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EDITOR'S NOTE

Edit This!

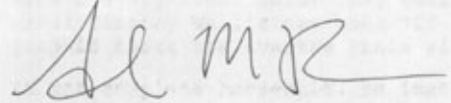
As many of you know, last year's issue of Distorter was pulled from the stands due to its lewd, disgusting portrayal of the truth. In an effort to keep this issue from becoming ██████████ ██████████ to keep in storage, we allowed the administration to look over the text and approve its publication.

Big ██████████ mistake. ██████████, those mother ██████████ blacked out almost every other word. They wouldn't let us run an article about ██████████'s new book "If I didn't do it," or an infographic about the average ██████████ of Engineering students.

It was complete ██████████. So instead of running the "administration approved" version, we made a compromise. We wouldn't print any of the following words, ideas, names or phrases: dick, ██████████, rat-fink, hot carl, sham-wow, ██████████, New Jersey, balloon animal ██████████, a list of racist remarks against ██████████ (tiger, ██████████, jungle cat, zipper back, etc.), rodent porn, banjo-is-█████████, Bill "█████████" Destler, ImagineRIT, Freeze█████████ Fest, and tickle-fights. In exchange, they could ██████████ anything they wanted in my editor's note.

This is Distorter. Put your bibles away, and wear protection. As always, if this editor's note offended you: put down the ██████████ magazine and get the ██████████ out of the room. Distorter is a disease meant to insult your ██████████. Enjoy.

Sincerely,



Andy Rees
Editor in Chief Emeritus

P.S. I have spent the last 30 issues trying to help you, the reader, get laid. Seriously, that's all I set out to do.



"Andy, who are we going to make fun of this week?"

Distorter Magazine is published yearly during the academic year by a staff comprised of jerks and assholes at Barchester Institute of Technology. Business, Editorial, and Design facilities are located in Room A-426, in the lower level of the Dungeon. Our phone number is none of your goddamn business. The Advertising Department can be reached at 1.800.970.5406 ext. 12. The opinions expressed in Distorter totally and irrevocably reflect those of the Institute. This one time, freshman year, I turned my floormate into a balloon popping porn star. Sorry, Nikki. Letters to the Editor may also be sent to distortermag@gmail.com. Distorter is irresponsible for materials presented in advertising areas. Yo, letters to the editor will not be read unless you fuckin' put your name on them. They will be printed if we agree with the sentiments contained within. All letters received become the property of Distorter. Distorter is ashamed by its membership in the Associated Collegiate Press and American Civil Liberties Union. Copyright © 2010 Andy Rees. All rights reserved. No portion of this Magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission. So long, fuckers!

CARTOON by those guys over there.

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CLASS FOR CLUNKERS

RIT to trade top students for Cornell's worst.

RIT SKEPTICS FIND JESUS

"He was in Church all along! Who knew?"

– Sven Lisissielerris

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Wellness class caught teaching happy endings.

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Is the added glory hole worth it?

JAIL BREAK AT MARGARET'S HOUSE

Little kids with sticky hands run rampant.

RITCHIE'S SECRET LIFE

RIT mascot confused for furry at Toracon.

30 DAYS ON THE TACO BELL DIET

Writer to spend next 60 days on toilet.

CORRECTION: In the April 1, 2003 issue of Distorter, a quote from Sarah Cambridge (aka "That's what she said" girl) was taken out of context. Our apologies.

Does the cover photograph make my ass look big?

PRESIDENT WRESTLER HAS A SPLINTER; BIG FUCKING DEAL PROCLAIMED

by Ray A. Curcub
illustration by Free Tibet

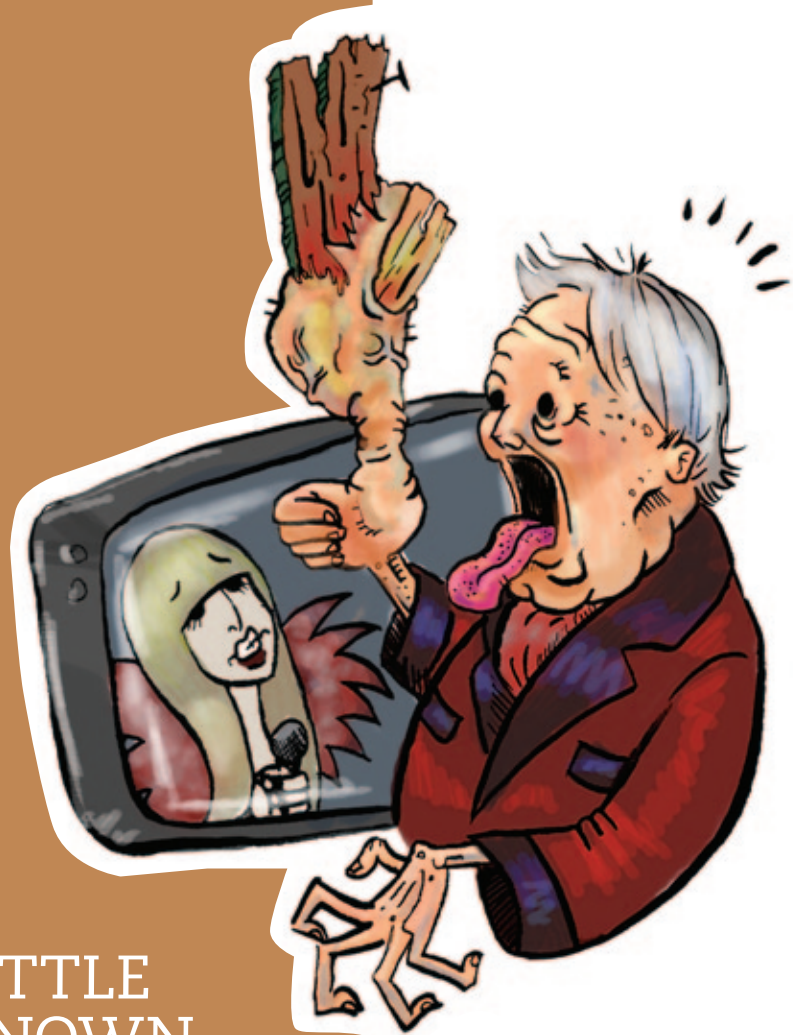
"IT STARTED WHEN I WAS AT HOME IN BED with the wife, and we were trying to download that new Lady Gaga video," said President Wrestler, in his weekly address to Institute Council. "The video was freezing up at that sexy part when Beyoncé was about to tear it up, when I looked down and saw a splinter inside a grotesque, massively swollen finger! Totally ruined my night!"

With that, administrators and school official scrambled to formulate the Emergency Preparation Resolution Measure No. 289. This was followed by the formation of a subcommittee of the department of Bumps and Scrapes. President Sattief Meow, formerly of the subcommittee WHOOPSIE (When Hazards Occur, Often Politics Stamps-out Intellect and Efficiency) was appointed to create an action plan that would properly eliminate all splinters within a ten mile radius of President Wrestler's home. Paperwork was drafted, collated and systemized. The paperwork would concern the order of three tons of sandpaper from China to distribute among FMS workers, who would now be making regular trips to the Wrestler home.

Another committee was created to oversee proper utilization of wood funds over the next seven and a half years. The "We Insist on Getting Great End Results" team, or WIGGER, is developing a comprehensive study on the materials used in the project. To ensure eco-friendliness, all reports will be printed on recycled toilet paper.

Wrestler has emerged from three weeks of hiding in his room, and his wife is only now letting him surf the net to catch his favorite ABC programming.

"I'm a total sucker for Ugly Betty," he said. "I can identify with her struggle in life. To be trapped on a mediocre TV show, going nowhere after four years, with little direction, I can see where's she's coming from, y'know man?"



LITTLE KNOWN WOOD FACTS

- 10 Each ring on the inside of a tree trunk represents an unforgivable sin.
- 9 He has a secret homosexual crush on Mr. Potato head. (Whoops, this was taken from little known Woody facts)
- 8 Good wood is not only an underrated perfume and cologne, but it hurts like a mother when vigorously rubbed against your sensitive areas.
- 7 Wood once ate a whole bowl of tater tots, felt guilty, and decided wood really can't do that anyways.
- 6 Wood coined the term "ba-donka-donk."
- 5 The world's shortest tree specie is the Dwarf Willow. It is rare to find one more than 2 1/2 inches tall. They have been found growing on frozen tundra in the Arctic.
- 4 Wood does not make amazing pie. Decent pie, but nothing to write home about.
- 3 When provoked, wood will assume a defensive position and will angrily urinate on your shoes.
- 2 Wood is actually 20 percent metal.
- 1 Wood is totally an hero.

IN WHAT LOCAL OFFICIALS ARE CALLING A "FREAK" ACCIDENT, AN RIT COMPUTER SCIENCE STUDENT WAS RECENTLY BLINDED WHEN A CUSTODIAN THOUGHTLESSLY TURNED ON THE LIGHTS.

On the morning of January 13, Darnell Williamson, a six year FMS veteran, noticed "one funky-ass stench" emanating from a third floor GCCIS lab. In an attempt to find the odor's source, Williamson entered the room and turned on the lights.

Unbeknownst to Williamson, Imad Ork, a third year Computer Science major, was in the lab working on an obscure and probably useless coding assignment. Though usually inactive during daylight hours, Ork had spent all night running a World of Warcraft raid with his clan, Teh Lawl N00bs [sic],

and was in the lab to finish a late assignment. The stench was a result of mixing Cheezy Puffs, Atomic Energy drinks and body odor. When interviewed, Ork admitted that he had "gotten around to showering for the past six weeks."

Due to the lack of exposure to any light source other than the soft glow of his monitor, Ork's eyes had become extremely sensitive to light—just like a mole. When Williamson turned on the lights that morning, Ork's retinas were bombarded with approximately dozens of millions of photons. "Mr. Ork's corneas couldn't withstand firepower of that magnitude," said Dr. Steven Ackbar of Strong Memorial Hospital. "It's a miracle that they didn't burst into flames on the spot."

Ork described the experience akin to "having the Lich King crit you in the face before you even unlocked

the Dreadnaught Battlegear." Rebecca Dursley, a GCCIS-hired WoW-to-English translator assured Distorter that this means, roughly, "It really hurt a lot and I want my mommy."

Ork, whose vision was utterly destroyed in the incident, has filed a lawsuit against RIT for \$700,099.95, the amount of a lifetime subscription to the Goldshire Speak Program, a WoW text-to-speech service. In response, RIT Provost Gerry Halfner said, "This dweeb clearly needs to go out and get himself a fucking life."

Update: With a vastly reduced ability to be distracted by his computer, Imad Ork has begun to actually DO his work. As a result, his academic probation has been lifted. He has even been reported to be seen walking outside on occasion. Despite this progress, he has not yet begun to shower regularly.

CS STUDENT BLINDED BY LIGHT

by Seamus O'Barnigann
illustration by Pee Fitz-swell



by Fletcher Yates

COLONY MANOR. 7 A.M. APRIL 1.

Province workers demolish Colony Manor apartments to build more high cost apartments. Colony residents are forced to live in tent towns on the Park Point green. No charges were pressed because Colony residents decided tents were better accommodations. Case is closed.

COMPUTER SCIENCE HOUSE. 8 P.M.

April 1. A female student is alleged to have been masturbating in the men's bathroom of Computer Science House. Male student was quoted, "This is the best day of my life." The female fled the scene immediately after she was followed by entire floor. Case is pending.

WALLACE CENTER. 9 P.M. APRIL 1.

All of the books were stolen between January 1 and April 1. No one noticed until a student went to look at the limited edition comic book collection housed on the fourth floor. Overall, few are upset. Case is pending.

PERKINS GREEN. 11 A.M. APRIL 1.

Students were found in possession over 100 various historical weapons. Ninja stars, samurai swords, maces, shotguns, muskets, bayonets, trebuchets and more. Possession of weapons, even for decoration, is not allowed on campus. Case is closed.

GRACIE'S. 12 P.M. APRIL 1.

Students complain of stomachaches shortly before collapsing in the dining hall. A Mongo's Grill worker is currently being held for questioning in Public Safety office on suspicion of poisoning students. Case is pending.

COLLEGE OF BUSINESS. 3 P.M.

April 1. A teacher was called into custody for assault when he tossed a dry board eraser at a student's head while she slept during class. The eraser was thrown with enough force to render the student unconscious and knock her out of her chair. Case is still pending.

KATE GLEASON HALL. 11 P.M. APRIL 1.

Students were found rioting when internet access was removed from the residence halls on campus. ITS cited that the amount of pornography found on the RIT network was the largest single source in the world and was maxing out the bandwidth allotted to the RIT campus. Students threw newly purchased furniture out of lounges windows in protest. Case is closed.

CAMPUS CENTER. 4 P.M. APRIL 1.

Public Safety and Monroe County Sheriff's deputies responded to a report of 'office theft.' Distorter staff members allege that the College Union Board Director Katania Putain absconded with the office intended for Distorter Magazine. According to a Monroe County Sheriff's report, Putain and "a gaggle of abnormally short girls" were arrested and charged with first degree grand larceny, real estate. SG President Tammy Annid is also being held in connection with the crime.

SG UPDATE

By Dan Ardour

SG TO BUY DICTIONARY

Following several embarrassing gaffes involving poor word choice and misspellings, Dana Foster, senator for the Colonel Sanders College of Business, made a motion that SG buy a dictionary. "We clearly don't know what the words 'censure' or 'resolution' mean, hell we don't even know how to spell 'government'" said Foster. "I think it's about high time we found out."

After a few minutes of whispering in the senate chamber, opposition leader and Student-Athlete Advisory Committee representative Remy Plotz offered his opinion. "I think we may be overstepping our bounds as Student Representatives in thinking that we can understand what those words mean. Buying a dictionary would negatively impact the relationship we have with those words, and we would be dangerously close to understanding the meaning of several other words."

The issue was put to a vote after several hours of discussion, which included a passionate plea from Freshman Senator and recent-father Scott Christopher. "Look at this baby, my son, Jesus Shaquanda. Jesus is only six months old. He doesn't know a single word, but he's happy, dammit. Vote no on votey-thing number 422."

SG LEARNS HOW TO VOTE

"Just a reminder: to vote for something, you raise your hand," said Tammy Annid, president of SG, addressing senators who confusedly stared into space. "Seriously guys, it's not that hard... Remy, give the baby back to Scott."

SAAC REP CRIES

In a 12-2ish vote, SG resolved to purchase a dictionary for use during meetings. [Editors note: The official transcript reads "The senate censured to buy..." but we figured they didn't really mean that.] The decision was met with mixed emotions.

"I don't understand why this always happens to me, everybody else always gets their way!" sobbed Plotz, who then proceeded to hold his breath before passing out. The College Union Board representative Petite Connasse threatened to do the same, until being promised cookies and a hug from Kate Spruce, director for the Center of Campus Life.

DISTORTER REP HAS LAST LAUGH

In the Major Student Organization update, Distorter Representative Dan Ardour revealed that he had secretly hidden the word "penis" in last year's SG year-end report. "The first letter of every paragraph on our page spells it out. Go look it up if you think I'm lying," he said while Tweeting.

POETIC FORECAST

by Fletcher Yates

3/26

Go outside today
Shower. Deodorant. Clean.
There might be girls there

3/27

Student Deaf Meeting
Slightly pantomime weekend
Tired hands, fingers

3/28

Spring is blossoming
Students basking in the sun
Fish trees ruin walks

3/29

Rush a frat this week
Show off pong or flip cup skills
Keep your cup covered

3/30

Anime screening
Likely orgy afterwards
Steer clear of Ingle

3/31

Midnight hoax honored
No suicide, no gunman
Do not tase me, bro

4/1

Photography show
Moody, naked self portraits
Depressed, penises

Michael Hunt RUNS FOR WOMEN'S SENATOR

by Dominick Thunderbiscuit
photograph by Clanger

In an unprecedented decision, Mike Hunt, a fourth year Anatomy major with a concentration in Women's & Gender Studies, has declared his decision to run for Women's Senator. His bid for the position will come to a head in the upcoming Student Government election, held on April 19th through the 22nd.

"I figured it was time for a change," said Hunt, the first male candidate for the position invented only three years ago. "The paradigm isn't working, and I'm going to shake things up." When asked what paradigm he was referring to, Hunt merely shrugged his shoulders, saying, "I feel like you women-folk are getting shafted by the university ... and I'd like to change who's dispensing that shaft!"

Hunt's vision for the "women-folk," as he calls them, includes plans for a "lady cave": a place where the ladies of the campus can kick back with a bud and watch the game. Competitive burping sports, hair growing brackets and bracket choosing brackets are all envisioned taking place in Hunt's dream-castle.

Hunt attributes his insight into the female condition from his own experience as a woman. "I'm not saying I like to wear a dress," explained Hunt, "but sometimes, y'know, I like to get in touch with my feminine side ... put on some quiet Nickelback, eat some ...salads?"

Hunt may have hypnotized his own loyal group of supporters, but those unclear of what a Woman's Senator actually is seemed mildly distressed by the thought. "I really can't stand the idea," said

Frieda Kwello, third year Wildlife Management student, upon being asked if she wanted us to sedate the wolf she had been milking for the last five minutes.

"In regards to Mike Hunt, I think if he can do something about gas prices, he's got my vote," said Kwello. Kwello, who like other women of her kind, enjoys making small-talk about things like gas prices and the weather, before having intercourse with this writer.

Despite suffering from a general campus-wide ambivalence towards his position, Hunt is trying to learn more about his potential constituents. "I've been trying to understand the period," commented Hunt in a later interview. "I've been covering my naughty parts with ketchup, but that doesn't seem to make me want to bite the head off my grandmother." The investigation continues.

"I figured it was time for a change." -Mike Hunt



FOOD | BURGER | \$3.69
(GLAMOUR DISCOUNT AVAILABLE)
 GBLT Burger
 by Barry "Coco" Glitters
 Rating: Faaaaaaaabulous!
 ★★★★★★★★



The days of bacon, lettuce and tomato dominating the realm of burger toppings are soooo 1996. The super chefs of RIT put their heads together and looked for an answer just south of the border — guacamole. If you've never dreamed of such a clever concoction, then prepare yourself, my friend, for the GBLT Burger. This new offering, which will soon be available at a cafeteria near you, is sure to stir up some queer looks from students.

I had the opportunity to sample this "fierce" burger at the Commons, one of RIT's more established eateries overlooking the Gordon Field House. The cafeteria offered two versions of

this burger, allowing me a choice between a double-layered soft taco version and a double wiener, toasted bun combo. During my sampling of the two burgers, I found it much easier and more enjoyable to sink my teeth into the tacos than it was to wrap my mouth around those two huge, flame broiled wieners. I was just thankful that they stopped at two, for had there been three, I would have been like a pterodactyl (you know what I mean).

However, this new burger left me with a feeling that something was amiss. I had to ask the question: why was there not a third option to this burger? The answer I received from the chef was somewhat

surprising. "I just didn't know how to make a burger that was neither taco nor wiener. It's not what God would have wanted," the six-foot-tall dark skinned, hunk of a Latino chef explained. This left me wondering why he didn't put himself on the menu as the third option. Yum!

Overall, the burgers are both worth a try for anyone looking to spice things up, and if you are not totally impressed, you can always ask to speak to the chef — totally worth the price. The GBLT is definitely here to stay, and for your convenience it will be on menus all across campus. Be on the lookout, OMG. It's "super-delish."



NRH 8 BROTHEL, LOL

by Abraham G. String

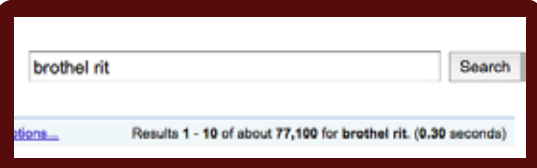
Last week, it was unofficially reported that there may or may not have been a brothel on the eighth floor Nathaniel Rochester Hall. There is some speculation as to the exact time and source of the report; however, investigation is probably underway.

It all started with an incident and a suspect. The suspect — we'll call her Madame Bonnet for the purpose of this article being coherent — carried out the incident, in this case, the selling of sexual favors. The details of Madame Bonnet's favors were not shared in the report, but it is said that, *without a shred of doubt*, the categories of such favors were both anal and oral (based on this reporter's preferences and fantasies).

How this task was carried out and who exactly was involved is unclear, but a Google search for the phrase "brothel RIT" turned up a total of 77,100 results, so we can assume the report is true.

There are no other accurate sources for this article. Please continue reading.

No warning was sent out by the RIT Alert System; therefore,



ruling out that someone working on the inside is not beneficial at this point. Public Safety refused to comment on the brothel incident by not picking up their phone after hours of calling.

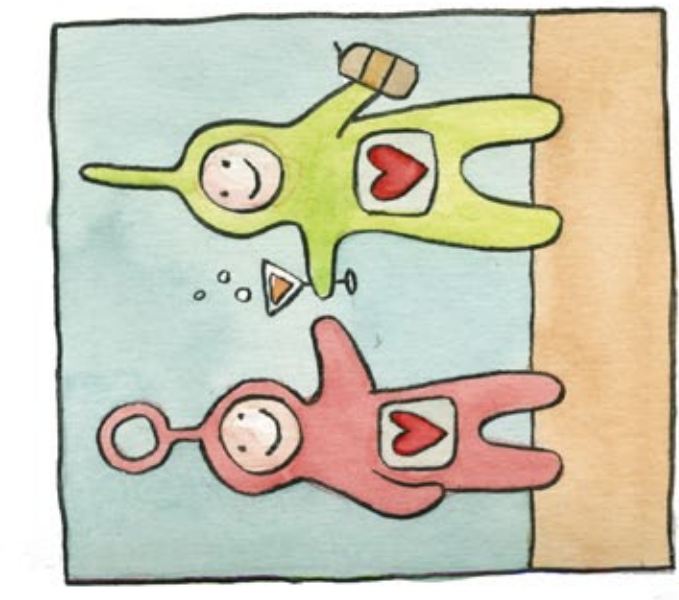
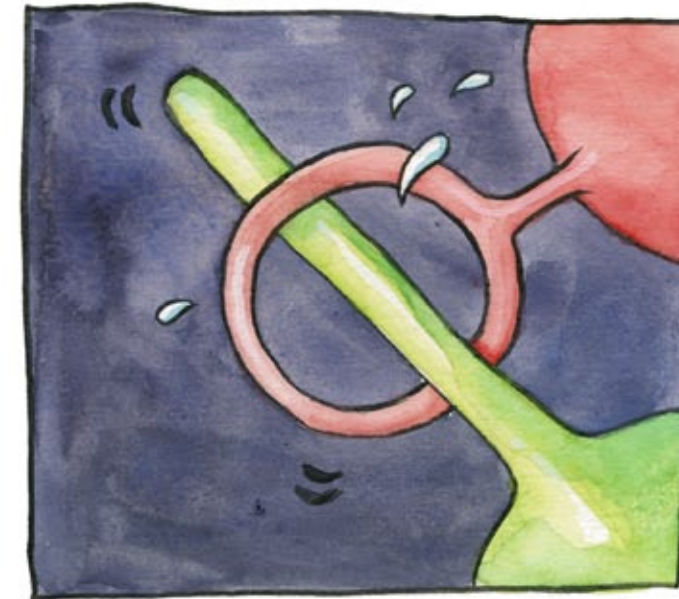
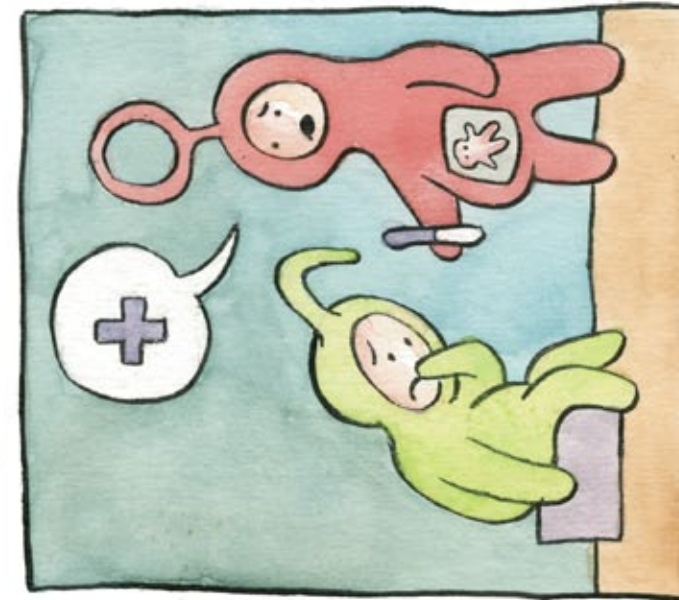
Human rights groups are currently looking for a scapegoat to pin the causes of the incident on. They have been seen on campus all week, going about their daily business and not mentioning a thing as if it never happened — in a peaceful protest.

Also, Tiger Woods probably had something to do with it.

When asked about his opinion on the matter, President Wrestler commented that it was "an outrage. Some of the most disturbing news I've heard in a while."

It was shortly after when we learned that the guy we talked to was not actually President Wrestler.

Conclusion.





Fraternity Date Auction Front for Prostitution Ring

by Fletcher Yates

The annual Sigma Tau Delta Fraternity Date Auction has always been a large fundraiser for the group, raising thousands of dollars for charity – or so the public thought. The entire Sigma Tau executive board has been arrested for allegedly heading a prostitution ring, pimping out the newest brothers to the highest bidder. They are also suspected of embezzling over 90 percent of the funds raised, donating around five percent to men's shelters in Rochester.

For the past three years, there have been rumors about a prostitution ring within the Sigma Tau Delta fraternity. Known for being the studliest frat on campus, the Sigma Tau annual auction was a highlight for all of the women on campus. Oddly, the crowd at this

year's event seemed to be outside of the RIT community. Many attendees were scantily clad, middle-aged women who were eager to see the brothers on the auction block. Each Sigma Tau initiated a heated debate, in which the women clawed through their checkbooks to get their prize.

Brent Steele, vice president of Sigma Tau Delta, third year Vanity Studies major and part time model, talked to the press after his lawyer advised him against it. "Five years ago, we were having financial trouble due to a poor investment in beer pong technology. We needed a way to make money, so we did a car wash at a local high school. That's how we met the cougars. They've been paying our way out of debt ever since." The auction was

an opportunity for women to bring friends to see the boys, thus expanding the Sigma Tau's client base.

Most of the brothers did not seem victimized by the prostitution ring. Cory Champion, second year Athletics student, said that he felt "empowered" when he was whoring himself out to older women. "They give me food and beer money, just so I have sex with them. Hell yeah, that's an awesome deal!"

There is no telling how long the psychological affects will linger in these young men's empty heads.

FIND SOMETHING COOL? Slide it under the door of the Distorter office, along with a note about where you found it. We're located in the basement of the Campus Center, room A-730.

ARTIFACTS

From: "Todd Meelin" <dean@college.rit.edu>
To: "Department Heads" (group)
CC: "Snookums" <sbraintree@jobfinder.web>, "My Ex-wife" <smeelin@vincentvanprice.fan>, "Banjo Bill" <president@rit.edu>, "Mommy" <coolgrandma64@oldpeoplesexchat.com>

Subject: Re: Consensual Relationship Policy

Dear Friends and Colleagues and Mommy,

I'd just like to take a moment to share with you my thoughts, feelings, and graphic descriptions of the new consensual relationship policy and the events that led to it. Let me start off by saying that I love my mother, my girlfriend, and my dog (rest in peace, Sparky).

Over the past few months, you may have heard rumors circulating about my affair, my divorce and my appointment to this position. They are all true, but let me assure you that it's not as bad as it sounds. Just because I cheated on my then-wife in Europe with the woman who helped hire me, moved in with her, gave her a promotion, and let her take the heat for it all, doesn't mean I did anything wrong or unethical. Far from it.

Snookums and I were just doing what any responsible faculty member with a burning passion for ethics would do: Expose a serious loop hole in the institute's policies. And look what happened! We were successful and now are more in love than ever.

Any way, I just wanted to let you know that I am totally in support of this new relationship policy. In fact, I look forward to each and every one of you coming to me about your office sex-romps. We can drink tea and swap war stories. (I'm especially looking forward to the professor/student-employee ones ☺)

Sincerely,

Todd

P.S. Can I get an 'amen' for being responsible for the most specific policy change ever? Holla!

Todd Meelin responds to the Consensual Relationship Policy.

SPIRIT's Spirits

GRAND OPENING!!! Easter Sunday in April.
New conveniently located liquor store just off
campus on Jefferson Road.

%10 Discount for minors with valid student I.D!

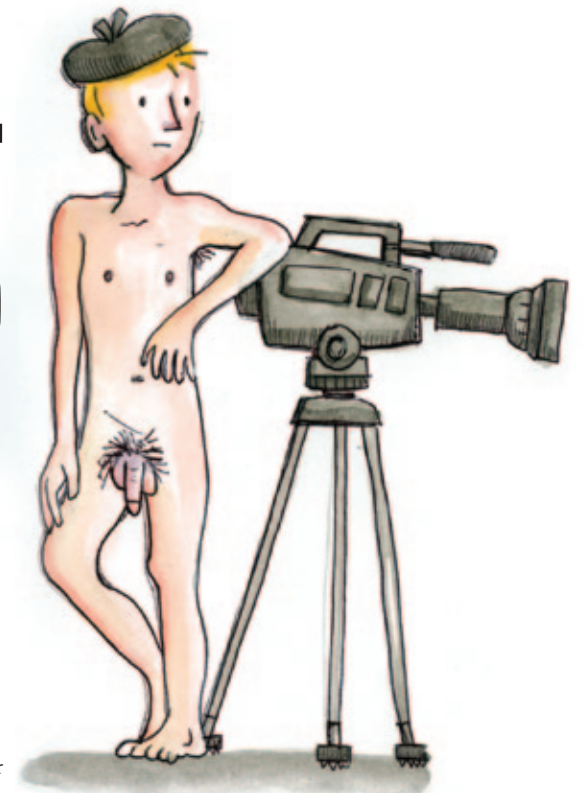
Check us out at <http://tinyurl.com/y8ufsnp>

Seniors '010,
get Wasted!!!



SCHOOL OF FILM AND ANIMATION ACCEPTS PORN CONCENTRATION

by Willie Stroker



cub
Presents!!!

COBRUH
STARSHIP
AND

3OH!3

Come see it guys seriously,
it'll be great,
Oh, it's **MAY 9th**,
At like 6:00ish.



Starting Fall 2010, the School of Film and Animation (SoFA) will allow students to pursue a craft track in Commercial Pornographic Video Production, or Pornography for short. The new concentration will join the ranks of some of the school's other focuses, such as Film Editing, Art Direction and Screenwriting.

"Like any new concentration introduced into our program, it's rather uncertain at this point as to what Pornography will contain," said Boe Nurfest, production chair of SoFA. "Obviously, a porno production is much more complex than a simple art film. We're hoping to expand the concentration into various areas of the video sex industry." Courses slated to begin in Fall include "Writing for Arousal," "Directing the Double Penetration," and "History & Aesthetics: The Films of Jenna Jameson."

The concept was stimulated from an experience that third year film student Anna Rektion had while interning for the online video department of "Asian Fever" during summer 2009 with Hustler Video production. Upon applying for internship credit, Rektion faced protest from the SoFA faculty. However,

soon after presenting the job description, which included mostly on-set tasks taught in SoFA's curriculum, the department had no choice but to sign off on her work.

"Working for 'Asian Fever' was so much fun," Rektion said. "The people were great and they even let me stand in on some of the close-up shots when the actors were too tired or sore."

In fact, Rektion had so much fun that shortly after returning to for the fall 2009 quarter, she insisted that Pornography become a concentration in the school. After riding the department hard for two quarters, SoFA began to cum around. On February 9, 2010, SoFA Administrative chair Karl Bangerhard agreed to allow the concentration.

"The porn business is a \$13 billion a year industry. Up to \$1.8 billion of that is made from film profits," said Bangerhard. "Saying no to that would be depriving our students of a great opportunity. At least this industry is something they can conceivably get a job in."

To the school's surprise, the recent addition has made quite a spark within the video porn industry. Three fourth year Animation

students have already been signed to work on "Bend Over Na'vi," a feature-length animated pornographic parody of "Avatar," set to begin production in May 2010. The film is one of the many side projects in the works from James Cameron's Lightstorm Entertainment, after finishing production on "Avatar" with \$12 million left over in the budget.

Despite a positive response from outside employers and the majority of the SoFA community, there still remains some disapproval within the faculty. Persis Chastity, assistant professor within the school of Film and Animation, is strongly opposed to the addition, claiming it will distract students from a traditional education in the medium of cinema.

"There is no denying the fact that we need to degrade women in film," said Chastity. "However, putting it out in the open and having them [women] strip their clothes off to have sex with some sweaty, hairy man only shows the world that we've forgotten all creative ways to do so."

A LIST OF WORDS AND PHRASES FOR THE MODERN URBANITE

by Dan Ardour



Sugar Notch
Meat Pocket
Sweaty Crease
The Dark Rift
Bone Bag
Vertical Smile
The Tan Fuzzy Hallway
Pikachu
Bubble Gum Taco
Crusty Crevasse
Borough of Ashley
A river runs through it
The Hurt Locker
Downtown Letdown
If it smells like fish, it's a bacterial infection — get that shit checked out
Tender Mitten
Aunt Flo's Vacation Spot
The Airport (Substitute: The Landing Pad)
Field of Dreams



Sticky Leather Wallet
The Tunnel of Love
Sal's Paradise
The Chalice
The Wet Socket
A Chink in Joan of Arc's Armor
Cookie*
Scientologists
The Yankees
People from New Jersey
Venus Fly Trap
The Sub Pen
Slizz Whistle
The Pencil Sharpener
The She Sheath
The Spray Nozzle
Sarlac pit
Shooting Gallery
The Incubator

*This term was used in an adult film starring a girl I graduated high school with.



NOOD DOGG
and
OWL CITY



COMING APRIL 20 TO
THE GORDON FIELD HOUSE

c.u.b

PROVOST GERRY HALFNER of the newly formed Committee on Internal Insemination announced a program that promises to spread fresh ego on the open-mouthed world of alternative energy. The initiative, entitled "Thrusting RIT into the future: Turning Cum into Cash," has spearheaded a series of exciting new proposals. "We're essentially paying students to do what they were already doing, but this time, the final destination will be in our pockets," explained Halfner.

"I haven't seen this many people coming in the Center for Student Innovation since it opened!" ejaculated Sandy Nutclutch, research scientist. On March 28, the Center opened its free showers for phase one of the plan, which began to gather seed in unprecedented amounts. Collected from roughly 82 percent of the male student body, the large pool of human spermatozoa has become the basis for unprecedented developments in biofuel research. Plans for harvesting stations around campus are in the works, as administrators plot the best way to take advantage of this ingenious discovery.

"Before it was a matter of finding an energy source that was abundant, efficient, and most importantly, easily accessible," said Nutclutch, "This new biofuel is a hot load of all these factors." Attracting the interest of larger energy companies, the process of converting cream into steam has created an

investment in the students unseen since the days of collecting their excrement for adobe bricks in the 1850's.

Changes around the campus have been made to encourage 100 percent participation in fuel gathering. Complete gender reassignments have been carried out in the dorms, minimizing male-female relationships. "We think it will be an uncomfortable transition at first,"

elaborated Bill Samsler, RHA representative, "but ultimately, we think RIT students will benefit from the change. Talking to girls was really getting in the way of innovation, and I think that this change is ultimately for the greater good." The dorms are

expected to undergo a radical shift, one that will place a depository on every all male floor, complete with a big screen TV and a high-speed internet connection.

Since the initiative started, Student Health Center visits have dramatically risen. This is mostly due to increasing cases of chaffing and blistering. "You kids have lost yo damn minds!" said Dr. Marta Blackwell, who briefly reveled in her own stereotype.

With the extra energy being produced, RIT has largely shrugged its obligations to Arab Oil sheiks and is set to demolish RIT Dubai within the next fiscal year. Plans for locations in other inhospitable zones: RIT Los Angeles and EuroRIT have been abandoned in favor of large swimming pools, presumably to store large wads of hyper-inflated currency and ejaculate.

"I haven't seen this many people cumming in the Center for Student Innovation since it opened!"

BABY BATTER BIOFUEL BOOM

by Reluctant Cummings
illustration by Shanty Crabs



SCANDALOUS SEXTING

HE didn't know how it could happen. He was so careful. Recalling that life-altering night; that digitally intimate night. The sexual fantasies between him and his girlfriend had managed to get a little out of hand and ended in an unwanted thing. An unwanted fetus; if he addressed it as more than that it'd be more of a problem. What would happen when his parents found out? What about hers? He was only a freshman, adjusting from being away from home and finally adapting to being surrounded by nerds in neckbeards. A girl with half the looks of his high school sweetheart could never be seen across the vast, brick-filled campus. It made keeping his relationship a lot easier, even though she was still in high school. Not having the ability to go home had left him with trying to find other ways to please his girlfriend. Talking through the phone was awkward and inconvenient living in a dorm- never any privacy; e-mails were not interactive or quick enough. Unlimited texting allowed them to make a close connection that, with a good imagination felt almost physical.

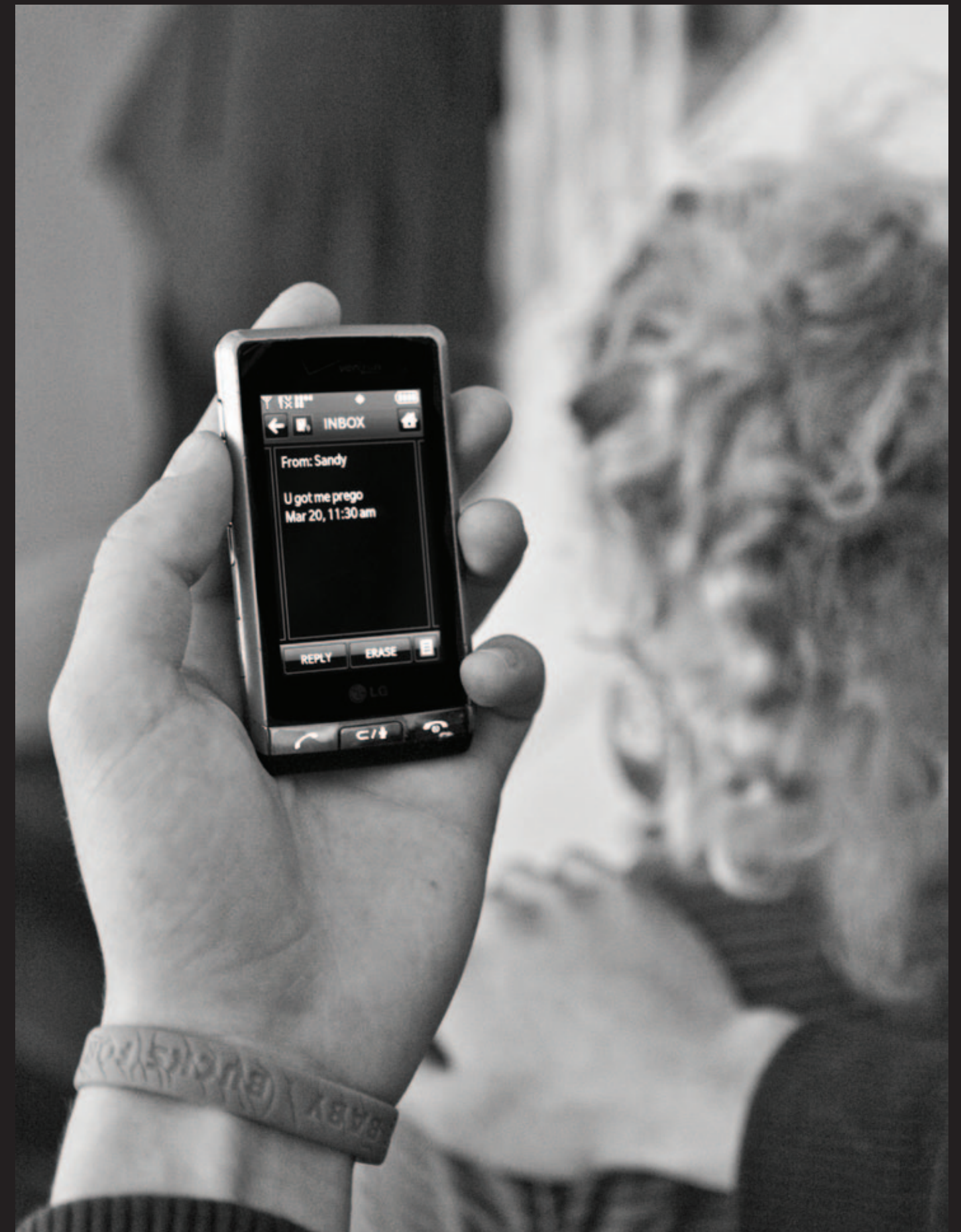
How could it lead to pregnancy? As tantalizingly explicit as it was, what made it so it could end in contraception? Replaying the events in his head:

It was roughly 1 a.m. when she asked if he was alone, “;-)” included. His roommate was fast asleep and so he figured he wouldn't get caught. Responding that he was alone, he then switched his EnV 2 from Sound to Vibrate. Anxiety grew as he waited for her to give him a play by play of what she wished was going on. In the slew of acronyms he could feel his heart race, each line of text bringing him closer and closer to his solitary satisfaction. The final moment he felt more dizzy and spine-tingling than ever before. The phone pulsed again, “hun i luv u. ur so amazin” he had succeeded in getting her too. The pixelated words were so generic but were heartfelt.

A few weeks went by and the texts she sent began to feel more distant. The two-hundred mile gap between them felt like an ocean. Her feelings and words drowned out by some depth he didn't know about or understand. How can a sixteen year old be so deep and secretive? A few more dragged on when finally one day while he was in calculus, he received a text, “I have 2 tell u somthin” and a minute later “I think im pregnant”.



THE PHONE PULSED AGAIN. “HUN I LUV U. UR SO AMAZIN”. HE HAD SUCCEEDED IN GETTING HER TOO.





Rule, Britannia!

by Dan Ardour

Last Monday, as President Wrestler drove into campus on his new bio-fueled motorbike, he was greeted by a strange sight. Above the roundabout, flying where the American Flag should have been, was a Union Jack. Puzzled, Wrestler proceeded to park his bike, where he was greeted by a second strange sight: a horse standing in his parking spot. A note was taped on the horse's arse which read, "To Bill, with Love, -RIT Monarchist Club."

The flag-switch and horse-in-the-parking-lot pranks weren't the first political demonstrations executed by Rhys and his Tories. Last month, the Monarchists stood outside the Wallace Palace holding

makes less sense than a pig at a cornfield in January."

Student outrage over the Monarchist's position took a cappella form in a response from the Brick City Country Hoe-Down Singers. They debuted their latest single "Do You Ever Love Your Country So Much, You Just Want to Fuck It?" on WITR's "Lisserlis' Hair Dye Happy Hour" show.

In the song, the hoe-downers croon, "From Watergate to Old My Lai, our colors ne'er run. / I don't care what the English say, as long as I've got my gun! Doo wap. America."

According to Rhys, the campus population will eventually come around. "Listen mates, America was a nice experiment; it worked for a little while. Eventually, every little boy who runs away will come crying back to mum when it gets cold out."

The Monarchist Club meets weekly at The Old Toad on Mondays at 9 p.m. for a "pint of bitter and a fag." *Whatever that means.*

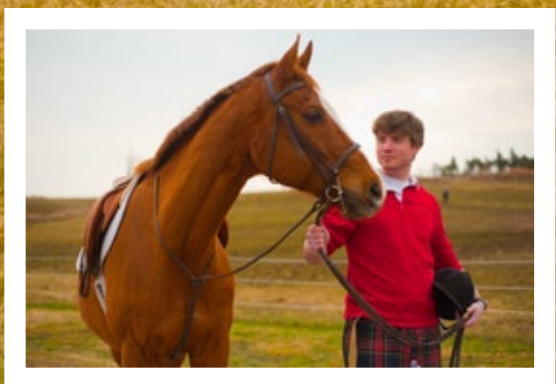
up copies of the London Times, shouting, "Impeach Washington, God Save the Queen!" "It all makes sense if you parse it out: America before the revolution was a prosperous colony in the glorious British Empire," explained Rhys. "Now look at you, you're fat, obnoxious, unemployed homophobes. Your dollar is failing, you have no friends, and your favorite television show is a knock-off of one of ours! Just say you're sorry for the revolution and that 1812 spat, and come back home."

In an official response, President Wrestler defended the American system, "Y'all are just jealous of our NASCAR and our women. America is the best country in the world! Bang, bang, yee-haw! Heck, going back to England

The horse belonged to none other than fourth year International Business major and English playboy, Sir Anderson Rhys. Rhys, an international student from the U.K., had staged the prank as a form of protest against the American democratic system.

"What better way to stick it to you Yankee bastards than to park a horse in your president's car park?" asked Rhys, as he poured himself another cup of Earl Grey.

Rhys founded the club as a freshman after he arrived from across the pond. "I felt there were a large number of students who thought that the colonies should return to British rule," he said. "We started out with four members and have grown our ranks to three score."



I think we get it now.

ANIMAL SACRIFICES BY ADMINISTRATION ENSURE SUNNY SKIES FOR OPEN HOUSE

by Madra Mandicencio

Mark your calendars. On April 29, the Office of Undergraduate Admissions is hosting an all-day feast at Grace Watson Dining Hall in honor of two years of beautiful weather during RIT open house days. You may be wondering: How did we get so lucky? In truth, we didn't. Those blue skies are no accident. For the past two years, the Admissions Office has been controlling the weather through monthly animal sacrifices.

The original idea came from Nicole Marianetti, a senior associate director of Admissions and director of Transfer Admissions. Said Marianetti, "I was in a meeting to schedule the next year's open houses, and everyone was complaining about how difficult it was to plan for the weather. Someone made a joke about missing [former President Al] Simone's weather machine, and suddenly the idea came to me: Why don't we just try ritual killings?" That very evening, Marianetti drafted her plan and began making phone calls. By the morning, she had a five-member committee banding together. Two days later, their final proposal was sent out.

After reviewing the document, President Wrestler was quick to give his blessing. "We have a very unique and challenging weather

situation here in Rochester," stated Wrestler. "It's great to see such an innovative solution coming from within our RIT community." Under his direct orders, the Office of Finance & Administration has set aside guaranteed funding for "sunshine sacrifices" for the next ten years.

As far as scheduling, the actual animal sacrifice ceremony must be performed under the light of a full moon in the two consecutive months before an open house. Because of the way that RIT has traditionally scheduled its open houses, this means that the ceremony is performed 11 out of the 12 months a year.

In the ceremony, two senior members of the Admissions office bring a sacrificial animal out into the field behind Gracie's. In the past, animals have included rabbits, hamsters and ferrets. "We typically send one of our secretaries on a run to Petco the afternoon before our ceremony," explained Marianetti. "Any small animal will do, as long as it is able to fit in my cat's carrying case." Removing the animal from the cage, one person holds it while the other slits its throat with a hunting knife. Blood is collected in a glass vial and mixed with

an assortment of herbs. Drinking the warm liquid, the Admissions Office workers whisper a series of incantations and focus their mental energy on future cloud suppression.

Following the ceremony, the animal's lifeless body is brought back to the basement of the Bausch and Lomb Building. Depending on the type of animal, the body may either be composted or sent to the head chef at Gracie's. As a part of RIT's green initiative, the committee is also working on building an altar of primate skulls, which will eventually go on display in the main foyer.

Given the success they have seen so far, the Admissions Office is now working on plans to expand the practice in upcoming years. "Boosting female enrollment our top priority right now," said Marianetti. "Pending approval from the Women's Center, we hope to begin [human] virgin sacrifices in the fall."

The celebration feast will be held in Grace Watson Hall on Thursday, April 29 from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. For more information, stop by the Admissions Office.



The Semester System is going to be HUGE - ah!!!!



NEW SPECIAL INTEREST HOUSING



WHEN REALITY TV SHOW "THE JERSEY SHORE" began airing on MTV last December, it became an unexpected hit by drawing in millions of viewers. Said President Wrestler, "It's like watching a train wreck, the kind where after the train jumps the track, it takes out a preschool before splashing into a pool of chemical waste. As much as you want to look away, the chemical burns have made it so you can't close your eyes, forcing you to watch."

In response to the show's popularity, the Residence Homing Association announced that one floor in Gibson Hall will be converted to a new special interest housing, Guido House. The lounge will be converted to a gym with completely mirrored walls. There will also be a dry cleaners available in the Gibson laundry room for the increase in business. The handicap bathroom will also be turned into a tanning salon, to accommodate the residents' orangey skin tone needs.

"It's nice to see that RIT finally gets us, ya know?" says Chrissy Orangina, a sixth year undeclared photography major. "My adviser was hoping that I would finally graduate this year, but the announcement of Guido House has inspired me to fail a couple classes so that I can come back next year," she said as she adjusted her Bumpit.

Guido House is an ambitious project, to say the least: special lounges with tanning beds, hair gel dispensers in the bathrooms. There will be themed events and workshops such as "Eating Disorders 101: Drinking and Purging" and "So You're Not

Really Italian, So What, You Wanna Fight About It?" The former is designed for girls, and the latter is intended to help interested persons better fit into their chosen stereotype.

But not everything seems to be bread and circuses as Guido House makes the move from concept to fruition. Speaking on the condition of anonymity, Bill Samsler of the RHA showed me some of the RIT's plans for the new special interest house. "The hope is that, if we put them all in one place, the petty drama will just build until they start killing each other," he explained. "Should that fail, the tanning beds are all capable of being locked from the outside."

On a final note, President Wrestler disclosed at the end of our interview, "as entertaining as train wrecks are to watch, we don't want more of them, and we're willing to sacrifice a few tuition paying students to do it."

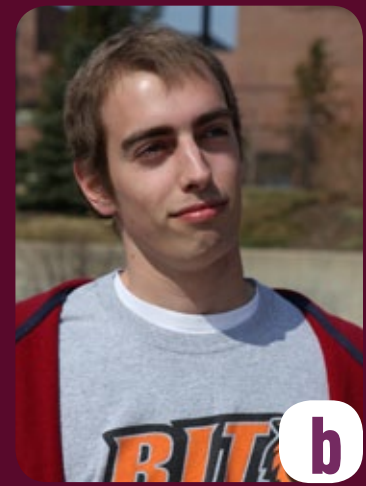
"The hope is that, if we put them all in one place, the petty drama will just build until they start killing each other."

ASS ON THE STREET

Draw lines from the numbers to the letters, matching up the asses with the faces. When you're finished, go to REPORTERMAG.COM to see the answers.



- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | a |
| 2 | b |
| 3 | c |
| 4 | d |
| 5 | e |
| 6 | f |





WITR GOES AM – NO ONE NOTICES



by Margaret Thatcher

WITR (pronounced Twitter, minus the “T”), RIT’s student-run radio station, switched from FM to AM broadcasting last Monday, citing cost concerns. Fortunately for them, no one noticed.

Sven Lisslisareiserlis, general manager of WITR, attributed the change to financial problems, and commented, “no one really listens to us anyway, we might as well save the money for ‘Hooker-and-Blow Down-with-Jesus Tuesdays.’” When asked to elaborate, Lisilisiisslerlis handed over a phone number, which, upon further investigation traced back to Lislislisslerlis’ mother’s landline.

And this week Lisisleriisslerlis’ words rang true for RIT’s general population; the change has gone totally unnoticed. “A radio station?” asked one curious student. “I didn’t realize you could do that without a satellite anymore.”

AM, or *amplitude modulation*, is a basic form of radio transmission, commonly used by old people. For approximately two years, it was a breakthrough in the means of punching boredom in the face. In the years since, radio (especially AM) has been increasingly rendered obsolete by illegal downloading, wild satanic orgies and thumb twiddling.

As a result of the change, the station is now WITR 420AM. With the unpublicized call number change, many students have noticed a stylistic divergence in the airplay.

“The station seems brighter and more enjoyable overall, especially when I’m on Dave’s PCP,” said NTID student Shirley Trimmer.

“I don’t listen to FM, so I was real excited to see something new come in through my cab’s speakers,” said Dude Harley, one of the many truck drivers to catch onto the station since the switch. Harley enjoys the station, which is what he decides as a nice change to Glenn Beck for the five minutes the station actually comes in near exit 46 on the Thruway.

Despite the poorer transmission quality, “AM really has its assets, even though you wouldn’t think about it,” said DJ Jay Veeg, a second year Packaging Science major who co-opped as Wigman’s Muzak Coordinator last quarter. “It gives my Wiggles a more avant-garde, post-modern feel.”

HEARING STUDENT ACCEPTED INTO NTID

by Chastity Tiler

Walking into his first class on March 8, second year Accounting major transfer student, Troy Klein thought something was a little off when his packed classroom was completely silent.

“It was an 8 a.m. on a Monday, so I thought maybe people were just tired,” said Klein. He took a seat and waited for class to begin. As the clock ticked past eight, Klein watched as the presumed teacher began to move her hands rapidly at the students. Wondering what was going on Klein turned to the person next to him and asked them what class it was.

“When I said something and they didn’t even blink, it was like I was speaking a different language,” Klein recalled. He shrugged the incident off, assuming this was some sort of new student initiation.

Klein applied with RIT’s paper application. There was no indication that

anything was wrong until he went to class.

“All correspondence I received from RIT seemed pretty standard to me. I even showed it to my folks,” said Klein. “When I had the exact same experience in my second class, I was pissed.”

Seeking out an explanation, Klein went to undergraduate admissions. There he was told he was registered as an NTID student and needed to speak with their admissions office instead. Klein insists RIT was giving him the runaround.

“No one wanted to help me, or take responsibility for the fact that I was in classes where I, you know, couldn’t hear anything,” said Klein. “What’s NTID anyways?”

Currently, Klein is failing all of his classes. He is still confused but is hopeful for his future in the army after he drops out of RIT.

GCCIS SUED

by Imma Beliver

The Golisano College of Computing and Information Sciences was handed a huge surprise last week, and no, it wasn’t a couple more million dollars for whatever innovative thing they’re doing these days. The surprise was a hefty lawsuit. The suit, which was filed by the Kampus Krusades for Khrist, alleges that GCCIS, commonly pronounced “Jesus,” is using the Lord’s name in vain.

Perry Alexander, a KKK servant, was the initiator of the lawsuit. Alexander said, “I decided enough was enough. We were all tired of hearing people say they were going to Jesus, only to realize they were really talking about the building and not about finding the Lord.”

The KKK filed for GCCIS to change their name so that it can no longer be referred to as Jesus, along with 12 million dollars cash in unmarked bills. The lawsuit also includes a clause that any student who continues to refer to the building as “Jesus” will have to attend 10 bible study meetings and say 400 Hail Marieys in the presence of the servants.

Carlos Hinke, Dean of GCCIS, saw no real threat in this lawsuit. “Frankly, I read it and laughed. We’ve been GCCIS since Golisano gave us a lot of money to name our building after him. Why do they have a problem with it now?”

GCCIS isn’t just going to hide behind their computers on this attack though. They’ve filed a counter suit citing the abbreviation for Kampus Krusades for Khrist leaves the few members of the RIT community who know they exist quite uncomfortable. GCCIS is seeking a respelling of their name and a drop of the suit against them.

Keep checking <http://distortermag.com> for updates on this battle of acronyms.



WITR 420AM



Comics that Didn't Make the Cut



"No, I don't wear a dread sack. Just dread socks."



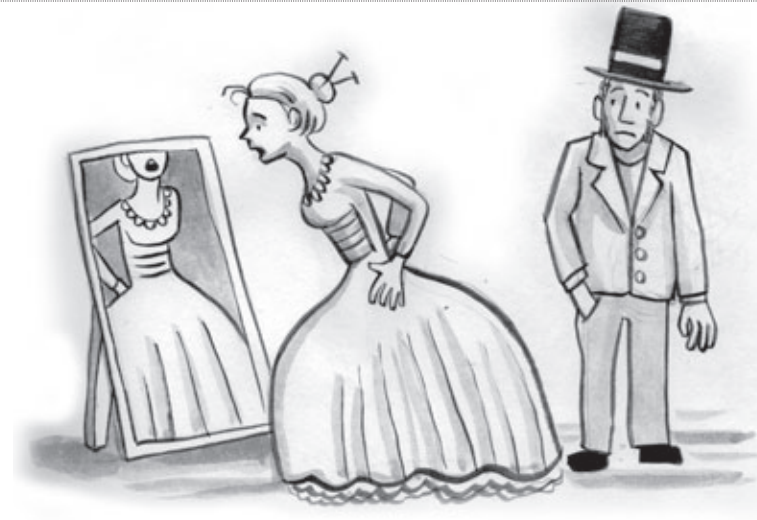
"Support breast cancer research, punch a frat guy in the face, one dollar!"



"Okay class, raise your hand if you got your dick wet over spring break."



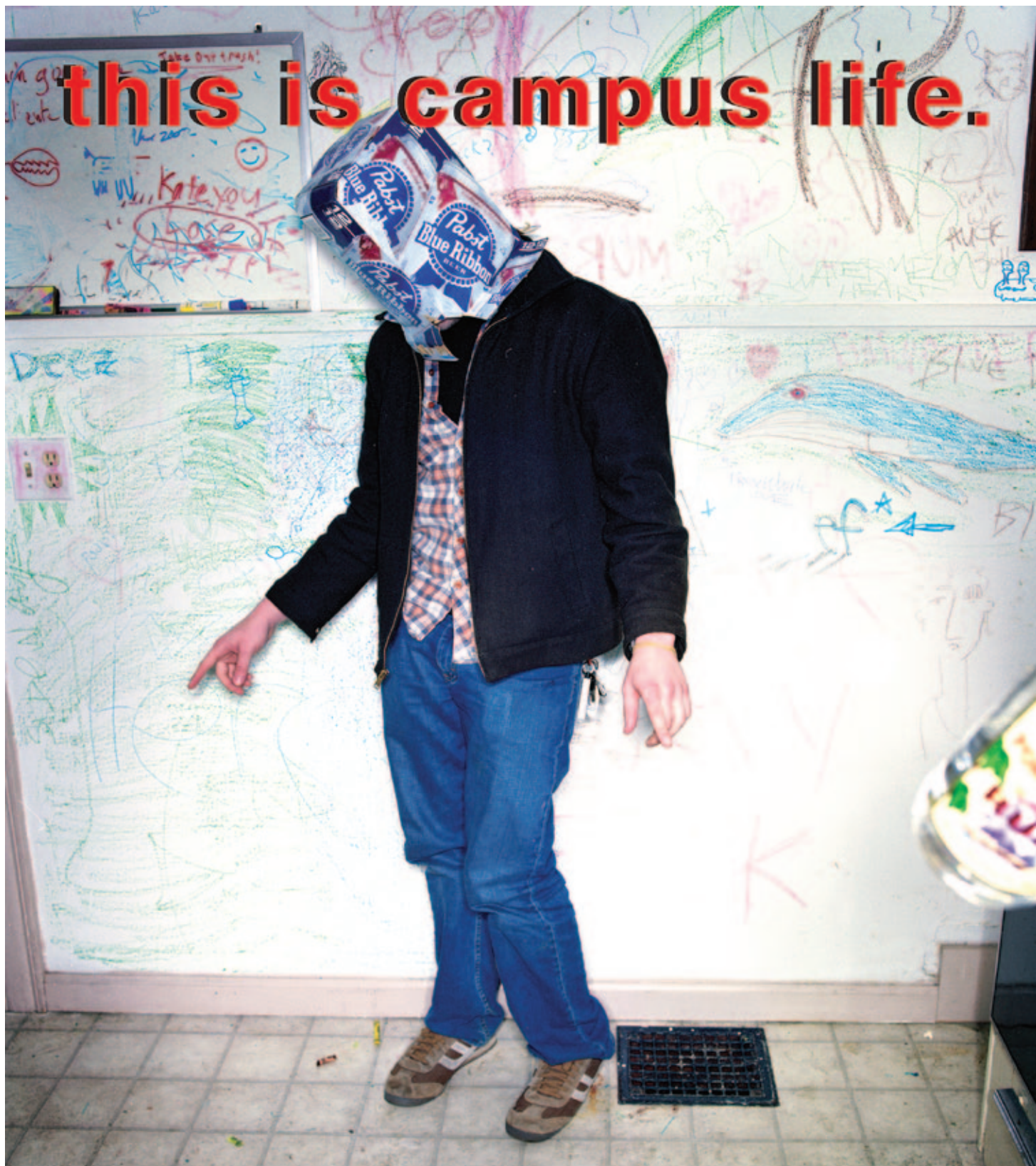
"I hate gorilla marketing."



"Does this dress make my ass look big?"



"Mom keeps mixing up my toybox with hers."



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