

PLAQUE

CARIBALDI

MAY \$3.00

PRETTY VACANT

think less,
lose weight—
it works!

**Female Russian
Olympic Bowlers:**
fighting the stereotype
by Salman Rushdie

How to tell
your feet apart

Here it is:
what to wear
to the clinic

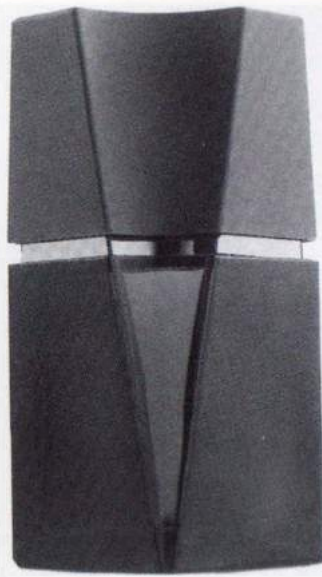
plus: duckies,
bunnies, shelf
paper and other
really nice stuff



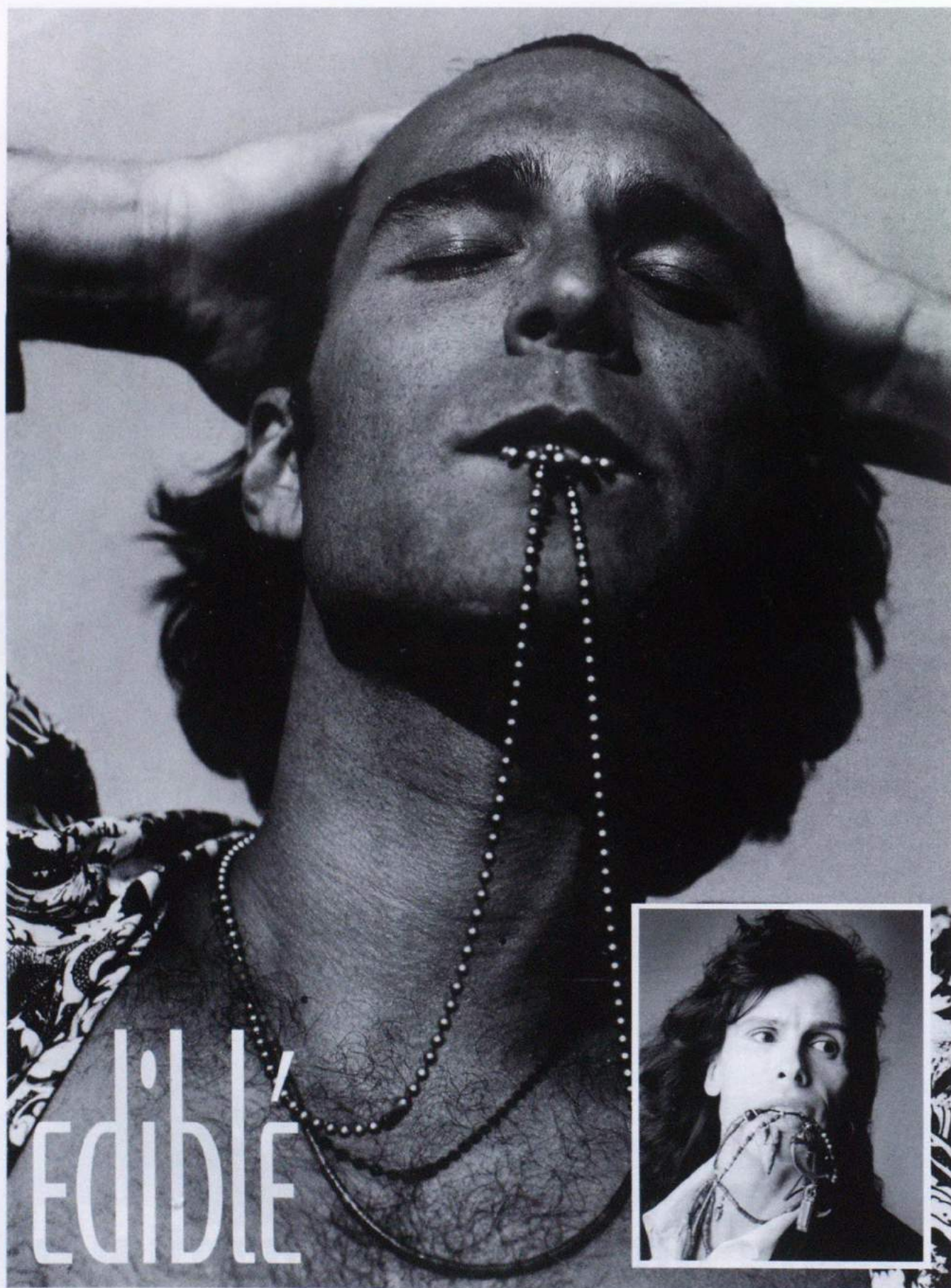


henry kissenger's

POWER



...the ultimate aphrodisiac



Gap rarely-washed™ jeans and
tablecloth vest as worn by HEIME
vonKLINGHOFFER, urban nomad.
Photographed by Annie L'Evilbitch.



GAP

PLAGUE

May

Fashion

110 **Fashion clips** By Pamela Bolen

115 **I love a man (or two) in a uniform** Rogue fashion designer Arie Kaplan shows us the gay military's new design. 100% Pentagon approved!

118 **Rave-olution** Brooklyn's underground rave fashions make you wonder which idiot built a bridge to get there

132 **Seventies chic** Bell-bottoms, platform shoes, garish colors, polyester, wing-collars, gold medallions, blue eyeliner—the drugs never left, and the sex never came back

140 **Baseballed** Once the fashion for major leaguers and boys who don't shower, baseball caps are seen all over the place by middle-aged rock singers trying to look like they have hair

148 **Elements** The Dating Game: Making a radiating comeback and rising the periodic charts after years of decay is Carbon-14. But will this half-life see its final breakdown?

282 **Point of view**

Defining the new Couture Orthographique a flashback to demi-moderne or a quantum leap to prefragalism in a multieventful unchanging world of constant serendipitous evolution? Following in the wake of post-industrial angst, the wave of the future seems to be fatalism, poised to spring to the top. But wait! Modernism's making a comeback! Holy cow! Cubism hits a fly ball to third and la fin de siecle brings it on home to win the pennant

Beauty & Health

300 **Incen-dentally Speaking**

by Isadora Allman-Duncan

Looking to whiten that smile? Don't rinse the paste. plus: 30 holiday craft projects with used toothpicks

305 **Health Rapport** By Ralph Nadir

Neon Scrunchies—Cancer Link?



Tracy Borkowski's dandy expression: as her black heart choker (inspired by Shannen Doherty, *90210 Goddess*) creeps ever higher, our model shows her true colors while faced with the question: why doesn't the ocean just, like, fly up into the sky?

285 **Plague Art**

Movies With a hard hitting, newly relevant screenplay adapted by deposed Philippine dictator Vaclav Havel from Hitchcock's original and with the talents of rising stars Keanu Reeves and Academy Award winner Marissa Tomei, *Topaz* seems to be destined to become the film remake for Summer '93. Director George Takai tells us why.

Photos by Patricia Ewing

Plague Style

290 **Food** Cooking on the range with Texas Governor Ann Richards

382 **Living** 3 things to say when you don't know what to say

384 **Breathing** Don't forget!

COVER LOOK

The spirit of the eighties resurfaces as covergirl Tracy Borkowski ponders the world-renowned accomplishments of Benito Garibaldi, NYU's very first caterer and the patron saint of drug dealers in Washington Square Park. Tracy is wearing a Superman cap by Urban Outfitters along with a terribly revealing black mack-ra-mae vest and genuine Socrates sandals. Just look at her, have mercy! She's so beautiful the birds circling around Garibaldi's head interrupted their daily ritual defecation on his head to stare. She's so hot she has to wear asbestos sandals to protect the pavement. Her long, flowing tresses make us want to sing to the heavens, I love, I love, I love my little calendar girl! Peace and on.

andrea jovine

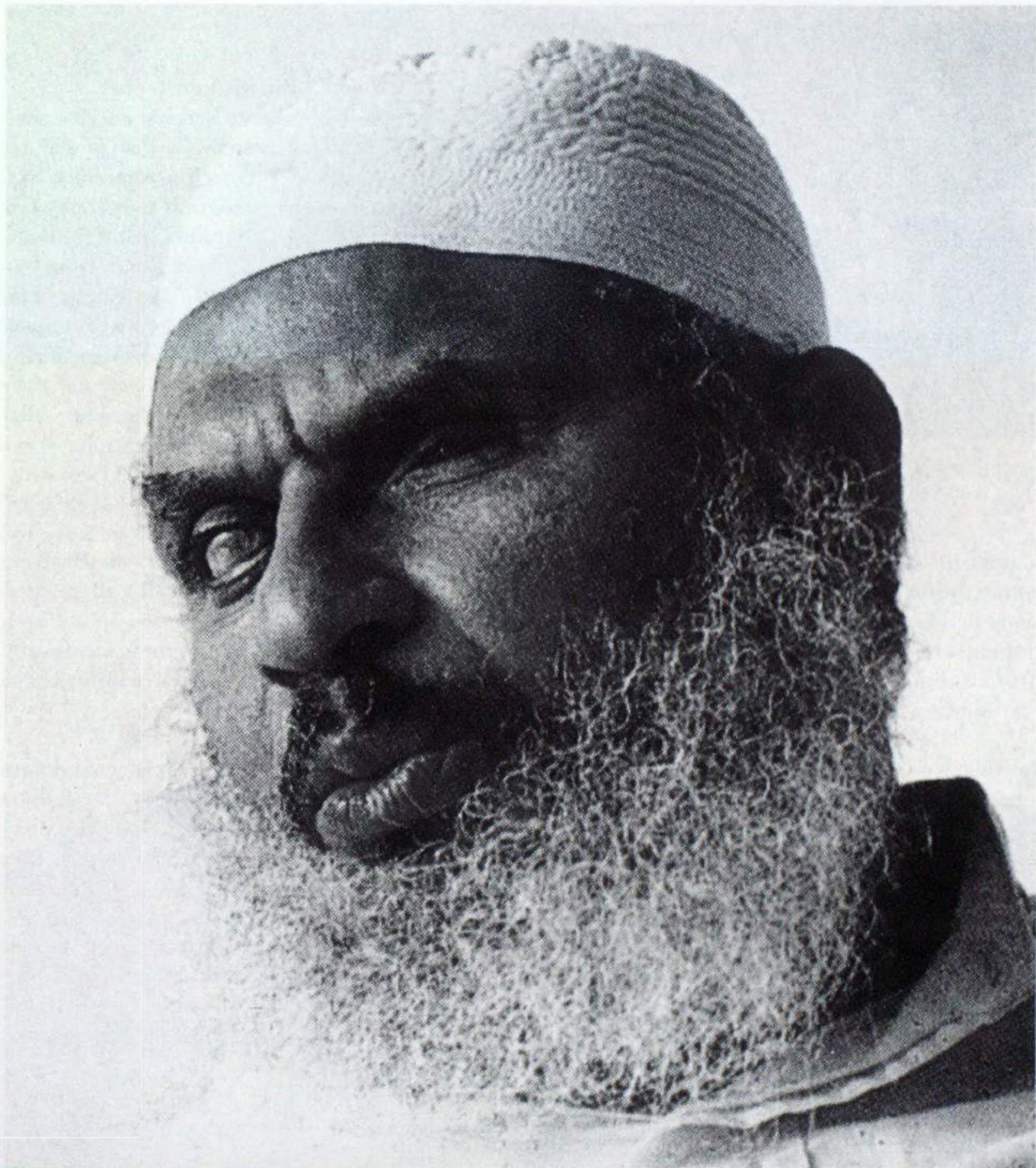
A woman's best friend





SKIN

letter from the editors



oFENDI

**BOUTIQUES: ADIS ABBABA BANGLADESH CAIRO CENTRALIA GRAND HAVEN
JERSEY CITY MANHATTAN MANSFIELD ROSTOCK TENAFLY**

LARGE SPACE OPENING IN THE WORLD TRADE CENTER

letter from the editors



Tracy Borkowski, ABOVE, wears a black, frilly, scandalous thing by Roman Frutiger for Sean Penn's debut as Vague Plague photographer, 1993.

And now...the weather report.

It is all too easy to become way too serious. Hideousness is IN. People will believe anything (sheep are *terribly* IN). And once they believe it they'll pay lots of money for it. Our hats are off (hats are OUT) to that woman in Bono, New Jersey who twenty years ago rather than sending her kids to college put the money into bell-bottoms and has been storing them in the barn in her backyard ever since. Three months ago she slipped Ecstasy into someone's Carrot Alpha-Wave Smart Shake at Club USA (IN) and whispered in their ear: "The 70s are back."

Whoever that woman is (women are IN)

she must be making a killing. Bigger payback than helping her son get an Masters in Business Administration from Stern School of Business, anyway. In review: MDMA over SSB's MBA all the way. So now bell-bottoms are back and they're here to stay. Perhaps this is just the reason we've been searching for to explain why the drugs stuck around while the sex quietly took its rap on the knuckles and drifted off into the sunset. Well, maybe it is for the best after all—our ankles (OUT) have always been too fat for Levi's® (IN).

As for this issue, it's yet another supposed *segué* into a new era for our magazine. We're trying to be more cerebral-yet *sassy glamorous cosmopolitan*, uh...better. For this issue, a parody of a popular fashion periodical, we've dispensed with text, so you can get more of those ads you pay good money to see, post, and play wall-space turf games with your roommate. As you can see, text is boring. Text is time consuming. Text takes too much thought. No one reads text anyway (text is OUT). No one is reading *this*...not even you. And if you are, it's probably because the subway is delayed, and you aren't stupid enough to dash across the platform to get on the local which is just pulling in to the station for the sole purpose of sitting there taunting you for remaining on an immobile train while all those other lucky people get to see their girlfriends, their beds, or their friends' girlfriends' beds. Don't worry, we wrote this during one of those emergency brake delays; you can certainly read it in as much time. Or go ahead and buy Street News instead, see if we care.

Just to keep with the theme of boring you to tears, let us talk for a moment about page numbers (OUT). We don't have any of those either. Magazine bindings these days are just so cheap, there really isn't any point. All these pages won't stay together, why bother trying to put them all back in order? Why put them back at all? With this in mind, do us a favor: open that car door, get some light, and treat this like any other issue of *Vogue*—sit back and start feeling insecure (IN).

Roman Frutiger

DAN

Michael Philip
Jim Jones

P.S. Grammar, spelling, coherence, significance, and intelligence—OUT

PLAGUE MAY 1993

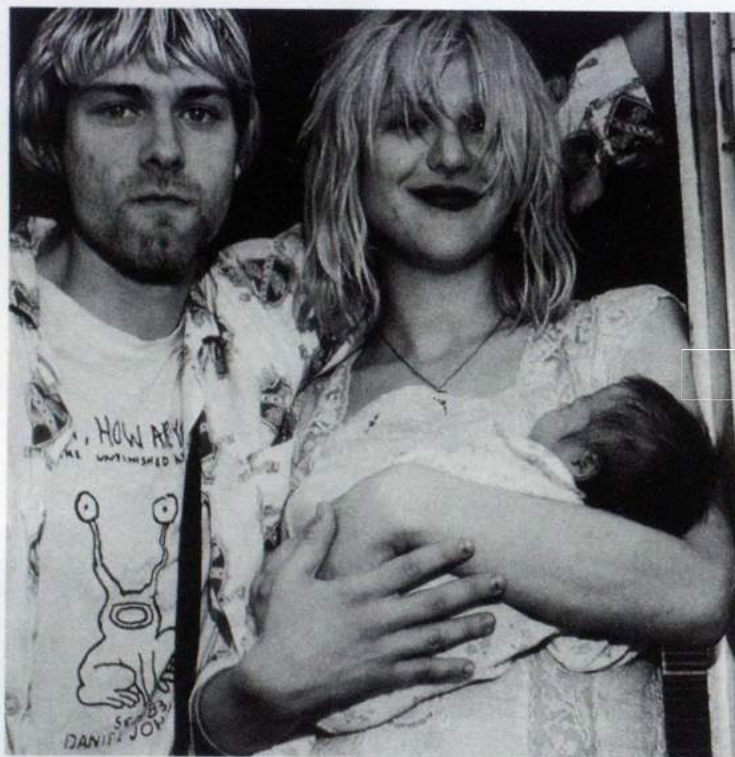


Oscar de la Renta

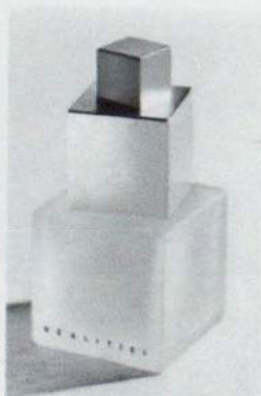
EXPERIENCE THE POWER OF FEMININITY

DILLARD'S

letter from the editors



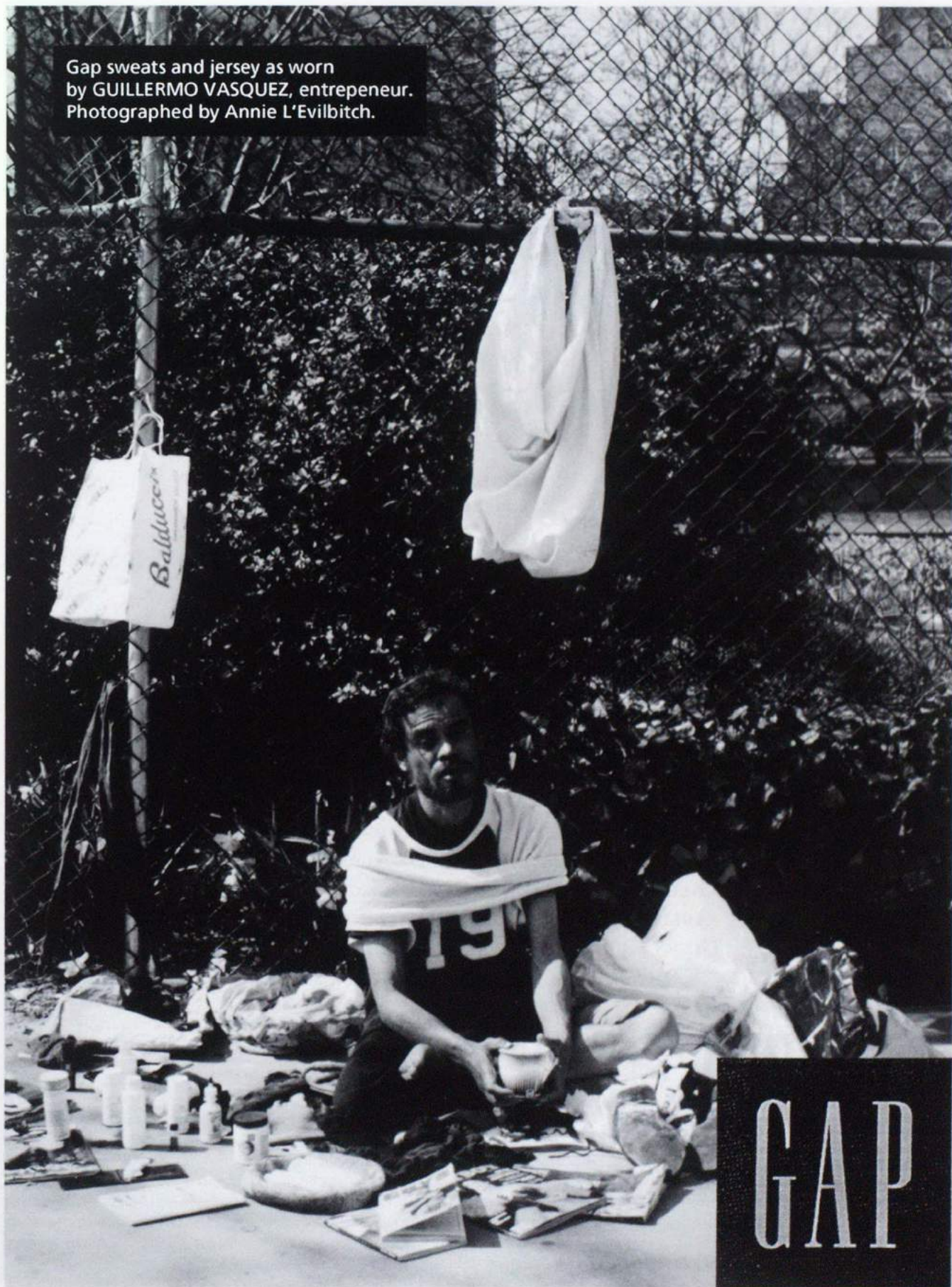
REALITY IS THE BEST FANTASY OF ALL.



A FRAGRANCE FROM

Liz claiborne

Gap sweats and jersey as worn
by GUILLERMO VASQUEZ, entrepreneur.
Photographed by Annie L'Evilbitch.



PLAGUE

DANIEL BLAKE TRUMAN

Executive Editor

SEAN DAVIDSON HUNTINGTON

Production Editor

MICHAEL PHILLIP ZIMMERMAN

Managing Editor

LAWRENCE VICTOR LEWITINN

Editor Emeritus

FREDERICK PARKS

General Manager

ARIE KAPLAN

Art Director

JESSICA HELLER

Female Secretary

AARON GOODMAN

Asshole

CONTRIBUTORS

FORREST BEATTIE

TRACY BORKOWSKI

ALEX KAUFMANN

ABEL KLAINBAUM

GLENN KURTZROCK

KATHY MANGAN

PAIGE PANZNER

LAUREN RAZ

JONATHAN KOS(HYPHEN)READ

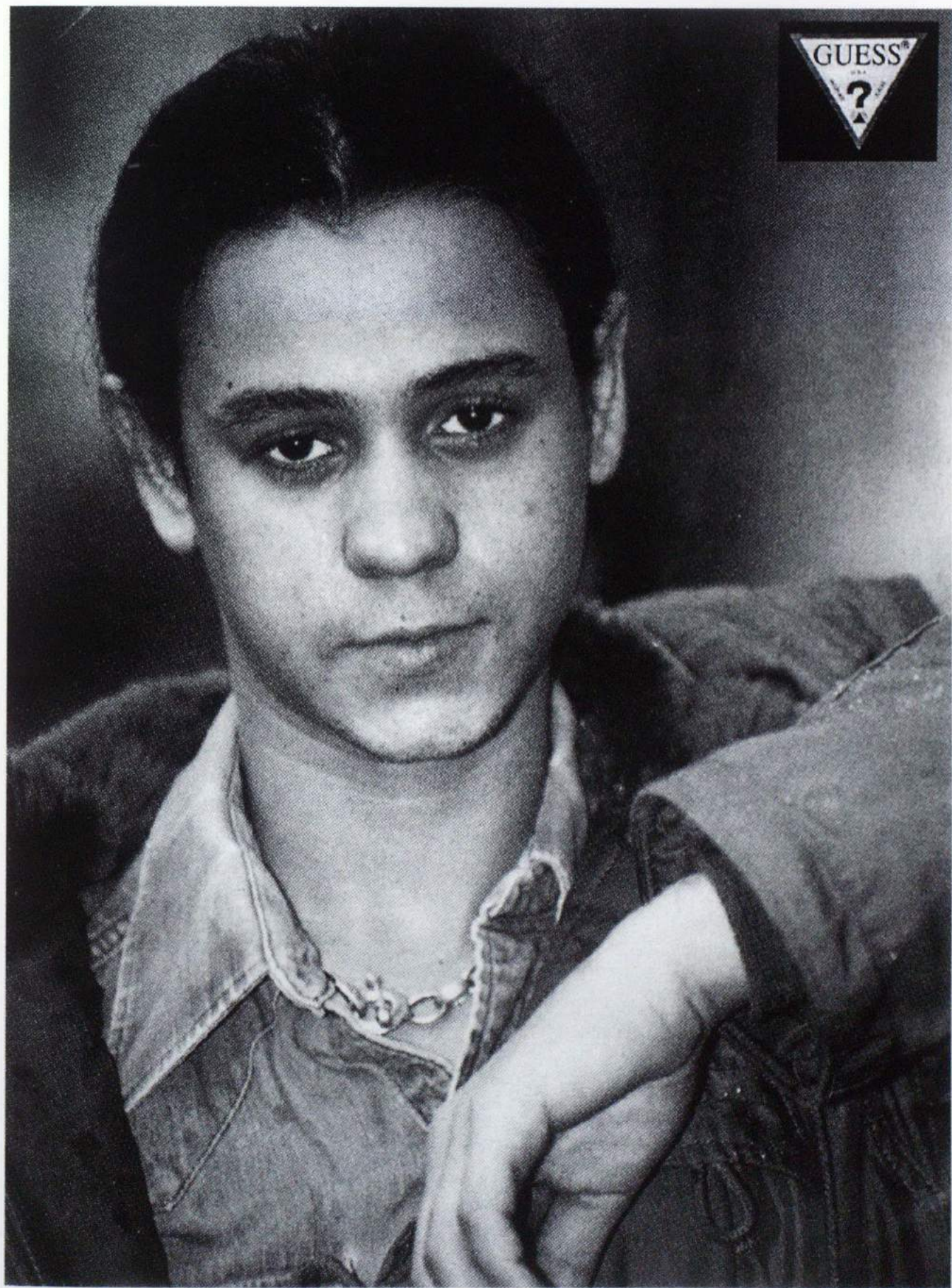
PAUL RUBENSTEIN

BUDDY SHAPIRO

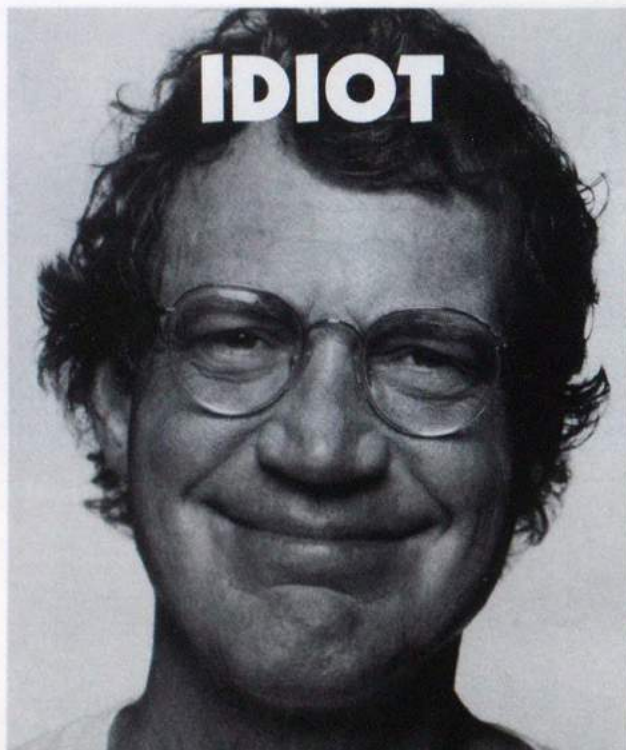
ROBIN SPAULDING

SPECIAL THANKS

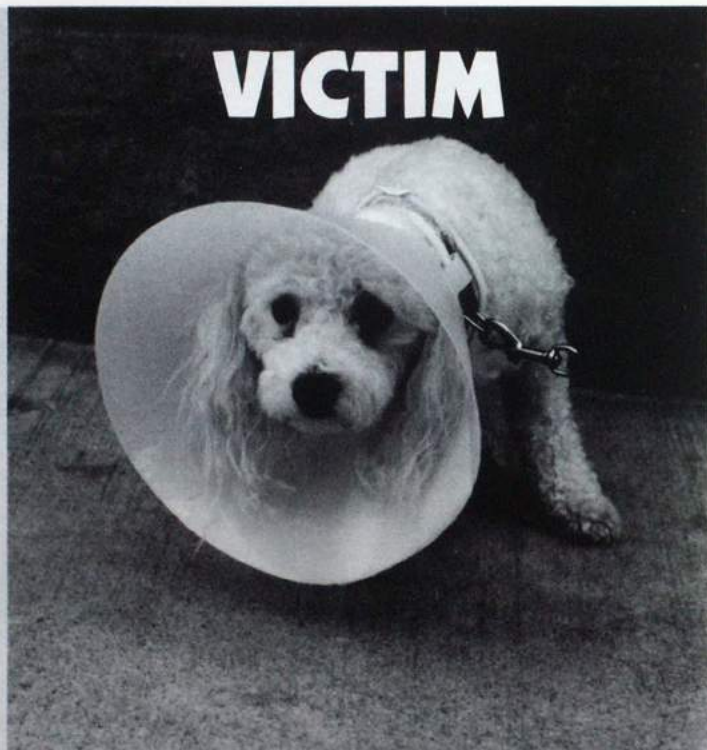
WE FORGOT TO THANK ANYONE LAST TIME, AND WE FEEL PRETTY BAD ABOUT IT. SO CONSIDER YOURSELVES THANKED, AND ACCEPT OUR APOLOGIES. THAT SAID, WHERE'S THAT TEN BUCKS WE LENT YOU, YOU LOUSY CHEAPSKATES? CONSIDER YOURSELVES HEADLINING THE SHIT LIST NEXT TIME, PUNKS. THIS TIME, WE DON'T HAVE ANYBODY TO THANK. EXCEPT FOR LARA AND OPTIMIUM DESIGN. AND MIKE HOCKBERGER AND PRIME PUBLICATIONS. AND THE MTA FOR ADDING MORE NUMBER SIX TRAINS ON THE WEEKENDS. AND THE EDITORS OF VOGUE FOR GIVING THEIR EXPRESS PERMISSION TO STEAL THEIR STUFF (WE PLEAD IGNORANCE). AND SPY AND ROLLING STONE AND NEWSWEEK AND ALL THE OTHER MAGAZINES WHO SO GRACIOUSLY OFFERED US THEIR ART—NO THANKS OF COURSE TO OUR OWN ULTRA-PRODUCTIVE ART DIRECTOR, NONE OF WHOSE ART WILL APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE. ANYWAY, WE HAVE AN ADDRESS, IF YOU WISH TO ABUSE OUR PERSONS EITHER VERBALLY OR WITH NASTY BLACKMAIL PHOTOS OF OUR GIRLFRIENDS' ASSES: 21 WASHINGTON PLACE, BOX 189 (NOT BOX 198, GOD FORBID YOU SEND OUR MAIL TO BROWNSTONE!) WE LOVE YOU: JEN WILLIAMS (NICE HAT, BABE), LAUREN ADAMS, MIKE MOZINA, ADAM GOODMAN, DAVE ROVELLA, ANTHONY STRIPPOLI, JOHN NORRIS & MARKY MARK, DIRK P. SCHULZE AND ALL THE SQUIRRELS AT WALDEN LAKE, BUT MOST OF ALL US. WE LOVE WE. WE OWE EVERYTHING TO OURSELVES, BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE WOULD DEAL WITH THIS SHIT. PEACE.



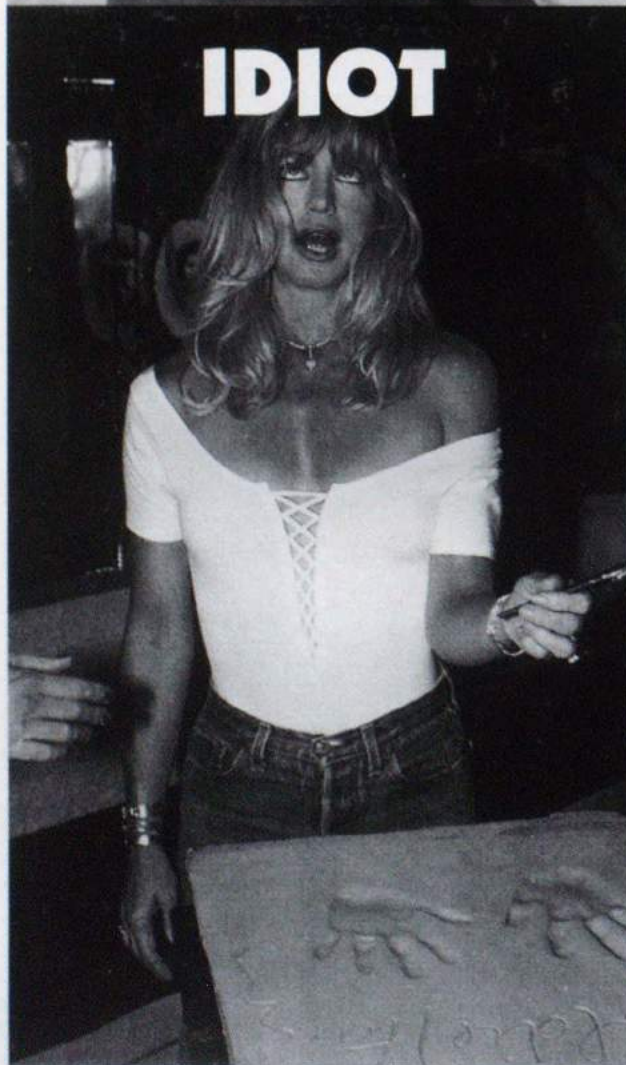
IDIOT



VICTIM



IDIOT



VICTIM



GUCCI

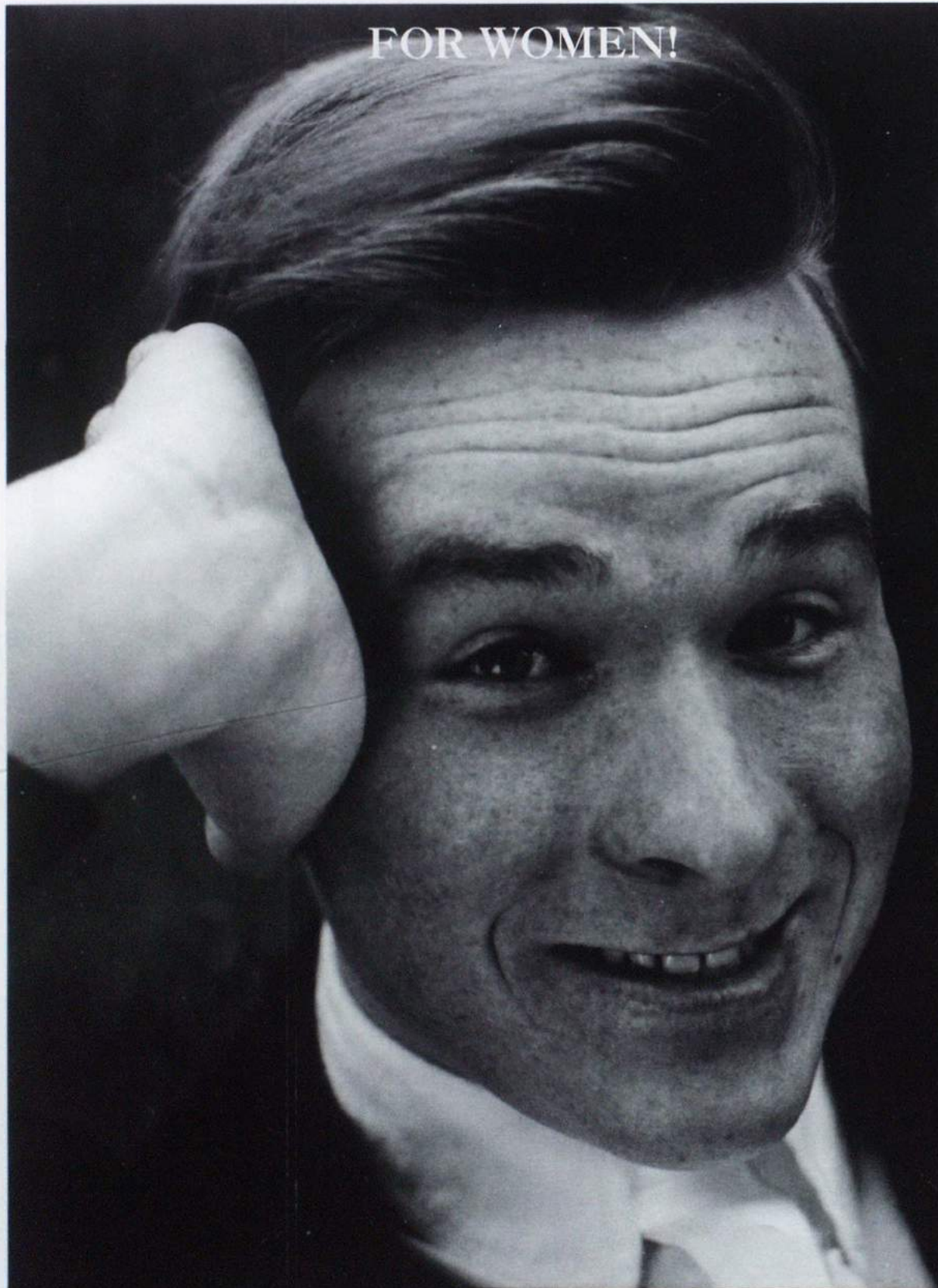
GUCCI

GUCCI

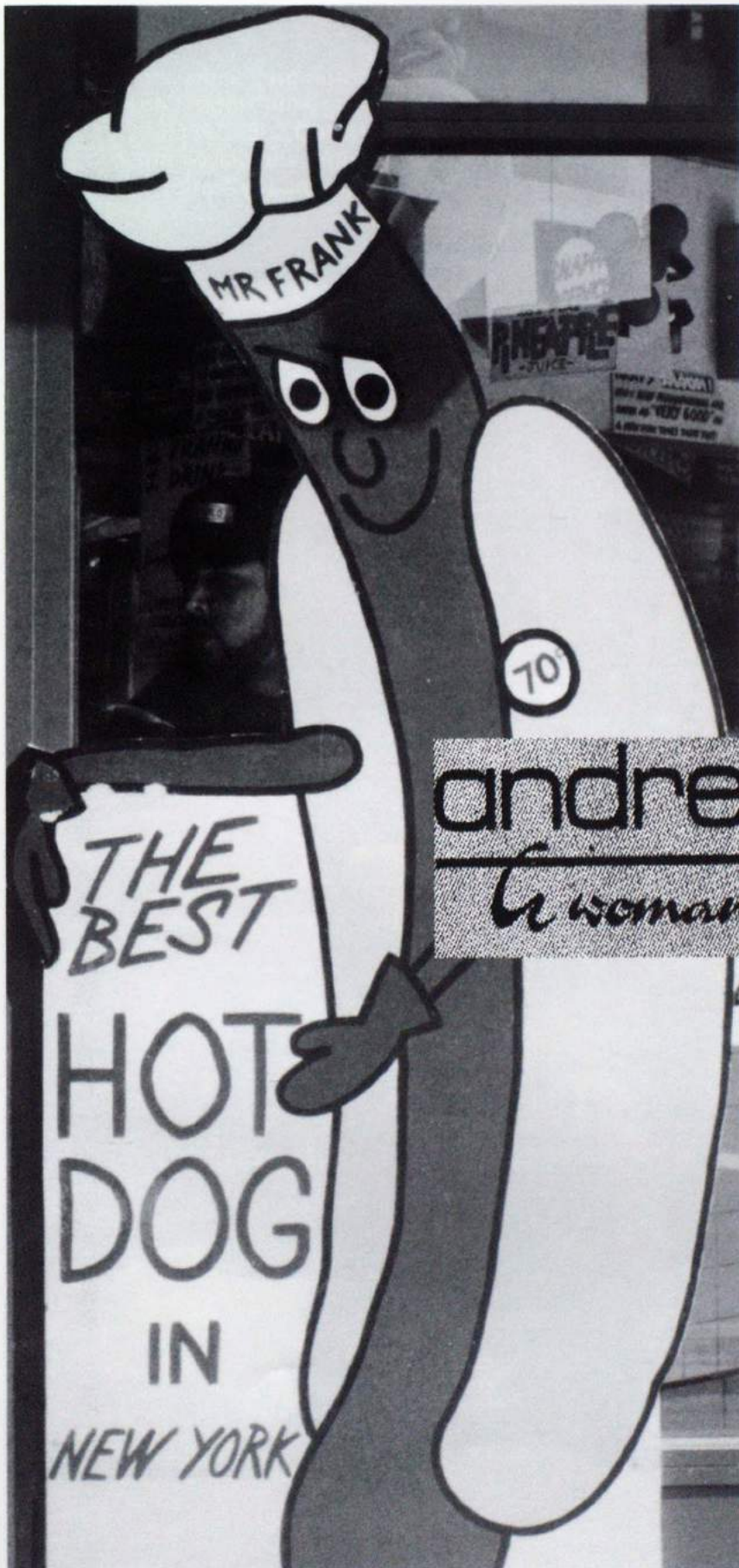
GUCCI

Goo.

FOR WOMEN!

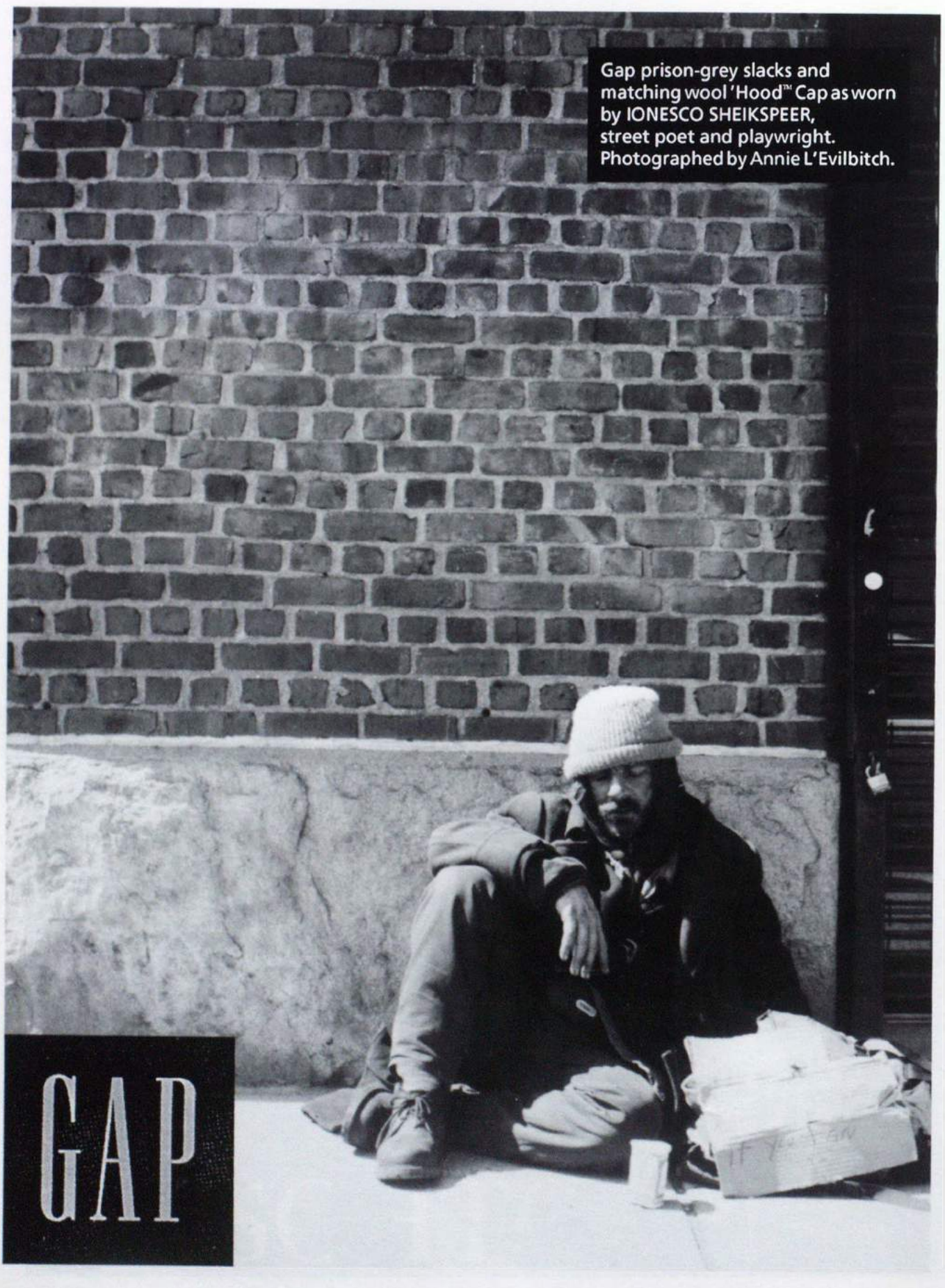


SCHTOOP!



andrea jovine

A woman's best friend

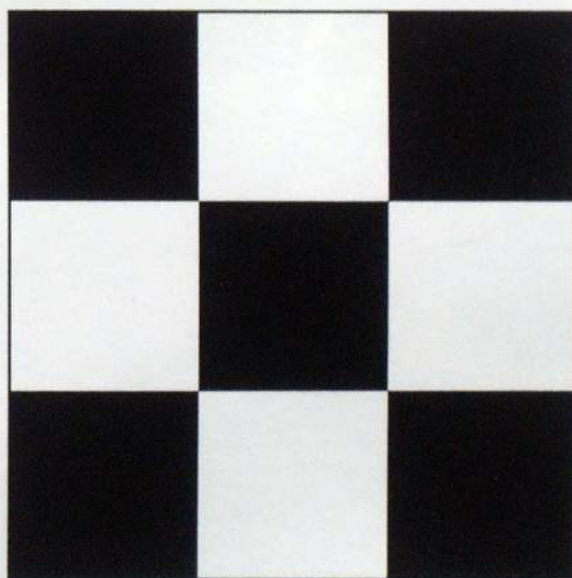


Gap prison-grey slacks and
matching wool 'Hood™ Cap as worn
by IONESCO SHEIKSPEER,
street poet and playwright.
Photographed by Annie L'Evilbitch.

GAP

R A L S T O N

A passion for complicity



Ralston for Women

macy's

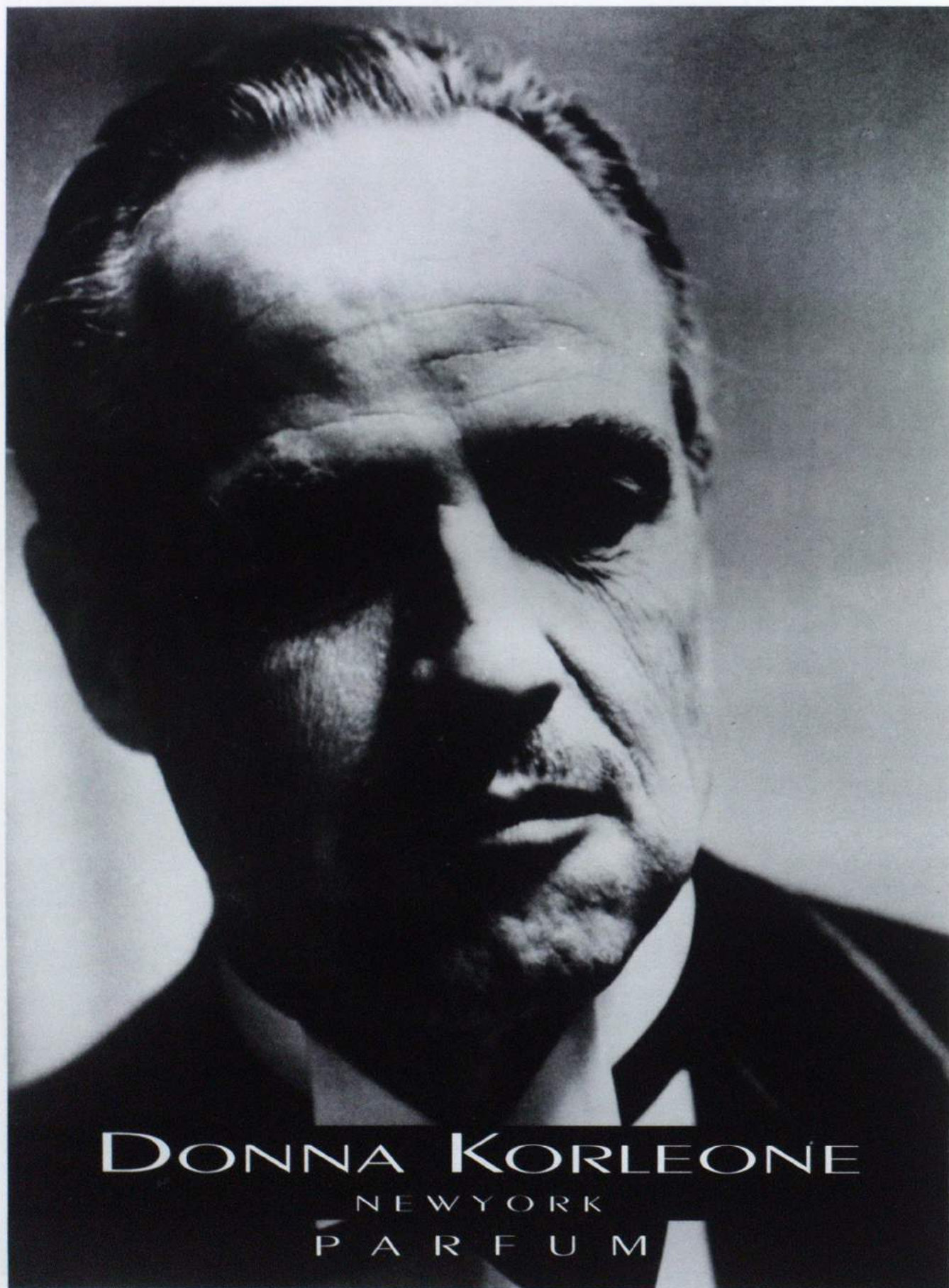
*If you want them to want you,
you've got to have*

BALLS



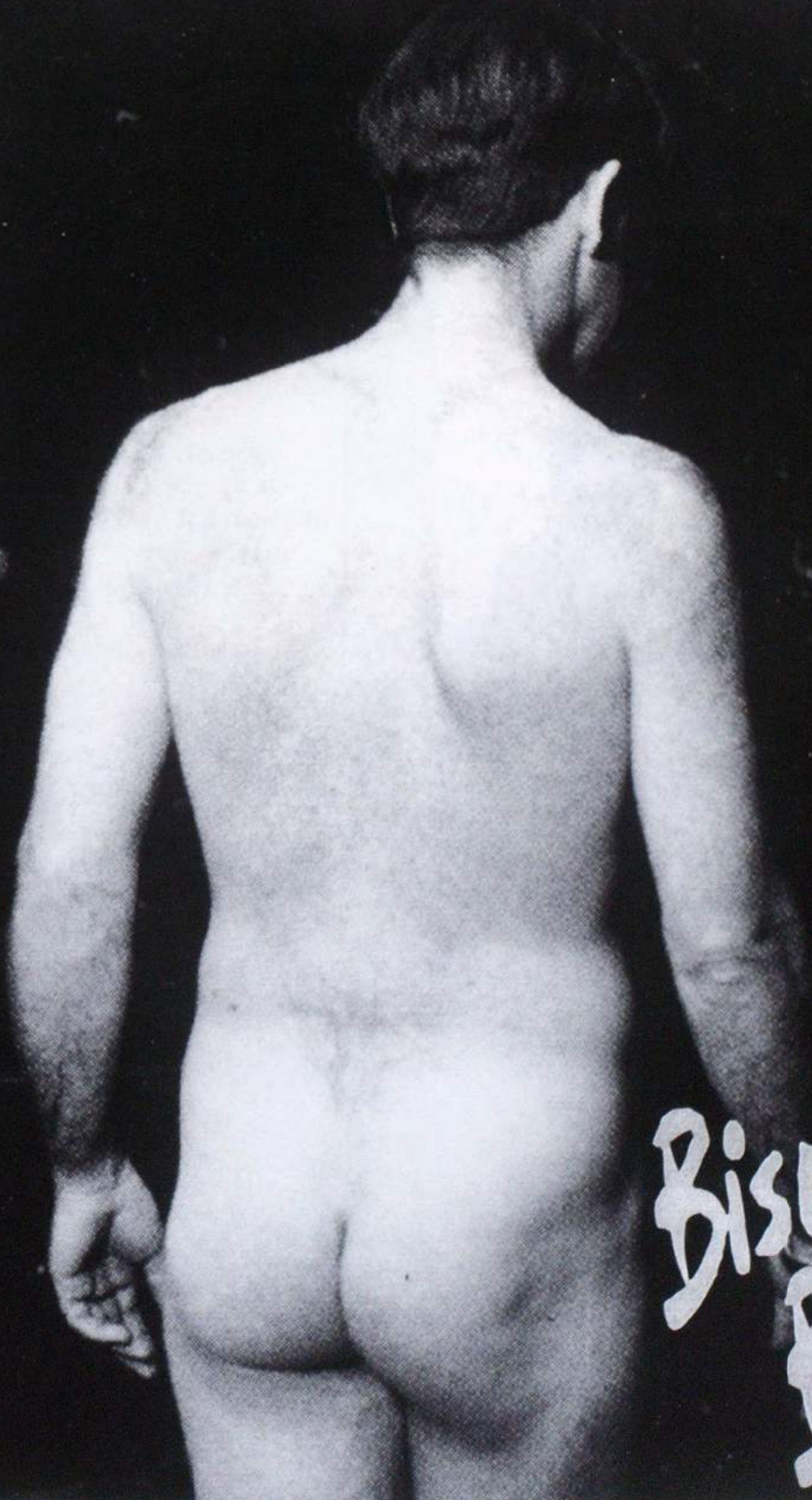
fragrance for MEN





DONNA KORLEONE
NEWYORK
PARFUM

Give a kiss, just a kiss.



*Bisou
Bisou*

ETERNITY

OUT OF
ORDER

Calvin Klein

The Worst-Dressed List

(sometimes referred to as The Shit List)

Brittany Student Council

Rob Jefferson
Rachel Rosen
Tony Chang
Acheron
Rave Morons
Jonathan Kos(Hyphen)Read
Tess
Glenn Kurtzrock
Plato

Seventh Day Adventists

Jason "Pepe" Priestly
Bobby & Danny Hurley
MTV
José "Nacho" Garcia
Brownstone
Mortimer B. Zuckerman
The *Plague* Youth

The "Vile"-let Basketball Teams

Allah
Glenn C. Ellenbogen, Ph.D.
Rush Limbaugh
Saadia & Evan
Neda Pecuric

Brian Stockman

Christina "the Tongue" Rackett
Z-Rock
Kennedy

Late Night With the Anti-Funny

Coach K
Dick Nixon

"Spew" Le Boeuf

Linda Bloodsucker-Thomason
Tape-Stealing Tour Guides

Mother Theresa

Duran Duran
Kristen McMenemy
FYS
Korean Student Association
Roy "Undead" Orbison

The Crying Game

X

Adam Birnbaum
The F.O.B.'s
Amy "Wop" Zucca
Kelley Burlingame
Bransby Whitton
Egyptian Trip-Cancelling Terrorists

Steve Fisher

Marc Bell
Sigma Alpha Mu
Becky Godson
SNL

Beavis & Butthead

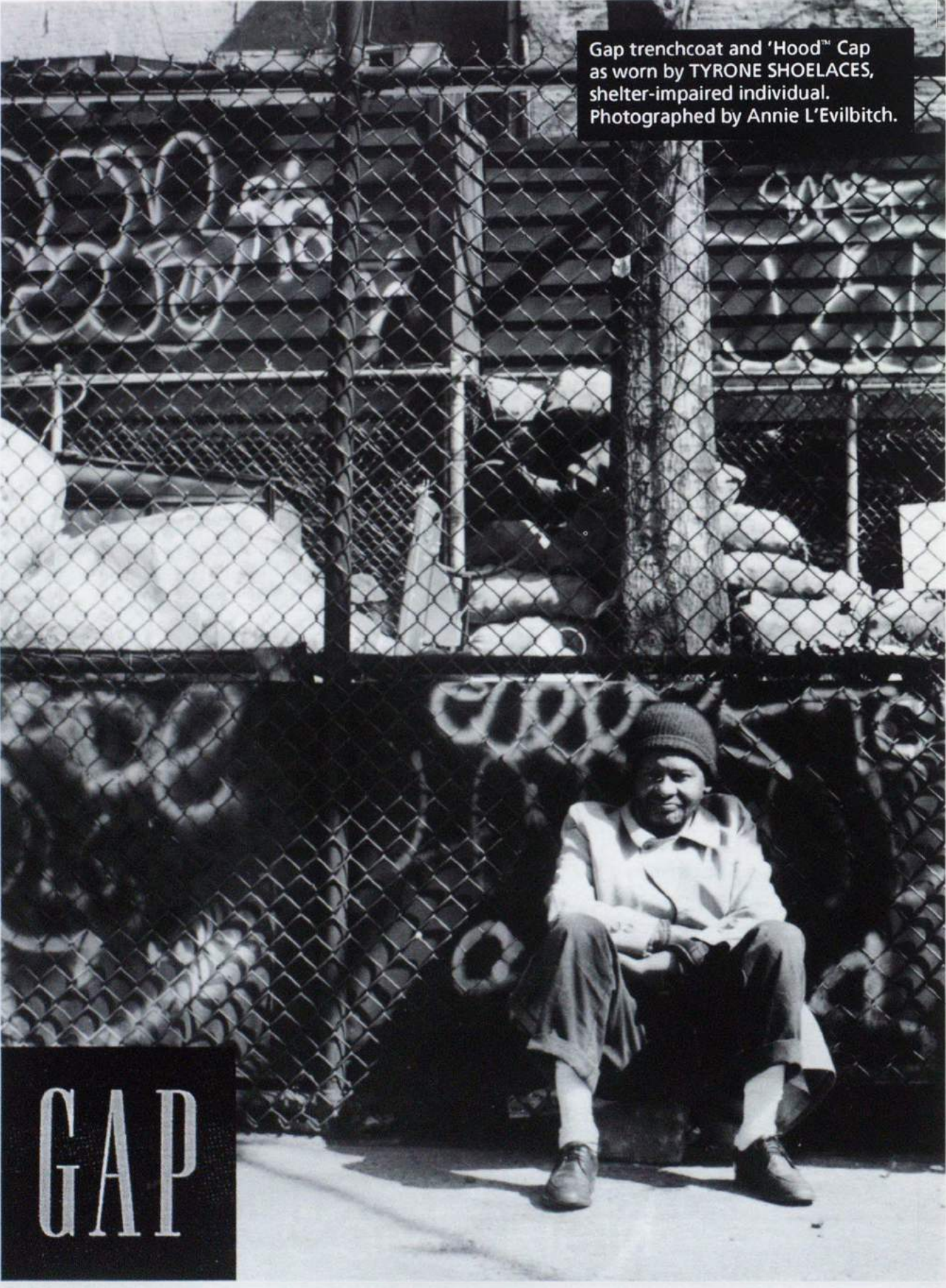
The Harvard Lampoon

John Locke
Torchtone
Rich Soto
The Michigan Wolverines
Skippy
El Vez

Mom and Dad

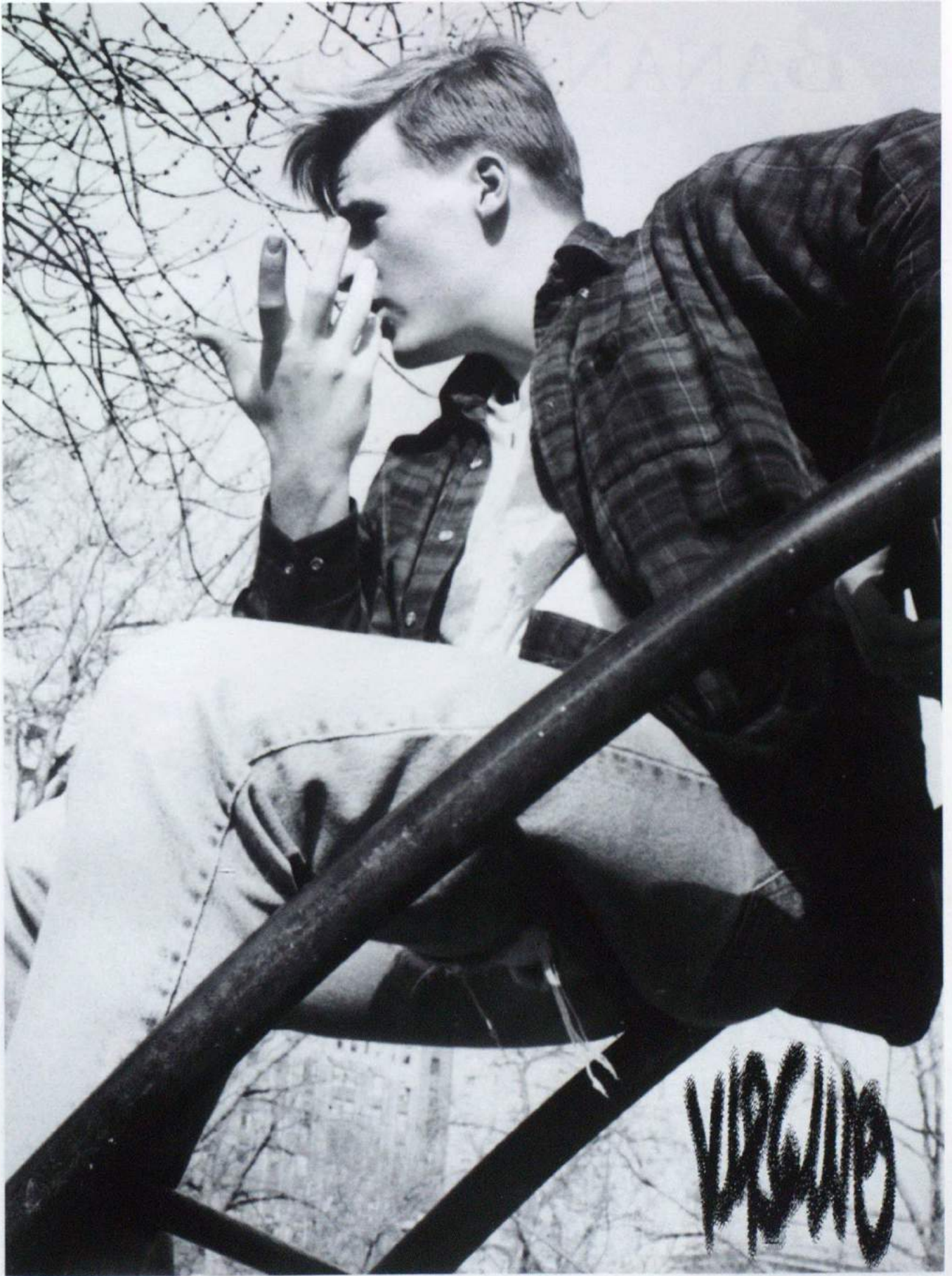
Stuart "The Mack" Miller

•Nazi Bitch From Hell•



Gap trenchcoat and 'Hood™ Cap
as worn by TYRONE SHOELACES,
shelter-impaired individual.
Photographed by Annie L'Evilbitch.

GAP



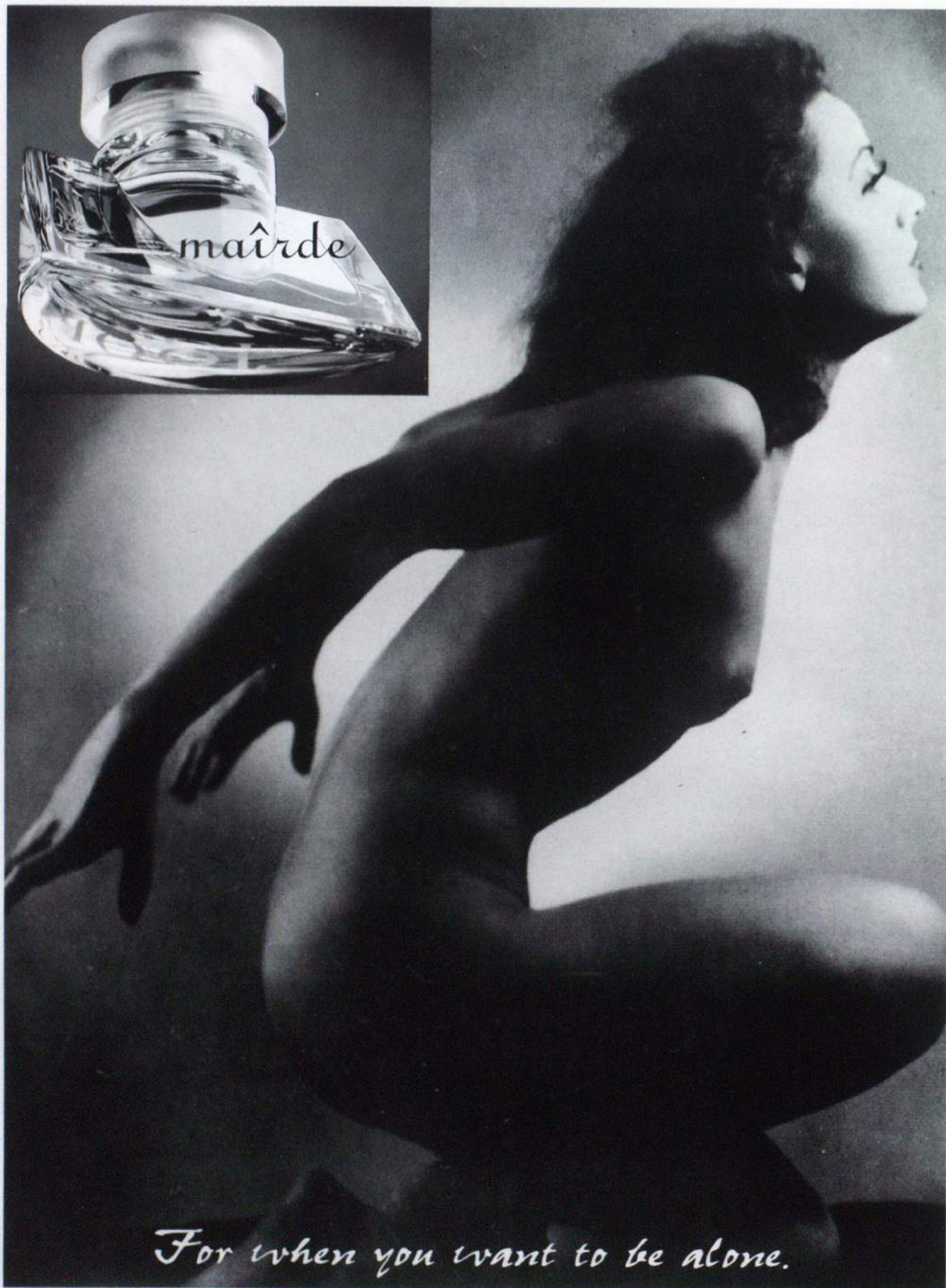
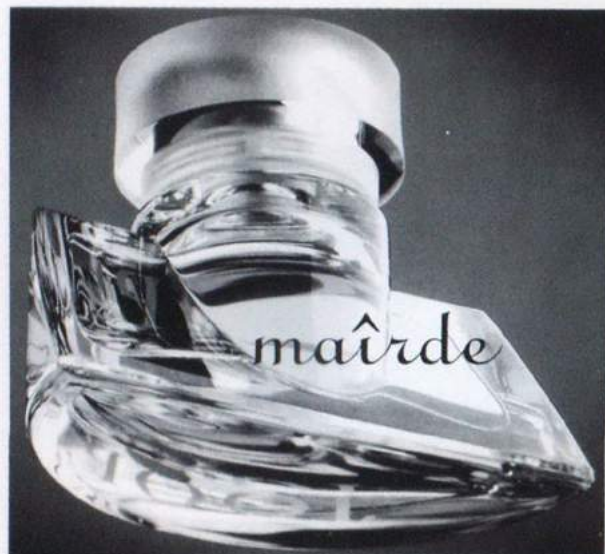
BANANA REPUBLIC





JUST DO IT.





For when you want to be alone.



turban
outfitters

in this issue

Page 4 (cover look): Black lacy thing, \$240. OMA the barbarian, NYC. Sunglasses, \$.50 local deli. Speaking of local delis, I'm getting sick and tired of paying anywhere from 95 cents to a dollar for a sixteen ounce bottle of POP. Yes, that's right, POP. It's not soda, people. Get with reality, the new scent by Liz Claiborne: \$975 an ounce. [editor's note: we must apologize for Mikey's particular rant here, but don't blame him—it's simply bad breeding. You see, not only is he from Washington, land o' kilts and "Seattle" (adj., 1. bad, bad, bad, simply rank, rude, frightening, horrible, just plain sucks: ex. "My, that NYU basketball team is sooooo Seattle.") music, but he's from an area of the state fondly referred to by Jessica as "the sticks."] Saks Fifth Ave. Sucks Fifth Avenue is more like it. I can't believe how stupid you people are who go to these places to get sneered at by people who proceed to destroy your ego and your credit line, not to mention the size of your belt, 100% leather, with pure silver buckle, \$45.95 at Macy's. Of course, Macy's is bankrupt, and they still didn't want anything to do with our favorite trustee Larry Tisch. Gives you a great sense of pride and fiscal security now doesn't it? Fashion Clips 78: Midriff pictures: clockwise from center: Your Mom, your girlfriend... Hey speaking of girlfriends, I bet you couldn't get your girlfriend to bare her bottom for the camera! Sean did, but we didn't use the pictures for anything. Lucky you. Me, I don't even have a girlfriend, but if I did, I'd buy her a wool jacket, \$840. The Calvin Klein stores; Neiman Marcus. Plague's view 81: Cashmere and silk sweater, TSE Cashmere, \$390. My God, I hope nobody is actually reading this. It's bad enough to sit down and write this, and there are two and a half more columns to go of cotton flannel pajama top (sold as a set), Shadow Boxer by a shady character like you perhaps. For those of you who wonder what goes on behind the scenes at our hallowed rag, fuck off! No, really. Most of the work is done in high pressure situations like this where we stay up all night, neglect our studies, and spew out this tripe for all of you: people like Guy Beniaminovitz, Joe DiSalvo, or Barneys New York. Sweater and blankets also at Ultimo, Chicago. Top center and bottom center model: me. I did get to model for about three or four ads myself. It's a pretty harrowing experience to be subjected to someone exposing your flaws to the world, for posterity. What are my kids going to think? That is, if I even come close to having an opportunity to try to begin asking a girl out so we may eventually have kids. If I ever do have them, I'll be a great father: I'd buy them wool and silk long johns, Hanro, \$85. Saks Fifth Avenue. Plague arts 114-115: Bottom: we never did get any art from our damn Art Director. Why the Hell did we put his name in the magazine? We needed the space. He was supposed to come up with the new uniforms for the whole gays in the military deal, but as usual, he came up with nil. Plague beauty 200: Rayon and Lycra shirt, \$98. Ninety eight dollars! Jesus H. Christ, I don't spend that much money on clothes during the entire year! The obvious retort is "that's pretty obvious." My obvious comeback is "fuck off." But enough profanity. We're trying to change the tone of the magazine to a loftier, more accessible humor. When we say "fuck", we have

to mean it. 202: Top left: hairpin available with which to kill or maim potential muggers. As the model shows, a quick jab to the eye will stop any would-be rapist, while a hard thrust to the temple will floor even a raging bull. Sex and violence, sex and violence, we're all going to Hell in a handbasket. Oh yes, I almost forgot racism, sexism, and homophobia, the unholy trinity that is levelled against us with every successive issue. Oh, the trials of being politically incorrect! If we try to poke fun at a sacred cow, we end up getting sacrificed. And it seems like there are more and more Hindus every day!

That was no lady

242: Left: cotton/rayon wursted wool shirt, Mangel Fenetre, \$300. Biker pants \$750. Left: Body-tube stocking and pilot's goggles, Ain't We Hip, \$1200. Left: Miss Piggy Underoos and Crazy Party Stout-Through-the-head novelty earmuffs, Waverly Smoke Shop, \$39.95. Oh, all right, I'm going now. You win, but the last oreo is mine. \$50.

Postcard from nowhere

279: I'm back. Bag, Magid. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. What a dumb name. But then, all of the names that these fashion insiders have are wacky. Not nearly as wacky as my friends at Brittany, though. Those guys are so wacky, they named themselves after Satan. Someone shoot them now. Especially Beelzebub, Lord of the Flies, and of all the shit that goes with 'em. He's a scary mother. His name is Rich; he lives in 903A. Get him now. And while you're at it, don't forget a nice Viscose, polyester, and spandex bodysuit. Also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn; Colitti, Milburn, NJ. 278: Yes I know I'm going backwards; I can do whatever I want. Hey, it's 1:30 in the morning on the day before a major paper of mine that I haven't even started yet because of all this is due, and I've been typing for six hours. All that time I've been looking down at the magazine and periodically going 289: Antron and spandex swim dress. Earrings, Trifari Jewelry. Bag, Magid. Etc. Etc. And so on and so on.

A new voice

327D: Row J, seat 6, center: Hello? Is this thing on? This is me, come to give Mikey the swing shift out the door and get to some real business. First thing you'll notice is that I won't be using any of those zany references to clothes and clothiers in the middle of my diatribe here: no time, no space. Besides, my thinking is scattered enough as it is without throwing in a bunch of silly non-sequiters just for the sake of mimicking *Vogue* as exactly as possible. I'd rather be funny be entertaining get this fucking thing over with.

A rave rant

455: Left, evacuated, skedaddled: my brain, which was here just a minute ago, has suddenly gone AWOL. Oh, well, it's not as if you would have been able to tell if I hadn't opened my big mouth (hey, maybe that's how...) Enough about my problems, let's talk about yours. 466: The statistics sadden me. Did you know that there is an 85% chance that you or someone you know is wearing bell-bottoms, platform shoes, and a striped (pronounced stry-pedd) shirt as you are

reading this. It's enough to drive a man to drink—and I mean alcohol, you shits, not that veggie-fecal-matter Smart[sic] Drinks you X-heads are slurping through kiddie straws while playing patty-cake with the other fashionably-impaired individuals.

Oh, God!

42: right of center: the meaning of life. 42B: Ahh, the man in the mirror (pointed at a psycho). Dave "the Man" Koresch, sitting there in his nice little compound doing...whatever it is Gods do on a Wednesday afternoon. Being pure Being, I suppose. Not to mention omniscient, omnivorous, and omnipotent. I always wondered whether omnipotence was the opposite of impotence. If so, that would mean that rather than having a non-existent erection, my man would be sporting a Universal boner existing at all places at all times. You realize, however, that if all of his cute propaganda is true, he is witnessing me trashing him behind his back, calling him names like *freak*, *fruitcake*, and *Senator*—is it getting hot in here? What happened to the lights? Whatever is that curious pain in my chest...help! ACKK! [gurgling noises—ed.] I'm sorry!... went... too... far... I take it back! Whew. So he's probably a whiz with the babes, big deal. So is Barry Manilow. But the Jersey Crooner is not a Branch Davidian, an even more frightening version of Seventh Day Adventism. 666: Adventists, like most Christian extremist groups, do not provoke hostility on my part—they're too entertaining. What could be more amusing than a group of half-literates trying to sing songs written in medieval English? ("How Great Thou Art," etc.) People who would have trouble digesting *Ethel the Aardvark Goes Quantity Surveying* (of the first-grade reading list) should be hosting the Academy Awards rather than eating their Host in search of their eternal rewards. This of course only proves what I've always said about that posthumous mythical place called Paradise: it's a nice place to visit, perhaps, but where would you keep all the pamphlets?

Almost home

366: Bottom, center: except for the fact that I am so far from finishing this stinking rag that I almost feel guilty about contributing my own 2.3 cents here when I should be laying out the front and back covers. Of course, the theme being fashion and all, I suppose it's all right if I take on the façade of a diehard non-conformist. So I could declare my devout bachelorness (that is, to echew the foregone conclusion that I must reproduce myself 2.3 times), and deny myself the comfort of a true home. I read somewhere that more people are living by themselves, never planning to marry, and are perfectly happy with that situation. My problem is that if someone doesn't bite my head off about the rank, dirty socks on the coffee table, they'll be there long after Madonna's *Sex* book is shuffled off into the dusty pile marked *passé*. 443: Just to the left a bit, higher, a little higher, that's right, thanks. Hail! Hail! The end is near, the apocalypse is nigh, Hollywood is dead, the Anti-Funny is more popular than ever, politics reeks of faux-respectability, and *Plague* has struck—hard. 2000: dead center: run...for...your...lives.



1933.



1946.



1968.



1978.



1986.



1993.

You always come back to the basics.





ABSOLUT WACKO, TX.