered, "Ripped clothes are hip in LA right now. You'll fit right in."

Naive, and desperate to meet the one true Spielberg, I let the matter drop, and we approached the doors. And discovered they were locked. He lit a foul-smelling French cigarette as I pounded on the doors, screaming at the man who sneered smugly from the other side.

"Let us in, dammit! This is Spielberg's nephew!" The man grinned evilly, and turned off the lights. I turned and faced Brian.

"You asshole! You were over an hour late, and now we can't even get in! I'm gonna scratch your nuts off!"

"Don't get so excited," he replied. "The movie sucks. Besides, this isn't where you'd meet Spielberg anyway. You'll meet him at the cast party later. Let's go get a nice dinner and relax. By the time we're done, it'll be time for the cast party."

I figured he had a point, and since I

hadn't eaten dinner yet, it actually sounded like a good idea.

We went to this place called *Chez Louis*, a really *haute cuisine*-type of restaurant. The kind of place where the wines are older than most Western Countries and you know the food is expensive because they don't list the prices. I was a bit upset about that because he had offered to pay, and I'd planned on getting the most expensive item. After all, he'd acted like a total putz so far, so I was entitled.

I never got the chance though, because when the waiter arrived, he decided to play it suave and order for both of us.

"I'll have the *poulet du fromage* and a glass of the Soavé Bolla. The lady will have the *linguine avec blanc palourde sauce*, and a Diet Coke, no ice." For once he'd done something right. I was impressed, and began thinking that maybe this wasn't such a bad idea after all.

The illusion of happiness was quickly dispelled however, when he knocked my Diet Coke onto my dress, and followed up his apology with an explanation about how he'd forgotten his wallet. I dried the soda off of my credit card, and watched as my credit rating disappeared down his yawning gullet. The food which had sounded so fancy turned out to be chicken with cheese for him and noodles in bland sauce for me.

The maitre'd was too busy cutting my VISA in half to wave as we left.

To say that Brian drove like a maniac would be a kind understatement. He zigged and zagged through traffic, and cut a sharp turn onto Avenue C.

"Where are we going? I thought you said the party was uptown."

"I have to make a stop first."

He parked the car in a deserted lot, and got out. "C'mon," he said. "It'll only take a minute." Like an idiot, I followed. He pulled me along through the lot, ignoring me when I complained about the used syringes that kept poking me in the feet. I slowed down, but he yanked me forward. One of my shoes came off and disappeared into the garbage. Hopping along, we finally reached the sidewalk, where I had the pleasure of stepping in a fresh, steaming pile of dog shit.

"Wait here," he said, and went into a condemned tenement. I stood on the corner, waiting patiently, hoping that the gang across the street wasn't in the mood for group sex. Just then a car pulled up. The man inside rolled down his window, and motioned me to come over. I leaned in his window.

"Whatta ya want?" I asked.

"How much?" he said.

"For what?"

"For suck-and-fuck. How much?"

"Fuck you! I'm not a hooker!"

I stormed away from the car as Brian came back out of the building. He was having trouble breathing. I suspected it was due to the fact that his nasal cavity was totally packed with cocaine.

"Stay here a second," he told me. "I'll get the car." I stood patiently as he brought the car around, tires squealing as he raced out of the lot. He was pulling up to the curb doing sixty. I looked down and noticed a second too late that I was standing in front of a mud puddle. He slammed on the brakes, showering me in black rain. The door swung open. I gave him a withering look. Got in the car.

"Take me home, asshole."

"Don't you want to go to the party?"

"Take me home or so help me God, I'm going to feed you your dick in a platter of white clam sauce."

Half an hour later, we were standing in front of my dorm. He searched for words as I searched for my keys.

"So..." he began, "Did you have a good time?"

"What do *you* think, dickbreath?"

"I dunno. I thought it was kinda cool."

"Peter Frampton was 'kinda cool.' You're a fuckup."

"So... you wanna go out again tomorrow night?"

"I can't believe you just asked me that. You ruined my dress, made me step in dog shit, and got my credit card cut in half. You fucked up my whole night! What makes you think I would ever go out with you again?"

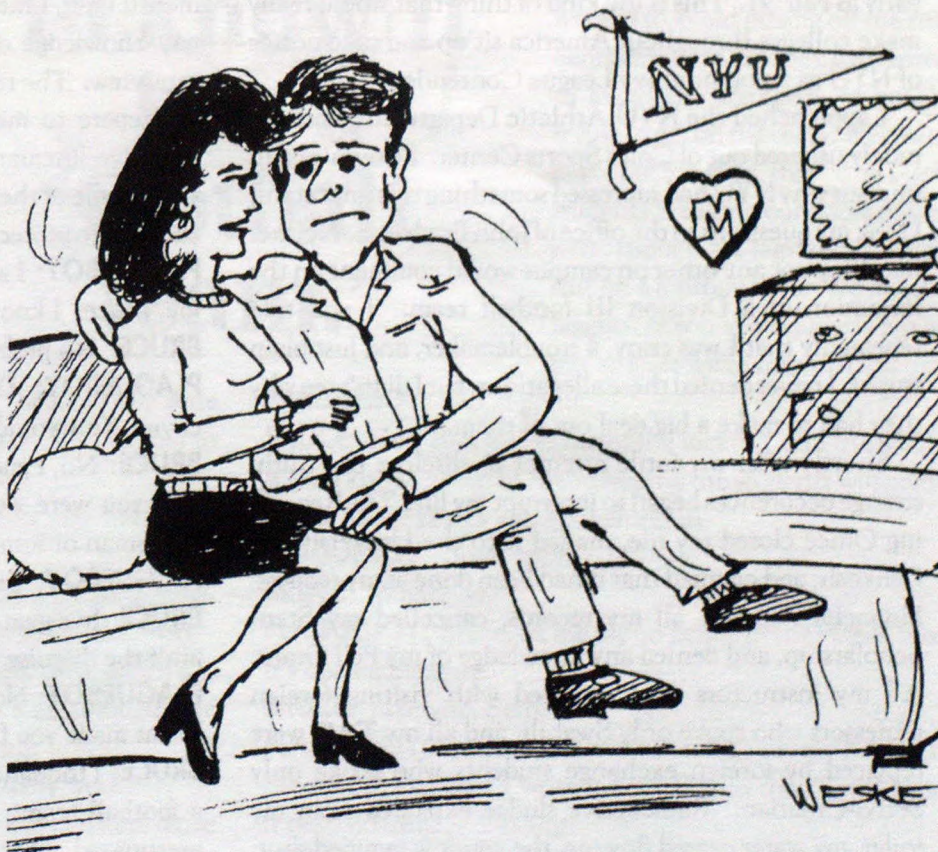
I don't know why I bothered to ask. I knew there was no answer on Earth that would change my mind.

"This is New York City," he replied, "I'm a straight, white, upper-middle class, non-IV-drug-using man whose never been exposed to STD's or the AIDS virus, or ever travelled to Africa or Haiti."

I looked him right in the eye, and let him know just what I thought of his reasoning.

"Pick me up at eight."

It turned out he's lousy in bed, too. But it's a small price to pay for peace of mind.



"Hold on, Jeff. I practice safe sex. I have to be absolutely sure that you have your own gold card."

VIOLETS FOOTBALL

NYU'S BEST KEPT SECRET



A Special *Plagueboy* Investigative Report

One day several months ago, a wayward memo from NYU's Department of Athletics found its way to my desk. I didn't think much of it, and before long, it was buried under a mountain of ossified Chinese food and empty pizza boxes. By some stroke of fortune, it was uncovered recently, and I had nothing better to do than read it.

And that's where this story really begins. What I had come into possession of was a top-secret memo that had been smuggled out of Coles Sports Center by an undercover *Plagueboy* operative disguised as the Bobcat. What this memo said was that NYU had, unequivocally, established

a top secret Division III football team-in-training, and that they would be ready to compete in the NCAA circuit as early as Fall '91. This is the kind of thing that would really make colleges throughout America sit up and take notice of NYU as a potential Ivy League Contender.

I approached the NYU Athletic Department, and was rudely ushered out of Coles Sports Center. Determined to find out why NYU had suppressed something this important, I took my questions to the office of John Brademas. Neither his office nor any other on campus would comment on the formation of a Division III football team. I was told repeatedly that I was crazy, a troublemaker, and just plain stupid. I never denied these allegations, but I didn't see why they had to make a big deal out of them.

Shortly after my futile attempt to disclose the truth, strange occurrences began to interrupt my life. The Recording Office closed my file, mailed it to the University Of Oshkosh, and claimed that it had been done at my request. Financial Aid lost all my records, cancelled my Stern Scholarship, and denied any knowledge of my Pell Grant. All my instructors were replaced with visiting foreign professors who spoke only Swahili, and all my TA'S were replaced by foreign exchange students who spoke only Serbo-Croatian. Radioactive sludge exploded from my toilet, my water ceased flowing, the window jammed shut, and my phone was disconnected.

In other words, a typical semester for an NYU student. Nonetheless, I began to smell a rat (besides the one ARA Services put on my plate and called a hamburger). Left

without any other option, I chose to go undercover at Coles Sports Center in order to get to the heart of the matter. One month later, I met a member of the team that NYU denies any knowledge of, and convinced him to consent to an interview. The results are both shocking and illuminating.

Prepare to meet "Bruce Brautigan," NCAA starting offensive lineman for a team that's not supposed to exist. (The name of the player interviewed by *Plagueboy* has been changed to protect his identity. Nice of us, don't you think?)

PLAGUEBOY: I appreciate you taking the time to talk with me, Bruce. I know it's a terrible risk for you.

BRUCE: No problem, Seth.

PLAGUEBOY: Dammit, don't say my name! I'm undercover! You wouldn't want me to say *your* name, would you?

BRUCE: No, I guess not. I have to admit, I was wondering why you were wearing that sheet. I thought you were a Klansman or something.

PLAGUEBOY: Just trying to protect myself, Bruce.

BRUCE: In a gym full of militant African linebackers? That ain't the disguise I would have chosen.

PLAGUEBOY: No one asked you. Let's talk about the team. What made you finally decide to come forward?

BRUCE: I thought it was time for this college to know it has a football team. The higher-ups cover up our existence pretty good. That means that almost nobody shows up to our games. It's bad for morale.

PLAGUEBOY: Nobody shows up for any games, Bruce.

BRUCE: Well, we get even less. The basketball team gets cheerleaders, and the hockey team gets good coverage in the

school paper. We don't even get on the Athletic Schedule.

PLAGUEBOY: I can see why that would be a morale-buster. Are you called the Violets, like our other teams? It seems like a pretty sissy name for a football team. The Plague staff leans toward a more macho name, like "The Purple People Eaters," or "Guys Who'd Sooner Shove A Cleat Up Your Ass And Spit On Your Dead, Twitching Body Than Look At You."

BRUCE: Well, you're half-right. We decided to abandon the name Violets in favor of something more appropriate to the University and its Greenwich Village location. We figured the Torch is the school symbol, so we called our team... the Flamers.

PLAGUEBOY: The Flamers! Are you crazy? The whole country's gonna think you're a bunch of faggots!

BRUCE: Watch it, spud. For your information, the whole team is gay, and we don't appreciate hurtful and homophobic remarks like the one you just made. Keep that shit up, and I'll not only end the interview, I'll make sure tomorrow's WSN headline reads "*Plague Reporter Kicked Shitless By Gang Of Fairies.*" You hear what I'm sayin'?

PLAGUEBOY: Yo, loud and clear, 10-4 good buddy. Sorry, really. Back to sports. Tell us about the team.

BRUCE: For starters, we have more Freshman tight ends than any other college football team in America, but San Francisco has us beat hands

down when it comes to wide receivers. Most of our wide receivers are Seniors. Then there's Barry, who majors in Cosmetic Chemistry. He's our split end.

PLAGUEBOY: What kind of offense have you been running?

BRUCE: Depends. Most times we go for run'n'shoot passing. We love shooting. Our favorite play is the 69 Stack Cluster-Fuck. Everyone grabs the first guy they get their hands on, and pulls together into a pile. When it's big enough, the ball-carrier jumps on top and tries to score.

PLAGUEBOY: Does this sort of play actually work?

BRUCE: You bet. We put the ball into the endzone more than any other team in the country.

PLAGUEBOY: What's your record? Who do you play against?

BRUCE: We're 9-0, and heading for the championship.

PLAGUEBOY: Which one?

BRUCE: The Toilet Bowl. We expect to play San Francisco State, our arch-rival. They play a game a lot like ours. Last year we played them to a scoreless tie in the sloppiest game in college history. Vandals stole the most important supplies from both teams.

PLAGUEBOY: Helmets?

BRUCE: Reservoir tip condoms. By the end of the first quarter, the field was nothing but a mud pit. We couldn't get a good grip on the balls. It was a real pisser.

PLAGUEBOY: Let's skip the gory details, okay? Why does the administration even now conceal the existence of the football program?

BRUCE: Lots of reasons. They figured there would be a big ruckus over the college funding a gay football team. After the remarkably well-thought out expenditures on the infamous Purple Trolley and the Main Building elevator cameras, they figured they'd bury any evidence of "extravagant" spending. With a \$2000 tuition increase rumored for next year, they wanted to avoid pissing off the students any more. Besides, we wanted to avoid the stampede of people trying to get on the team. If word of us got out too soon, there'd be Tisch students breaking our doors down, even though art-fags aren't worth shit on a football field. We may be faggots, as you so eloquently put it, but at least we're not art-fags.

**"It was
time for
this college
to know it
has a
football
team."**

PLAGUEBOY: Good point.

BRUCE: Now that we're "out of the locker," and the whole school knows about us, we're hoping the students will come to our home games and get behind us.

PLAGUEBOY: So to speak.

BRUCE: Whatever.

PLAGUEBOY: Bruce, let me say on behalf of the *Plague* that it's been a pleasure.

BRUCE: Likewise, Seth.

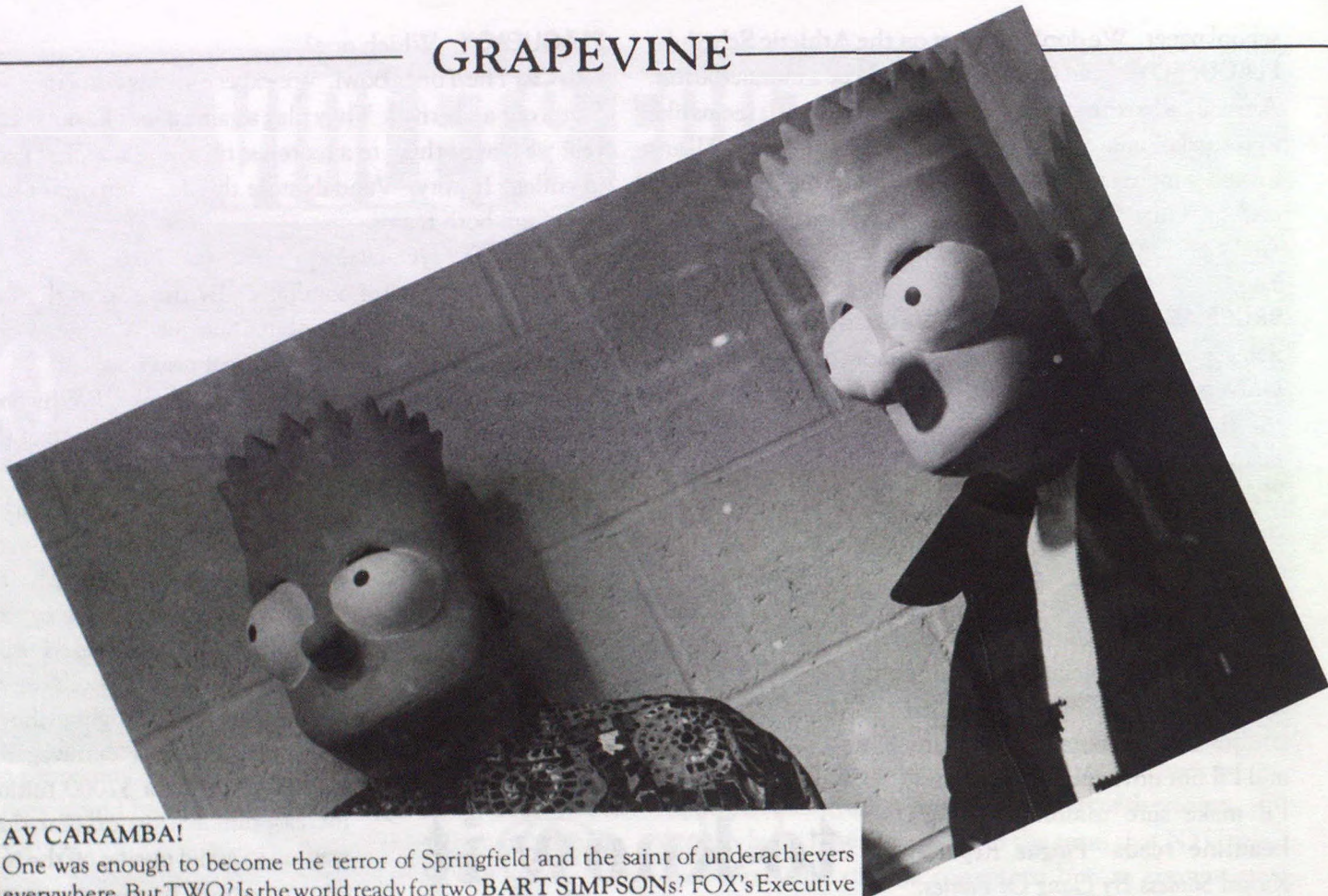
PLAGUEBOY: Goddamit, I *told* you not to say my name! If the school finds out I write for the *Plague*, they'll make me repeat Writing Workshop!

BRUCE: Sorry, man, I didn't know.

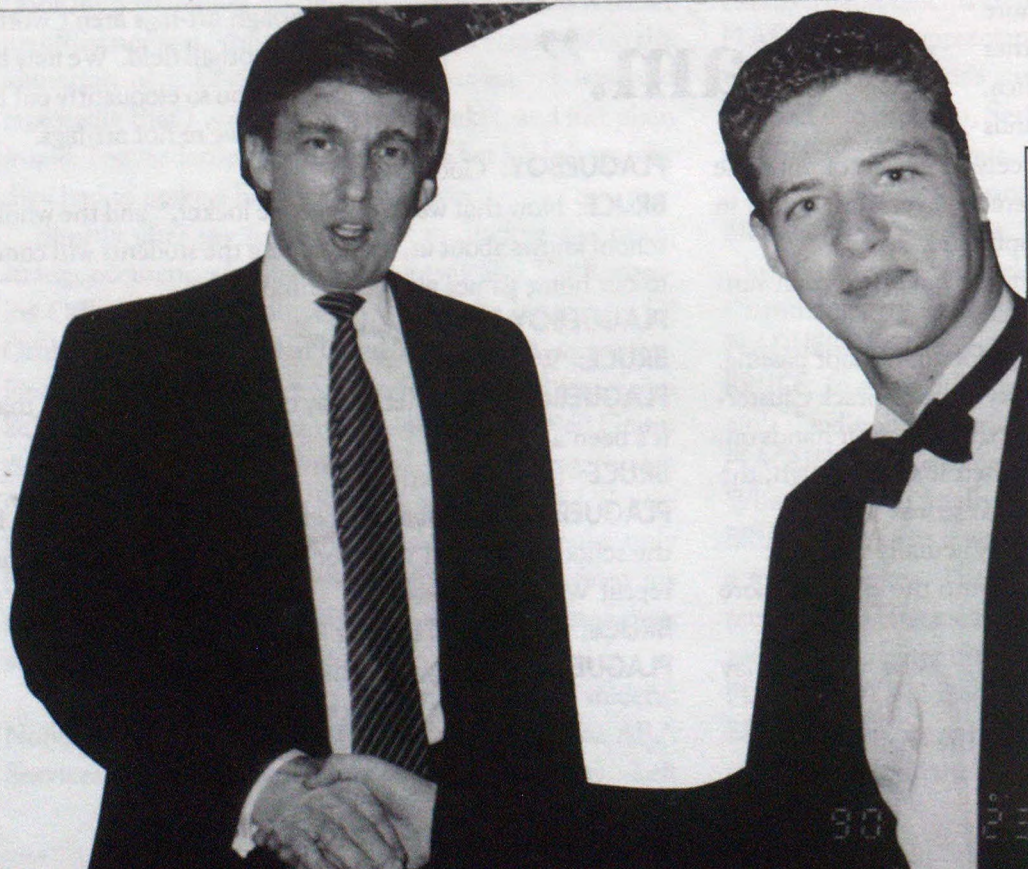
PLAGUEBOY: Say goodnight, Bruce.



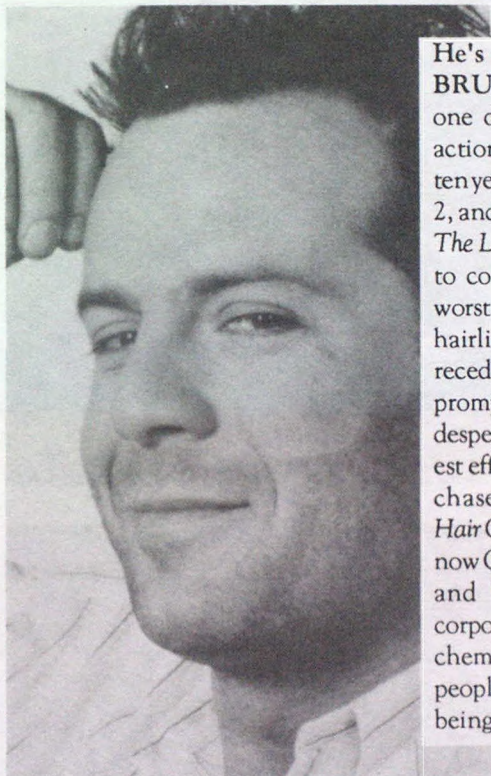
GRAPEVINE

**AY CARAMBA!**

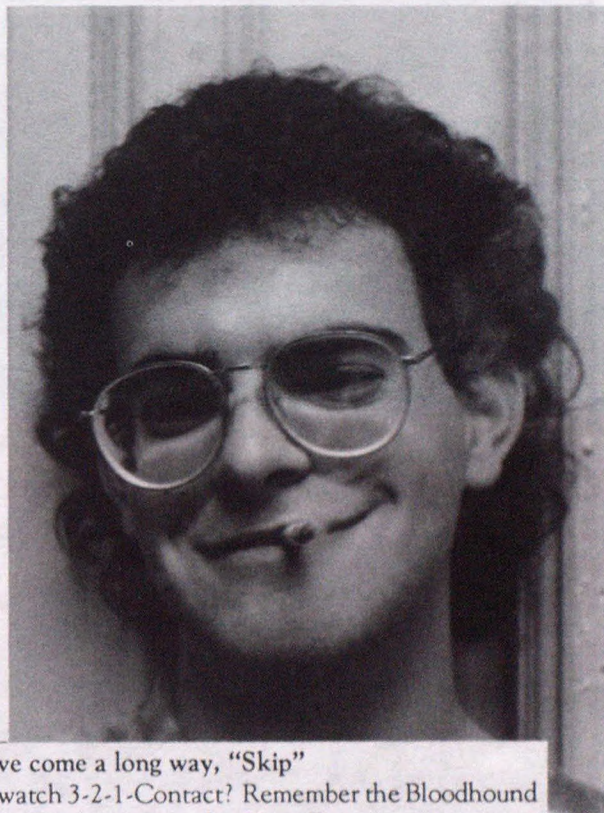
One was enough to become the terror of Springfield and the saint of underachievers everywhere. But TWO? Is the world ready for two **BART SIMPSONs**? FOX's Executive Programming Director thinks so. In a daring move, the *Simpsons* are being moved to Thursdays at 10pm - opposite NBC heavyweight *LA LAW*. In order to entice viewers, the series premiere will involve a bizarre kidnapping in which Bart is cloned, creating **MART**. Together, and thinking alike, the terrible twins terrorize the township. We asked what their plans were for the near future. "To ball the Pixie twins," they said.

**Is There A Doctor In The House?**

While begging for donations at the Taj Mahal Valentine's Day soiree, real-estate mogul **DONALD TRUMP™** mentioned that he was feeling a bit light-headed. NYU Pre-Med student **ISAAC LEVY** rushed to his aid, and is seen here taking the big guy's pulse, which was 63. Levy attributed the headrush to Trump's™ fourth glass of the bubbly. "Ginger Ale will get you every time," Levy said.

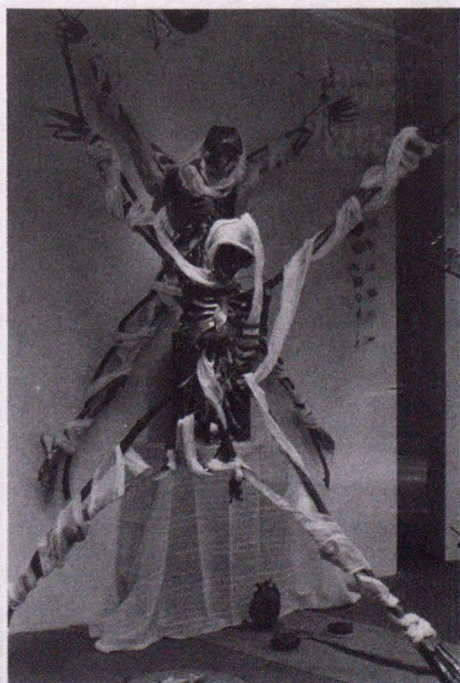


He's also the president. **BRUCE WILLIS**, easily one of the most successful action-film heroes of the last ten years (*Die Hard*, *Die Hard 2*, and currently working on *The Last Boy Scout*) has had to come to terms with his worst enemy... hair loss. His hairline has been steadily receding for almost a year, prompting the actor to take desperate measures. His latest effort has led him to purchase **SY SPERLINGS's** *Hair Club For Men*. Willis is now Chairman of the board, and has reallocated the corporation's funds into new chemical research. Some people just aren't satisfied being a member.



You've come a long way, "Skip"

Ever watch 3-2-1-Contact? Remember the Bloodhound Gang? Of course you do. It's still on sometimes... at 6:30AM Sunday. One of those kids was none other than *Plagueboy* Contributing Writer **SETH GREENSPAN**, 3rd year student at NYU Institute Of Film and Television. Look closely... you remember. Right! He was "Skip!" Now he's just another film student who writes for *Plagueboy*. Talk about downward mobility.



Those Vikings knew how to party! Archaeologists in Greenland unearthed an ice-age tavern filled with assorted Viking relics. What caught their interest, though, were these skeletons, found hanging from the ceiling, swathed in toilet paper. Chief Of Research **ADRIAN THORNE** said "Our best guess is that it was an early version of the Fraternity prank".

CHIN UP

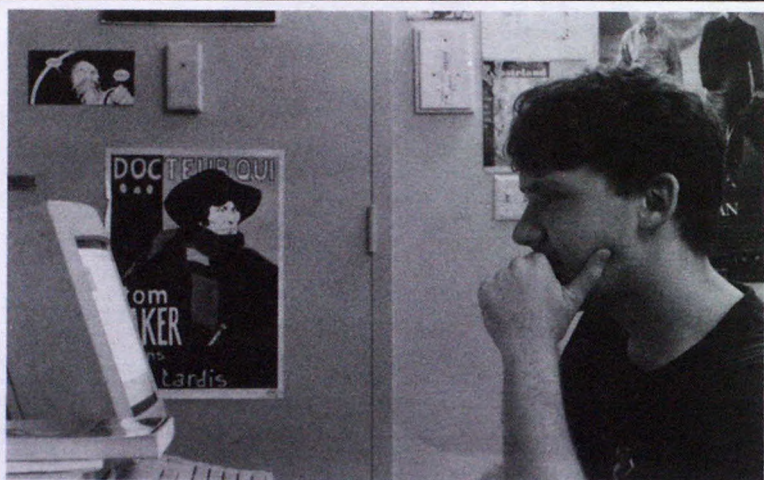
Travelling Wilbury and former **ELO** founder **JEFF LYNNE** didn't mind when our roving photographer caught up with him in Chicago. Walking partner **ROBERT PLANT** wasn't as receptive to the lens, however. Our photographer thought he was being coy. In fact, what Mr. Plant failed to communicate was that there was a piano falling from a 20th floor apartment, which killed the two rock stars moments later. Look for more photos in the *New York Post*.



NEXT SEMESTER...



SHINING ARMOR



RE-THINKING COLLEGE



QUEEN BEE



LOVELY LEILANI

IVANA TRUMP DISCUSSES HER REASONS FOR MILKING THE DONALD DRIER THAN THE SAHARA, WHY SHE ADVISED HIM TO TAKE THE TAJ MAHAL DEAL, AND WHICH YOUNG STERN SCHOOL OF BUSINESS STUDENT SHE'S SEDUCING THIS WEEK IN A **PLAGUEBOY** INTERVIEW BY VETERAN MUCK-RAKER **LAWRENCE LEWITINN**.

"GIRLS OF TSOA" — DON'T MISS THIS UNIQUE LOOK AT SOME OF THE MOST TALENTLESS TRANSVESTITES IN THE BIG APPLE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN ANONYMOUS MAN IN A TRENCHCOAT FROM BEHIND A TWO-WAY MIRROR IN 721 BROADWAY.

"WHERE DOES IT ALL GO?" — MANAGING EDITOR **SETH MINSK** DIGS INTO THE ACCOUNTS OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, AND FINDS OUT JUST WHAT THEY'VE BEEN DOING WITH OUR MONEY. THE TRUTH MAY FRIGHTEN YOU. IN THIS **PLAGUEBOY** SPECIAL INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

"COLLEGE WOMEN TALK ABOUT SEX" — FIND OUT WHY YOU HAVEN'T BEEN GETTING ANY, WHAT WOMEN ARE REALLY THINKING, AND HOW TO ASK OUT A GIRL WITH A HIGHER GPA THAN YOU, BY **DOCTOR AQUABOOGIE**, THE MOJO OF LOVE.

"YOU'LL NEVER GET LAID IN THIS TOWN AGAIN!" — SHARKY GETS CAUGHT IN A CLINCH WITHOUT THE ADVANTAGE OF A PROPHYLACTIC. BEFORE TOO LONG, HE'S ON EVERY GIRL'S BLACK LIST FROM RIO TO MOSCOW. CHILLING FICTION BY OSCAR-WINNING SCREENWRITER **DAVID CHAUCER**

"THE UN-CENTERFOLD" — COVER YOUR NUTS AND SAY HELLO TO **KRISTIN MELIFEE**, **PLAGUEBOY**'S FIRST MILITANT LESBIAN CENTERFOLD. SHE'S SURE TO LEAVE YOU BEGGING FOR MORE

"COLLEGE MAJOR QUIZ" — DID YOU PICK THE RIGHT MAJOR? DID YOU EVEN PICK THE RIGHT COLLEGE? ONCE AND FOR ALL, **PLAGUEBOY** GIVES YOU THE CHANCE TO FIND OUT IF YOU SHOULD TRANSFER, DROP OUT, OR MOVE TO THE CANADIAN WILDERNESS WITH A SHOTGUN AND SOME ANTIBIOTICS.

PLUS: EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF **WINONA RYDER**'S CLITORIS (AS SEEN THROUGH AN ELECTRON MICROSCOPE); **"THE DEATH OF CHIVALRY"**; **"DRINKS TO GET SMASHED ON WITHOUT TASTING THE LIQUOR,"** A CONSUMER REPORT BY **ANNE KADET**; AND MUCH, MUCH, MORE



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FAHRVERGNÜGEN. IT'S WHAT MAKES A GIRL A FRAÜLEIN.



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