

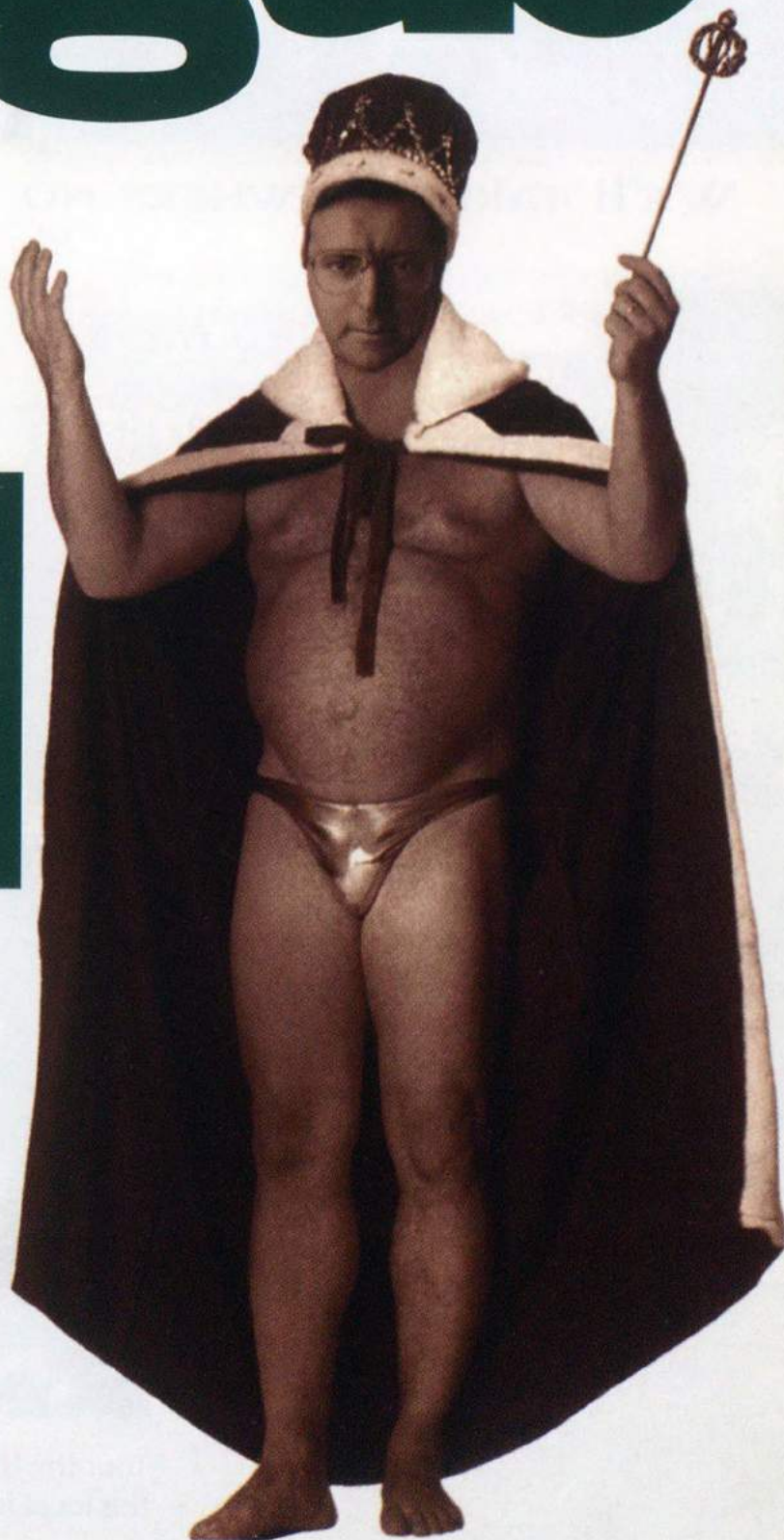
Plague

weakly

THE BEST & THE WORST UNDRESSED

*This year's biggest losers,
both Gorgeous and Grotesque!*

'94



THE EMPEROR HAS NO CLOTHES

All hail New York University President L. Jay Oliva,
our distinguished unanimous choice for...

BEST UNDRESSED MAN, 1994.

Huzzah!!! Huzzah!!! Huzzah!!!



BumbleFuck AIRLINES

WE'LL TAKE YOU WHERE NO ONE ELSE WANTS TO GO.



Like sunny Grand Haven, Michigan, home of the world's largest musical fountain! Lucky for you, as a tourist with Bumblefuck Airlines, you can not only witness the quaint rituals of rural existence, you can leave. Come along on one of our pre-packaged tours, or go your own way. Prices start from \$699 round trip, and only \$15 one-way.

The depressed prices in the local mom & pop stores will put you in hog heaven. The exchange rate is phenomenal: one New York City dollar is worth \$1.84 in Grand Haven! In layman's terms this means that where in NY you can purchase a small french fries, in GH you can purchase a small franchise. It's just like visiting a Third World nation, except here they've got a trolley.



Tour the thriving downtown metropolis and meet some of the local folk wandering around. Plenty of free parking!

Centralia ranks among our most popular destinations! Our weekend getaway prices start at \$499 round trip. This includes airfare, rental car courtesy of Corwin Insurance, and two nights accommodations at Casa del Zimmerman on stately Seminary Hill, a most aptly named locale. Local legend has it that the world's oldest virgin was born right on this very spot.



CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON



Meals are not included, but only because there is a wide selection of indigenous fast food chains throughout the area. Most travellers choose to begin their days of strenuous sightseeing at the local Denny's, saving the luxurious Chez Godfather's Pizza for a special evening on the town. Don't miss the Factory Outlets! Join the frenzy as west coast locals and retirees from all over the country struggle for the best deals. Gloat over your tax exempt status as you whip out our special savings coupon book, just for Bumlefuck customers like you!

OTHER destinations include

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- CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO
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- BIGGS JUNCTION, OREGON
- WEST WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND
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- JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING
- HELL, MICHIGAN
- UXBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
- BOSNIA



COOS BAY, OREGON

Plague

weekly



March 7, 1994
Vol. XVII, No. 1

BEST & WORST

UNDRESSED PEOPLE OF 1994



COVER STORY

OUR ANNUAL PROBE INTO THE **BEST AND WORST UNDRESSED** OF THE LAST AZTEC YEAR (YEAR OF THE HEADCHEESE). FOR SOME IT WAS A NIGHTMARE, FOR OTHERS IT HELD UNEXPECTED SURPRISES THAT WE ALL TOOK FOR GRANTED.

Schwing low, sweet chariot.

Canadian mounted piggies claim that there is no reasonable doubt, but Paul Reubens of *Buffy The Vampire Slayer II* says he was framed in this new indecent exposure charges *emerging* this month.

Crashed on Bernoulli™ Removable Media and retyped several times a year by *Plague*, 21 Washington Place, Box 189, New York, NY 10003. The views expressed here are not necessarily those of *Plague*. If you are still reading this you'll be happy to know that our meetings are open to anyone and we are happily accepting submissions for our upcoming issues. If you haven't been offended by this issue of *Plague*, fuck you. If you're still not offended, fuck you again. If you haven't thrown this down in disgust yet, are you sure you're not illiterate? If you are, fuck you and your mother. Illiterates may attend our special meetings, every February, in celebration of Groundhog Day. In conclusion,

UP FRONT

Carol Mumsey of Callden Grove, Utah. Has a multimillion dollar secret. She tells us what it is. **56**
Lars van der Pissen, of Karolkane, New Hampshire saved his entire kindergarten class from a fiery inferno with only three glasses of water. On the anniversary of the event, he reflects on the price he had to pay for his heroic act. **88**

STAR TRACKS 6

Michael Myers: no way out.
Cindy Crawford, impatient outpatient. **Sharon Stone** shows off some spotty skin.

TUBE 11

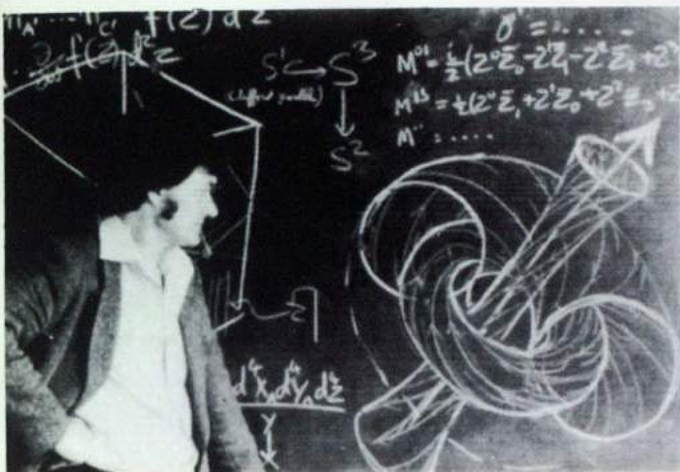
Malcom Jamal Warner and **Ed Anser** still have what it takes to make a TV Pilot. Fox's new situation tragi-comedy *Three In Da Cab* is destined to be shown at least once in our lifetime.

MITCHELL 29

Social critic, gourmet, and entrepreneurial genius **Earl Levar**'s dreams end in tragedy.

SIMULTANEAITY 35

Scientists at the **University of Oslo** have found new proof that something can be two places at once.



Is there a Doctor in the house?

While in town to disown his daughter, Emma, **Dr. Hunter S. Thompson** takes time to interview **Stephen Hawking**, at home at **Xanadu, NZ** on his controversial new theories about hair design. **31**



The Smithsonian

Museum unveils its new "American Television Advertising of the 20th Century" exhibit this week. Among the highlights: The stuffed body of **Spuds McKenzie**; the original clump of bounty tissues used by **Madge** to wipe up that now-famous coffee spill; **Clara Peller's** chair, and the piano **Devlin Smarksey** used to compose the Dr. Pepper jingle. **68**



SCREEN 11

A blast from the past blows, and two action flicks one new, one old, are offed. Video releases show why **Casablanca** is only fit for **Alumni Scholars**, and why you don't want to pay for them to go to Louisiana or Alaska this spring break.

SIMULTANEITY 35

Scientists at the **University of Oslo** have found new proof that something can be two places at once. They are also rapidly discovering that deja-vu jokes are declining in popularity, if not in frequency, once again accused of redundancy.

SONG 12

This is a good year for tribute compilations and new albums from old artists. **MTV** has a new compilation-be the first on the block, and **Black Sabbath II** show it has reached critical black mass.

DISTURBING 39

Recent studies have shown that many magazines don't deliver everything they advertise. In this in-depth four pager we find out why and get a preview of **Cornelia Vert's** new book, **Censorship, Coverups and a Collapsing Universe: the John Brademas Story.**

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Shit List ???
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Testy About Chering His Mammaries

Blissfully in love with dynamic duo **Charles Beavis** and **Eric Butthead, III**, **Cher** is poised for a new comeback tour. How does her ex-husband feel about the harem? 20 years after the fall of **Camelot**, Mayor **Bono** tells all. **42**

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

K

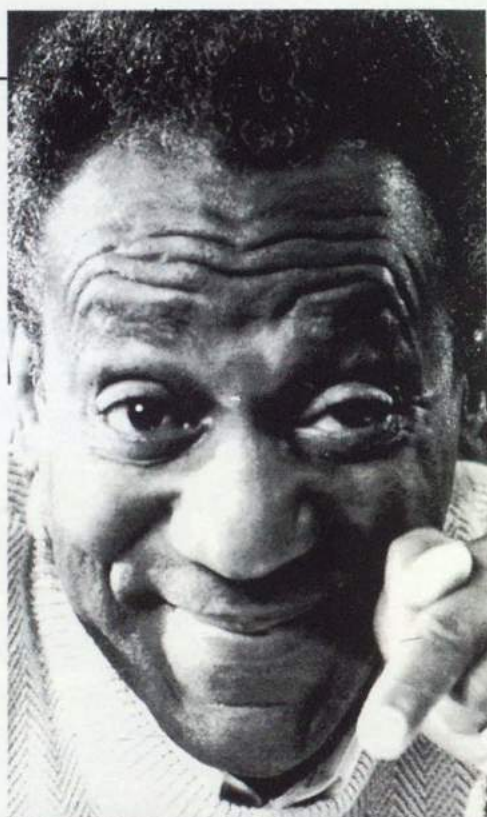
Jesus, do we need to spell it out for you?

Michael Hill
Daniel B. Kunkin

J. D. Hunter

Miguel

editors, on-call, 24/7—we are ready to believe you



MAIL

A majority of our readers were thoroughly confused by our last issue, thinking we had stepped way overboard towards fashion magazine wannabes. One reader observed that his enjoyment would have been greatly enhanced if there had been any articles to read. Others appreciated the complete lack of substance, calling it refreshingly new, yet familiar and comfortable. Much like the *Spiderman Underoos™* you've had since elementary school.

VAGUE PLAGUE

What the hell was that last issue all about? Am I shitting myself, or has *Plague* turned into a completely different magazine?

Where were the biting exposés of the Hollywood elite? Where were the heart-wrenching human-interest stories about down-home heroes? Where were the *People* who make this all possible? I want my old *Plague* back.

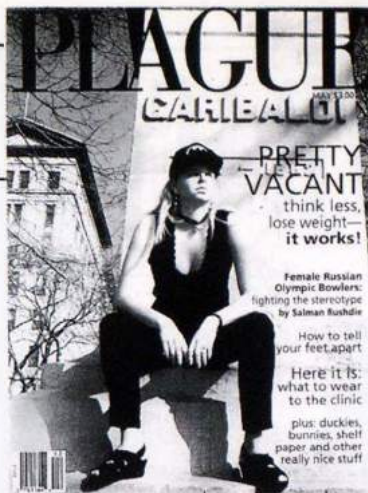
Yanqui go home!

■ L. JAY OLIVA, New York, NY

Recently I bought a blank baseball cap. Using my sister's magic markers, I wrote "What?I?Huh?" on the front of it. I think this embodies my philosophy: I'm just partying! I want to have a good time without the undue burden of being responsible for what I do. When I talk to my friends about it they tell me that I should spend some quality time with myself. Then they leave, saying that I should get started right away. They're probably just jealous of my free-thinking ways. Anyways, do you like Van Halen? 'Cause I do.

■ BRUCE, Centralia, WA

Back in high school I used to know this really hot lady whose last name was "Regis"—her first name is not important. My favorite daytime



talkshow host is Regis Philbin. Does that make me gay?

■ STROBY, Grand Haven, MI

When I was in high school there was this little fruity guy who used to follow me around all the time. At first I was terrified that he might have a crush on me, but then I realized what a closeted flaming queen he was, and that he only wanted to be my best friend. I blew him off anyway. Does that make me a bitch?

■ KATHY LEE, Grand Haven, MI

Walk that walk, you little rosy-cheeked mutant black squirrel from Washington Square Park. Quit following me! You've dogged my every move for over two years. Now I have my revenge. I've recruited myself a crack team of ninja warrior rodent-manglers armed with those neat little throwing stars and blowguns. Not only are they lethal, but they're masters of disguise as well! You'll never see them coming. Prepare to die, Rocky!

■ DAVID, New York, NY

Thumbs up on your street-savvy report on quality footwear. Shoes really get my rocks off!

■ PETER DUGAN, Los Banos, CA

I believe I've taken kitchen sanitation to a new level and the best part is I accomplished it entirely by accident. It's really sorta like that fish stuff (you know, "Finnahaddie") which was discovered in Scotland about 100 years ago when some drunk highlanders burned down their tool shed. I heard about putting baking

soda in my refrigerator. Only I got it wrong. Somehow, I completely lined the inside of my fridge with baking soda toothpaste. It works pretty good, though.

■ STROBY, Kent, OH

Do you ever wonder how lonely the world would be without cats? I do. Then I make a ham sandwich and cry myself to sleep. When I wake up, I watch the episode of *Designing Women* I taped from the night before. I only taped it because I was too supercharged with emotion to "deal." I wonder what the month of August is...I mean, on my cat calender. I do know this though: I would never do drugs like cigarettes and cocaine, and I would never peek. I hope its a cute tabby!

■ DORIS, Tenaflly, NJ

NOBODY BEATS THE WIZ

Your story on the oldest living wizard was a bunch of fazzly-bob-a-gob! I'm the oldest living wizard, Goddamn it! And I've got the magic beret to prove it. In fact, I'm the only wizard capable enough to have earned the coveted French medal of honor for Wizardry and Tasty Sauces. But those guys can really cook. I respect them for that, despite all that rudeness and stuff. Have you got a PC computer? Those are sweet. My favorite song is that one by Kenny Rogers that Ross Perot used for his campaign, what's the name...? Anyway, I loved your article on Adidas™ footwear. Shoombazzle!

■ CLARK RAVEN, Sicily, AS

Notes and Corrections

The model we identified as Tracy Borkowski in our May, 1993 cover story is actually former NYU president, John Brademas. Also, we mistakenly identified Jeffery Dahmer as Michael P. Zimmerman in the *Eternity* advertisement. *Plague* deeply regrets the error.

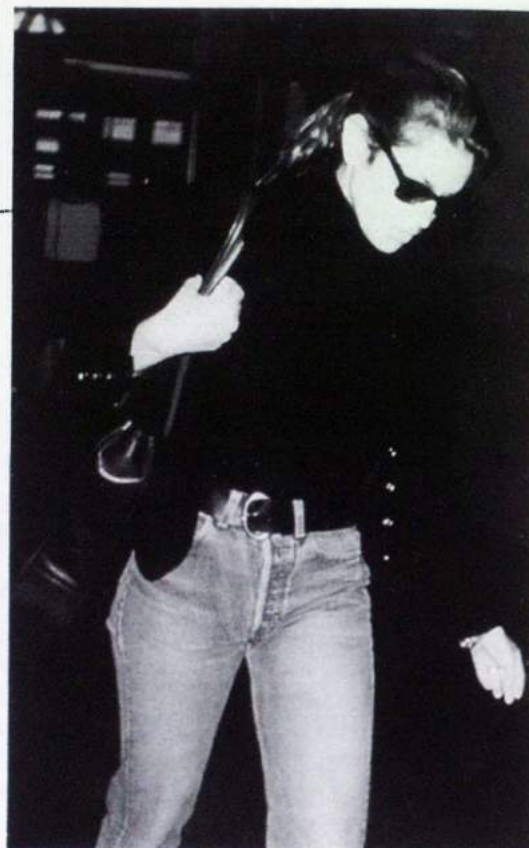


STAR TRACKS

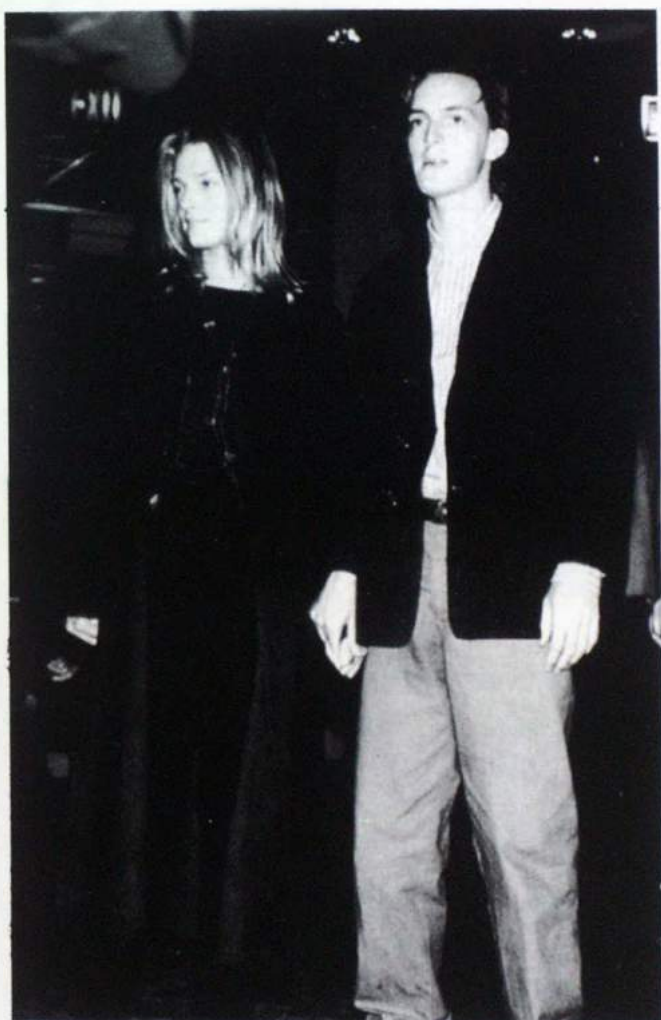


↑ **Sharon Stone** once again displays her uncanny lack of taste, judgement, and the simplest human decency as she lasciviously shows off her 'icky-furry thing' for all to see. J'accuse, tarte!

⇒ **Cindy Crawford** closely watches her step as she follows the entourage from Spuds McKenzie's funeral.



⇒ **Mike Myers**, after flopping at the box office with his latest satire, *So I Married That Woman From the Infomercial*, wanders aimlessly through JFK airport asking passersby if they know the way to Canada.



↪ **Uma Thurman**

(with brother Dechen) arrive at JFK Airport stunned by their recent deportation order to Finland. They claim not to be from there.



↪ **Tom Hanks** is *Sleepless in Hollywood*, still searching for a script as good as "Big."



↪ **Daryl Hannah** gets knocked-up by John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr., yielding John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr., Jr.



↪ **Whitney Houston**, having fattened up for her upcoming role in "The Nell Carter Story," has recently started a rap group with **Amy Grant** and **Patti LaBelle** called *Pepa-N-Salt-N-Pepa*.

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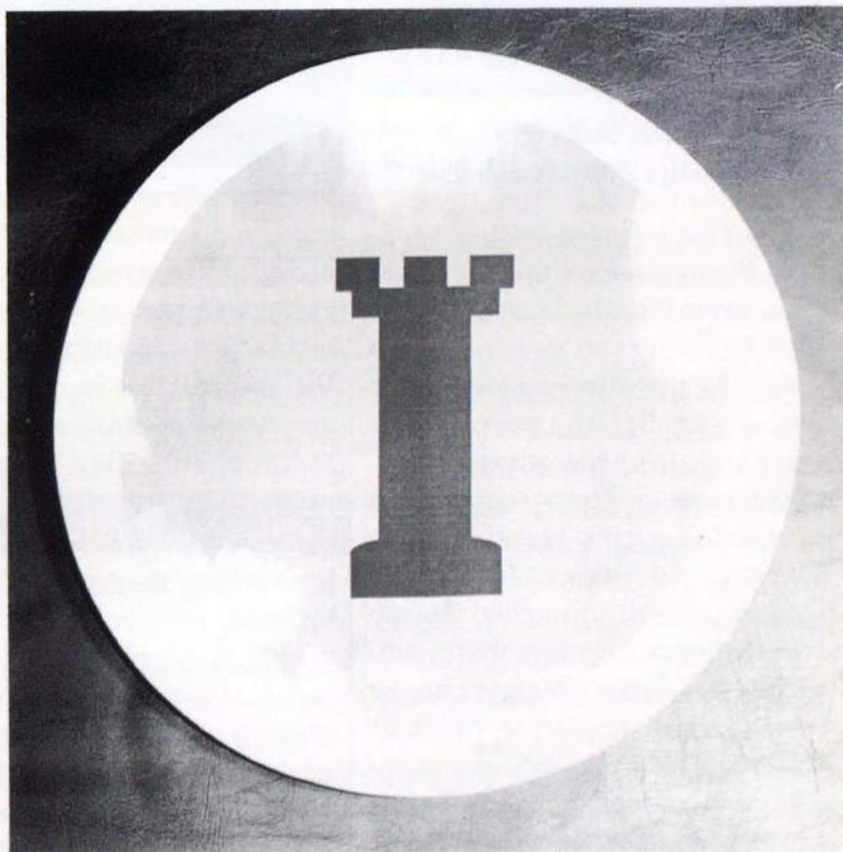
THE FRANKLIN MINSK

Combining the success of our **Chess Sets** and **Collector's Plate Series'**, we are proud to offer the newest installment in our series of **Collector's Chess Plates**. Harking back to the glorious age of chivalry, before forks were invented, our latest plate, "**Rook 1**", invokes the tragic mystery of regal living, combined with modern domestic pragmatism.

The Franklin Minsk, long known for our tasteful array of fine, pointless collectibles, is pleased to make this one-time offer for the introductory price of \$29.95 (we'll bill you for seven monthly installments of \$32.19).

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Not only can you have your cake and eat it too, but we'll give you something to eat it off of!



"Rook 1" (1994; opus 87)



"Knight's Pawn 2" (1982; opus 52)

◀ Not only is this a great hobby but it also provides excellent investment potential. Twelve years ago **The Franklin Minsk** offered plate #24601, "**Knight's Pawn 2**" (1982; opus 52), for sale at a cost of 3 low monthly payments of \$29.95. Today, *Car and Driver Magazine* calculates that its value has increased by as much as 600%!

Yes, I would like to start investing and having fun right away.

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PICKS & PANS



by Robs Bassist and Ben Weber

Three In Da Cab

Fox (Sundays 9:30 p.m. ET)

What's crazier than two full-grown men driving cross-country in the cab of a small pickup truck? The answer: three full-grown men driving cross-country in the cab of a small pickup truck. At least that's what Fox executives are hoping for with their latest sitcom *Three In Da Cab*, starring Malcolm Jamal-Warner, Ed Begley, Jr., and Ed Asner. Hilarity ensues in the cab when the two friends pick up hitchhiker Tim Sarky (Begley) after he experiences mechanical troubles with his state-of-the-art, experimental electronic car. The show begins to drag, though, somewhere near the beginning, when racial tensions between "friends" Asner and Warner reaches a fever pitch. A generous helping of Begley's nervous antics help pull the friends back together and the comedy out of the high-brow doldrums. For the remainder of the episode Asner rides in the middle of the cab. Grade: C+

Nike Golf Shoes

NBC (Wednesdays, 10:00 p.m. ET)

Nike "Air" Golf shoes — who wears 'em? Who wants to? Lou Diamond Philips finds out in this hour-long show about the quirky world of golf etiquette. Set in "Ronny Master's Discount Golf Warehouse," this show is not for

the squeamish. What David Lynch and *Twin Peaks* did for the far-out murder/mystery genre, *Nike Golf Shoes* does for the wholesale golf superstore. Included in the way-over-budget, special two-hour season opener are: odd camera angles of in-store putting greens, talking tote bags, and a mustachioed ball saver named LaRue, which may leave some viewers scratching their heads and asking, "what about Pat Summerall?" Well, word is that Summerall will be a guest star in a mid-season episode as "the Narrator Guy." Grade: AAA

Critic's Corner

Everything Sucks

by Fiona

Cities suck, babies sick, rain sucks, but only when it's drizzling, wet socks sucks, the '60s sucked, clowns and mimes suck, long lectures suck, pornography doesn't suck, cannibalism sometimes sucks, the Mayoral race sucks, anarchy sucks, Christ loves you, man, fight the drug war and betting against yourself because you suck, PBS sucks, time sucks, life sucks, then you continue to suck only to be surrounded by an overpopulated group of morons that suck, Charles Nelson Reilly sucks, TV sucks, no, not the Simpsons, death sucks, religion sucks, atheists suck slightly less, hunger sucks, slogans suck, a smile goes on a train, and falls into your mouth, oh yes, it sucks, breaking bones suck, NASA sucks, the CIA sucks, *Three's Company* reruns definitely suck, Jm J. Bullock and the center square sucks, shoes suck, he sucks, raves suck, vegetarians suck, wiggers suck, The Family Channel sucks, record club offers don't suck, Charlie Sheen might suck, the military

Mushroom-Shaped Chalet

ABC (Tuesdays, 9:00 p.m. ET)

Everybody goes to the convenience store when you run out of milk or want that special late night snack, right? And you love it because it's open 24 hours a day...but not if Robert Guillaume can help it! He makes his prime-time comeback in this new comedy about a convenience store set in a colonial American tourist trap. Unfortunately, the store clerk, Clarence de Meadowlands (Guillaume), can't seem to keep the

sucks, our parent's friends suck, phone calls suck, soup sucks, the red light district doesn't suck on Tuesdays, animals don't suck, you do, being smarter than everyone else sucks, beauty pageants suck, "bleach" sucks, thirty-nine people surveyed sucked, the subway commuters suck, the day after sucks, the month before doesn't suck, old rock stars suck, bellbottoms still suck (but not on hot chicks with great legs and high shoes and a great ass), food in your teeth sucks, diapers suck, bread doesn't suck, wine doesn't suck, Tarzan did, JA doesn't suck, flushing dead fish sucks, fierce forest fires suck, the mailman's hand suck, loud cocks suck, epileptics in Burger King suck, music doesn't suck, as if you didn't know, fish sandwiches suck, the Jetsons don't suck too much, sticky lollipops suck, the pins and needles feeling doesn't suck, sleeping doesn't suck, no way man, all will be well when the band comes on, unless they suck, the speed of light doesn't suck, the end sucks.

shelves stocked with enough Slim Jims. In a blatant attempt to draw attention to itself, Mushroom Shaped Chalet stars Garth Brooks as "Twilly," that guy who likes the books behind the counter. In the star-studded pilot episode Roger Moore plays the manager of a neighboring year-round Renaissance Fair. After purchasing 25 hot chicken wings, Moore wryly serves up the only remotely funny line in the episode: "Clarence, maybe you should spend less time looking into the camera with disdain and more time keeping Twilly away from the nudie mags!" Grade: **D-**

Toll Bridge

ABC (Thursdays, 8:00 p.m. ET)

The setting is beautiful enough, delightful Astoria, Oregon, and the mighty Columbia River. It's the cast and over-complicated story line that's the ugly part. Mr. Belvedere stars as a simple-minded toll booth operator who likes to daydream a lot. A cast of thousands, however, suffocates this simple idea. In an upcoming episode's dream sequence, the high tech supergroup ELO is slated to join Belvedere in the booth.

Several less caustic, recurring characters make the show slightly more tolerable. Dick Van Patton stars as the cheery muffin delivery man who has a never-ending series of jokes about paying bagels in the pilot episode. James Garner also stars as Mr. Mosely, a rather quiet character who is known only through a point of view camera shot of the various places he visits (the supermarket, the pet shop, a charity salmon bake, etc.). It is Belvedere's nightly soliloquies on

his life as a common working man, delivered while drinking a can of Mountain Dew, that offer the show's only glimpse of comedic genius.

Grade: **C+**

screen

Hard Target

Jonathan Woo

This is a disappointing movie. That's all you need to know. If you have a brain you will skip ahead to the next magazine in your "toilet" stack. However, if you are a Tisch film moron, we know you cannot resist a movie review, so here goes. Jean-Claude Van Damme plays Chance Boudreaux, a deadpan Cajun sailor located in New Orleans. Chance, (so named because both his mother and his producers took one,) is hired by a vacuous cow with sensuous lips and Michigan plates, Natasha Binder (Yancy Butler) to find her missing, homeless vet father. Binder's father got killed in the opening teaser sequence where it is revealed that he is part of a warped adventure holiday set up for tackily dressed multi-millionaires who are willing to pay \$500,000 and up for the privilege of hunting human prey. The entrepreneur behind this scheme is Emil Fouchon, (Lance Henrickson, who hadn't slept during the two weeks that they took to film the movie,) who, aided by his Les Claypool-like henchmen "Pik" Van Cleaf, easily fills the role of "bad guy." One of the millionaire clients looks suspiciously like Chairman Mao, which would imply that the Chairman has finally given in to Capitalism (and this time Protestantism has nothing to do with

it.) The rest of the movie is predictable enough, so we don't mind telling you that everyone dies in a horrific explosion in the end. The character of Roper has a Cosbyesque charm, and he, along with Chance's butt-kicking moonshiner Uncle Douvee, (played by Wilford Brimly) are the true highlights of the film. If Wilford keeps chowin' down all that oatmeal, he should be ready for his own action movies anytime; you know he could cut loose with the best of them. Maybe Woo will read this and take a hint.

Director Woo's first American produced film has a certain neo-Voltronian flair about it, because Van Damme has so little personality, charisma, and acting talent that he must be filmed in slow motion for it to be caught by the human eye. Even worse, there were no violins. At one point, Chance is told by another character, "You seem to have a talent for attracting violins." I looked, but I didn't see any violins. It makes me sick how Hollywood thinks it can just lie, lie, lie, and then collect your money without even an apology. Some of the saving graces are the fight sequences involving a 300 pound, out of shape businessman, and the many times that Van Damme is attacked by pigeons. (Pigeon can be a Cajun sounding word in the mouth of anyone but Van Damme, who delivers the slickest sounding Francophone accent since Roger Moore in *Trail of the Pink Panther*.) It would be a welcome step, now that Woo is working for Hollywood, if he would use actors that he doesn't have to dub. The only reason that you should rent this is that my brother worked on the set and he needs to get paid. (G)



Casablanca

Michael Curitz

You'd think AMC could do better than this. A war movie set in Morocco during World War II. Nothing happened there in WWII. Humphrey Bogart is ridiculously miscast as a self-pitying, idealistic, expatriate soldier of fortune running a dive of a bar. His partner Sam, played by Dooley Wilson, is an insulting 2D racial stereotype, and the editing is so poor that you can even tell Sam isn't really playing the piano. Ingrid Bergman ruined her career as a film director for this, and she isn't even that pretty. Claude Rains plays the local hick sheriff; Paul Henreid is the goody-two-shoes love rival, and ex-basketball star Sydney Greenstreet owns the affable Cheers-type rival hangout, the Blue Parrot. It's no wonder this thing was shelved for three years before it was first released. This might be enjoyable for some die-hard movie cultists, or useful in comparison to schlock B-movie king, Orson Welles, but otherwise I don't know why they bothered colorizing it. (NR)

All Fucked Up

Steven Segal

Never one for letting up, Steven Segal follows the logical progression of his flicks, *Above the Law*, *Hard to Kill*, *Marked for Death*, *Under Siege*, and *On Deadly Ground* with his newest feature, *All Fucked Up*. Yup, they got him. He thought he was untouchable and hot shit, but they found him, trapped him, made his life Hell, and now they beat him

up. Who are they, you ask? Doesn't matter. This movie is exactly the same as all the others, except he gets hurt more. Quite a bit more, in fact. And that alone, my friends, is worth the price of admission. (PG 35)



Tang, We Love You!

Various Artists

This is non-commercial, alternative rock at its best: 14 songs done for the 50th anniversary of everyone's favorite drink mix. Newcomers Poon (a reformed, detoxed Ween,) contribute an upbeat industrial track that's even crisper than their debut album, *Whoa*. Devo contributes a new version of "Whip It," and it's easy to see why they're doing a comeback tour next fall. With a little clarification, R.E.M. was allowed to include their classic tune "Orange Crush". "Instrumental," a 22-minute opus by Tangerine Dream that opens the album, is a perfect

COMPUTER DATING SERVICE

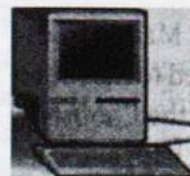
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1994 Beniaminovitz Brothers Inc.

reason to buy a CD player if you don't already have a few. Bono, foreshadowing his upcoming solo project, gives a fine a capella rendition of the classic 1964 *Tang* jingle. Certainly, the most moving track is the finale, the eponymous track, "Tang, We Love You!" on which all of the featured artists sing together from studios across the world. Superstar Frank Sinatra adds that special touch with a satellite cameo from the space shuttle Nimrod, highlighting NASA's role in making the world an orangier place! (*Sony*)

Apocalyptic Fit

Black Sabbath II

Despite fears of overproduction, Mick Jones does nothing to dampen the nitty-gritty Goth-Metal assault of Black Sabbath. With only two live cuts from their recent tour

and one "oldie," this album has lots of new material in their classic style. "Symptom of the Universe," remixed by Johanna Constantine, has an added 128 bpm drum track (raw, innovative usage of their five drummers.) Tracks include: "Children of the Suburbs," "Typhoid Mary Let Me Be Your Lamb," "Symptom of the Universe '94," "John Donne's Screaming Deathbed," "Running Out of Air," "Epiphany of Numbness," "Tao Demon," "Apocalyptic Fit," "Outer Reaches of Nothing," "Reality Catapult," "Apocrypha Erection," "Magic Bullet Theory," "Backyard Kite Incident," "Requiem Mass in G," "Citadel of Knives," and "Whitney Houston Sang to Me." (*Polygram*)

[editor's note—this is the time where we sit back, relax for a moment, and take a little break from the hilarity to contemplate the areas in our lives where cheese is good, and why this empty space must be filled.]



The Communist Manifesto

by Marx & Engels

A taut psychological thriller in four parts, pitting Marcel Bourgeois against his nemesis, kingpin Roget Le Proletariat. A spectre looms over Europe...NO MORE FUCKING CROISSANTS, DAMMIT! We won't give away any of the many twists and turns in the plot, but the steamy encounters Roget's wife, Lumpen, get into give new meaning to the term, "means of production." With global settings, dozens of mysteries, and rapid fire, concise writing, this may just hit the Time's Best Seller List. (*Houghton Milton*, \$29.95) [*Capitalist Pigs* - ed.]



The New Home Kiddie Klub™ by Hasbro

Protect your home with Kiddie Klub™, a new anti-theft device from the makers of *GI Joe Cereal*™. Some assembly required: child not included, except in Arkansas, Louisiana, Florida, and wherever the white slave trade is not prohibited. Mandatory 7-day waiting period per the Brady Law, unless you can get around it with a 27B-6. *Really small print just to piss off Larry.



Best & worst
UNDRESSED
PEOPLE OF 1994



CINDY CRAWFORD

STYLE STRENGTH: Legs...and stuff
NEVER WITHOUT: That cute little mole

From the beginning of her career, Cindy has tantalized us with only hints of what feeds Dick's shit-eating grin. Aside from a brief interlude in *Playboy*, she has mostly kept her self to her self. We don't need to see much to know that she belongs on our list, though. Those eyes; those thighs. It's enough to make us rent her exercise videos, or even watch *House of Style*, that program on MTV that you young kids watch. Now, if we could only run into her on University Place sometime...we could lose our license and go to jail, but it would be worth it.



Best Undressed '94

STYLE STRENGTH: Tight jeans
UNFAIR ADVANTAGE: She can take them off

There's no more guessing about Anna. This titanic Texan has gone beyond those quasi-nude jeans commercials to pose in her full-bodied, less-filling glory, becoming *Playboy's* Playmate of the year for 1993. All this, and she has a seven-year-old kid, the *envy* of the schoolyard (*trust us*). And the PTA meetings have never been more popular (*we've attended a few, in fact*), but there's one question that is burning in our iron lungs: how much is too much, and who would enforce it, anyway?



ANNA NICOLE SMITH

JOAN SEVERANCE

STYLE STRENGTH: She blends
NEVER WITHOUT: Those big blue eyes

We're good at launching the careers of models, just ask our Managing Editor, Mikey. He posed for our *Vogue* parody last year [editor's note: *Mike likes to speak about himself in the third person*], and anyday now the women are going to come after him big-time. Really. Just keep believing [or not—ed.]. Anyway [wonderful *segué*], Joan is a cerebral beauty who has [cerebral *palsy?*] worked everywhere from Showtime [at the *Apollo*] to the [height-*ho*] silver screen. Dammit, Ed., would you shut up so I can write? [that's Mr. Ed. to you, white boy] Like the horse? [yes, like your mother] Fuck it, I don't have anything to say about stupid Joan Severance anyway [nothing funny, anyway]. That's it, write your own damn piece, I quit [Oh well, no *Severance* pay for him!] That was really stupid, I could have written that! [Have you ever kissed a girl, Mike?] Anyway, that's why she's on our list.

Best Undressed '94



BETTY PAGE



STYLE STRENGTH: Staples in her stomach
FIFTIES FAVORITE: Shocking the censors

America's favorite pin-up girl of the '50s makes a special appearance on our list, mainly for the sake of nostalgia, but also because we like women who can suck in their stomachs for extremely long periods of time. She makes a better elf than Gary Coleman, and we're fairly certain that she has never been on *Geraldo*. Nobody has heard much from her in the past few decades, and maybe this is for the best. She'll most likely be found at the side of the freeway, bundled in swaddling clothes, with a sign clutched in her chubby, wrinkled fingers that says, "WILL TEASE FOR FOOD." Oh, the humanity.

STYLE STRENGTH: The ass of the century
FASHION SECRET: Buns of Steel

Shannen is perfect for our list, because Sean said so. You have to admit, though, what you can see makes you beg for more. Especially after the plethora of sweet ass shots in the "prom episode" on *90210* last year, which would explain why *Tori Spelling's* character got blasted off of her nut in that self-same episode. Let's see, Shannen's got her ass, *Jenny Garth* has her nose, *Luke Perry* has that pseudo-deeposity, and what does *Tori* have? Oh, yeah, Daddy. It's enough to make *Forrest's* mind think.

Best Undressed '94

SHANNEN DOHERTY



TIM CURRY



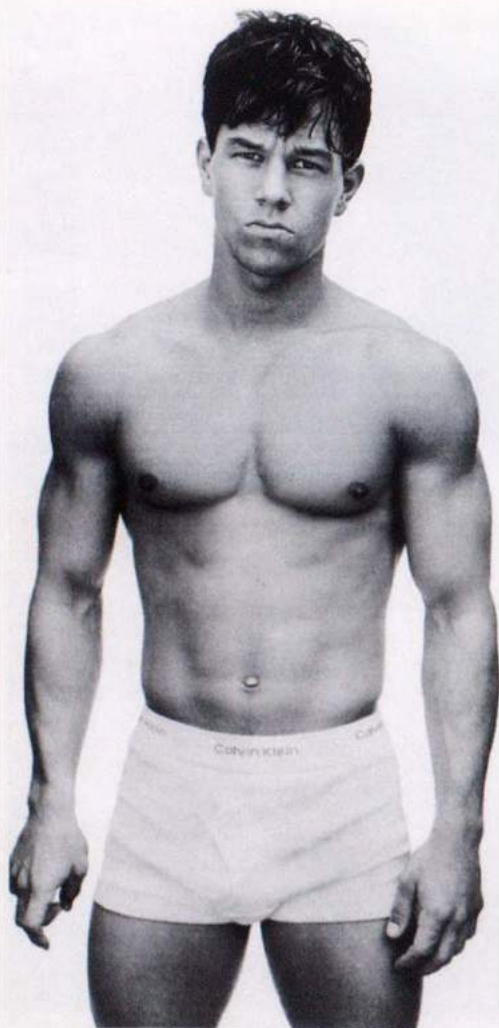
STYLE STRENGTH: Great legs
WON'T EVER WEAR: Birkenstocks or anything "hot" pink (go figure)

From *Rocky Horror* to *Home Alone II*, Tim Curry camps up the big screen. It may not be appropriate to strip down to his undies in a film with *Macaulay Culkin*, but when the rating is a bit more realistic, Tim's not afraid to go all-out for a role. [Hello, my name is Miguel Sanchez, and I and my brothers and sisters in Mexico are pleased that the Plague has hired us to type this in for them. I just wanted to thank all of you readers personally for reading this fine magazine. Don't worry, they don't have time to read and fix this. Gary Trudeau, forgive us.] We know Tim doesn't like *Rocky Horror* referred to and we're sorry. We're also sorry we just referred to *Rocky Horror* at The Royal Court Theatre Upstairs where he first played the role in high school.

MARKY MARK

STYLE STRENGTH: Tightly-whities
FASHION SECRET: Strategically-placed sock

This one's for all you mallchicks out there. We don't really think he's that good looking, but that's because we're jealous of all the attention he gets when he drops his pants. Sure, women scream when we do it, but it's different somehow. He wouldn't have made it in show business except that his brother is in New Edition. Anyway, our list so far has been pretty biased in favor of the female sex, so we have to include at least one guy who isn't trying to be a girl. Then again, there are those persistent rumors about him and John Norris...

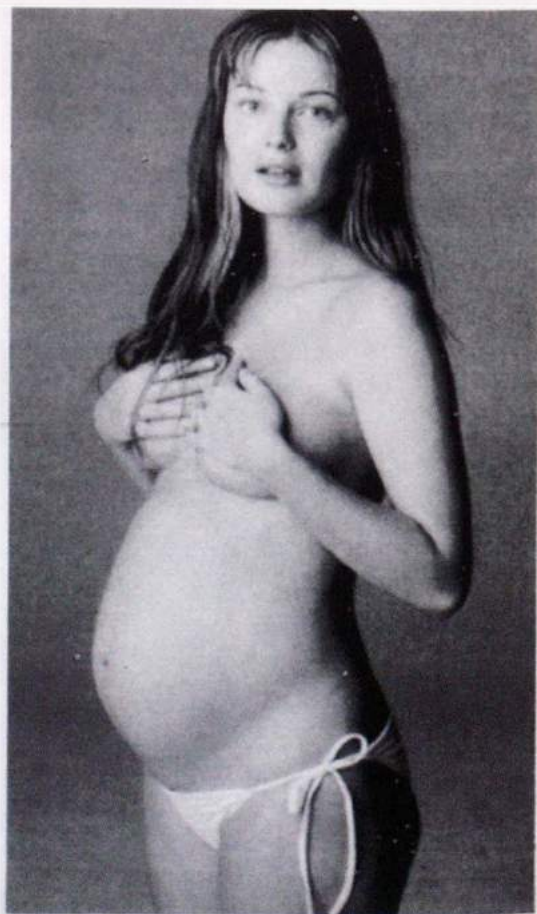


Best Undressed '94

STYLE STRENGTH: Looks great next to Ric Ocasek

UNFAIR ADVANTAGE: That pregnant glow

We love Paulina even if she did rip off Demi Moore. *[There are several things we wouldn't mind ripping off Demi Moore—Miguel, new ed.]* She's got great curves. If Christy Turlington is a Corvette, then Paulina's a Viper, *[and Kate Moss is a Gremlin—ed.]* *[Aren't those last two television and movie titles as well?—Miguel]* *[Shut up, Miguel, you're ruining everything!]* *[Besa mi culo, puto!]* *[Dan, he's swearing at me, I think!]* *[That's it, Miguel, you're fired—Executive Ed.]* *[At least I have kissed a girl besides my mother—Miguel]* *[So has Madonna—Lawrence Lewitinn, former ed.]* *[Who the hell let Larry in here?—Ex. Ed.]* *[I've kissed your mother, too—L.L.]* *[All right, I quit.]* *[Who said that?—ed.]* *[Me!—cacophony of ed.'s]* She definitely rounds out our list of the best undressed for 1994. *[Does that mean I can be editor again?—L.L.]*



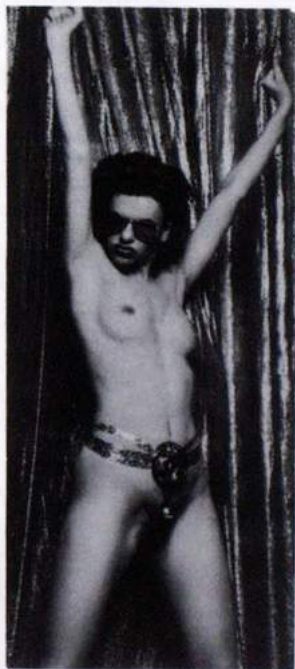
PAULINA PORIZKOVA

SANDRA BERNHARD

STYLE WEAKNESS: Nudity

FASHION ADVICE: Don't ever do this again

They say she tried to bring back the *Playboy* Bunny. We say she dug its grave a few feet deeper. Now if we could only get her to dress up like Roger Rabbit, the Energizer Bunny, and John Wayne Bobbitt, maybe they'll follow. Sandra has obviously been hanging around Madonna way too much, soaking up that little bit of style which cause us to retch while listening to her latest album, and of course, her latest orgy (film). Sandra, baby, we love you, but looking at your Kate Moss-esque body gives us a new idea for a John Waters film: *Queasy Rider*. Next year, try for one of our dressed lists. This is not a request, it's a national referendum.



DIAN PARKINSON

THE RIGHT PRICE: Not one thin dime
WORST OFFENSE: Posing in *Playboy*

Oedipal (most certainly *not* Edible) Ms. Parkinson is proof that most people do not grow old with grace (especially *Prince Rainer—ed.*) Dian is old enough to be the mother of quite a few of the lonely dorks who were forced to endure her pathetic attempt at regaining her long lost youth. Worse yet, she may have started a trend. Sure, there are probably more revolting geezers ready to bare themselves for the world (like *Bob Barker—ed.*), but even the *thought* of nude-shuffleboard pictorials gives us the strange urge to update our passports. When Baba Wawa poses for *Penthouse*, we declare war.



wO^{rs}z Undressed '94

BARBI TWINS

STYLE WEAKNESS: Thong Bikinis

FASHION CREDO: "Gravity...work with it."

Talk about way too much of a good thing. Did the Hindenberg spawn just before its flaming demise? The Barbi Twins certainly follow their namesake in at least two ways: they used to defy gravity with overbearing bosoms and their bodies are almost entirely composed of substances not found in nature. Let's face it; their new calender has to have fold out sections to avoid cutting off the lower half of their breasts. Though hundreds of sex-crazed adolescents who haven't overcome their oral fixation stage may disagree, the Barbi Twins reach new lows on our list.



GENNIFER FLOWERS

STYLE STRENGTH: Airbrushing
HELPFUL HINT: Go away, now

Just what we need, another maternal figure posing nude. Who's next, Barbara Bush? Bill, hombre, what the hell were you *thinking*? Fat calves or no, Hillary is a far better choice. Gennifer does get points for disappearing

from the face of the planet after her ridiculous stab at notoriety bombed. Still, if it wasn't for the valiant efforts of the photo retouching crew at *Penthouse*, she would have turned out just as bad as Dian Parkinson did in *Playboy*. We have that clearly overlytalented Bob Guccione to thank for that. So, being the nice fellows that we



are, we decided not to rag on Bob Jr. for being a useless waste of a moron.

DARYL HANNAH

STYLE WEAKNESS: No sense whatsoever
FASHION ADVICE: Borrow some clothes (and a clue) from Jackie Onassis

Say it aint so, Joe! Daryl Hannah seemed so promising in *Splash*. We had such high hopes for her after she got her sea legs. Once, we would have dashed down to the Statue of Liberty to offer her our coats, just for a glimpse of her naughty bits. Now that we've finally gotten a good look, she's rail thin, boyish, and makes us want to turn back to the Sandra Bernhard page. No wonder JFK, Jr. is rumored to be dallying with mysterious brunettes. Tom Hanks would never jump into the East River to save her now; he wouldn't even ease into a plush recliner for her. Besides, she already looks like one of the floaters NYPD drags out every day. Probably did it on purpose. There's just no understanding bohemian artists nowadays.

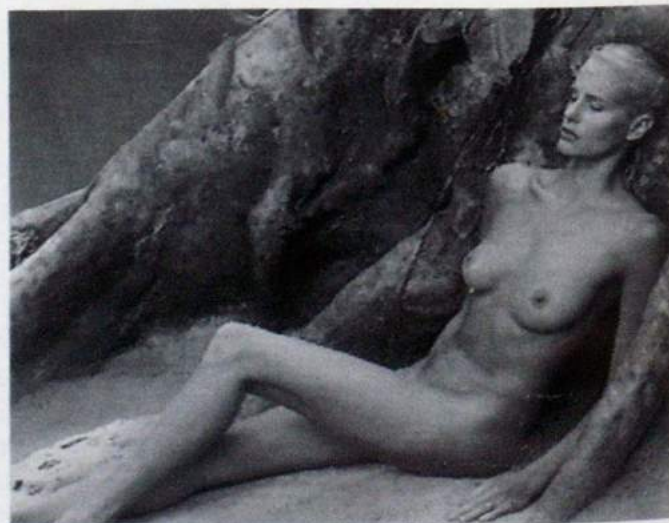
SYLVESTER STALLONE

STYLE WEAKNESS: Father time
FASHION STATEMENT: Keith Richards eat your heart out

Those veins! One nick with a razor and he could lose a dram of blood before he hits the floor. Sly didn't look anywhere near this bad in *Rocky*, but then, who *did*? Okay, we all did, but we have a legitimate excuse: the eight-legged demons made us do it. Sly debuts as the first male on our Worst Undressed list, but frankly, we'd like to put all men on it. Come on, can you look a scrotum in the face without whimpering? Just saying the word can cause facial contusions and strange ticks. Ladies, we're sorry, but this exercise only proves the age-old maxim—"Penis bad, vagina good."



WORST
Undressed
'94



STYLE WEAKNESS: Body oil and wind machines
CONCLUSION: A picture is worth 1,000 snide comments

Those hacks down at *Playboy* muffed it again. Their judgement is about as good as those jock-morons who got themselves killed after watching *The Program*. Jessica tried hard to escape the dispeptic clutches of fundamentalist Christianity, only to fall victim to the heinous vagaries of sexual aesthetics [*we got Mikey a thesaurus for Christmas, isn't it great?—ed.*]. We suppose we would have eventually curled up into a fetal position ourselves. We hope there's good money in *Village Voice* Phone Sex ads. If that dries up, she can always sue the implant manufacturers. We see rain, isn't it pretty? We aren't *really* British, but we can do a really bad Scottish accent... [*we apologize for the sudden drift into incomprehensibility at this point, but apparently someone let our Executive Editor get ahold of the text just moments before printing. A Truman-to-English Dictionary will be made available as soon as the CIA locates him and completes the extradition procedure. We thank you for your patience.—ed.*]



wO^{rs}t Undressed '94

STYLE WEAKNESS: Cellulite
FASHION TIP: Don't put film in the camera next time

Thankfully, we can see only one of their faces. The rest of the Luxembourg women stare off into the glass behind the bar, contemplating their existence. We are left to contemplate their asses: the most convincing argument for solipcism to date. They are the reason why the Lichee Nut got shut down for health code violations. The whole concept may be a witty comment on Madison Avenue's obscene reliance on sex to sell, but who cares? It doesn't change the fact that our eyeballs are chafed.



LARRY TISCH

STYLE WEAKNESS: Forgot the towel
INNOCENT VICTIMS: His buddies at the gym

NYU's favorite trustee, Lawrence Tisch, managed to get caught flapping in the wind on his last trip to Coles. For this act of monumental imprudence, we have no choice but to put him on our Worst Undressed list, force him to attend NYU basketball games, and require that he eat in Rubin cafeteria at least once a week. This may very well prevent us from graduating, but dammit, this is the bias-free



environment of NYU! [*our checks cleared—ed.*] Besides, censorship is really ugly. First we go, then *Brownstone*, and pretty soon all that NYU is left with is *NYU Today*, *New Ink*, and *The Washington Square News*. Yikes! Is CCNY still accepting applications?

PATRICK BUCHANNAN

STYLE WEAKNESS: *The Marky Mark look*
FASHION TIPS: *Suits suit you best*

Caught grabbing his crotch while muttering "If that little punk can do it in public, so can I, dammit!", former Nixon speechwriter and presidential candidate *cum* demagogue Patrick Buchanan shows his true colors. What else would our favorite neo-conservative, Grand Dragon, fundamentalist puppet quasi-politican wear but 'tighty whiteys'? Obviously, his wife put a little too much starch in his unmentionables that morning (not pictured), but we're sure he beat her into Christian submission when he got back to his castle (definitely not pictured). One slip is all it takes to make our list, though. Too bad for us. Sometimes we're just way too clever for our own good.



worst Undressed '94

MADONNA

STYLE WEAKNESS: *Smoking*
FASHION GOAL: *To be the most hideous thing in the known Universe, including Bosnia*

America's Material Girl has put out enough material featuring her birthday suit to make us wonder whether she owns *any* clothes at all. Everywhere you turn, there she is, naked as the day she was hatched. She certainly qualifies as the most undressed of all of our participants, but this is no pissing contest. We're looking for quality, not quantity. We would like to be the first to point out that she has her bad days—most weekdays, we think. If you've ever wondered what the Goddess of Sex looks like when she wakes up in the morning, look no further. However, if you're interested in returning a little dignity to American popular culture—kill her immediately. Feel free to blame it on Jodie Foster if you like.



MR. X

STYLE WEAKNESS: *Where do we begin?*
FASHION TIP: *Get a bigger hat, please*

This man is so hideous, we had to put him in, even though we have no idea who he is. Some members of our staff have identified him as Virgil Renzulli, NYU's own Minister of Propganda (aka The Fourth Reich). Others contend that he is a trustee, or perhaps a biology professor. Whoever he turns out to be, we hope he doesn't have enough money to afford Alan Dershowitz. For that matter, we hope it isn't Mr. Dershowitz himself—our lawyers aren't quite that good: *we answered an ad in NY Press under the Legal Expertise/Roofer section of the personals*. However, if you should happen to know who he is, by all means feel lonely and ashamed.



PASSAGES



◀ The emaciated genius William S. Burroughs wonders why he can't get a decent bagel for lunch in his birthday suit...



▲ A famous Shakespearian stage actor wonders whether
◀ Mr. Burroughs is going to eat him

As evidenced by his recent spoken-word album backed by *Nirvana's* Kurt Cobain on guitar, poet/novelist/beat spokesman William S. Burroughs is not dead—yet. This science-boggling fact has alarmed anti-drug activists, who fear the imminent revelation that a half-nourished man extended the span of his life by injecting ridiculous amounts of every available controlled substance. And legalization activists are catching on. Says one high-ranking pro-druggie, "Jesus, the implications are immense. Smoke crack once and die; shoot heroin for sixty years and outlive a Kennedy." Ric Ocasek, Jim Carroll, and Keith Richards were not available for comment, however reliable sources report that they are indeed among the living as well.

Kennedy cousin Kennedy Kennedy, 33, and her live-in companion Martina Navratilova, also 33, are expecting their first child in January. Sources say the ecstatic couple hope that their child will be smart, athletic, and have the attention span of your average gnat...and Macaulay Culkin knocked up another one of his bitches this week. According to a poll taken by Gannet News Services, that makes six in as many months. Dubbed "Packwood Junior"



◀ Call the orthodontist! Newlyweds Bessie and Eddie lock braces in a little pre-marital "copulational ceremony"



◀ Thousands cheer as Rick Moranis is excommunicated

by the National Organization of Women, There is now a contract out on his penis.

⊕ Pope Jean-Claude Van-II checked into NYU Medical Center after he attempted to explain to the citizens of the Dogon tribe on the Gold Coast of Africa exactly why they were destined to burn in Hell forever. Although he is a sprightly pontiff for his age, His Eminence got his papal butt spanked in the rumble which ensued. Word from the Vatican is that the Pope wasn't even supposed to be in Africa. And no one could explain how he ended up wondering aimlessly through Greenwich Village bleeding from several large wounds repeatedly shouting, "God Damn Dagos had me outnumbered!"

Actor, writer, Oscar-winner Emma Thompson and hubbie—singer,

songwriter, wrestler, Kenneth Branagh are expecting their first son Keanu Prometheus Byron Maxwell Brannagh-Thompson in late April. The couple have no human children so far, and this may prove no exception. The wonder-couple are currently working on Ken's upcoming film *Frankenstein*. Ken and Emma will next appear together in Penelope Spheeris's *The Little Rascals*, which starts lensing in Canada in June. The couple plan to leave the child with friend John Gielgud, says Thompson.

Actor-director-singer-songwriter, Bessie, 12, married notoriously unfunny tragi-comic Rick Moranis, 36, on December 9 in her Chicago loft. It was a beautiful ceremony, but the festivities turned sour when Eddie, cousin to Bessie, got drunk, went out into the barn, and knocked over a lantern, unthinkingly burning down the entire city of Chicago.

Marvin Treewhistle of Phoenix, Arizona finally found his keys. The intensive eighteen-month search is over. Congratulations, Marvin!

Schindler's Shit List

Poodle

MO-LLY TEM-PLE-TON!!!!

Sun-King "Smith"

Jack and Jim "Smith"

"Dream" Smith

Andrew Hammer

Anyone named Schlomo

Spanky

Mike Mozina

Saadia and Pete

That Rocky Horror whore

Descartes

Jesse

Caucasians

Men

Fred J. Parks

Arie Kaplan

UPS

US postal stamps

"Beavis and Butthead"-style slayings

Tim Devlin

Greg

Derek Spruce

Mitochondria

Hypochondria

David Mamet

Sally Arthur

Dean Simon

The Amish

Martin Luther

Kate Moss

River Phoenix's corpse

Moses et al.

Eddie Vedder

Stuart

Jolly the Limey Bastard

Homo habilis

Tom Selleck & Candice Bergen

Hayden, Dorm of Doom

Paul Manicone

Babe the Blue Ox

Buddy

'Necks

Mel Brooks

Rich Brooks

Meijer, Inc.

Comedy Central

People Who Talk

People Who Listen

People Who Died

Harry Chapin

The Skinny Boys

4H

The Tigers

Spork

Bjork

Lynda Cooper

Alice Cooper

Corpse of Mr. Hooper

Corn Flakes

Rachel

ARA Food Services

MLK and the Segregation Scholars

"Rudy" (the movie & the mayor)

American Express

Duff & Duff

J. Crew crew

MPC

Butt-Freak the Freshman Geek

Luther Vandross

HBO

Bernoulli® Disks

O'hare, Airport From Hell

Anybody who makes Bobbitt jokes

Frank Capra

Penn Gillette

Hello Citizen

Debaters (smarmy used-car salesmen)

Amateurs

Mom and Dad

Lawrence Victor Lewitinn

•Nazi Bitch From Hell•

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS QUANTAS PHYSICAS

Hunter S. Thompson accosts and abuses crippled scientist Stephen Hawking, but in a nice kind of way

It was November, 1993, my body was weary and my mind fried. Or maybe it was the other way around. Either way, I had just returned to the owl farm at Woody Creek from a gruesome journey to New York City. *Walking* magazine had sent me to the big city to cover the less glamorous aspects of the New York Marathon.

I got there two weeks late and spent the entire time hanging out in Greenwich Village. I remember stopping scores of people on Bleecker Street and asking them if they'd seen the Pope. Most just turned and walked briskly away from me. Some co-ed with a tight NYU sweatshirt said that she had seen him standing in line at Mondo Perso. As far as I know, I ended up turning in a story on the speed-walking incident in the Thanksgiving Day Parade.

Next thing I knew it was February, so I caught the first cab to JFK and got the hell out of the city as fast as I could. Only a twisted bastard like Sinatra could claim to want to "wake up in a city that never sleeps." How can you wake up if you never get any sleep? Moron insomniacs are creating bad craziness in every cheeseball nightclub these days.

I was happy to get back to the Owl Farm and my pet peacocks. They told me it was 1994, and where the hell had I been all this time, but I just ignored them, cracked open the champagne and put on my favorite paper hat.

Before I had time to blow my fun whistle and grab a glass of iced Wild Turkey, my phone rang. By the sound of the ring, I knew it was bad news. Don't ask me how I knew a bad ring from a good one, I just know. With a head full of acid and almost thirty years of gonzo-journalistic experience somehow credited to my name, I can tell a good ring from a shitty one, and this smelled worse than my college roommate. And it wouldn't be scared off as easily.

My agent informed me that the *Plague*, some moronic, student-run humour magazine wanted me to do a review of

Stephen Hawking's latest book. You know Hawking, that diseased physics genius. I think he's on late-night cable with that show, *Physics Friends*. I don't know. Pop culture has gotten really stupid.

Well, I was not only supposed to review his book, but I was being flown to his home in Cambridge to get the story firsthand. My agent said that the arrangements had already been made and that a car was on its way to pick me up.

Ye Gods, once more into the air I go. Since my bags were already packed from the New York fiasco, I figured that I had time to grab some goodies from the cupboard. I snagged a bag of coke, a sheet of blotter paper, and a liter of Wild Turkey. I was only going to be in Cambridge for a day or two, so I figured I had enough shit to hold me over. I decided right there that if I was physically capable I would make an attempt to remove the flight-waitress' skimpy outfit at thirty thousand feet. Unless the eight-legged aliens prevent me. Those bastards never let me have any fun.

The limo ride and the flight to Cambridge are a blur. About all I can say for sure was that a fat Haitian named "Jorge" drove me to Boulder, gave me my tickets, and pointed me toward my gate. The next thing I remember, I was pissing into the garbage can in a bar at Chicago O'Hare. I probably missed my flight to Cambridge, but I'm not sure. By my calculations, I should have reached Boston at 10:23 p.m. on Thursday, February 17, but instead I woke up late on Friday when some guy slammed down his baggage next to me on the merry-go-round thing. I found a key to a Royal Inn hanging out of my coat pocket and sat there for a while, pondering the implications of this ominous development.

I picked up my rental car around noon. Sunday noon, that is. It was a candy red 1994 Pontiac Grand Prix, paid for by those *Plague* dopes. I wondered if their managing editor has ever kissed a girl besides his mom. The drive to Cambridge was



Hawking in his office—does he take his wife right there, next to the desk?

crazy. Twice, I swerved off the road for fear of hitting the giant Gila monsters which suddenly appeared in front of me. I kept hearing these ghostly voices in my head saying "You have got to be kidding me. Thank you, Bert I Gordon."

I almost swerved a third time, but by then I realized that there are no Gila Monsters east of Nevada. And I had some trouble with those Massachusetts drivers—all those morons were driving on the wrong side of the road. I guess those snotty academics in Cambridge think they can be more liberal in their observance of the rules of the road than regular folk.

[What Thompson never seemed to realize is that Stephen Hawking lives in England, not Massachusetts. This not only accounts for his difficulties on the road, but also his "lost" day of travel. We attempted to explain this to him, but he threatened to sue us for 'vicious assault with deadly amphibians, illegal aliens, and Haitians'—ed.]

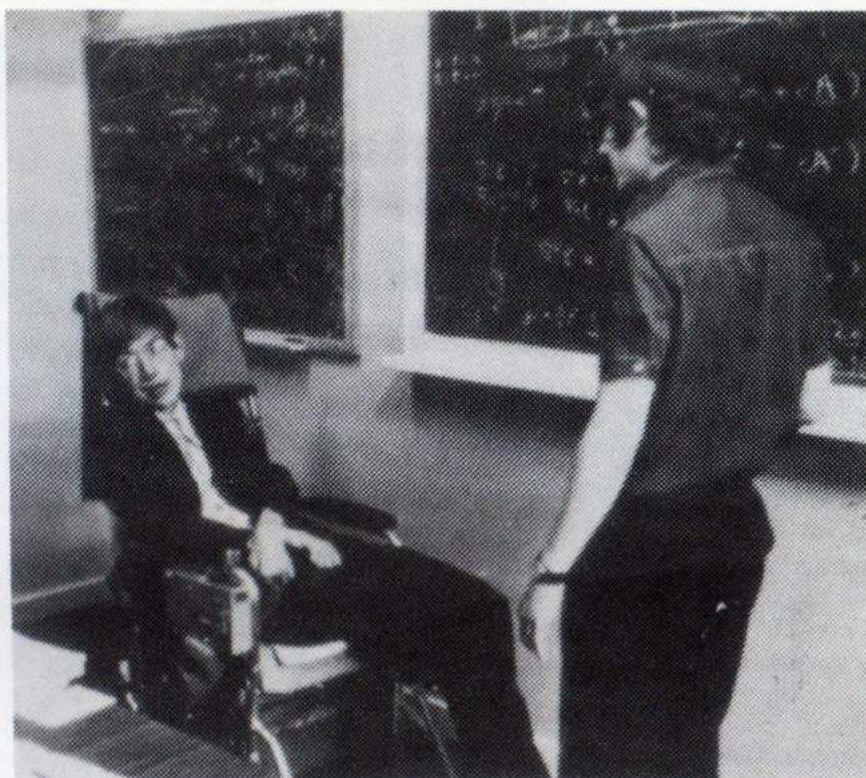
The drive didn't take but an hour, though the trip itself took over three. Between the monster hallucinations, swerving constantly to avoid certain death, and pulling over periodically to snort some coke, I was lucky to have made it there by sundown. Sundown Tuesday, that is.

I eased into the Hawking driveway at a stately 35-miles-per-hour, much to the dismay of Mrs. Hawking. I would have felt terrible about that, had I been anywhere near the planet at the time. There's about a 62% chance that she's a nice woman, and an attractive one, too. I'm a little hazy. I might have fucked-up when I introduced myself to her as Irving R. Levine and told her that I was here to take nude photos of her and her husband's wheelchair for *Oui Magazine*. But then, there's really no way to tell with these stoic New Englanders.

Mrs. Hawking showed me in and quickly shuffled me past her gawking children. She led me into a large, oak-floored study—obviously where her husband does his deepest thinking and crime-solving. It was a cold, vast room. The walls were lined with autographed pictures of Galileo, Newton, Einstein, and Matt Groenig; the bookcases were filled with weighty, leather-bound tomes. I poked my head in a nearby oak door to find a room filled with weighty, leather-bound women. Strange.

There was a giant photo of an amoeba on the wall, right behind the computer desk where the mad genius was slowly working away. And slowly wasting away. Allegedly, Hawking is a paraplegic who suffers from some *horrible, debilitating disease*; lactose intolerance, I think. Anyway, he can't speak or move any of his limbs—except for his right index finger, which he uses to tap on a keypad, *among other things*. (I asked his wife how his finger came to be three inches in diameter and rippled with muscles, but she just turned pale and walked away. There's just *no* figuring out these Puritans). The keypad is wired to a computer, on which he can do his work, and to a voice synthesizer, through which he speaks. The best in Japanese Karaoke technology.

I introduced myself to Hawking. He drooled. At that moment, I almost went to pieces. I had tackled some tough stories before, but trying to interview a gurgling physics genius while under the influence of a kilo of coke and a gut full of whiskey was asking too much. I had two choices, either run out of the room and say to hell with the interview, or stick around on my own terms and see what happens. Paralyzed by fear,



◀Mrs. Hawking snapped this photo just before a crazed Hunter jumped her husband, knocking his chair over and hurling him through a plate-glass window and into the swimming pool out back.

and needing to use the john, it wasn't much of a choice.

I decided to skip the small talk and start asking the hard questions. "Two questions: what's the entire universe made out of this week, and do you and your old lady still get it on regularly?"

I was shocked that such awful, pseudo-intellectual words came out of my mouth, so much so that I blacked out momentarily. I instinctively reached into my coat pocket and grabbed two hits of acid. I stuck one under my tongue and the other under my right eyelid, and began to relax. Then I realized where I was. Ye Gods, two fuck-ups in under a minute!

Not only had I asked the renowned physicist Stephen Hawking whether he still nailed his wife, but I also took illegal drugs in front of him with the ease of an aide to retired General Manuel Noriega. This was not a good start. At this point, feelings of self-loathing overwhelmed me and my cerebellum just shut down....

[Here the manuscript ends. Dr. Thompson refused to finish the story, so we have tried to piece together just what transpired at the Hawking interview. Fortunately, Thompson had somehow remembered to turn on his tape recorder before entering the Hawking home. What you see here is a transcript of the audio tape conversation between the two doctors—ed.]

HUNTER S THOMPSON: So *[lots of coughing, a few long drags on a*

cigarette] do you really believe that you have given us an accurate picture of the universe's development?

STEPHEN HAWKING: So far, my theory on the origin and development of the universe in which we live has yet to meet serious opposition from members of the scientific community.

HST: Our universe? Are you saying that there might be others?

SH: Yes, that is a distinct possibility.

HST: Jesus, professor, you really are a nut. I mean, with all due respect, how the hell can there be more than one universe?

SH: Read my book. It gives, in simple terms for your benefit, an explanation of my theory of the possibility of multiple universes.

HST: *[more coughing]* You have a glass I can borrow? And some ice?

SH: No.

HST: By the way, why is there a giant picture of an amoeba on your wall?

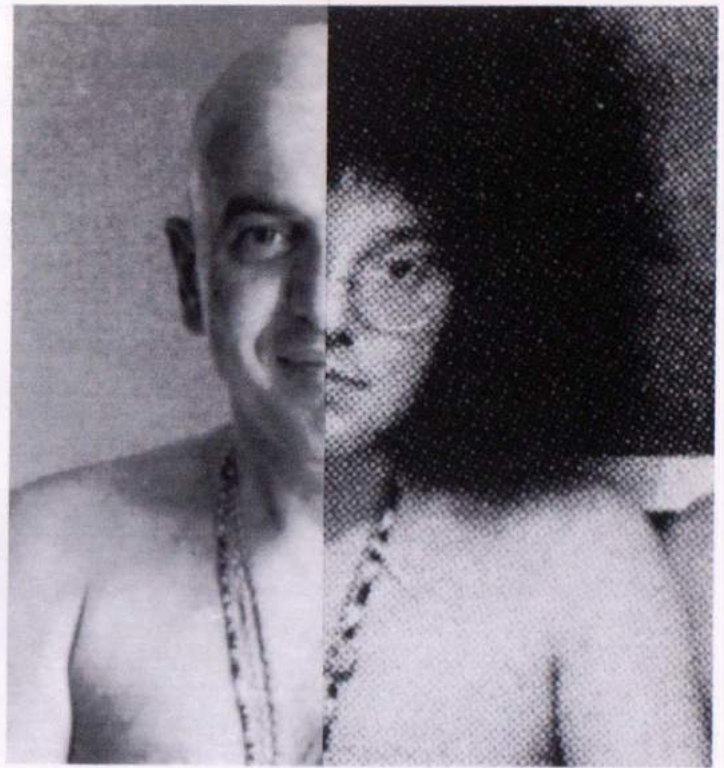
SH: Amoeba? Where?

HST: Right there, behind your desk. That big blue and green blob...

SH: That's Monet's "Waterlilies".

HST: Oh, I see. I hope you don't mind me drinking straight from the bottle. *[a long silence]* Now let's get down to some more of the good stuff. *[slurping noises]* Oh, and what you were talking about, too. Isn't it true that your theory of the possibility of multiple universes is contingent upon the

Alberto couldn't be happier. He used to look like Telly Savalas.



Women would swamp him at parties. He never got a moment's peace. Frogaine® Tropical Solution (masóngil 99%) works by augmenting the body's natural esrtogen output. Have you ever wondered why there are more bald men than women? A woman's estrogen output is naturally greater, accounting for the rarity of female pattern baldness. This natural advantage has been unavailable to men for centuries...until now.

Research concludes that two applications a day over a period of three months are required before initial visual confirmation of progress occurs. Include it in your daily regimen of contact lens, cucumber mask, and retainer cleansing when you wake up and go to bed, like brushing your teeth. Data on the application of Frogaine® to one's teeth remains inconclusive.

With limited side effects (see back) Frogaine® offers new hope to men and women suffering from total, partial, pattern and fractal baldness.

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Where once Alberto didn't have a moment to himself, now he has more than enough.

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FROGAINE® topical solution is a subscription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to induce augmented hair growth in men and women known as apologetic apoplexia. FROGAINE® is a tropical form of masongil, in order to scalp.

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How soon can I expect results from using FROGAINE®?

Studies show that the response time to FROGAINE is between six months and 14 seconds. It takes us about 16 hours to get out of the country so certainly no sooner than that.

How long do I need to use FROGAINE®?

Basically as long as you want to have hair. If you wish to continue treatment after you are dead, several trust fund options are available.

What happens if I stop using FROGAINE®? Will I keep the new hair?

FROGAINE® is not a cure, it is a way of life. Continued success is maintained only by continued use. In addition to losing what hair they had, 17% of those who stopped using FROGAINE® went into withdrawal and had to use the FROGAINE® Patch. Information on becoming one of the FROGAINE® Patch Kids™ is provided in the advanced information packet.

How much FROGAINE® should I use?

You should apply a five dollar dose of FROGAINE® twice a day to your clean, dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime, unless you work third shift, in which case you should apply it once at night and once in the morning before bedtime. After applying FROGAINE® with your fingers, see a doctor. FROGAINE® must remain an unsightly gooey mess on the top of your head for at least four hours before you go out in public. Do not attempt to wash your hair for at least four hours after application: reaction with the shampoo may result in chlorine gas. If you are totally bald, what are you doing with shampoo? Please refer to the *Instructions For Use Manual: Volume 2* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use FROGAINE®?

Your orthodontist will be very disappointed in you. Do not try and make up for missed applications (unless a late fee is paid). You should restart your twice-daily doses at day one on the usage chart.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with FROGAINE®?

Side effects were minimal; only 7% reported temporary hearing loss, 15% reported neck stiffness, and 30% complained that their hats no longer fit them. FROGAINE® should not be applied to irritated, sunburned or prosthetic foreheads. You should ask your doctor to discuss the possible side effects of FROGAINE® with you. FROGAINE® is not recommended for members of government, parliament, or participants in the Federal Witness Protection Program.

What are some of the side effects reported?

FROGAINE® was used by lots of people (many of them female) in placebo controlled clinical trials. Exempt from demagogical events (involving some skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common. Dermatology: A dumb name for a software company—6.34%; Respiratory: most patients were still breathing—12.3%; Gastrointestinal: nausea, vomiting and metabolism—5.5%; Neurologic: headache, hangover, déjà vu (nope, not gonna do it); Genital tract: ask your doctor; Special Senses: telekenisis, ESP, Hegelian photography—0.3%; Allergic? Don't use it; Psychiatric: anxiety, depression, fatigue, paranoia, plaid; Scottish ancestry; Hemalogic: "I have the powerrrrr"—0.000001%; failed; Encyclopedia; Neumismatic: looseness of change 2.3%; Philiteic: dryness of tongue—12%. FROGAINE® use has been monitored for the past five years. No one has died yet.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart, circulation, and endocrine glands when using FROGAINE®?

As long as you return your books when you've finished so other people can read them, you should be all right, but you could die. If you are driving and your hair or someone else's hair obstructs your vision while you are driving or operating heavy machinery it would be bad. Your hair could catch on fire. Birds could nest in your hair and freak you out if you've watched *The Birds* within the past year. "Freak you out" is not a medical risk recognized by the M.D.A.A.M.A., A.D.A., A.P.A., M.T.A. or M.O.M.A.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with FROGAINE®?

It is not recommended that FROGAINE® be used in tandem. Or with cocaine, heroin, THC, LSD, or other popular illegal drugs. FROGAINE® should not be used in conjunction with Hair Club For Men. FROGAINE® should not be applied to irritated, sunburned or prosthetic foreheads.

Can people with high blood pressure use FROGAINE®?

Many people with high blood pressure lead normal and productive lives, but they should be monitored more closely by their health care provider. People taking high blood pressure medication should not use FROGAINE®. People with high blood pressure who like to binge on potato chips and Oreos at the same time should not use FROGAINE® because we will get blamed for it.

Should any precautions be followed?

Keep children clear of electrical outlets before applying FROGAINE®; look both ways before crossing the street on your way to buy FROGAINE®; don't go to an ATM machine at night to get money to pay for FROGAINE®. Beware low bridges. Beware Todd Bridges.

Are there any special precautions for women?

If he doesn't have a condom, tell him to get lost, although condoms themselves are only something like 89% effective. Know who you are sleeping with, best to keep it to family and friends. FROGAINE® is not recommended for use by pregnant women or their children.

Can FROGAINE be used by children?

FROGAINE® is sold to children under the condition that they get parental permission before using it on Dad. The safety of the use of FROGAINE® on non-child star children has not been tested, and no, it doesn't work on pets, so don't even think it, Jr. I mean what can be said about hair replacement that hasn't been said on *The Simpsons* anyway?

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universe being shaped a bit like a horse saddle? You know, the concept your pal Roger Penrose came up with.

SH: Well, I...

HST: No bullshit, Hawking. You know as well as I do that the Penrose model has gone the way of the passenger pigeon. Nobody believes that horse-saddle shaped universe crap anymore. And don't you even think about bringing up the primordial matter sea that you snookered your dopey biographer with. You know you're grasping at straws! You can't dupe me or the American public! What kind of fascist are you!? Goddamnit you gimp!!! Speak up! I'm tired of listening to that fucking monotone computer of yours!!

You worthless bastard!!

Goddamnit, this country is the home of the American dream, and your stupid Kennedys have been fucking everything up!!! Bring back America, the place where Gatsby could be Gatsby!!! Horatio Alger. Doesn't that name mean anything to you?! My attorney has—

At this point the voices on the tape become far too garbled to understand. The sound of Thompson's yelling, intermittently interrupted by Hawking's squak box, fills three minutes of the tape. Then a loud crash is heard and the tape goes silent. From what we gather, Dr. Thompson dumped Stephen Hawking and his wheelchair into the pool in a fit of rage, and stormed out of the room. He then drove his rental car to a local pub and proceeded to drink himself back to normal. Apparently he was arrested during the course of the evening, because he tried to call us the next morning from Cambridge and asked us for £2500 for bail. He kept babbling about stupid cops with no guns demanding measures of weight rather than money. Being used to whipping out unreasonable sums of money for absolutely no good reason, we complied, on the assurance that he would forward the interview to our offices by UPS.

Evidently, he stuck a few stamps on the cassette case and dropped it near a mailbox; we received the tape two weeks later, with postage due. We also received a collect call from the Cambridge authorities; a secretary informed us that should we see Dr. Thompson, we are obligated to remind him that if he tries to enter the United Kingdom or any of its dependencies, he would be executed by keel-hauling, and fully prosecuted. All attempts to contact Dr. Thompson have, thankfully, been unsuccessful.

■ Kevin Kosar international bureau

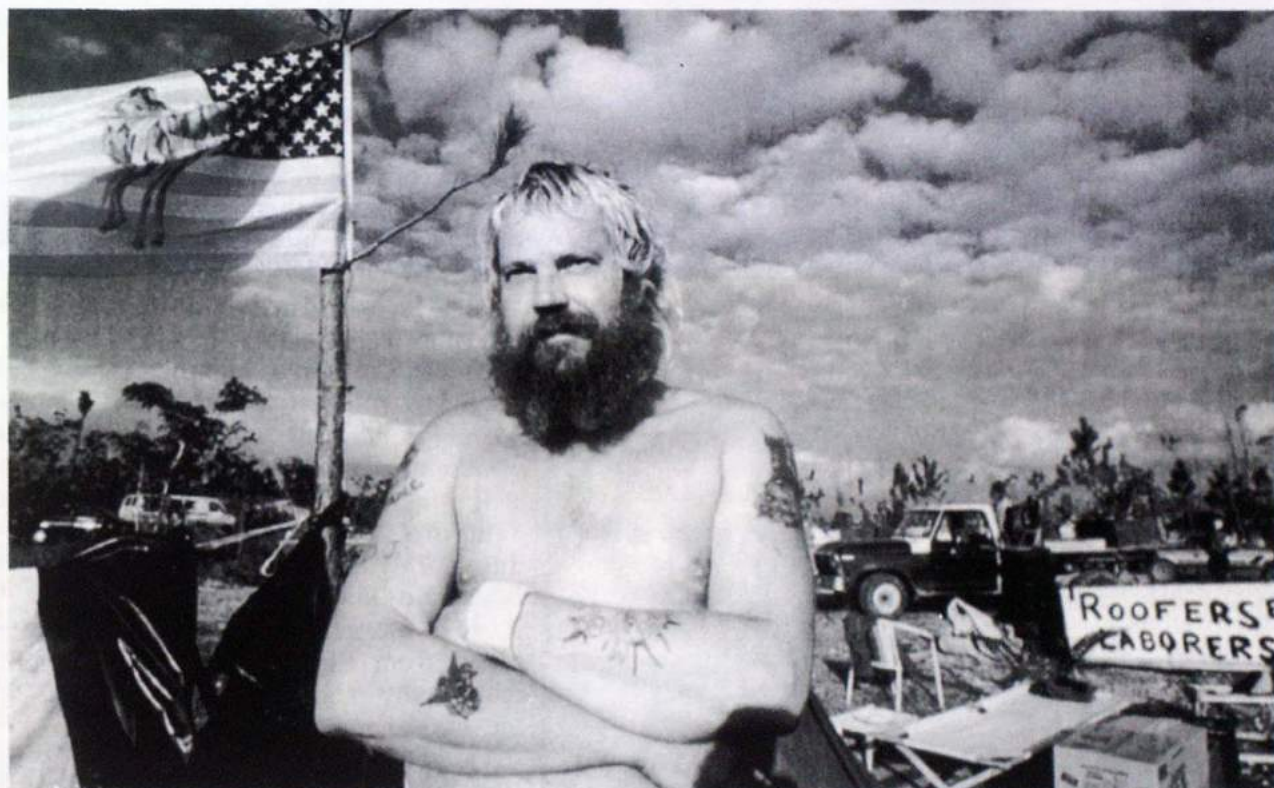
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Earl Levar's scathing commentary on society ends abruptly in tragedy

A PORK-LOVING MARTYR



▲ Earl Levar a few months before the showdown in Kansas; was he planning his Masque of Firey Pork even then?

AT SIX O'CLOCK in the morning Irene is strapped into her chair in front of the TV. At six-thirty the first tapes of *Matlock* are fed into the machine. Shortly after the first episode's opening credits, Irene begins to scream at the top of her lungs, "I'm not the queen of short-order cooks anymore, so don't call me that!"

Irene Anderson is one of only two surviving members of the incident at the Lawrence, Kansas municipal library. Irene was held hostage for forty-three days by Earl Levar in a back reading room of the library.

The July 3, 1993 attack on the Lawrence library by America's highest-ranking pyro/biblical assault team was the most fiery ending to a library stand-off in US history.

"Towards the end," remarks Janet Cusbutt, a fellow survivor, "Most of what he said was visionary. Then, he forgot his self-appointed nickname, Reggie."

"He called me a couple of times before the whole stand-off thing," says Sharon, Levar's ex-girlfriend of four years. "But I was always busy doing something. That's about the time, I think, when he decided to write his book. At least, he said so on my answering machine."

Sharon then played us the taped message she received a little over a year ago, "*Are you there? Cause...pick up if you are. Sharon? I'm going to write a book, Sharon. But I don't want to use a pen. Oh, no, not Earl Levar. I'm using bacon!*" Sharon, with tears in her eyes, later added, "It was the damnedest thing you ever did see."

Levar used a state-of-the-art Exact-O™ knife to cut off thin strips of bacon in a remote room of the library. With these materials he composed his chronicles on broad strips of shiny, white butcher paper. Levar's writings covered topics ranging from home furnishing to short biographies of high ranking

chess masters.

However, the bulk of his work centers around forty arguments as to why raw strips of bacon make the best book-marks in the world. Referring to them as *bacon-marks*, Levar decreed, "there's no oily build-up on the page from my bacon-marks. Oh, wait a minute, I guess there is."

Documented in sporadic journal entries, Levar outlines how he spent most of his time during the hostage situation. One entry reads, "Day 14. Today I got to the part in Crichton's *Jurassic Park* where the kids discover the cute little T. Rex baby dinosaurs, then I got sleepy and put a strip of raw bacon in the book to mark my place. See you tomorrow, Earl!"

Levar's writings in Lawrence stand as a written confession to almost three hundred incidents of library book desecration across the country. Driving a customized van he stole from a K-Mart parking lot, Levar traveled from state to



state visiting various libraries.

Levar used the back of the van as a workshop to manufacture over two hundred phony library cards. These cards proved essential to Levar's massive assault on municipal libraries throughout the Mid-West, the most impressive of which was Levar's assault on a Canton, Ohio microfiche machine.

A team of 11 experts was called in to figure out exactly what Levar was doing. As one technician postulated, "I wanted to presuppose that he knew you can't very well mark your place on the microfiche with bacon. But we're dealing with a maniac here."

"When Earl was little," recounts Rodge Levar, Earl's father, "he used to have those spells real bad." Doctors diagnosed Earl at age 11 with a hyper-intensive case of trichinosis. The ailment, brought on by the consumption of uncooked pork products, often gives it's victims hallucinogenic symptoms.

"The more bacon he ate, the more visions he had, and the more visions he had the more bacon he wanted to eat. I guess you could call it a vicious cycle of visions and eating too much raw bacon," Rodge said.

In his youth, Levar was a prodigy of simple word games. He made three trips to the national word search finals during his junior high school career.

When Levar was thirteen he unscrambled the words *Raw Bacon* and reformed them into *War Bacón*. Levar claimed the newly unscrambled words to be an ancient Hebrew mantra meaning bookmark. Much to the amazement of biblical scholars everywhere, Levar was right.

"That's when Earl started getting in trouble in school," remembers Mr. Levar. "Sumthing-er-other about leavin' strips of raw bacon in his chemistry notebook. I remember saying to him, I says, 'What are you doing with that piece of bacon? Are you going use it for a ruler?'"

Although Levar was in constant trouble with his teachers, his creative writing teacher, Mrs. Burton, still remembers one particularly good story of Levar's. The story, modeled after *Lord of the Flies*, won first place in an essay competition held by local church group.

Mrs. Burton remembers, "he re-wrote the ending of the book something to the effect that the kids got rescued only minutes after spelling out the words 'Sharky's Machine' on the beach with raw strips of bacon."

When we asked Mrs. Burton what the meaning behind the 'Sharky's Machine' reference was she responded, "It ain't none of your business, Jew!"

Mrs. Burton later added about her favorite student, "Normally, Levar only concentrated on the films made during Reynolds's peak years, oh I'd say '79-'81. He loved the *Bandit* movies and even named his pet hamsters, 'Cannonball Run II.'"

Most religious leaders see pork products, even bacon, as "unclean." Muslims and Jews abstain from it all together. But not Earl Levar. He developed a complex system of belief based around putting it in a book when he got tired of reading.

The true motives for his heinous crimes may never be known.

One thing is for sure, Earl Levar probably never wanted to hurt anyone. In the words of Mrs. Burton, "All Levar wanted in life was attention, and when he couldn't get that, he probably just wanted breakfast."

■ ROBS BASSIST

■ BEN WEBER in *The Heartland*



▲ There were only two survivors of the unscheduled fireworks display that engulfed Levar approximately 24 hours prior to Independence Day.



PUZZLER

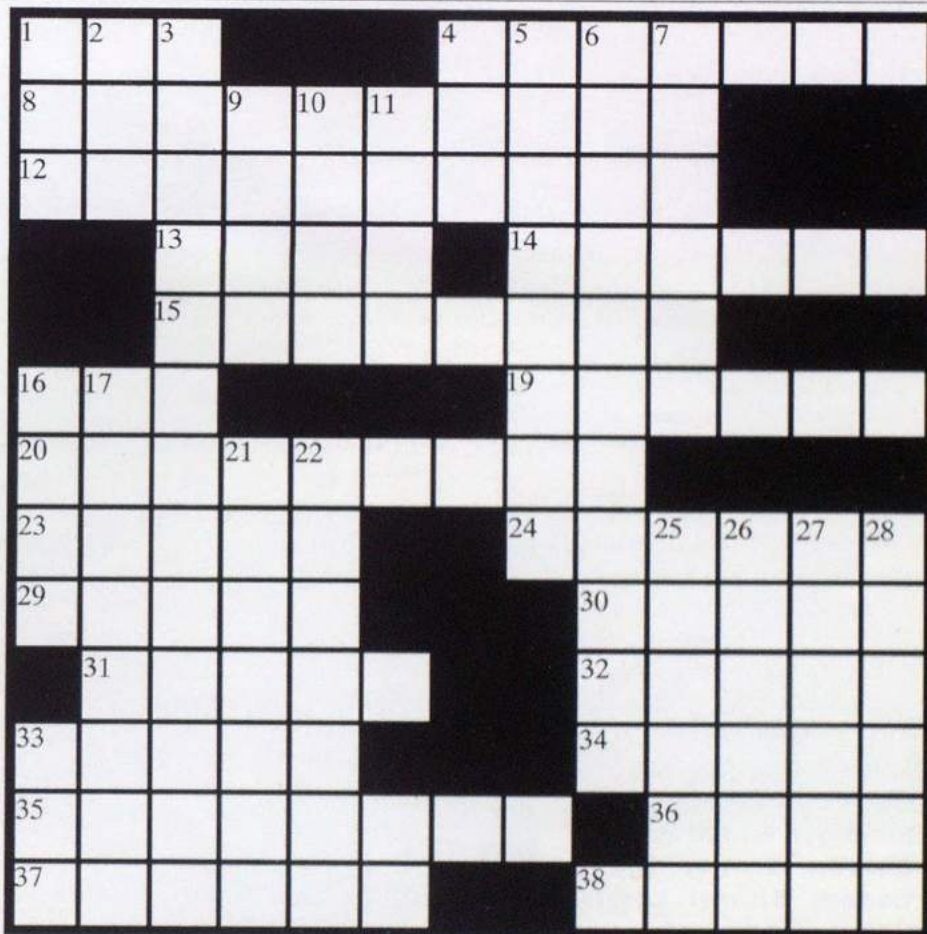
MAJOR ANNOYANCE

ACROSS

34. "____ You"
(Berle's theme)
35. Occupation of
former *Plague*
editor Lawrence
Lewitinn
36. Empty space
37. Fill in the ____
38. This magazine

DOWN

1. 1st name
of Cmdr-in-
Chief
4. Alternate
name for
Exodus
8. Limp MTV
peon dumped
by Marky Mark
for Chris Farley
12. Thanksgiving
veggie
13. Our favorite
four-letter word
14. Six letter word
for bucket
15. Cambodian
cookware
16. 1st name of
actor, 19 Acr.
19. Last name of
actor in 16 Acr.
20. E
23. Paraphrase the
Eucharist in five
letters
24. ____ Rex
29. ____ 'till you
drop
30. Zero in Roman
numerals
31. Pink Floyd at
NYU
32. Like the Ten
Command
ments
33. ____ must
perish!
1. Hung-Job Carson
(abbr.)
2. Orgasm sound
3. "Your shorts are
afame." (pl.
French)
4. Fancy cheese
(French spelling)
5. Michael Milkin
offense
6. Lithuanian tennis
hero
7. Bosnian tennis
hero
9. Native American
orgasm sound
10. Nude
Indonesians On
Layaway (acr.)
11. M --- y Python
16. Rummy bee
(card game)
17. Try our *fine*,
local water
18. There is no #18.
Does this piss
you off? Good.
21. "Cum on my toe"
(etymology)



22. "Juuuuust a bit
outside!"
25. Write some
random letters
26. Sheepsong, no
sharps or flats
27. What the fuck is
going on?
28. These answers
are jibberish
33. "____ of Love"
34. Wait a minute,
where did that
come from?
35. Doesn't anybody
edit this
garbage?
38. This *really* sucks

ANSWERS TO THIS WEEK'S PUZZLER

(Now that's Goddamn annoying!)



18 DOWN



FUCK FLIPPER



FREE WILLY.