

STOOGES WEEKLY SPECIALS

Monday 8 p.m.
**BOYLESQUE
MALE REVUE**

TUESDAY

"LOVE THOSE LEGS PARTY"

***** \$100 CASH FOR THE "BEST SET OF LEGS" *****

**DRINK SPECIALS
8-10**

50¢ DRINKS
25¢ DRAWS
\$1.50 PITCHERS
RAINIER SPECIALS ALL NIGHT
SPONSORED BY RAINIER BEER

WEDNESDAY 8-10 PM

**NEW PROMOTION
"GOLDEN OLDIES NITE"**

50¢ DRINKS
25¢ DRAWS
\$1.50 PITCHERS
**Come Rock To The Hits
Of The 50's, 60's, & 70's!**

THURSDAY

Unisex
Swim-Suit Contest

1st Prize
\$200

3-Fers
8-10 PM



FRIDAY MTV PARTY!

8-9 pm—Free Drinks For Everyone
9-10 pm—25¢ DRAWS 50¢ DRINKS
\$1.50 PITCHERS

**WE WILL GIVE AWAY:
MTV T-Shirts & Buttons
Stooges T-Shirts**

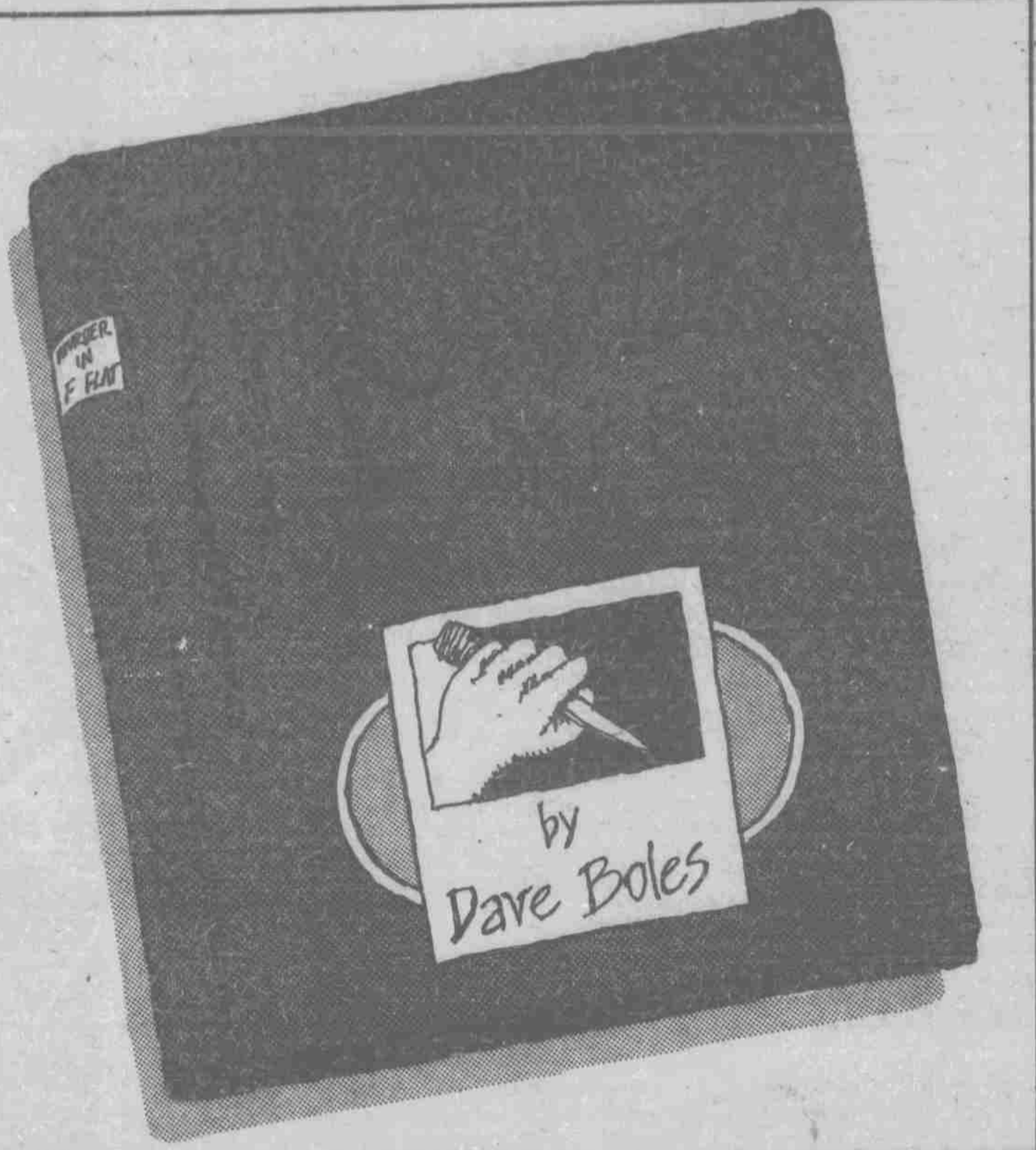
**Hevy Lewis & The News Concert Tickets,
Bumper Stickers and Drink Tickets!**

DANCE TO STOOGES' NEW
VIDEO SYSTEM

STOOGES

9th & P ST.

WE ROCK LINCOLN



This is the first installment of a several part series to be published weekly, on Thursdays, in the Daily Nebraskan.

McDugan McGruder stepped out of the Palace Theatre on Broadway at Forth-seventh. He was met with the stench of burning pretzels and sticky exhaust fumes. New York was in its peak tourist season and the police were on every corner in their new baseball caps. McDugan had just witnessed the most popular show on Broadway, "La Cage Aux Folles." Normally, he wouldn't go to a musical about gays in drag, but the tickets were free from an ex-client and it was Gene Barry's last day. McDugan liked to think of himself as Bat Masterson sometimes. Gotham is a metropolis that

leaves people alone who mind their own. McDugan, however, leans on its edge by making everyone's secret his. He's a man proud to help anyone with the right amount of cash.

As McDugan turned town the Palace's backstreet alley, he noticed the stage door was open. Avoiding auburn patches of backed up sewer water, and glancing at a sleeping degenerate, he peeked inside the theater. McDugan's eyes were a misty grey with black dots that revealed his soul. He walked with a limp in his left foot, never following a straight line, always the boxer looking to stay out of the corner.

From a shadow, a giant handbag flew sideways and smacked McDugan in the ear. He went to his knees and reached out with

his hand and grabbed two legs. He yanked them sideways and he was in a tumble of ostrich plumes, sparkle dust and bugle beads. "What the hell's going on?" McDugan pinned his prey to the floor. Lying on the wood, with McDugan atop, was a guy dressed in silky pajamas with pink and azure eyeshadow under the brow. Little multi-coloured plastic sequins were glued to his face. "Who are you, and what's the big idea here?" McDugan's ear was beginning to swell.

"I'm a Cagelle in the show." Eyelashes batted mascara.

"Oh, one of those guys dressed like a gal?" McDugan's eyebrow twitched.

The Cagelle smiled and you could see lipstick on his teeth. "No, silly. I'm in costume. Not really costume."

"I don't get the ear bashing." McDugan was amazed at how real the breasts looked. "Hang the phone a second. You're not a guy." McDugan pulled the wig off, and a waterfall of golden strands cascaded in the air.

"Please get up. You're squashing my uterus."

McDugan stood and helped the lady to her feet. "I'm in a bit of a tangle mentally here. I thought the show was about gay hunks whooping it up together. Dudes as women, eh?"

"It is. But the producers want to keep the audience guessing, so they threw a couple genuines into the chorus. To make you think twice about what you were seeing."

"I thought you had nice legs, but I wasn't going to stop by afterwards and tell you." He sighed and felt relieved.

"I got you the tickets." The Cagelle picked the sequins off her face. "My name's Mona and there's been a terrible murder. I know you can help me. I have \$15 thousand waiting for you when you find the man who murdered my father."

"You hired yourself the best, but I want the money up front." McDugan cracked his knuckles. "I been burned too many times to trust a pretty face. All I got is fancy memories and a pocketful of hope."

"I don't have the money yet." Mona started to get a tear in her

Even though you're
away from home,



is nearby.

201
Sun Valley
Blvd.



70th
& A