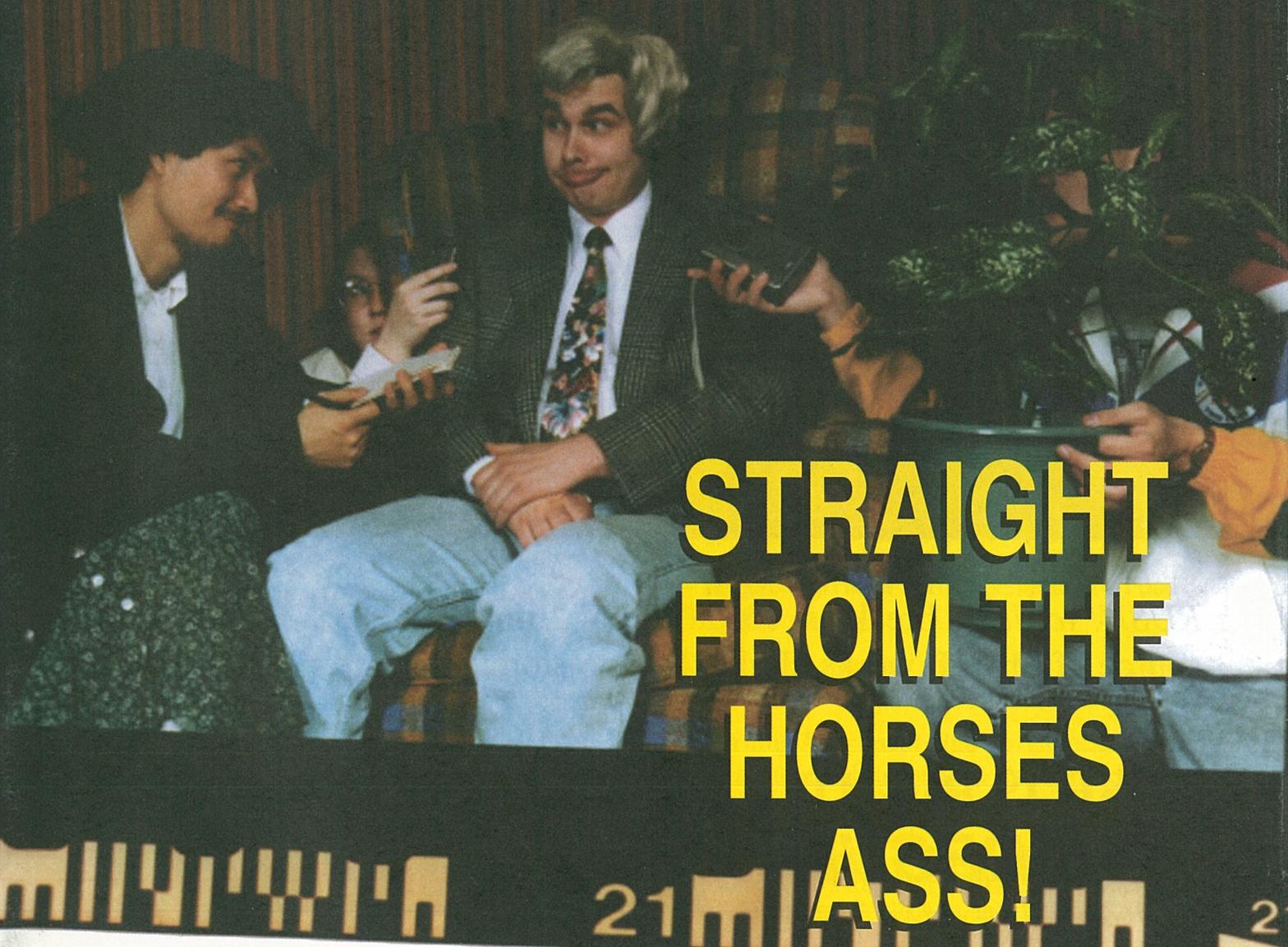


APRIL 1, 1995 \$2490

People

wreekly



**STRAIGHT
FROM THE
HORSES
ASS!**

Carrie Chang discusses
the finer points of
stardom with the Newt.

**NEWT and CARRIE'S
excellent interview**



New!

Some say I'm full of sh!t...
...not true!

RUSH! to flush breakfast cereal is new from Ke-LOGS. Finally, a great source of fiber. It works all day long to stop that colon filibuster!

**RUSH IS RIGHT...
AND REGULAR!**

Don't make the same mistake
my friend Ronald Reagan did-
keep a healthy colon!!

RUSH!
to flush

High Fiber Breakfast Cereal

Schedrool of Events

Friday, April 1

- **RIT Pre-Law Association:** will meet in the Marcia Clark Gymnasium for a simulated trial. Free O.J. served at the front door. • 3 am
- **Student Mary Q Rastapoopoo** will miss her period.
- **RIT Paranormal Club** will hold its fourth annual seance in an effort to invoke school spirit. • noon
- **RIT Tigers football team** will still not exist
- **Talisman presents: *Deep Throat III: The Newt & Connie Story*** • 12 pm
- Ahh! Ahh! Spiders! Spiders all over me!

Saturday, April 1

- **RIT Apathy Club** meeting cancelled
- **Guest Lecture:** Jean Claude Van-Damme • *Counting to Five in Eight Easy Steps*
- **Seminar:** *The Outside World: Myth or Reality?*

Moanday, April 1

- **RIT petting zoo:** next Wednesday • all your favorite professors will be there.
- **Students Ike Umhard and Cara Beein:** will try to sneak a quickie in the Arabian Cookbook section of Walleye Library. All are invited to point and laugh.
- Lance suckled Annabelle's heaving breasts. "Good doggie!" he said as she wagged her tail.

Tuesday, April 1

- **Second Annual Pope John Paul Slam Dunk Invitational:** Dr. Diane Hope defending champion.
- **Tuesday 6:00:** *Writer's meeting*

- **RIT Tiger's Kickboxing:** Mani "The Bruiser" Eghbali vs. Reverend Butch "The Butcher" Mothersell
- **Tallishman Presents *Cows on parade!!*** • Coming soon.
- **Asian Cultural Society:** sponsors Godzilla movie marathon.

Wetnoseday, April 1

- **Spring Open House:** 69th Annual Greek Sheep Shaving Contest.
- **Men's Basketball:** vs. Orlando Magic • 8pm • *Clark Gymnasium*
- **Talisman Movie:** sponsored by CRAP • **Star Wars: Anal Hope** • 7 & 9:30 pm • *SpiderWebb Auditorium* • *Boof Bldg*

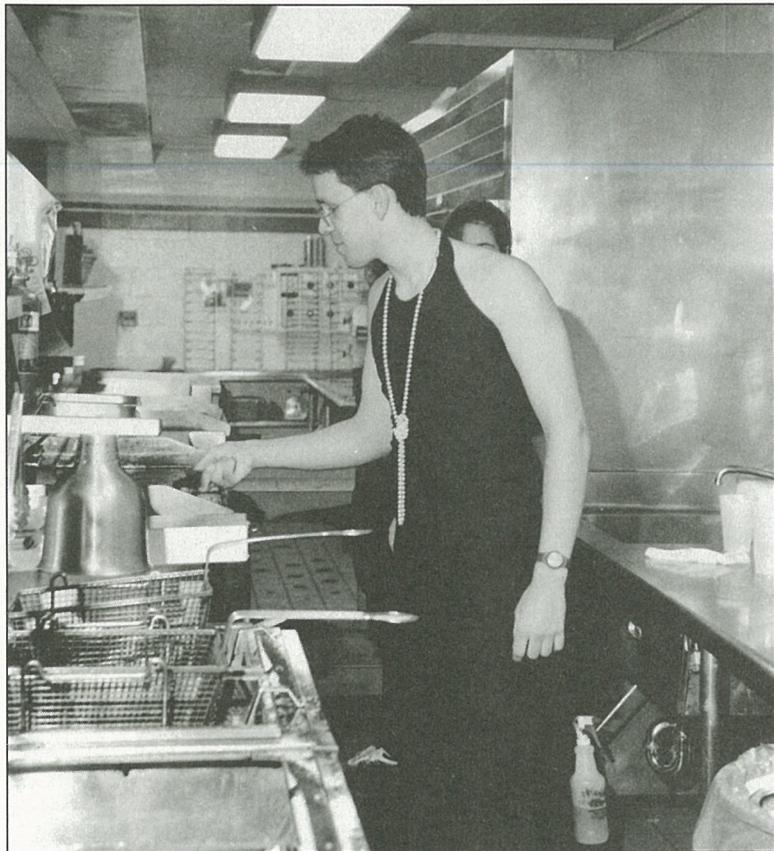
Thirsty, April 1

- It rubs the lotion. It puts the lotion in the basket.
- **Intervarsity Fellowship:** The only place on Friday nights where odd students meet.
- **Managed Nutrition Series:** presented by Food Services
- Now I have a machine gun. Ho, ho, ho.
- **Returning Apartment Sign up:** Come see actual apartment complexes sign up for the residents that THEY want in them.
- **TGIF (Thank God It's Finished) in the Ritz:** performance by Reporter Staff • 6 until whenever • free pizza, until Willis gets ahold of it • SAU • Ratcellar

► Fascist or Fashion Victim?

Newt Bares all.

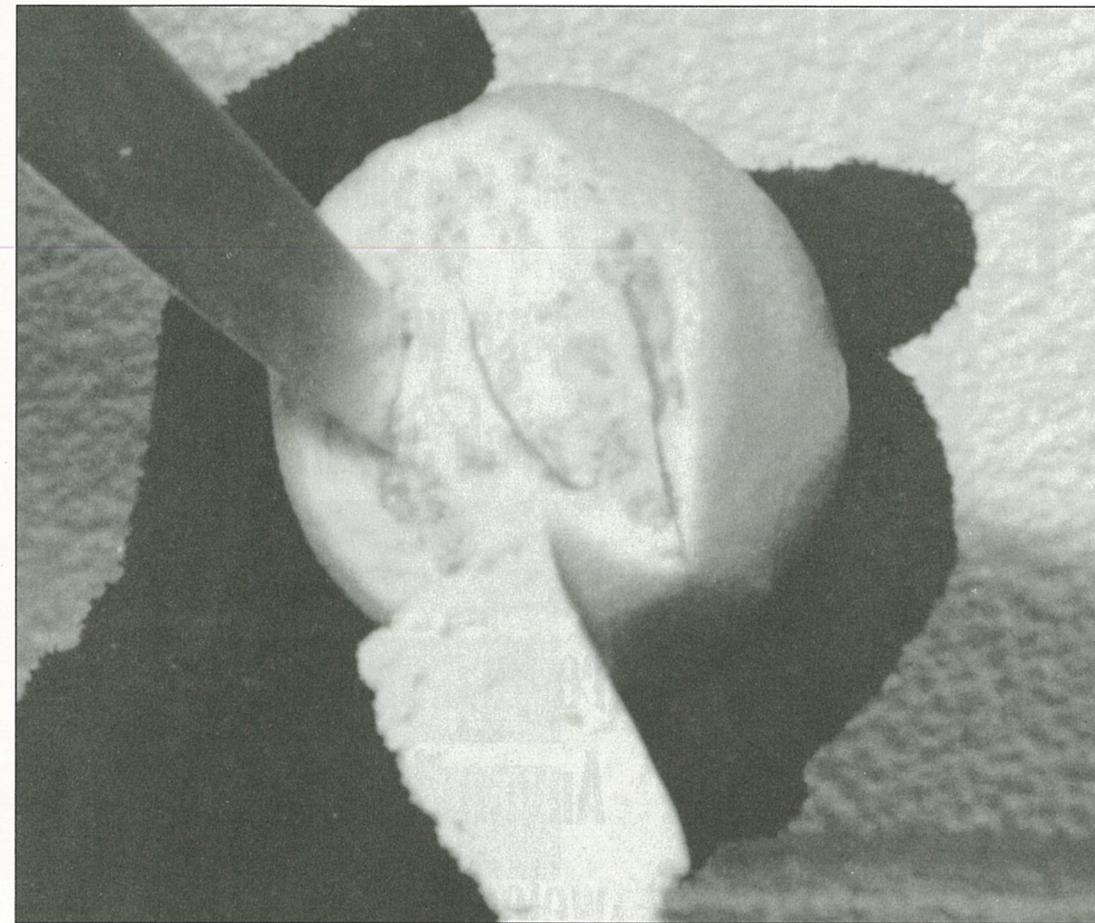
16



OJ GOES HERE

This story is not about Mr. Simpson, now for something completely different ▼

24



▲ BEST DRESSED

Jason David cooks up his famous weiner surprise.

20

MAIL • 8

Feedback from our fake readers on fake issues we never covered.

TUBE • 10

The fourth network has found a formula for success and they're running it into the ground. People previews the new shows.

SCREEN • 10

Recent filmmakers have decided to make it easier

on themselves by combining all the grunge brat packers into one film featuring the basic Generation X sob stories.

SONG • 11

Punky Green Day brews up another one.

PAGES • 11

What's new on the bestseller's list? Probably not what we reviewed.

HOT SPOTS • 16

Viv Venus heads out to paint the town red and let you know where to go for good times in Rochester. Let's hope she remembers where she went and what she did.

COVER • 16

America's right-wing king is caught with his guard down in this unauthorized, off-the-record interview with ace reporter, Carrie Chang..

UP FRUNT • 20

The best dressed folks on the campus of R.I.T show their stuff at the hippest locations here.

CONTROVERSY • 25

Some people thinks OJ belongs in the can. Others don't agree. A nation watches as America's favorite juice is put to the test.

CHATTER • 30

Check in to see what exactly goes on in a publication office that makes them do what they do.

MAIL • 8

BRICKS

& BLAND • 11

COVER • 16

UP FRUNT • 20

CHATTER • 30

Distorter

Peeples
wreekly

this is a PARODY

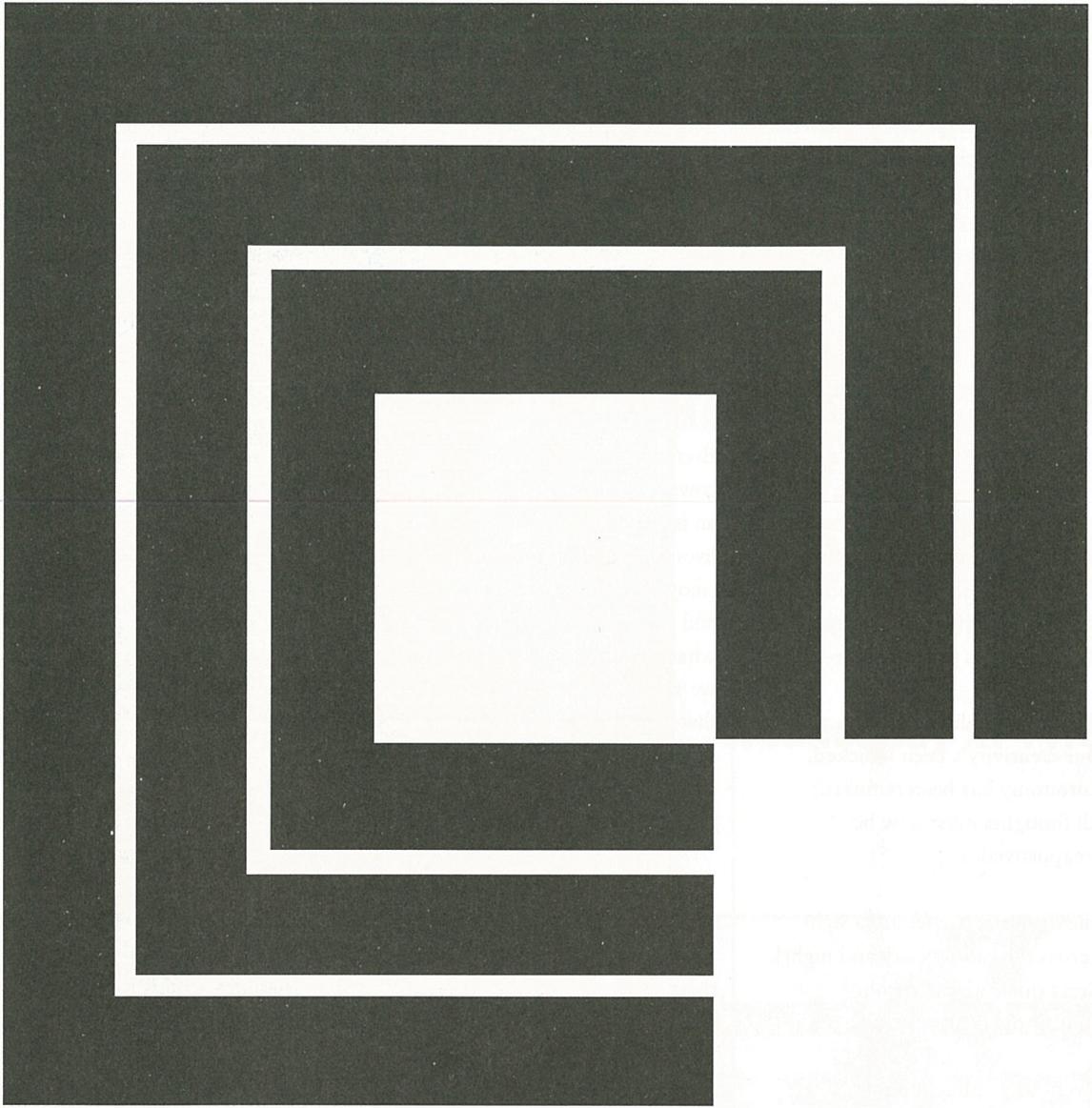
(don't take what you read as truth!)

There will be a meeting this Friday, March 31, in the Reporter office to voice any complaints and concerns regarding this year's **DISTORTER**. Any and all criticism and/or praise is welcomed.

The meeting will begin at 4:30.

reporter

is located in the lower level of
the SAU Building, Room A426. x2212



R·I·T

(We cut corners)

MAIL

Kung fu is an ancient Chinese martial art that dates back as far as 5000 years, and does it show! The influence of kung fu and other martial arts can be seen many places in today's society.

■ ALMA MATER

It's a shame that no one sang the alma mater at graduation last year. I have asked around and found that most of the people just didn't know the words. To avoid further embarrassment this year, I have enclosed the lyrics to the alma mater:

Hail, RIT! Knee-deep we stand
In waters of this swampy land.
Our parents left us here to rot;
We'll love this place forever—NOT!

We're now politically correct,
Our creativity's been wrecked.
Autonomy has been removed;
All thoughts must now be
preapproved.

The drunken parties are a sight
Across the campus day and night!
Great quantities of alcohol
That's how we can survive it all.

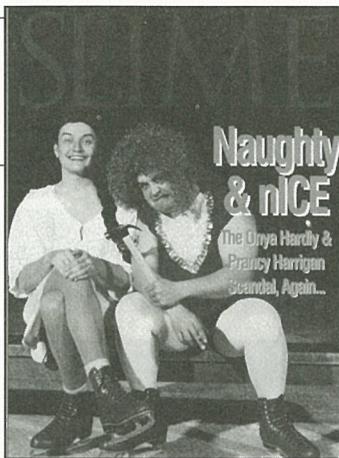
Psychology, philosophy—
What can this bullshit do for me?
Our sole concern is earning bucks;
This Liberal Arts crap really sucks.

'Midst fired brick and trees and grass
It's easy to blow off a class.
We thank the Lord for W's,
The easy path is what we choose.

To RIT our cash has gone,
An endless stream that's five years
long.

Before we're even out the door
They call us up and ask for more.

TICKED OFF PROF., *Rochester, NY*



■ ROYALE, WITH CHEESE

Everyday, humans consume thousands of cows. I think PEEPLE magazine should have an issue dedicated to cows and all the cow lives we have ended. I think many people enjoy eating their hamburgers and steaks, and that is great. Please, just remember what you are eating. I am not saying that we should not continue to eat them, just that we should at least recognize the enormous amount of beef we kill for our own consumption. Thank you.

BESSIE DAKOWSKI, *Henrietta, NY*

Do animals have rights, I don't think so. The constitution doesn't say "We the people and the animals." I'm tired of these earth-head sissies telling me I can't go whaling or killing bald eagles. Is this the great U.S. of A. or some pinko commie land? MRS. BARKER, *Pasadena, CA*

■ SAY WHAT?

Throughout my years at RIT I found one thing that has annoyed me the most. I think everyone at RIT feels the same way about it, but few people take strong actions to rid RIT of this problem. I strongly disagree with PEEPLE's ethics in dealing with this highly sensitive and important matter. It is organizations such as yourself that feed the problem instead of helping it. Trying to cure the symptoms does not get at the underlying situation.

Thank you for the effort, but it is unnecessary, and in my opinion,

detremental to the RIT community. When I think about my years at RIT, I don't want to remember all the times I had to put up with this. Let's try to work together, NOW, and cure this once and for all.

FELS NAPTHA, *Georgina, NY*

I'm a student at a fairly reputable institution. I consider myself a fairly intelligent young person, but for the life of me I can't figure out what the HELL this damn issue is you're talking about. I read these letters every time you print them and they're just full of shit! People are writing strong feelings about an issue that doesn't even exist! Has the whole world gone mad or am I just dumb enough to keep reading something that I know makes no sense?

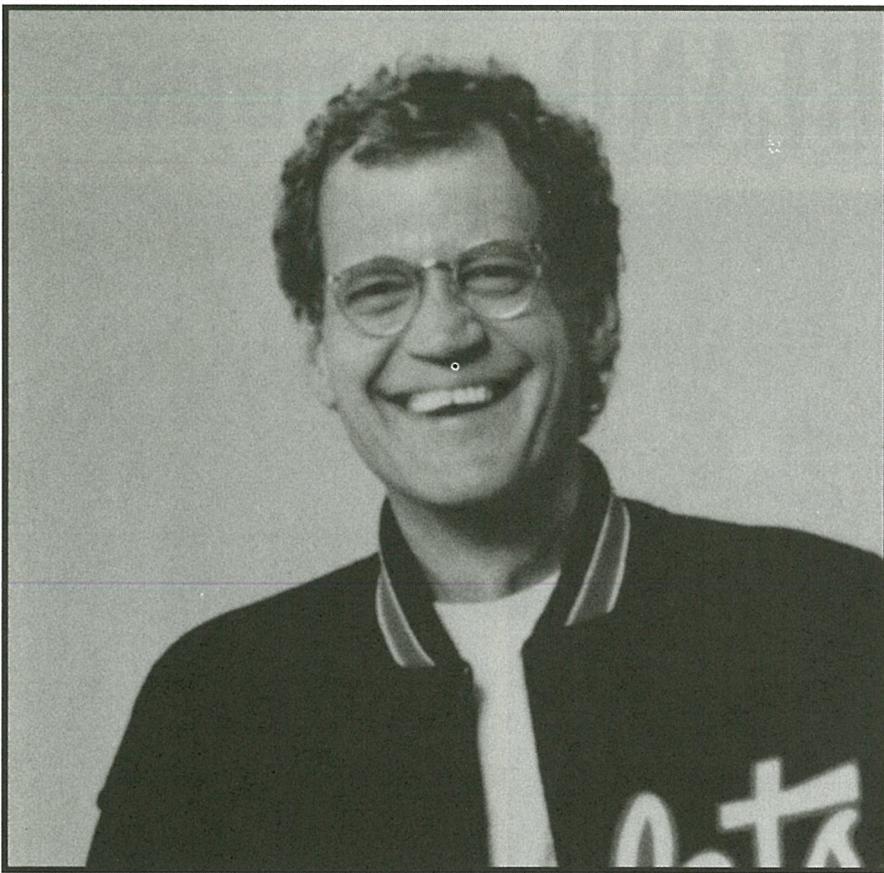
WILL E. GRADUATE,
South Henrietta, NY

I just wanted to commend your magazine on the position it has taken in light of sensitivity of this topic. It takes a special kind of team to actually stick to their guns and not back down despite the unpopularity of their views. It's good to see at least one part of the media not follow the trend of wishy-washyness of most in the industry. I encourage you, in fact I implore you, if for nothing else, as an example to other magazines, stand firm. This issue means a lot to a lot of people, including me. We know you won't let us down.

MR. RIP TAYLOR, *Las Vegas, NV*

PEEPLE welcomes correspondence. Mail should be addressed to PEEPLE, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Our fax number is 212-000-0000. Our online address for Compuserve is 000, 000. For the Internet it is 000.0000@compuserve.com. All correspondence should include words.

Somewhere in the collective American subconscious exists a great fascination with the "secret" of kung fu. However, many aspects of the art have been downplayed by the overwhelming extent of Western commercialism. When someone mentions kung fu, it's hard to imagine anything more than fists of fury and lightning kicks. Somewhere in the collective American subconscious exists a great fascination with the "secret" of kung fu. However, many aspects of the art have been downplayed by the overwhelming extent of Western commercialism. When someone mentions kung fu, it's hard to imagine anything more than fists of fury and lightning kicks. Somewhere in the collective American subconscious exists a great fascination with the "secret" of kung fu. However, many aspects of the art have been downplayed by the overwhelming extent of Western commercialism. When someone mentions kung fu, it's hard to imagine anything more than fists of fury and lightning kicks. Somewhere in the collective American subconscious exists a great fascination with the "secret" of kung fu. However, many aspects of the art have been downplayed by the overwhelming extent of Western commercialism. When someone mentions kung fu, it's hard to imagine anything more than fists of fury and lightning kicks.



Gannett
Lecture
Series
Presents:

**Madonna
VS.
Letterman**

the first in a series of debates.

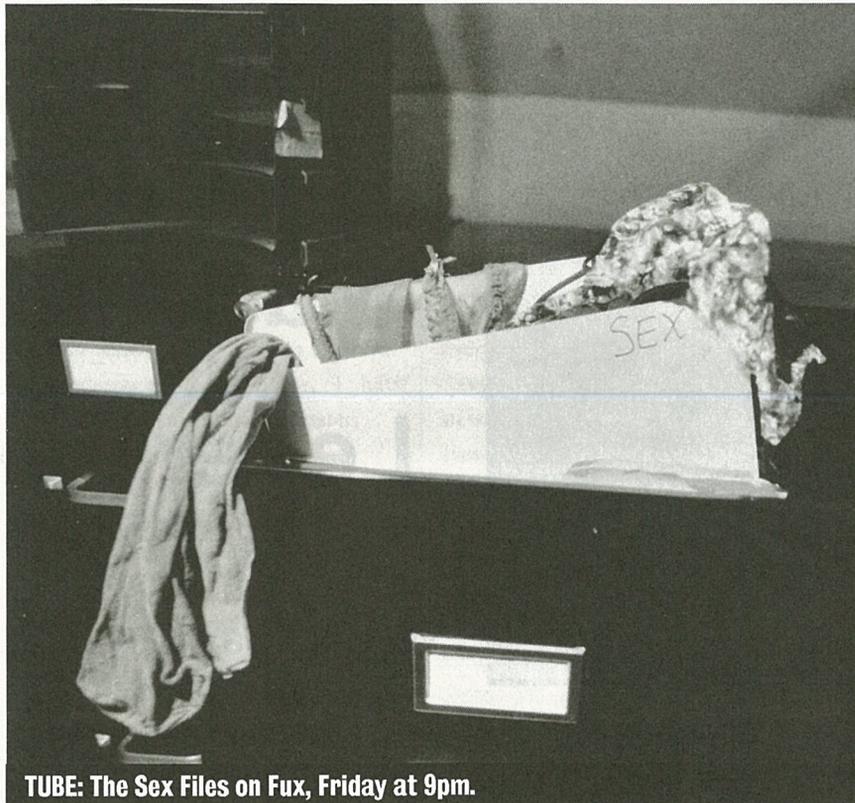
Wednesday at 11:30pm.

**LOOKING FOR SOME LATE
NIGHT ACTION? LET MY
FINGERS DO
THE TALKING!**

1.900.HOTTTTY

\$9.95 per minute

BRICKS & BLAND



TUBE: The Sex Files on Fux, Friday at 9pm.

THIS WEEK

TUBE: What we do this quarter will be a lot of fun," sifu Duteau says to his first quarter sid.

SCREEN: What we do this quarter will be a lot of fun," sifu Duteau says to his first quarter sid.

SONG: What we do this quarter will be a lot of fun," sifu Duteau says to his first quarter sid.

PAGES: What we do this quarter will be a lot of fun," sifu Duteau says to his first quarter sid.

TUBE

by Name Here

KUNG FU IS AN ANCIENT CHINESE MARTIAL art that dates back as far as 5000 years, and does it show! The influence of kung fu and other martial arts can be seen many places in today's society.

It is most noticeable in the entertainment industry where martial arts have grown from a mysterious enigma to a pop phenomenon. mediately witness the impact of martial arts in such game titles as "Mortal Kombat," "Street Fighter," "Killer Instinct" and numerous others within the fighting genr"

■ VR PARTY OF FIVE

Fux (Fridays, 8 p.m. ET)

When the parents of five children are mysteriously murdered, the kids enter cyberspace to interact with their virtu-

al parents to find the killer of their real parents. If it sounds confusing, then try following the first five episodes which are directed by David Lynch. Grade: Virtual B+.

■ THE SEX FILES

Fux (Fridays, 9 p.m. ET)

Agent Boulder and Agent Scummy infiltrate a UFO porn ring. The dynamic duo investigate an unexplainable "red light" phenomenon in the skies of the Pacific Northwest. The action really heats up as they discover Boulder's sister in a Martian à trois. Just remember, the Ruth is out there. Westhiemer, that is. Grade: XXX.

■ RIT SLIDERS

Fux (Wednesday, 9 p.m. ET)

A boy genius wiz kid from Computer Science House develops a way to "slide" to parallel RIT dimensions. The RIT Football team has won the past three college football National Titles, tuition drops, writers are at the meeting, the covered quarter mile opens, people vote in the student elections, the bursar pays the students, the students take the dog, the dog takes the cat, the cat takes the mouse, the mouse takes the cheese, and the cheese stands alone. Grade: I for Incomplete.

SCREEN

RYDME AGAIN AND AGAIN

Winona Rydme, Ethan Hawke

In the latest Generation X movie, "Reality Bites You II: Single Clerks Pump Up The Vampire", Ethan Hawke stars as a soccer-playing Columbian exchange student who comes to America in hopes of finding a bride. Not surprisingly, Winona Rydme plays opposite him as the valedictorian of their high school. Ben "Dover" Stiller, who also directs the movie, is Rydme's college boyfriend.

The movie opens with Hawke working as a clerk in the local convenient store. Stiller and Rydme come into the store after a frat party, and Stiller picks on Hawke's so-called "Columbian" accent which is comparable to that of a certain Robin Hood. Rydme feels sorry for the clerk boy, and she ends up taking a liking to him.

Hawke's big gulp buddies are played by Christian Slaettner and Brad "Arm" Pitt. Prior to filming, Christian Slater and Minnesota Timberwolves' center, Christian Laettner, were genetically fused to become Slaettner. He stars as the brooding, pirate disc jockey who broadcasts from the storeroom.

Pitt, Peephole's sexiest man from last year, plays the clean cut toon detective who becomes a homosexual vampire, serves in World War I, and ends up spending the rest of his life on the breakroom couch smoking big old bags of dope.

Most of the action revolves around the interaction between the forlorn people who shop at the store and the three main clerks, Hawke, Pitt, and Slaettner. As the movie progresses, the attraction between Rydme and Hawke really picks up. The climax comes...when the bloodthirsty Pitt-pire goes on a feeding frenzy when the store runs out V-8 juice.

Lisa "Ear" Loeb, Hawke's real-life girlfriend, provides the musical backdrop to the movie with the movie's

only song, "I Squish You", which is played in the hilarious scene when the store's squishy machine goes out of control.

"RuBY II", as it's being called, is a good "get laid" movie and "it represents our generation like no other movie before it," says Rydme. With its current success, it's no surprise that Wakko, Yakko, and Dot (the Warner Brothers AND Sister) have already started production of a sequel tentatively titled RuBY II's Day: Who Could Hang A Name On You...

NA-30 (No Adults Over 30)

SONG

DOOKIE HOWSER

Green Day

After the highly successful "Dookie", Green Day has just finished up their follow-up album entitled "Doogie." This neo-punk alternative CD is based on the critically acclaimed television show, "Doogie Howser, M. D." The first track, "Casket Case", chronicles Doogie's premed days when he studied pathology. Neil Patrick Harris, the actual Doogie Howser, croons "When I Come of Age" which is the power ballad on the album. With songs like these, it's not hard to tell that Green Day will be around for at least another fifteen minutes of fame.

PAGES

US AGAINST THEM

by Conrad Spirator

Coming out of hiding for only the third time in twenty years, Conrad Spirator has emerged with yet another fascinating examination of some of the greatest conspiracies and government coverups of all time. This

book marks Spirator's third contribution to the public at large.

In this volume of what should be general knowledge (but isn't), Spirator weeds out the truth behind the JFK/Elvis identity switch and the real story behind the Gulf War. He also adds new information to some of the facts posed in his previous books "Are You Looking at Me?" and "Always Check Under the Bed".

Other subjects that he hits in his tour of the secret side of the world include: the Bigfoot/Nessie/Gingrich gambit; how Reagan and Bush helped to plan the takeover of Mars; big business and the secret society of the Monument; and the final outcries of the wolfboy with three heads against the government sanctioned tabloid press which reports about him.

Still in its first edition, this book is a must read for all those who know that there is more out there than the alien controlled evening news is willing to tell us. For a limited time, the book is packaged with a free bug detector, just to be sure that only you know what you're doing. (Idinnadoit Press, \$24)

BUNATE: THE NATURAL MARTIAL ART

by Larold Fern

Karate is no longer just for the masters, and nudism is no longer just for the freaks. Larold Fern's new book, "Bunate: The Natural Martial Artt", is for the person who wants their mind and body to be one (and wouldn't mind a cheap thrill in the process). Bunate (pronounced buh-'not-tay) is short for the sport's real name, Butt Naked Karate. Fern's book is streaking up the High Times best sellers list.

In the book, Fern explains the initial problems they ran into trying to devise a system of ranking. "The traditional belt system just wasn't in line with our ideology. So we used that same idea and came up with the headband system that is now in place."

Bunate is free with your consumer catalog from Pueblo, CO, call 1-800-KIK-BUTT.

THE INCITER

by Stylus Wajowskistoyonsonofabitch

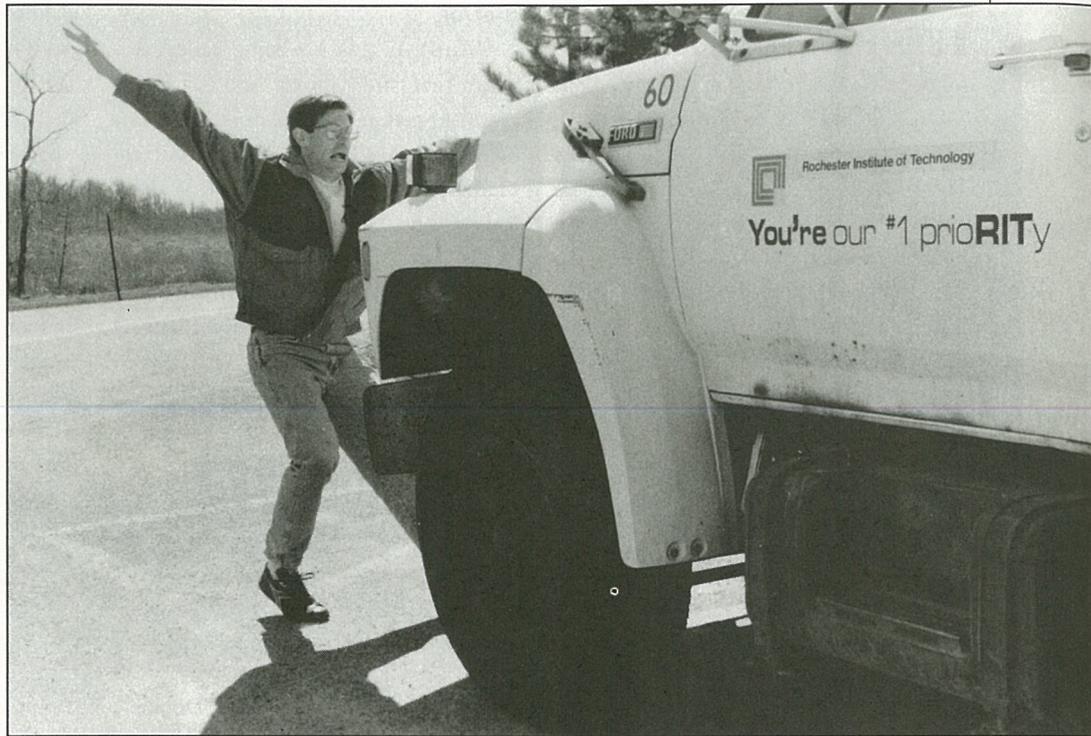
■ DEADLY DISEASE HITS RIT

When PEEPLE first reported the outbreak that hit last Oct., it was thought to be a minor fluke of nature. Head scientist of the expedition, Dr. Albia Simian, characterized it as nature's way of saying "Whoo-weee! Your pay grade really stinks! Looks like your salaries have been dragged up and down hill for ten miles in the snow in red long John's with the bottoms ripped out, no shoes on and 20 pounds of deadweight just piled right up there! We're talkin' some serious deficiencies that have just got to be taken care of!"

Since then the tenacious bug has spread, infecting dozens all over the campus. It's effect seems to be isolated to upper level management hence the virus' new designation : Managed Attrition (MA). The biological nightmare has caught the attention of the nation. Simian has decided to further investigate the plague. For some, it is already too late, having fallen victim to the plague's hallucinogenic side-affects. Health Center staff has been advised to turn away anyone exhibiting symptoms of the delirium. PEEPLE has discovered that RIT can expect to be under quarantine for another year and a half.

The toll MA has taken:
Dan Sharkin: School of Photography, 7 years service, killed by a flash of light when his strobe exploded.

Savvy Seusstrap : School



Ron Darrington ends his career early in life after being run over by an RIT truck.

of Photography, 10 years service, overcome by overexposure (to fixer).

Buck Roger McDonald : School of Photography, 8 years service, died of starvation when he could not find his way out of a dark room.

Ron Darrington : School of Computer Engineering, 11 years service, run over by a truck driver while on his way to a budget conference in Building One. The driver was found to be MA positive and on a suicide run.

Brian Stroktem : School of Computer Science and Information, 15 years service, killed by an infected apple when it's core dumped.

Annie Flowers : School of Computer Science and Information, 10 years service, due to her weakened

condition, she could not move away fast enough when the Eiffel Tower fell over.

Leonard Crocey : College of Liberal Arts, 6 years service, his promiscuity led to one fatal flaw too many.

Katie Yellows : Personnel, 5 years service, died after suffering severe trauma to her conscience.

Bob Warner : College of Continuing Education, 3 years service, plowed down by a truck on the intersection of Progress and Advancement Drive. Apparently the same infected trucker as before.

Dougan McMaxwellhouse : College of Liberal Arts, 7 years service, choked on orange juice while reading this obituary column in the Memorial Art Gallery.

Laura Hindman : School of Food and Hotel Management, 9 years service, died in her sleep when MA took hold of her. surviving family members seem to recall Laura having nightmares when she realized her resume had not changed in eight years.

Mary Saunders : School for American Crafts, 4 years service, struck by flying shrapnel while working on a sculpture entitled Longevity.

Amahl Frankelsnowy : College of Imaging Arts and Sciences, 20 years service, killed by a severe head wound when the rug was pulled out from under his feet. Campus Safety reports indicate that he had attempted to walk on his pet dog.

FART MOTOR COMPANY INTRODUCES ITS NEW

ASFIRE,

THE FIRST ENVIRONMENTALLY CONSCIOUS
AUTOMOBILE OF ITS KIND.

POWERED BY METHANOL

MADE FROM CHICKEN FECES,
IT GETS THE BEST GAS MILEAGE IN ITS CLASS.

WITH STANDARD DUAL AIR BISCUITS, REAR DEFOGGER,
AND HATCHBACK WHICH MAKES LOADING A BREEZE,

THE ASFIRE BLOWS THE COMPETITION AWAY.

THE '95 ASFIRE



BUILT FART TOUGH

TAKING ROCHESTER'S PULSE

By Viv Venus

All right, techies, looking for a good time in Rochester? As the saying goes, there's something for everyone (even in a place lamely dubbed The Flower City). Here we go....

Club Pei

Club Pei is definitely a place that lives up to its name! Lots a beer here: Rolling Cock, Pudweiser, Moldson, Heinleken, Honey Brown, Red (add canine species here), Genesee, some German brands, the list goes on. PEEPLE had the chance to sample each, and we vote Pud to be the winner of our survey. Even though this club is new to the area, it definitely will be here as long as they keep Pud in stock. It's located downtown, on St. Johnson Blvd.

Outside the club, all these weirdos with nothing better to do but hang and get drunk greet newcomers with open arms (and open legs!) The doorway has a psychedelic op art design that is definitely a trip. It probably reflects the state of mind of the painter. You'll be hooked in no time hanging out here, with the hypnotic boom, boom, boom of popular alternative beat.

Inside, fluorescent mushrooms line the balcony wall. There's a pool table, a dance floor, and a bar with nudes in pornographic poses to get off on behind it. Sometimes they have Raves here (dancing 'til the sun comes up, an orgy of sensual pleasure!) The crowd attracts all ages, from underage, pimple-faced geeks to over-the-hill teen-age wannabe's. All shapes, sizes and flavors too!

So are the "Peiers". When asked why this is a warm spot in Rochester (better than the wet spot, I suppose), some of their replies included: "People with



pierced body parts come here. I've seen almost all anatomy parts displayed here too." -Anonymous.

"Like, dude, man, that caterpillar is growing bigger on your chin...oh my God!!! It's turning into a monster! It's going to eat me! Argh! Let me out of here!" -John, Pei regular.

People love Pei, but we must move on, there's at least three more stops and I'm thirsty.

The Horny Toad Pub

Located on Charlemaign Street, The Horny Toad Pub is an authentic English Pub that brings out the best in its visitors. It is jointly owned by our

school's bookstore owner, Jimmy the Greek. An old professor from England started this business on an eventless, boring, lonely night in Rochester four years ago. Exchange students act as bartenders and barmaids there. The staff is very friendly, if you know what I mean. Those English accents sure are a definite turn on to a lot of Horny Toad regulars. Jeez, come ta thinkofit, that guy's pretty cute. C'mere, sweetcakes! I love ya!

Oh, anyways, on Saturday Nights, special games are played for special prizes, for example, Twister, the party game, sure evokes an orgy of a party here! We'll let the prizes be left to your

imaginations. The ale is...hic...also very good here. That's also imported. Hic! 'Scooz me.

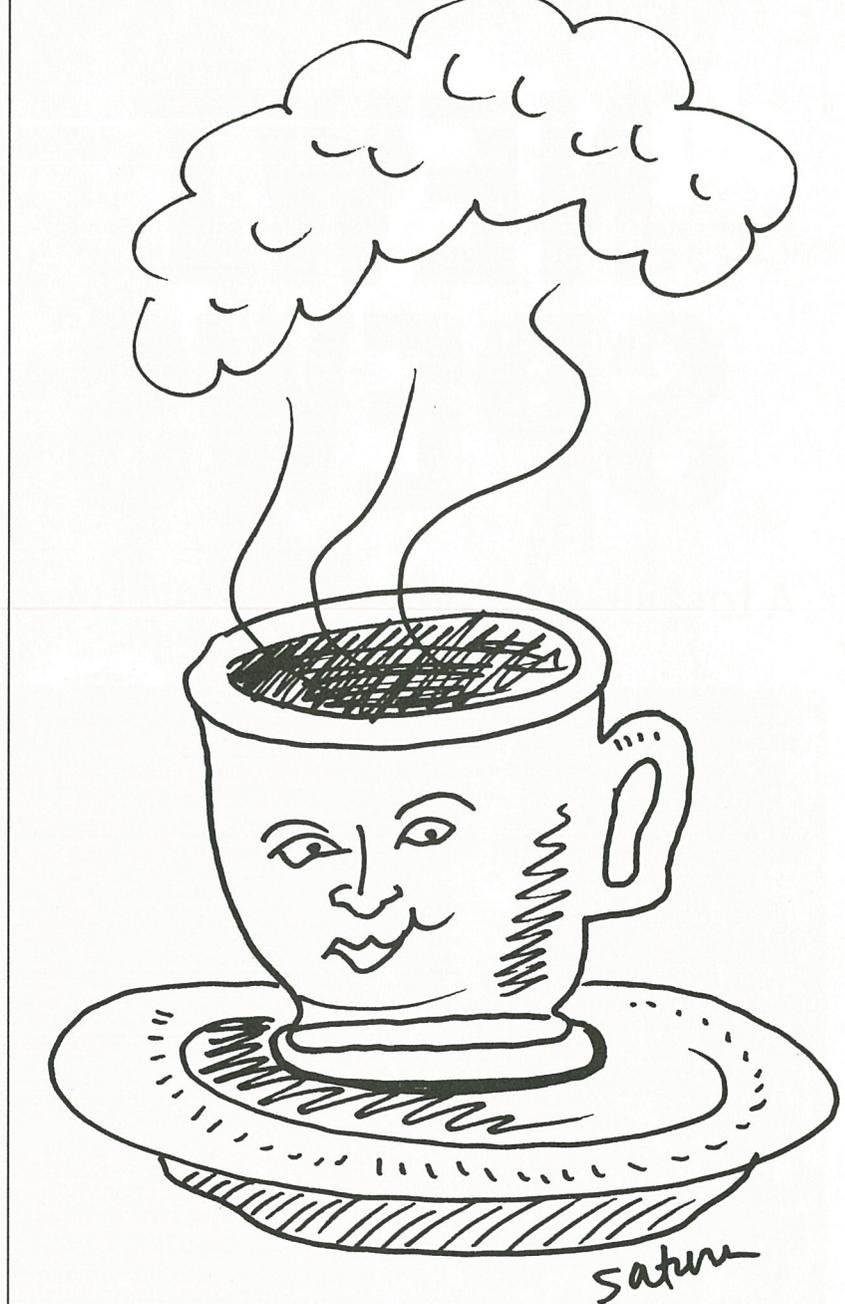
Hava Java Coffee Cafe

Near the Big Theatre, downtown, this coffee place is a perfect spot between bar hopping to wake up your designated drivers a little bit more. Of course, iffyer not drivin, theresh a really good Irish coffee. I got some Irish in me! Ooooh Da-a-a-nny bo-o-o-o-oy! Oh, anywaysh, it has aspiring poets howling nonsensical shit at the microphone every Tuesday night. Lots of dreamy imagery caffeine inspired? Shit no! The place has a lot of teenyboppers trying to be cool by smoking their brains out, mainly from rich suburbs in the Rochester area. Lots of leather jacket and retro-beatnik types here. Goddamned little pissants never worked a day in their miserable lives! I work damn hard all day. Hey, whateryou lookin at, pal? Yeah, you. Oh, yeah, anywaysh, there's also lots of music students composing music, aspiring to drink a 60-bean cup of coffee that Beethoven used to have as a favorite drink in ancient days. Good for the dramatic parts of their composing, I suppose. If you can overlook these annoyances, it's a cool place to hang. But, if you can't, and you're wondering where's the Fuzzy Navel, then let's get out of here when we can still walk straight. HA! On to the next spot...

The Vertical Rock Bar

This place is on Fire Street, off Maim Street in the City. It is unique in that its bar is going up and down instead of sideways. People look like a giant totem pole here as they get a bit tipsy, never once has there been an accident due to special built in safety features: Bungee cords and parachutes! Real fun when your smashed! Hglurp! The clean up crew is also very efficient here. Hic!

When asked why people come here, Manager, Karl Sheep replied, "From a



▲ Of course, iffyer not drivin, theresh a really good Irish coffee. I got some Irish in me! Ooooh Da-a-a-nny bo-o-o-o-oy!

management point of view, my mouth is what makes it successful. Servitude is important. This place is very hyper busy. Humans are a lot like animals in more ways than one. We smell kinda musky, and we like to get whipped, and petted, and hit with newspapers. This is a sex based industry. That's why it's a spot people come to. Everybody's on the same wavelength."

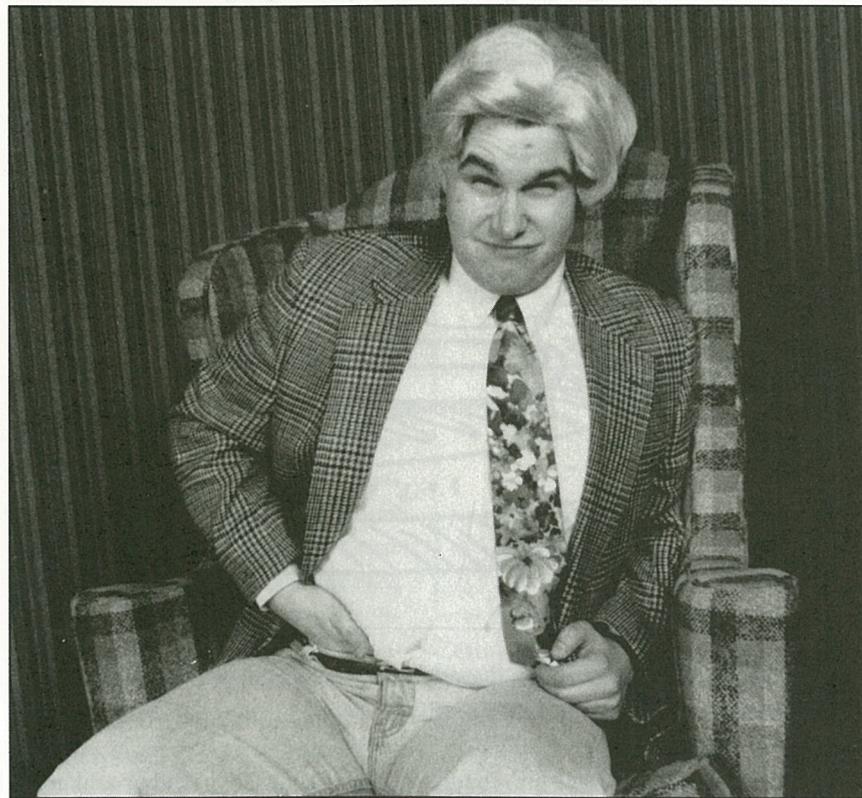
And then I shay to the guy, "whaddafuguhya are ya talkin about? Yeah, all threeofya. Stand still, god-

dammit. C'mere pal, your ashkin for it. I'm gonna knog yer fuggin teeth out. Shtand shtill, would ya? I never liked you..."

[Editor's note: At this point our designated driver, who was at least twice as drunk as Viv, tackles her to keep her from attacking Karl. But he ended up just vomiting all over the place, which made Viv vomit. And then she started laughing. It was pretty funny. Of course, I was drunk too, but that's ok. We went home after that. I just woke up

NEWT SPEWS

A totally off-the-record interview with Newt Gingrich



HARDLY THE POLITICAL MEGASENSATION I expected, Newt strolls into our interview sporting skin-tight polyester tennis shorts and a yellowed Izod golf shirt. His jaunty smile, his confident and direct stare send shivers down my spine. This is the Republican Goliath and I am just the David to bring him down.

After changing out of his Sears

ensemble into his more familiar "professor plaid" sport jacket, Newt and I "square off" and begin our chat. I can't tell who's more nervous—he of my media savvy and lack of moral character, or I of his body odor and slowly creeping belly. We begin, tremulously:

PEOPLE: Newt—this is off the record—what do you really think of your mother?

MR. GINGRICH: Now, Carrie, I'm taking you at your word—this is completely off the record, am I right?

PEOPLE: Absolutely. Of Course. Frankly, I'm surprised that you even feel you need to ask.

MR. GINGRICH: I'm sorry, Carrie. You're quite right—actually, heh heh, I'm quite right.

PEOPLE: Right. Very Funny. So anyway, Newt, back to my original question,

what do you really think of your mom? She's caused you quite a bit of embarrassment in recent weeks.

MR. GINGRICH: My Mom? Well, to be honest, Carrie, I'm a little disappointed with her lack of judgment.

PEOPLE: How do you mean, Newt?

GINGRICH: Well, c'mon, Carrie—I mean, you know, you just can't trust the press. I mean for her to talk to you like that and just assume that you wouldn't

actually use her comments—this is off the record, right?

PEOPLE: Absolutely, Newt.

GINGRICH: For her to assume that you wouldn't use her comments was just extremely naive. So, Carrie, tell me—what does America want to know about Newt Gingrich?

PEOPLE: According to the latest Gallop poll, Newt, America wants to know: What's the quickest and most efficient

way to kill you and dispose of your body?

NEWT: You're kidding, right?

PEOPLE: Can't fool you, Newt. You're right, it's all a big joke. But let's just say—hypothetically speaking—if you wanted to kill someone and dispose of their body, what's the quickest and most efficient way to do it?

NEWT: Well, it's not really my area of expertise, Carrie, but I would probably





use a small hypodermic syringe and inject an air bubble into their bloodstream thereby causing a stroke. Then I would remove the hands and feet, using a Craftsman Sabertooth hacksaw with a tungsten carbide polyalloy blade—it's much more effective than your average hacksaw—and smash their teeth in, preventing identification of the corpse in the event that it's found after being encased in a concrete block and dropped off the Golden Gate Bridge at midnight.

PEOPLE: You've quite an imagination, Newty. Hey...what's that green stuff between your teeth? You've got green stuff between your teeth.

NEWT: This is off the record?

PEOPLE: Naturally.

NEWTY POO: I had escarole for lunch.

PEOPLE: One of my personal favorites. Say, speaking of lunch, why is it that

Ponderosa always locks its doors when you're in the neighborhood?

NEWTY POO-POO: That's a rather leading question, Carrie—I can see what you're getting at. But I can tell you that it's not because I beat a senior citizen brutally and unmercifully last year for butting in front of me at the all-you-can-eat special buffet.

PEOPLE: Newt, you? A senior citizen? I find that hard to believe....

NEWT BABY: What can I say? She was a registered Democrat.

PEOPLE: Still, Newt honey, don't you think that's just a little harsh?

NEWT, THE LOVE HOUND: She was middle class, and besides, she was wearing a Greenpeace sweatshirt.

PEOPLE: Aahhh.... That would explain your reaction. Oh hey, by the way, how's that Contract thingy going?

NEWT, THE STEAMY LOVE STEED: Great,

great, Carrie. I'm glad you mentioned that. It's going smoothly and according to plan. We've just pushed through a revolutionary—

PEOPLE: Yeah, yeah, whatever. So as the representative of the Republican party in the House, what do you think of Hillary's new hair style? Did she get it done at Supercuts, or what?

NEWT, THE RED HOT SEX SLAVE: Oh, Carrie, I completely agree with you. The woman has no taste. None. No really, I've tried her—she has none of that sweet sweaty flavor that I adore on my own wife. Wait...you did say this is off the record, right?

PEOPLE: Newt, my little love slave, of course. Marianne will never know. But, Newt, you? You, the representative of the moral right? You have sampled our First Lady?

NEWT, THE GOD OF PANTING BURNING LOVE: It was the seventies. We were young. I was thin.

PEOPLE: Who do you think is really running the country? Hillary? Chelsea? Socks? Judge Ito?

NEWT, THE THROBBING, HEAVING SHAFT OF WHITE HOT STEEL: Relax, Carrie, none of the above. Ross Perot has been bankrolling Washington politics for years. He ran for President during the last election to throw the media off—they were beginning to suspect something was up. Who do you think came up with the Contract with America? It was all Ross' idea.

Well, Carrie, this is about all I have time for. I'm a very busy man, you know—I have an important appointment in ten minutes to massage my secretary's trembling back. First, Carrie, I want to thank you for being so forthright and honest with me. It's not often that I see such sincerity in a newsperson of your stature.

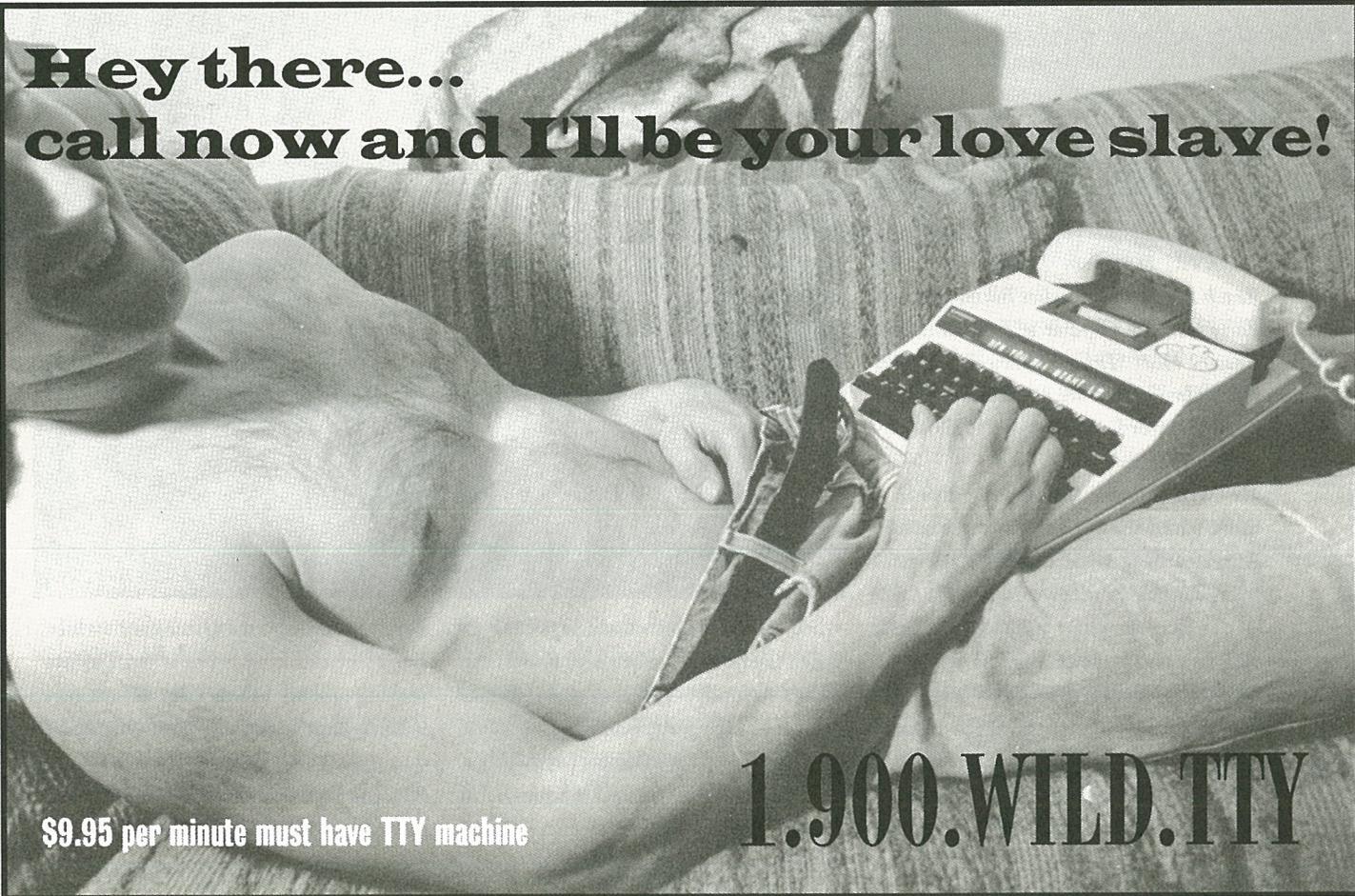
PEOPLE: Wait, Newt!... Is it true that you're Rush Limbaugh's "love bunny"? What's your favorite brand of lard? How many cans do you go through a day? Did you inhale?...■

■ **CARRIE CHANG**

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DIAMONDS IN THE BRICK

RIT's best dressed • By Vladimir Rosenpenis

RIT may not be the glamorous hills of Hollywood. In fact, it's pretty much the opposite. Hollywood has sunshine, beautiful women, and glitz. At RIT, the sun never shines, women are an endangered species, and the campus is aesthetically challenged. But there are those among us who are talent and fame advantaged, people who work and go to school with ordinary knuckleheads such as you and I. Me. Whatever. Anyway, not only are these people beautiful and splendidly glamorous, but they are also the best dressed members of the RIT community. Yeah, well, you yahoos aren't exactly trying your hardest, y'know.

FIRST WE HAVE FAMED supermodel/actress/cause-of-the-week-club member Claudia McShiffawford. McShiffawford has recently starred in such movies as *The New Smokey and the Bandit* parts I-MCXVII, *Hawaiian Bodacious Surfing Beach Bunny Harbodies Bikini Hot Tub Party* and the popular sequel, *Hawaiian Beach Hot Tub Bodacious Surfing Harbodied Bunny Bikini Party*. McShiffawford explains her philosophy on leisure time:

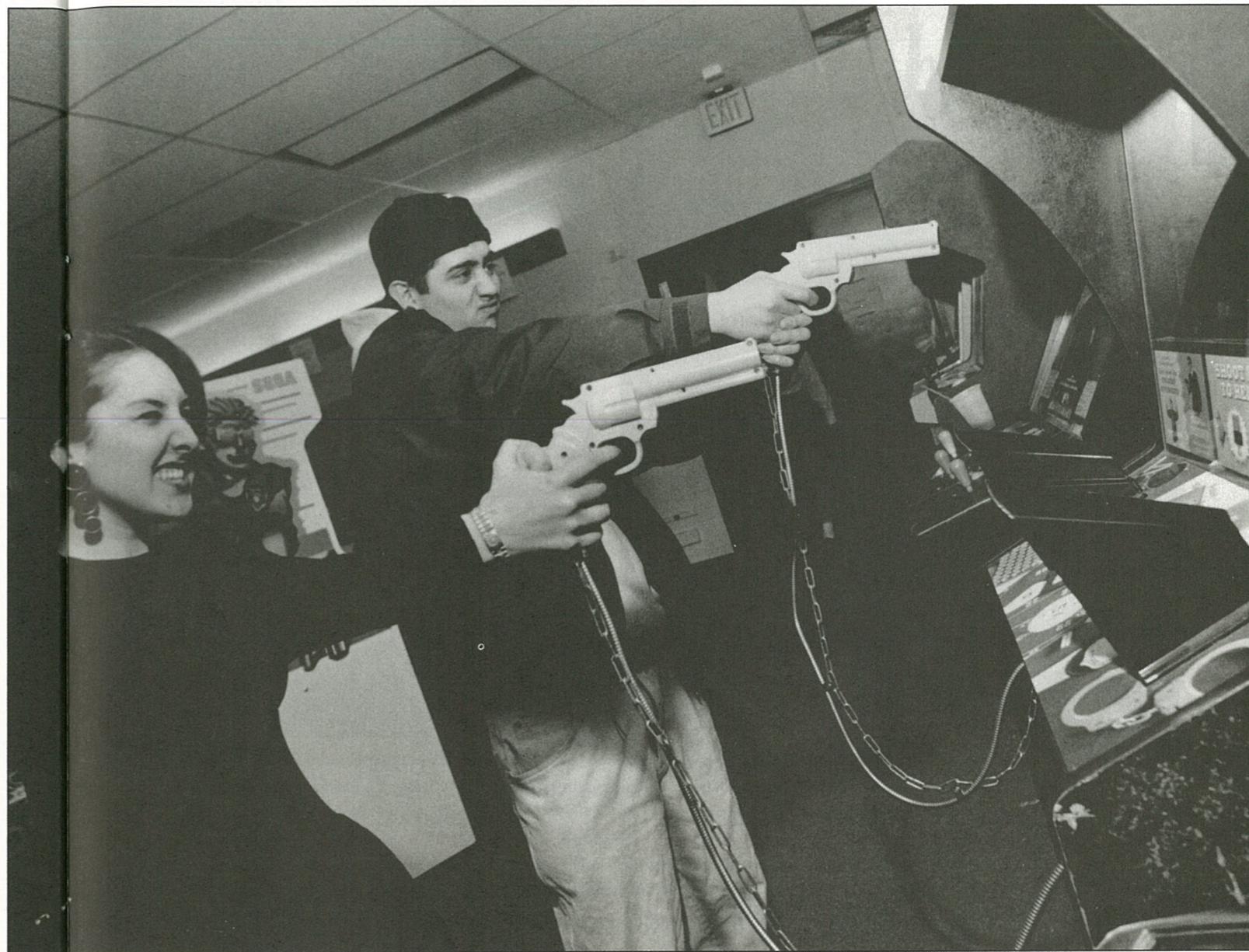
"What does...fill-osso-fy mean? I think I had that done to my breasts..." After learning what the hell "fill-osso-fy" meant, McShiffawford offered this:

"I like playing pinball, because, y'know, you have to think a lot. Like, when that ball rolls down the little slidey-part, I have to think to myself, 'Ok, what do I do now?' Sometimes I can't remember, and then the ball goes down the hole. Like on that cartoon,



when the little green duck says 'Ball go down the hole!' Hee hee hee! I love that. That's so funny. Oh, what was I saying? Oh yeah. No, wait, hold on...oh yeah. So anyway, but sometimes I remember, and then I hit the ball and it bounces off of stuff for awhile. And then I don't

have to think about anything for awhile. But I like thinking. Even when I'm not playing pinball, I think a lot. Sometimes I think almost twice a day. Oh, and I don't wear fur, because I don't like to hurt the little animals. Plus, no one else in Hollywood wears fur anymore. Ball



go down the hole! Hee hee hee! Did I say that I don't wear fur?"

While McShiffawford may not be the most cerebrally advantaged of the RIT glamour club, she knows how to dress up for a night on the campus. Ok, well, she has a little trouble with the whole concept of zippers, but she knows how to pick out an outfit. Take, for instance, this little number from Sezan Marcellie Goublier. All decked out in pink chiffon with a lovely flower frill, Claudia is ready to play pinball all night, or at least until she forgets how to work the buttons.

Moving on to other members of RIT's best-dressed elite, we come to Jason

David, Hollywood's newest cross dressing sensation. David won an Oscar award for his work in *The Sobbing Contest*. David explains his powerful appeal:

"Appeal-schmeal. All I have to do is wait for a tense part of a movie and then give Mr. Happy some air—Whammo! Instant Oscar! Jeez, everyone should do it. No one even cares if you can act; all you have to do is look like a girl and then show off the ol' flag pole. It makes everyone so sick, they just assume you must have talent. Suckers!"

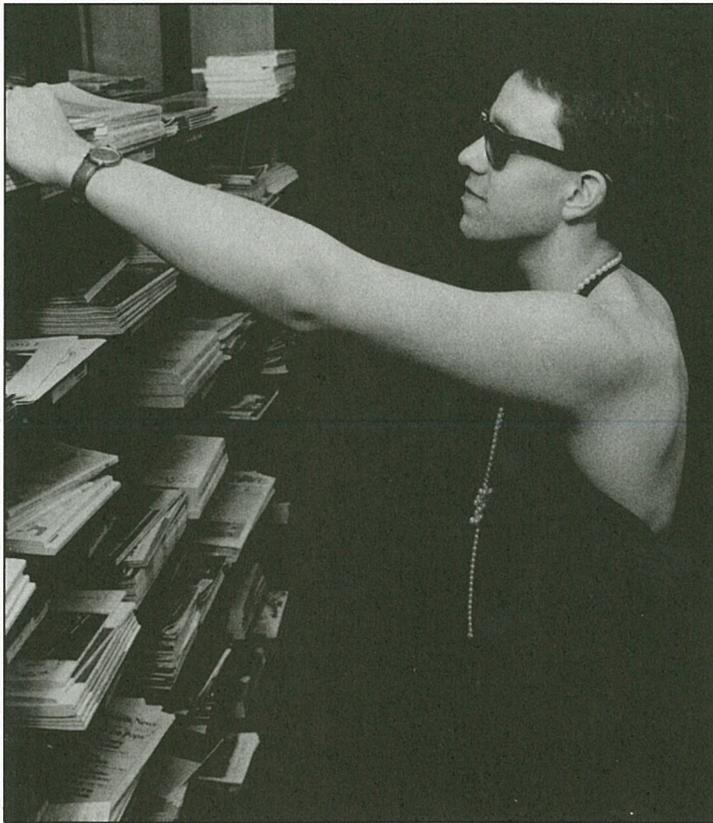
For fun, David likes to go to the RIT library and get his picture taken.

"For some reason, it just bugs the

hell out of everyone there. I don't know. Maybe they're just really anal."

David also likes to hang around McShiffawford, with whom it is rumored he is emotionally involved.

"Yeah right. She can't even spell 'involved'. I just hang out with her because it adds a little depth to my two dimensional self. Without little rumor-mongering stunts like sleeping with McShiffawford, the only thing I'd have going for me is my "girl with a dick" schtick. And that gets old fast. This just keeps the no-life little peon fans of mine interested for a little while longer. Hell, I plan to start



seeing Boy George and k.d. Lang next week—that should keep ‘em talking.”

While David may be a complete arrogant bastard, he knows how to wear a dress. This sleek little backless number from Rio Marco shows off David’s shapely figure and unshaven legs. Nice hiking boots, by the way.

In the realm of gangster movies, no one compares to Vincent DeGeniro. DeGeniro has starred in such movies as *Uncle Tony’s Family Business*, *Luigi and the Amazing Technicolor Chalk-Outline*, and *Mama Corleone*. For Vincent, only three things matter in life. Family, pizza, and his day job—garbage collecting.

“Hey-a, it-a helps-a me-a think-a.” says Vincent. “But-a family-a and-a pizza-a comes-a first-a. You-a don’t-a mess-a with-a my-a family-a. And-a don’t-a come-a between-a me-a and-a my-a pizza-a. I’ll-a send-a you-a to-a the-a morgue-a.”

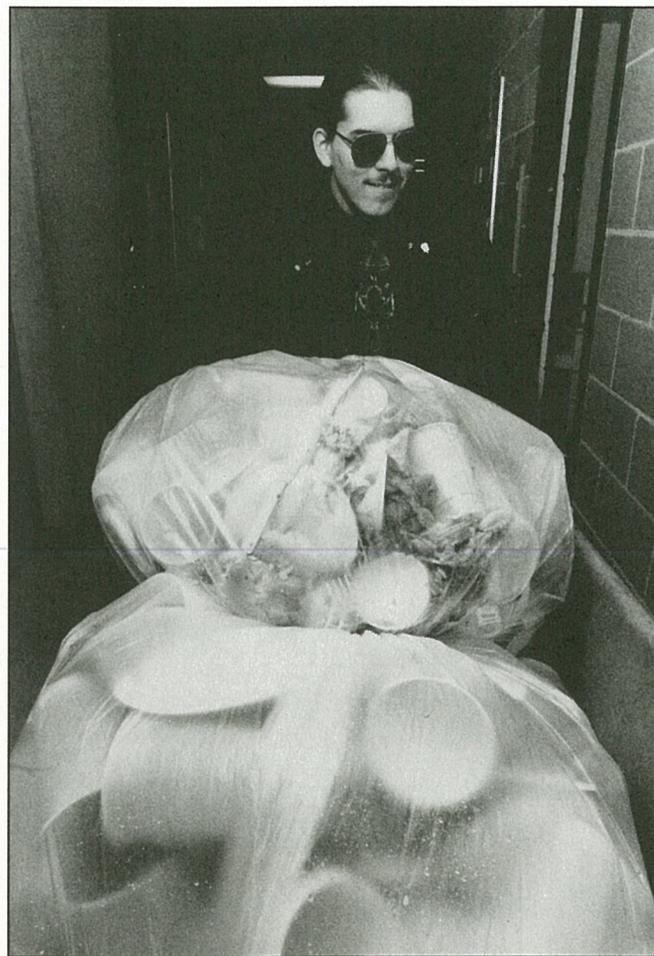
While pizza may reign in Vincent’s

eyes, he obviously also has a sharp eye for fashion. This exquisite suit from Georgio Ourmommi fits like the proverbial opera glove, and his stylish sunglasses are mirrored on both sides.

Our final member of the RIT celebrity fashion parade is Brazilian born Consuela Consuelo. Consuela has made quite an impression in her homeland as Brazil’s leading porn actress, starring in such international favorites as *Muy Chi-Chis*, and *La Cockaracha*. But Consuela wants to get away from the low-brow realm of steamy, juicy, throbbing, undulating, pulsing, sweaty, moaning...what was I talking about? Oh, (ahem), she wants to get out of the porn business. Excuse me for a second, would you?

“I find that I need more respect than I get from doing porn movies. So now I’m doing female cop action-porn movies. It’s a whole new world for me!”

In order to learn her role, Consuela spends rigorous hours at the RIT



Arcade, playing *Deadly Cop*.

“I try to get a feel for being a cop, but I just enjoy shooting the innocent bystanders so much. Plus, while I’m playing, I just can’t stop thinking about all the things I can *do* with this gun.”

While Consuela may be a big Amazonian sex-kitten, she knows the ins and outs of fashion. Wearing a tasty little black number from Gyxgeb Jywjdm, Consuela knocks out digitized bad guys and arcade patrons alike.

After spending an exhaustive night on the campus, everyone comes back to the Pitz, where Jason David cooks up a serving of his famous Weiner Surprise. As the girls go for ice cream, and Claudia tries to figure out the slushy machine, Vincent grabs a little slice of “heaven-a.” Worn out by a long day, our fashion moguls wind down their night, looking like a million bucks, as usual. ■

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PULP FRICTION

By Al Scorbik

IN THE RECENT MONTHS, ONE MAJOR topic has permeated throughout all of media from television and radio to newspapers and magazines. It seems that anywhere you look today, there is the OJ controversy. Now, some of you may think you know to what I am referring, but the OJ of which I speak is of course orange juice. Yes, the vitamin C enriched beverage that helps many people start their day has come to stand trial before the American public.

The problem begins when people are asked what type of orange juice they prefer to drink. Basically, there are four major types of orange juice. Freshly squeezed, concentrate, powdered, and bottled or carton. Each one has its own set of strengths and weaknesses. RIT, like the rest of the nation, seems to be divided over this issue.

Hans Joucer is RIT's advocate for Freshly Ripened Edible and Eclectic Orange Juice (FREEOJ), a student organization that promotes the use of freshly squeezed orange juice over all other forms. "The feeling of a firm, succulent orange in your hand is second to none," declared Joucer. "There's no comparison with that crap you get out of the can. I love the smell of fresh orange juice in the morning. It smells like...like victory."

One of FREEOJ's biggest accomplishments was the development of the "Glove". This special squeezing apparatus is worn on the hand and allows the user to squeeze OJ as fast as ten fast men.

On the downside, they recently suffered a setback last year when Rush Limbaugh was abruptly released as the spokesperson for the Florida Orange

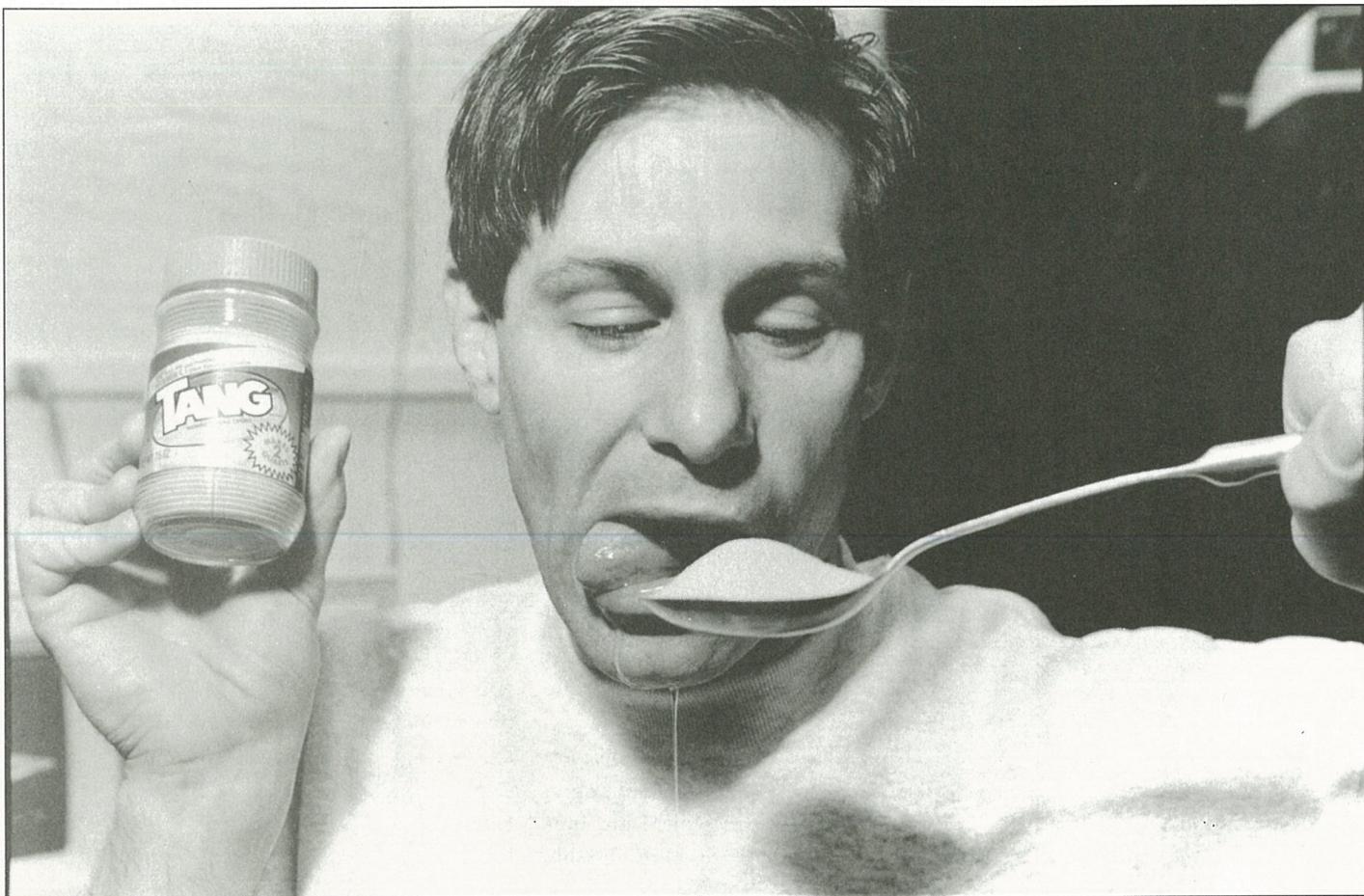
Growers. Allegedly, he was quoted as saying, "I like my women like I like my OJ...freshly squeezed." Also, there was a breakfast conflict of interest when Limbaugh backed the controversial Rush to Flush! cereal.

Another popular form, powdered orange flavored drink, is not without its problems being accepted into the world of OJ. These products seem especially popular among college students. RIT has two student groups active in furthering the recognition of powdered orange drinks as an accepted form of OJ. Some Happen to Appreciate Powdered Intermediate-moisture Rehydratable Orange juice (SHAPIRO) is the club which enjoys both Tang and other dry orange drink mixes. The International Tang Organization (ITO) is devoted solely to improving the image of Tang orange flavored crystals.

"Sometimes if I'm in a hurry, I just eat some [Tang] and let my saliva do the rest," said Carl Bemece, seventh year Food/Hotel/Tourism major and member of SHAPIRO. "Rehydratable orange juice is advantageous because you can control how much you want and how strong you want it. When you store it, there is no need for refrigeration because it's a powder. All you need is a cup, a spoon, and some cold water!"

"Tang went into space because none of the other forms could hack it," stated Bob Blurk, president of RIT-ITO. "We believe that Tang is the only truly great powdered orange drink that is so good, it should be accepted in the OJ family. And we have [ITO] chapters in 56 countries that agree with us."

KATO, a rival campus OJ group, supports Kold Atomically Thawed Orange



juice happens to disagree. "When it comes to orange juice, frozen concentrate is the only way to go," remarked Bobby "the Iceman" Drake, the club's president. "There's nothing more satisfying than the wet sloppy splut sound of a partially thawed cylinder of OJ sliding slowly from a concentrate can."

Drake continued by saying, "You just can't get that with a powder. And who cares about space? In space, no one can hear the splut!" According to Drake, the group spells cold with a 'K' because they want to stand out to show people that they are serious.

Two concentrate fanatics, Barry and Levon, recently spent an obscene amount of money on frozen orange juice. They were quoted as saying, "Two-hundred and forty dollars worth of orange juice. Now, that's a lot of orange juice. Aawww, yeah...aawww, yeah!"

"Every group has their fringe weirdos," explained Drake. "They're all for the cause. And that's great, but you

have to draw the line somewhere. We really can't sanction [their] squeezing of the KATO's funds in such a way. I mean buying a truckload of frozen OJ just to sit in it? Aawww NO!"

BRONCO (Bottled Refrigerated Orange juice 'N Cartoned Orange juice) is a radical albino supremacist juice group on campus. They have been dubbed the "White Broncos" by the local newspapers. BRONCO is a very extreme group, and often, they resort to terrorist tactics. From throwing orange juice on people wearing orange-skin coats to setting fire to a Tang factory in downtown Rochester, the BRONCO group seems likely to stop at nothing to make their point.

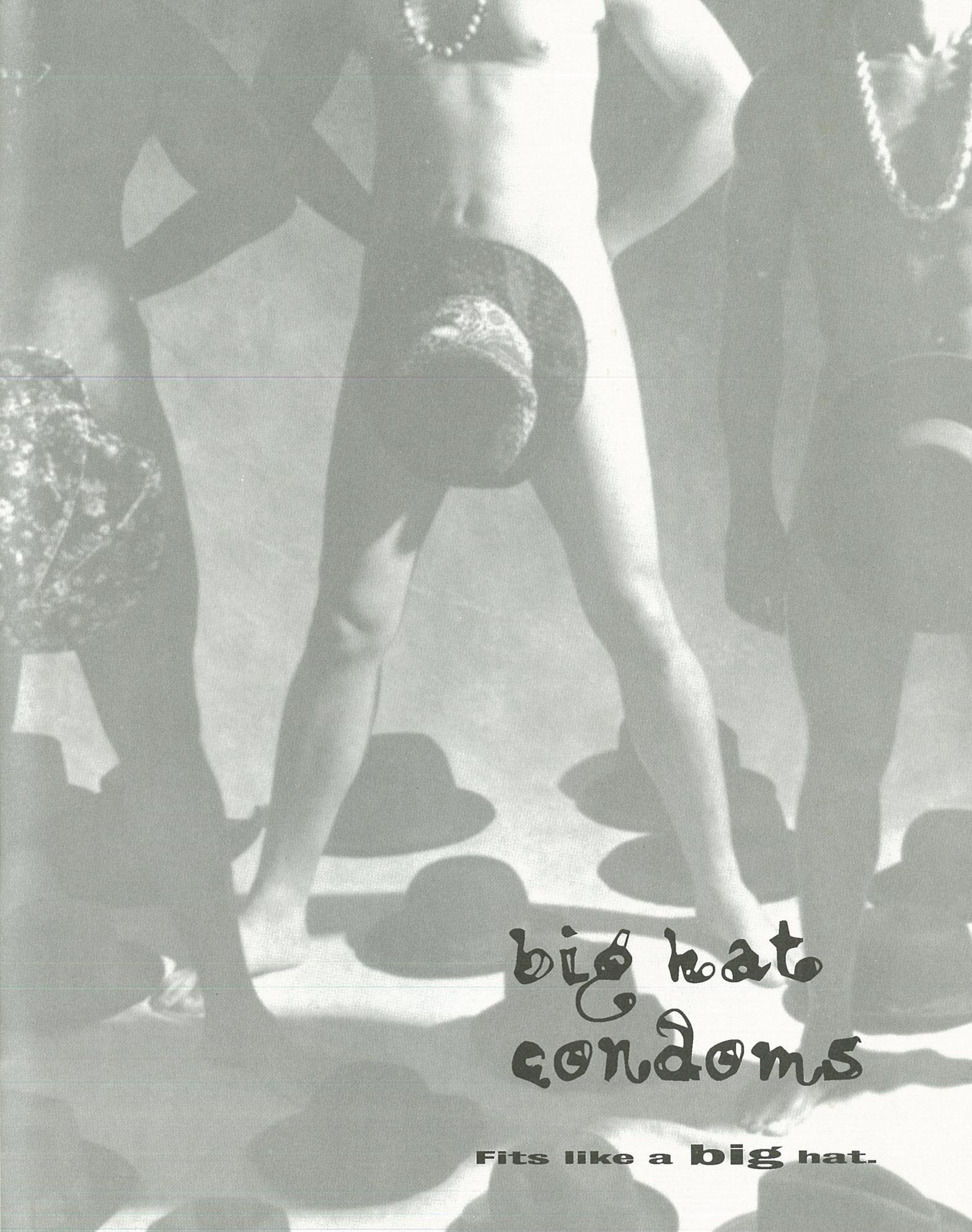
With their sister group, the Minute Maids led by Rosa Perez, BRONCO has single-handedly stopped Tang testing on animals. In a rare interview, "Sunny D", the BRONCO's self-proclaimed leader, said, "It's a real tragedy to see those animals being given overdoses of that Tang garbage. If people on this

campus don't start changing, the pulp is going to hit the fan like it already has in L.A. and New York." Sunny D was referring to recent phenomenon of drive-by fruitings.

And, what about when you drink orange juice right after you brush your teeth? None of the groups seemed to want to talk about the bitter taste that OJ leaves in your mouth after the Crest Force battles the Cavity Creeps. It's like the feeling you get after watching too much CNN, C-SPAN, or Court TV.

If RIT and America want to support FREEOJ, then SHAPIRO and ITO are going to have to learn to work together. And, with KATO and BRONCO lurking in the shadows, this school could turn into a blood...er...orange-stained university.

So, where does this leave us all, as a campus and as a nation? I'm not sure. Will the fighting and bickering ever cease? I don't know that either. Geez, people are so sensitive these days. It's only a beverage! LET IT GO! ■



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Sweet Tooth

After a year of seclusion in the infamous "Batcave," celebrity-journalist Zenala Douchekradnik, age 21, was finally spotted in the vicinity of the Ratcellar. The PEEPLE rumor mill has it that she has been in daily therapy treatments to treat agoraphobic syndrome. As die-hard Zenala readers know, she began experiencing the worst of her phobia after writing her award winning 12 part feature "Candystrippers: Rise and Fall of the Sweetest Deal in Town." After completion of the story, the acclaimed writer found herself the object of a number of anonymous letters and phone calls from former strippers at various prisons and maximum security compounds nation-wide. Since then Zenala has been shunning the spotlight. What brought this stunning but witless creature to the Ratcellar after so long? PEEPLE PR spokesperson Kerstoyonovitch Gunm says she was only out for a quick hit of chocolate sauce.



▲ Zenala Douchekradnik: Phobiatic

Right Turn, Clyde

The Incredible Monkey Boy is on the loose again. John Bigboote, the three-year-old simian, recently escaped from the Campus Safety detention center for the third time in as many weeks. Here we see him taking time out of his busy schedule to pose for a candid photo in his cage away from cage, the PEEPLE Public Relations Office. In his upcoming movie Buckaroo Bozo versus the World Crime League, Bigboote stars as Bozo.



▲ John Bigboote: Escaped

Total Trip, Man

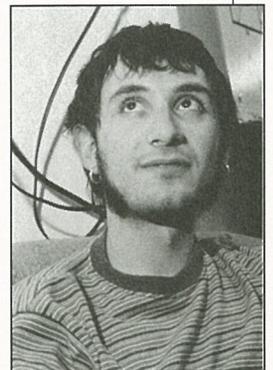
After a harrowing incident involving a glue-sniffing OD, alternative band leader Tark Kinka of the Pre-Teen Menstruators has found a new high in life—through prayer.

"It was like a total trip, y'know? One minute I've got a vial of Wackyglue up my nose, then I can't get it out, man. That type of thing changes you man. Man. Man."

Tark tries to live each day like his last after his horrible brush with death. "Yeah, before, I actually had some standards—my art was actually more important than money to me.

Man, that was really fuc&ced up. Now, I just write all my songs about not fitting in. So now, I'm just raking in the money. My latest song "Life's Not Fair, Because My Parents Won't Support Me" just went number one, man. Man."

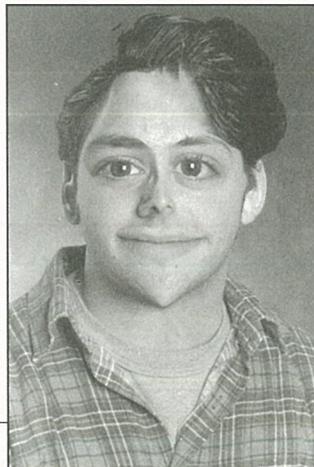
Kinka is hoping that through prayer, he will be able to avoid ever working a hard day in his life. "Why work, when you can just whine about how tough life is, man? That's like, my motto, man."



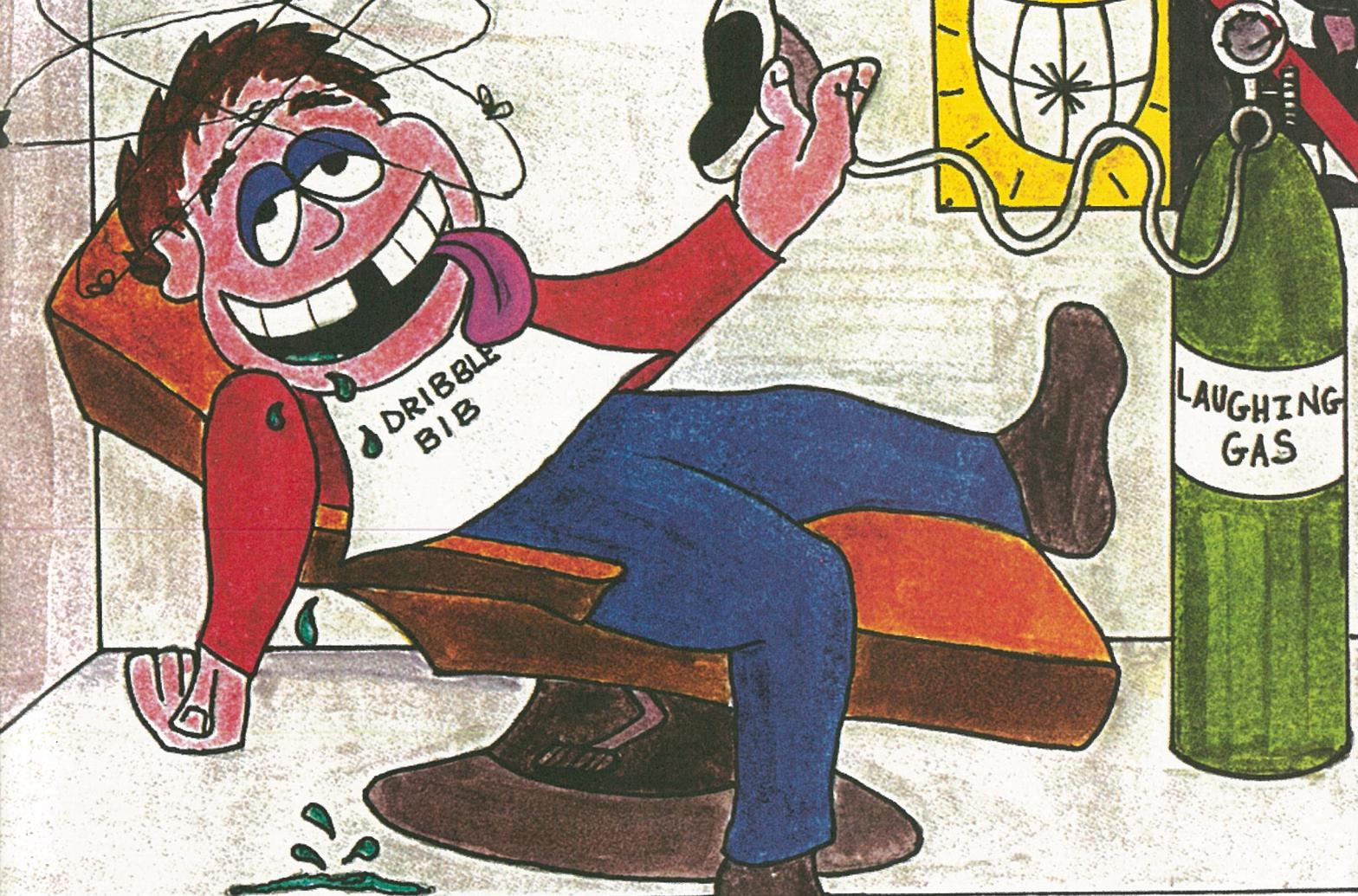
▲ Tark Kinka: Life is tough, let's bitch about it.

Paint My Wagon

Hunky stunt double, Race Foryalif, takes the punches for Robert Downey, Jr. in the soon to be released, action-thriller *Bunate Warriors*. "Downey's a good guy to work as. He's really come a long way since his bit part in *Weird Science*." When Race is not jumping off of stationary riding bikes and six-inch street curbs, he enjoys building and painting scale models of Conestoga wagons. Sorry about the bug eyes Race.



◀ Race Foryalif: Punching bag



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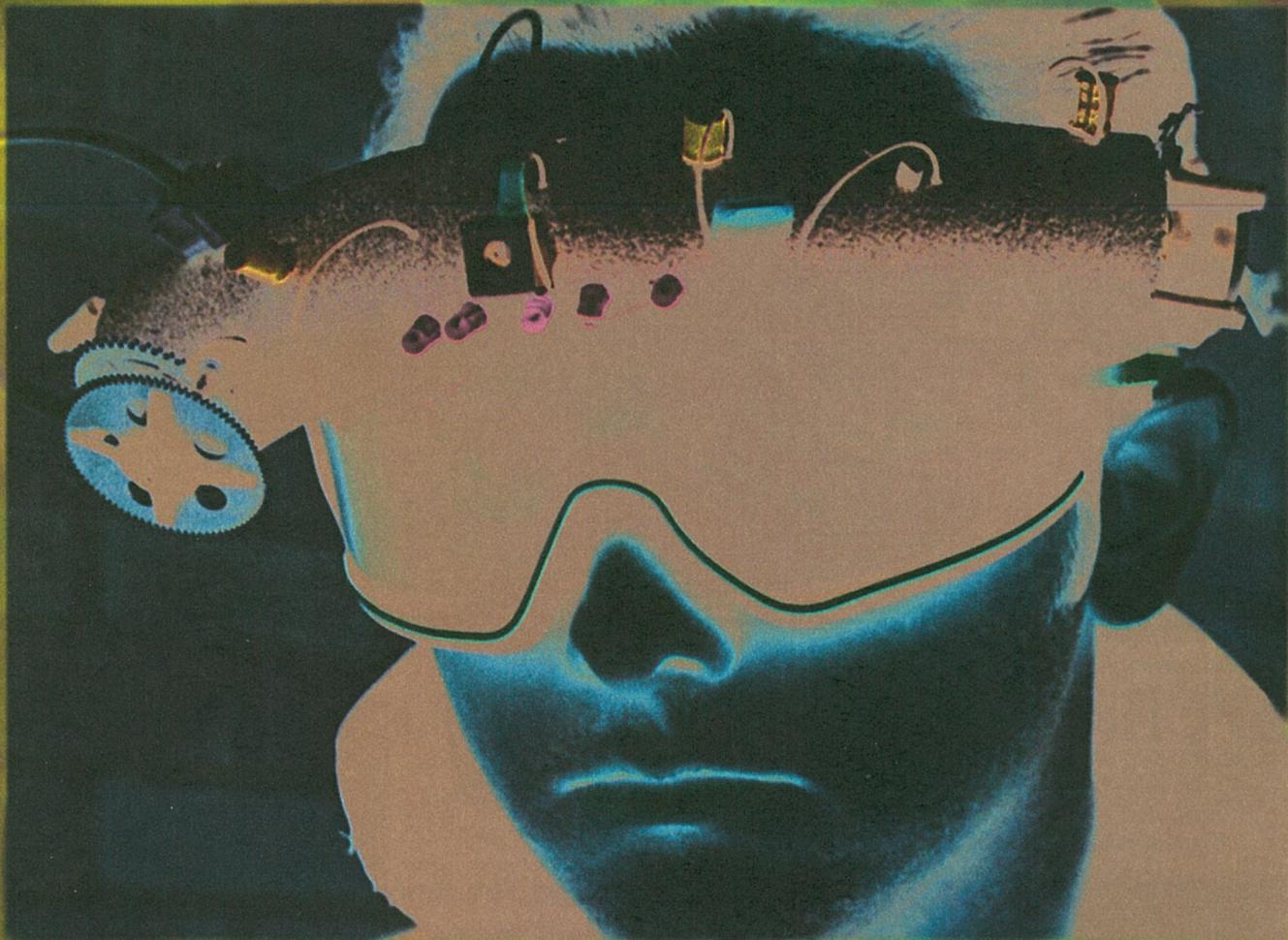
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