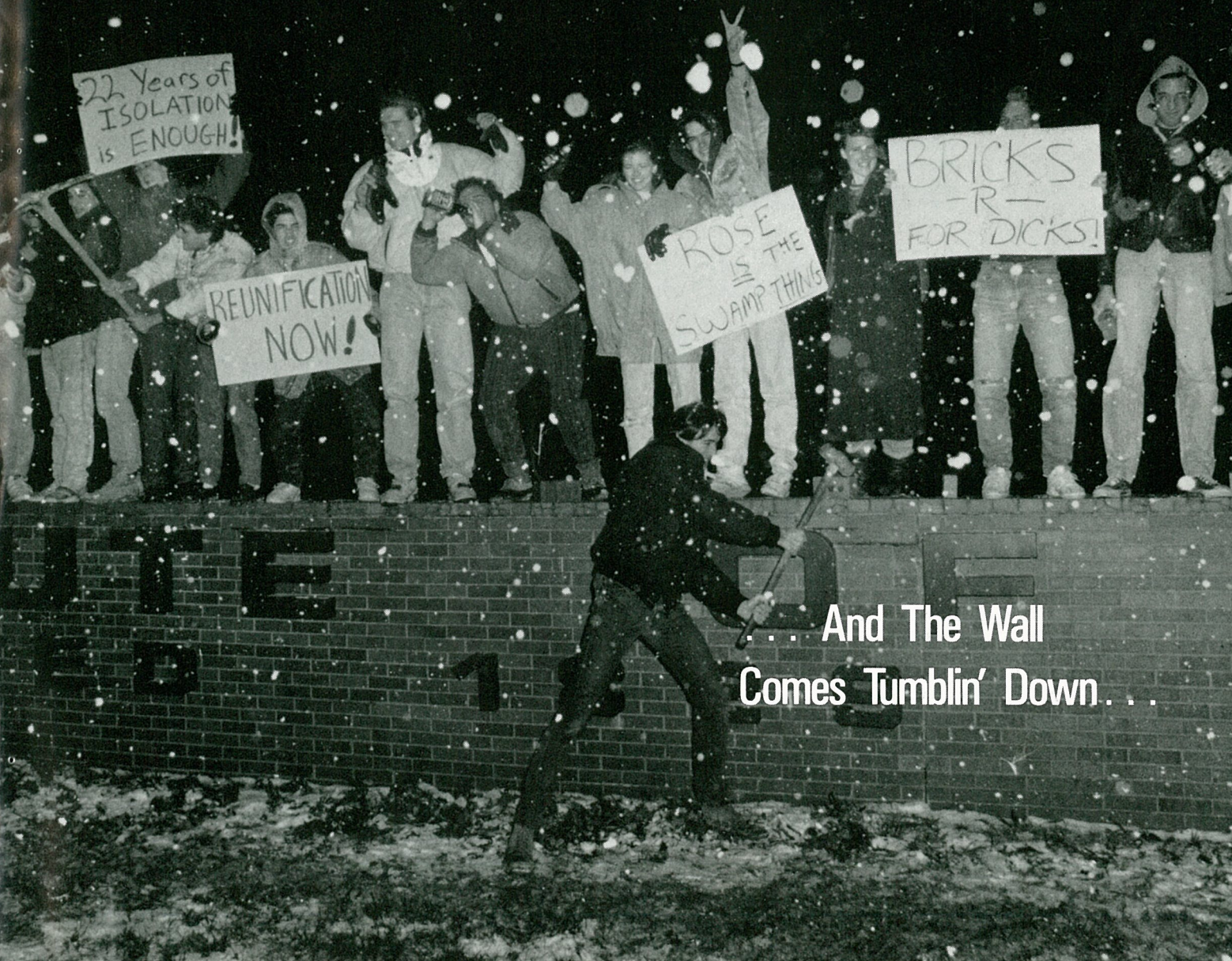
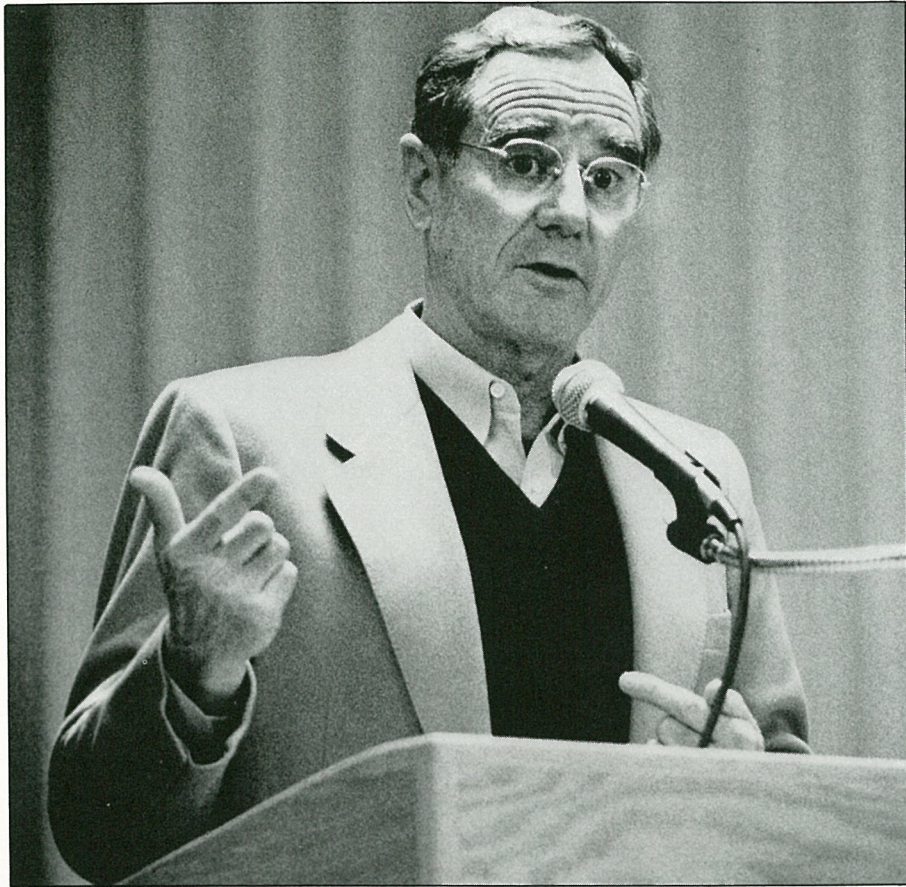


Distorter

April Fools, 1990



... And The Wall
Comes Tumblin' Down...



Who Stands Behind The NRA?
President Rose Does.

“I’m the NRA, and I vote. I vote for concealable handguns,
cop-killer bullets, and stupid cowboy hats.”

The Rochester Institute of Technology
We Know Where We Stand. Do You?

Distorter

Volume 666, Number 34 April 1, 1990

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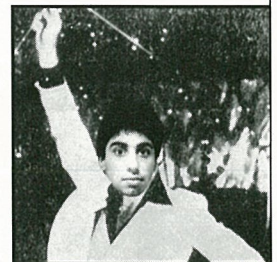
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We're Sorry. . . Well, Not Really

Do you feel. . .

offended, violated, ridiculed, upset, disgusted, infringed upon, morally raped, put down, b~~at~~er, angry, resentful, violent, aggravated, annoyed, furious, incensed, upset, agitated, disorderly, frenzied or otherwise **pissed off???**

Well, if you do, then **Join the crowd**; you've just been embarrassed by the staff of DISTORTER Magazine. Congratulations!!

If you don't fit into this category, the DISTORTER staff would like to thank the following people for not calling out the censor police on us:

Dr. M. Richard Rose
Dr. Elaine Spaul
Dr. Fred Smith
All Greeks
Micro-E majors
East and West Germans
Oriental students
Incoming Freshmen
Wegmans Supermarkets
Campus Safety
The Bursar's Office
Debbie Kingsbury
Cocaine Addicts
Hess Mart
Steve Schultz
Eric Hoffberg

The RIT Tiger
Computer Science majors
Campus Cutters
Italians
The RIT Escort Service
New Kids on the Block
Geneseo women
The NRA
The Humane Society
Cloven-hooved animals
and above all,
The rest of the students, faculty and staff of RIT
We appreciate your tolerance, and applaud your sense of humor.
Once again, thank you for your support.

DISTROFILE

It is no secret that Rochester winters are usually a tad bit on the depressing side. Things such as cold winds, perpetual grey skies and pouring rain when you don't have an umbrella and your car is in Z lot (see pg. 7) seem to be what sticks in the minds of most toward the beginning of April. We have chosen to use this period in the calendar year to help the RIT community get out of the winter doldrums and into something a little more optimistic.

Yes friends, another April Fool's Day quickly approaches bringing with it springtime sunshine (we hope), happy people and most important, DISTORTER magazine. This is the REPORTER staffs' attempt, however feeble, to have a good time at the expense of people and organizations at RIT. The concept behind DISTORTER is simple. We have taken it upon ourselves to remind the RIT community that it is now spring, or soon will be, and it is OK to smile again. The catalyst? A parody magazine that takes jabs at who or whatever there is to take jabs at.

Past issues of DISTORTER have been called a lot of things. Slandorous, offensive, funny, satirical, rude, tasteful, obnoxious...the list goes on. Depending on the staff at the time, certain liberties may have been taken and, in turn, certain boundaries of taste have been crossed. Some for the better, some for the worse, but all in the name of fun.

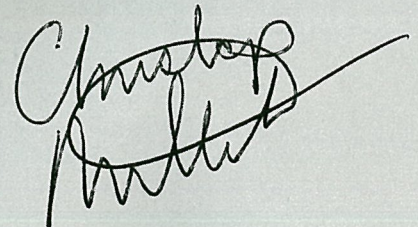
President Rose has submitted an open letter to the student body that will run in next week's REPORTER. This letter addresses the state of campus harmony as related to racism and "bias-related behavior." Unfortunately, some feel that past DISTORTERs may have touched these areas in a negative way. Racism and unfair judgement of any kind disgusts me and has no place anywhere, especially in RIT publications.

The staff that compiled DISTORTER has been very careful as to whose toes we have stomped on. Nothing was written, photographed or produced without thought. Along with these conscious decisions, we are aware that people get offended, some more than others. We are not necessarily out to offend individuals or groups, but it may happen. If it does, we expect people to pass it off in the name of humor, or attempted humor, especially when it is printed in something as ridiculous as DISTORTER. There will always be those that miss this concept and get offended anyway. To deal with these people, we include a very detailed apology to individuals or groups that might come under the mercy of our pen or camera.

Past DISTORTER staffs have been negligent of not including women and minorities in the decision-making processes, therefore affecting the product. Usually it

came down to five or six guys sitting around two days before deadline drinking beer saying, "well guys, what's funny?" This year I made a serious attempt to change this. The problem lies in the old adage that you never get a second chance at a first impression. A female picks up a DISTORTER, flips through it, gets offended, throws it away and vows that she will never have anything to do with a publication such as this. Correcting mistakes like these is rarely easy.

All that I can ask for is that you give DISTORTER a chance this time. We have by no means compromised or eased off on harassment of those things that bother or amuse us, but we have thought about them a little more. That is commendable. As for the criticism, well, we do get a little praise once in a while as well. Hopefully this time it will be more of the latter than the former. Either way, I hope you enjoy DISTORTER—we gave it our best shot. For those that don't or won't understand, we apologize for not offending you, we'll try harder next time.



Wegman's Offer Oriental Co-op

"First Beijing, now this." So says RIT student Chang-Hai Shek, commenting on the newest form of oppression against Oriental students. After last year's protests for democracy in China, slowly but surely Orientals have been subjected to discrimination in the United States, particularly in the job market.

Chang is currently serving his co-op quarter at supermarket giant Wigman's "Wokkawee" department, which specializes in Oriental cuisine. "It really terrible. People make fun of us. Call names like, 'Ching Chong Charlie!'"

But name calling is only a small part of the discrimination.

Another worker, Oko Bono, says that Americans have conspired to keep them from getting good jobs, forcing them to demean themselves in menial jobs. "They know that Asian peoples are more intelligent than Americans. They so jealous. They no want us to build computers, VCRs, and

high-end stereo component. They so jealous."

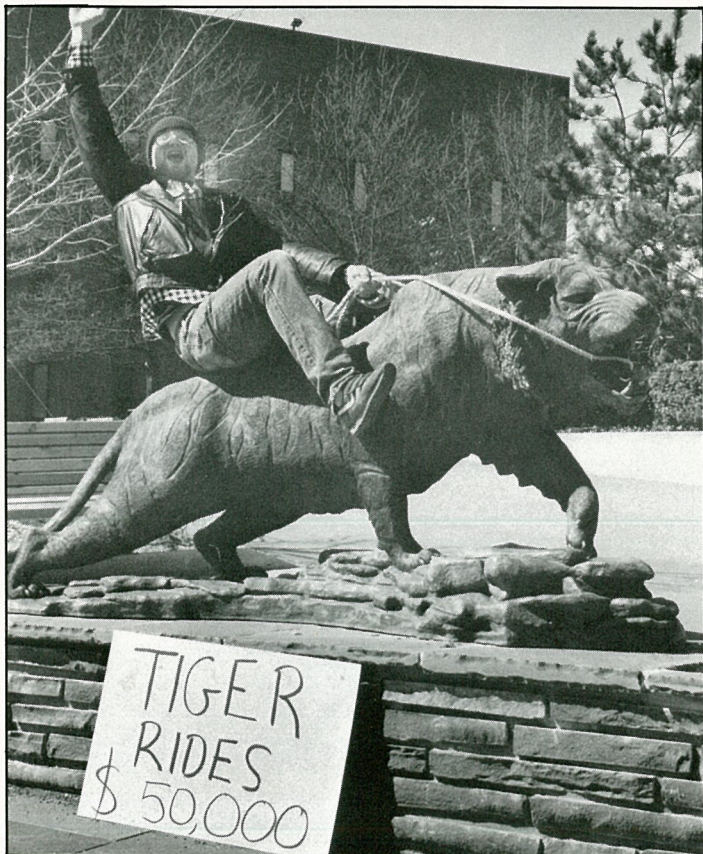
Oko and Chang work fourteen hours or more, on a typical day. "People love our food, and we enjoy making the food for them to consume. What we do not like is the taunting," they report. "For example,

American comedian Andrew Rice Cray say we can be blindfolded with dental floss. Eddie Murphy says we have small genitals. How would he know? Has he looked?"

Perhaps the most demeaning task for Oko is writing hundreds of fortunes for the fortune cookies that are sold each day. "Sometimes, I write nonsense sayings. Or, when I get desperate, I sneak into the greeting card section and plagiarize!"

Chang says he hopes that recent political events will ultimately ease racial tensions, so that he can get a job doing what he loves best: semiconductor physics. Until then, he keeps on serving up Peking Duck, stir-fry, and egg rolls. Maybe someday he forgive the Americans. "Me so smart; they so jealous. . ."

—MOW SEE TONGUE



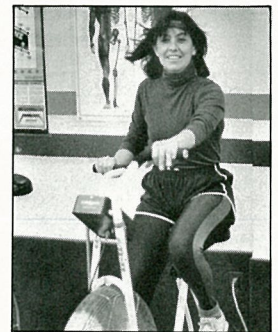
RIT Begins New Fund Raiser

Finally, at long last, students who choose to go to school at RIT can enjoy the benefits of bigger and better schools. Yes, that's right, RIT now offers rides on the mascot statue. "Big Ben," as he's called, is a Bengal tiger that all students can jump up on and ride to their heart's content.

RIT President Pick Nose is excited about the new statue. "We offer a tiger ride that's on the cutting edge. And the rides are reasonably priced, from \$50,000 for some majors. . ."

Many students are somewhat disappointed once they make a commitment to go to RIT. "I thought this tiger ride was really going to be something special, something that I could use to further myself once I enter the job market. But check this out, the damn thing doesn't even wiggle! I sat on the thing for five years, and what do I have to show for it?"

President Nose still contends, however, that the prices of tiger rides at RIT are competitive with other schools. "This is a private school, remember. We take you on a quality ride for your money. Where else can you learn how to earn a living and live a life. Oh, and ride a wild beast, too!"



**Give it up
Elaine, you're
far beyond help**

Campus Safety Holds Ten-Year Reunion At Hess Mart

Campus Safety held their Ten-Year Reunion party at the Hess Mart this past weekend. Several alumni were present, and the theme of this year's party was "So What Have You Been Up To Lately?"

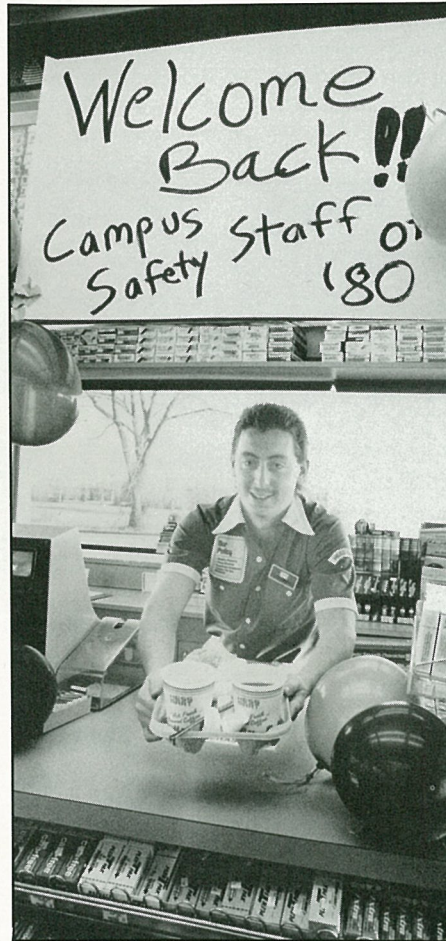
Anjul Gwakamole, the party's organizer, said that "this is one of the finest traditions we have going. RIT won't let us move our office here, so we just have to keep coming up with new, innovative excuses to come over here and scarf down donuts and Slurpees. After all, innovation is what we're all about!"

Some very familiar faces were present at this year's party, including Sammy Davis, Hightower, and Sgt. Tackleberry. Most of the alumni have moved on to other professions, some related to the security field, some not at all related to law enforcement.

"Me? Oh, I'm a parking lot carnival clown now, but I used to work A and B shift on Monday and Tuesday nights. I used to love the job, because at night we would sneak into the pool and watch the cheerleaders practicing up in the Fireside lounge. We liked having the pool there just in case we got too agitated or overheated," says Sara-Lee Strudle, ex-Moss Convention Officer.

Sammy Davis, ex-Dispatcher, says "Well, I'm a professional female impersonator now, but I used to have a lot of fun right here in the office. Sometimes I would wear my outfit from the club when I was doing amateur shows, and the guys in the office and I would pretend we were doing a hooker-bust. That's one thing you never see on this campus, that's for sure! Say, how about after the party, you and I..." (at this point, I knew it was time to move on to the other guests).

Refreshments served at the party included powdered donuts, cinnamon donuts, chocolate donuts, coconut donuts, Bavarian Creme donuts, plain donuts, and Slurpees. Apparently, somebody had spiked



the punch, because pretty soon the entire place was re-enacting scenes from *Police Academy V* and doing the Lambada on the gas pumps. "I can't wait till next year," said Tackleberry.

As the evening progressed, the officers reminisced about the "good old days" when an officer was proud to wear the now-defunct Brownie uniform. "Man, I loved that uniform," remembers Tackleberry. "Time was when that uniform would strike fear into the hearts of students. I can remember walking past a group of them, and they were so scared all they could do was laugh hysterically."

Campus Safety has been sponsoring these reunions since the campus was first moved from downtown. "We usually try to have a 10-year reunion every few years," says Strudle. "Any more than that and it gets boring." Since the officers spend a lot of time at the Hess Mart already, special steps had to be taken to give the appearance that it was actually a different place. "Well, we moved the Snack Rack across the room, and we switched the location of the coffee machine," says Goober Harrelson, a store employee. "Basically, the decorating wasn't that extensive. It wasn't tough to fool these guys."

The Hess Mart was temporarily closed to host the party, prompting some customers to question whether it was really worth the lost business just to host a party of Campus Safety officers. "Heck, the way I figger it, we ain't losing any business," says Goober. "These guys already account for 92% of our operating profits. As long as we keep this tradition up, we'll be set way into the next millennium. After all, we got almost no overhead on an operation like this, since the officers pretty much pay for the party a hundred times over during the week."



Nose's Response to Parking Problem: "Ehh, Let 'em walk!"

Yes, another wonderful administration blunder has come to a head and the campus is in uproar. The new plan to combat the ever-increasing parking space shortage is to rent space at various sites around the Rochester area and establish auxiliary lots to alleviate the problems.

As of right now, the three lots that are open to any RIT idiots who care to travel a bit to campus include the back lot at Wegmans, Marketplace and the Rochester Airport. Future sites being considered include the Albion garbage dump and some guy's dirt farm in Spencerport.

Reactions to these changes have obviously not been supportive. "I knew we had a problem, but this is ridiculous!" complains Ed McJerk, a first-year imaging nuisance major, when confronted with one of the many current RIT mess-ups.

"It's bad enough that I had to drag my ass down the Quarter-Mile every day when I lived in the dorms. Now I live in Colony Manor, but I have to park at the airport," announces Dieter Black, a fourth-year cutty-pasty who hopes to pursue a career in monkey slapping. "These actions go completely against my inner karma to reach a higher plane of laziness."

No statements whatsoever have been



issued from above, although groups of irate students staging a vomit vigil outside of the Eastman building are making some of the administrators a bit antsy about holding out any longer.

"I have no comment at this point, but I know that President Nose once mumbled something about getting back at those damn kids for all the nasty comments about his eyebrows."

Speculation has it that the decision to set up these far-away parking lots was made to make students and faculty aware just how much this Institute is screwing over everybody.

Dr. Elliot Snotsucker, Vice President of Covert Operations explains the mentality behind the action by saying, "Well, if you think about it, we said we'd have a Student Life Center a dozen years ago, and they all went for it; we said we would straighten out all the run-around at Financial Aid, and they all went for it, so why wouldn't those idiots go for a parking lot five miles away. . . Hey, it's free, right?"

The vomit vigil has now lasted for fourteen days and is continuing with no end in sight.

There was no remorse from Myron Dropalot, the Institute's Vice President of Student Affairs, either. "When I was a youngster, I had to walk through six miles of snow every day of the year to get to school. And it was uphill—both ways! And everything cost a nickel! Damn whippersnappers. . . Hehhhhh!"

Mr. Dropalot had to be restrained at the conclusion of the interview.

DISTORTER has done a little investigative digging and we discovered a few interesting tidbits. It appears that the Henrietta campus was built on a swamp. Yes, this may be shocking to many, but it is very true. Originally there was 20 acres of parking space, but nature's little mud goblins have reclaimed all but about 50 square feet to date. Since the parking lots on campus were designed on the perimeter of the campus, it's only a matter of time before the RIT swamp begins to take back the buildings.



The Wall

FALLS

"THE WALL IS DOWN! REUNIFICATION NOW!" came the cry from the hundreds of thousands of RIT students who had gathered at the Wall under a light snowfall. "This is just absolutely incredible," said one teary-eyed spectator. "I can now truly feel free."

This event, which is sure to go down in history books everywhere (or at least the back of somebody's notebook), has been a long-awaited day for many oppressed RIT students and their University of Rochester counterparts. RIT was formed back in 1967 after the Student-Administration War, when the Rochester Universal Institute was partitioned into the University of Rochester in the West and the Rochester Institute of Technology in the East.

Dick "Adolf" Nose-Goebbels, the dictator of RIT, or "East UR" as the natives call it, made the decision to relax the strangling travel restrictions that RIT students have been living under for generations. The loosening of the restrictions was a clear indication that the administration had come to realize that its rigid centralized-planning structure was stifling the Institute's population. Parties were routinely busted without proper warrants, students were continually harrassed and monitored by the Kampus Securitate (the Insitute's dreaded secret police), and phone conversations were routinely tapped. The Federation of United

College Students, a body of colleges that monitors the treatment of student social rights around the world, regularly condemned RIT for its treatment of it's students' social rights.

Dude Partier, president of FUCS, said in a statement that "RIT has routinely shown absolutely no respect for the students, ya know? Like, at the U of R, we can walk

around with open containers and never get bothered, go to fraternity parties without having to register at the door, and invite Campus Security over to our parties. It's a bum rap, man. I'm glad I'm not them."

Now that the wall is down, however, the question of reunification has surfaced. Could the surrounding colleges of Rochester handle such a situation? Many local campuses shudder when they remember the Student-Administration War, which has not quite faded from memory yet. The war began when the Rochester Universal Institute invaded SUNY—Geneseo and carried off the cheerleading squad. Neighboring colleges were obliged to uphold their treaties with Geneseo, and the war began. When the smoke had cleared, Rochester lay in ruins. The victorious allies then partitioned RUI into what it is today. "I'm worried," says Linda Lovelace, a student at SUNY-Geneseo and captain of the cheerleading team. "We've had peace for so long, and now this threatens everything." All 16 of the other cheerleading captains agreed. Said Traci Lords, co-captain: "Who's to say that they won't just come over here again and again? Who's going to stop them from coming?"

The Wall was erected in 1967 by the RIT government in an effort to keep students



from transferring to other colleges when it became apparent that each day approximately 6,000 students would commute to their jobs downtown, and that each evening approximately 10 or 11 of them would commute back. Ever since then, the colleges have waited for "Day X," the day that would mark their reunification. After months of protests, that day has finally arrived. "We can now look forward to our new freedom," says Holdmy Glands, an engineer. "I hear that the U of R actually has some hot babes, and parties, too."

RIT indeed has reasons to be rejoicing. Many RIT students are able to obtain foreign publications, and thus learn what is happening in the world. They have learned that other schools have what real colleges are supposed to have, like football teams, real Greek houses, walls covered with ivy, and school spirit. "I can't wait to get over to the UR in the West!" says Tina Titanic, a food and hotel major.

One of the most hated monuments that the RIT government has erected in tribute to itself is the "Ty-Ger," a large bronze statue located near the Glorious People's Library Construction Project in honor of the 21st anniversary of the founding of RIT. Many students showed their disapproval by staying home, and turnout for the event was exceptionally low (as it is for most RIT-sponsored events). The last straw came when the RIT administration disclosed that the

long-awaited Campus Life Center, which was promised to the students back in 1976 and was to be a model of the virtues of socialism, was delayed yet again. The students were fed up, and they began venting their frustrations by partying nonstop on weekends, boycotting classes, and just generally behaving like normal college students in the rest of the world.

With the warming in tensions between the two superpowers, the way has been paved for reunification, which could happen by the end of this year. The U of R constitution contains a clause that guarantees admittance to any part of RIT that wishes to secede, and allows any RIT student to become a U of R student simply by crossing the border.

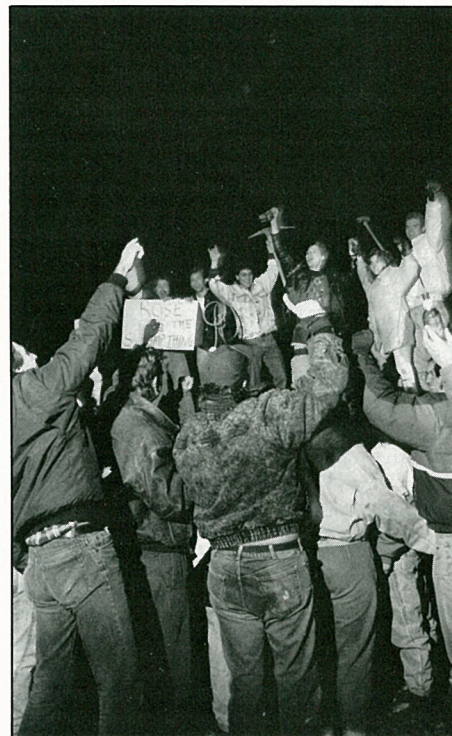
There have only been 16 successful crossings of the Wall since it was erected. The most dramatic escape was when a group of U of R students posted a fake sign at Hess Mart advertising a donut n' slurpee sale, and successfully lured the entire Kampus Securitate away from the campus. While they were gone, a dozen RIT students made it over the wall, and were greeted by cheering U of R students.

It was reported that Nose-Goebbels was found fleeing from the campus in his Porsche 944 and was shot. However, these rumors remain unconfirmed.

Should Rochester worry? Probably not. It will take several years to bring RIT up to the standard of other colleges in the area.

Campus morale is in shambles, the students must choose a new government, and somebody has to figure out where to put the new parking spaces. What will the future bring? Only time will tell.

—CHEESY BIGWEENIE



Olds Farts In The Neighborhood

Formed in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, these bronchial bad boys have started a nationwide phenomenon that resembles the *Saturday Night Fever* craze of the '70s. The group consists of Julius Phlegm, Elmer Shtump, Marvin Colon, Raymond Putzky, and lead singer Irving Zalinsky, who drives more than Miss Daisy wild. This retired bunch of madmen has created such a demand for their music that their manager, Maurice Farr (also their producer) can hardly book them into retirement and nursing homes fast enough.

Their twelve-song debut album, *Banging Cough*, has sold over six million copies so far and has five number ones from the same album: "Alzheimer's Blues," "Wheelchair Mama," "Geritol In My Veins," "Pushing Eighty," and "Love Wrinkles."

The band seems unfazed by the amount of success and attention they have received, according to lead singer Irving, who claims the toughest part of all this is the long hours they must keep, and the fact that they must work through their usual naptime.

Recording, they say, is the easy part, because their manager does all the work. He writes most of their material so that they actually do little in-studio time, taking most of their time clearing their throats, drinking prune juice and popping Geritol, Centrum, and One-A-Day-Plus-Iron, and of course pleasing their fans. According to the group, the most welcome response comes from the ladies who constantly are grabbing at their walkers, canes, and wheelchairs when they use them, and pinching at their backsides. They all agree they love every minute of it. They don't have any problem with their roadies or crew because they usually don't remember where they are, let alone what their fans do when they try to get back stage to meet the Old Farts.

The embarrassing part for Elmer comes when the ladies ask him to sign their bedpans, girdles, and various articles of clothing. Several have asked him to sign their body parts, but their wrinkles have prevented him from doing so, although he is eager to meet their other requests of him, he says with a broad toothless smile.

"They go through a lot of dentures and Preparation H," says their manager, Maurice. "Although they might seem like an overnight sensation, it's been a long hard climb to the

top, especially in their wheelchairs," he says with a laugh. The hardest part of his job, he claims, is making sure the band-members remember to take their pills, eat well-balanced meals (never allowing them to eat red meat to make sure they keep their cholesterol levels down), and keeping their sodium intake down.

We can expect a new album from the Old Farts some time in May, they believe

(their manager is responsible for telling them when the new album is coming out). To be entitled *Anthem For The Aging*, it should be as phenomenally successful as *Banging Cough*. The first single from the album will be a cover of the old Clarence Murkywater Hoedown's "Rolling In My Wheelchair." Look for it in record stores soon. The Old Farts say, "YO!"

—SLOB NEPHEWS



Distroflicks That Won't Quit

It's that time of year again. Time to smell the fresh Spring air, change your underwear and find out what's the latest in up-and-coming flicks. This year's list holds back nothing and shows that the new decade is as predictable as the yearly tuition hike.

So grab a Mt. Dew, lay on some nails and enjoy the next best thing to wiping with wet toilet paper:

Die, Gringo, Die!!: Chuck Norris is our last stand for freedom when a bunch of renegade Mexicans invade the United States by sneaking in under tomato trucks. After seeing this, I guarantee you'll never eat at Taco Bell again.

Pre-Pubescent-Retarded-Kung-Fu-Mall-Rats: Four teenagers challenge authority, clearance sales and mall hours when they decide to move into a shopping center (not to be confused with the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles' movie).

Dude, The Movie: Three surfers encounter beer, babes and bad dudes when they stumble onto an evil scientist's plot to wipe out L.A. with a humongo, bitchin' wave. Bummer, dude.

Barbie: Barbie tries to convince the Rockers that Ken is not queer, but just a tad bit feminine.

Rocky VI: Rocky Balboa decides to try some steroids. When the side effects kick in, he has no choice but to fight for the WWF's World's Womens Wrestling Title.

Lock Up II: Sylvester Stallone's back again as the unjustly imprisoned everyman who ends up dropping the soap one too many times. Not for you Rambo lovers or homophobics.

Shit Happens: A team of federal investigators discover the reason that so many MCC students have been graduating is mainly due to the fact that their campus is being used as toxic waste dump.

Charlie Brown, We Gotta Talk (animated): Peppermint Patti finds out that she is pregnant, but she's not sure if it's Chuck's, Linus' or Snoopy's.

Karate Kid IV: Daniel-san puts his martial arts mastery to good use as a security guard for the New Kids on the Block. But during

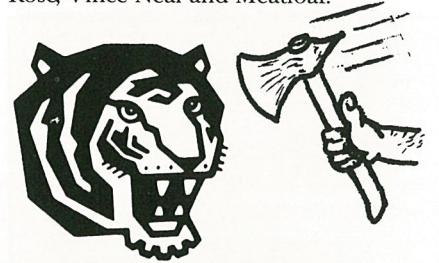
a show he flips out, runs onto the stage and beaks Jordan's neck.

Born on the Third of July: Pee Wee Herman stars as a blind, epileptic, claustrophobic, paraplegic vet in this spoof of Oliver Stone's Vietnam movies.

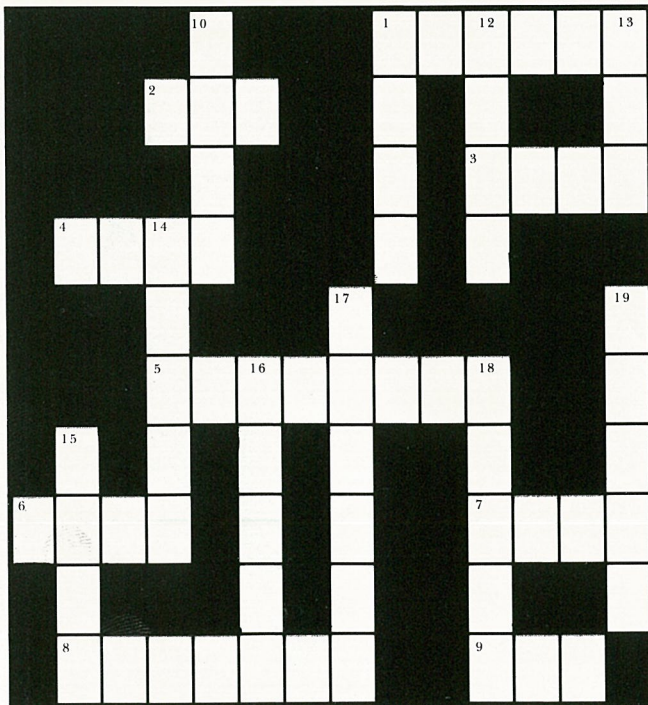
Oh, Really?! On the night of their honeymoon and after a few drinks, the bride confesses that she's boffed the best man, the ushers, the ring bearer and the minister. Stars Roseanne Barr and Tom Hanks.

Yeah, Well At Least We Have A Student Center!: U of R students realize that their 18 grand has just been going towards fancy IDs and birth control.

Village People—The Concert: Those YMCAs are back in this concert film of their 1990 State Fair World Tour. Watch the guys shed their bad boy image as they jam with Axl Rose, Vince Neal and Meatloaf.



DISTORTER Crossword Fun!



ACROSS

- 1) The Weight Watchers of your wallet (6 letters):
- 2) Acronym for a cludge; obsolescence (3 letters):
- 3) Not Dick (4 letters):
- 4) Rambo wanna-be's (4 letters):
- 5) Location of the largest Oriental population on campus (8 letters):
- 6) "Modern garbage and more..." (4 letters):
- 7) Yodeling champions of the world (4 letters):
- 8) Only animal *not* defiled by fraternity pledges (7 letters):
- 9) Cheerleaders always say... (3 letters):

DOWN

- 10) How to ruin a Spring Concert (4 letters):
- 1) The Oh-My-God parking lot (4 letters):
- 12) Leading source of hepatitis B (4 letters):
- 13) Where you go, you loser! (3 letters):
- 14) RIT's \$50,000 hood ornament (5 letters):
- 15) A Rose by any other name... (4 letters):
- 16) What the "M" stands for (5 letters):
- 17) Hazing, grazing, and a whole 'otta psyched! (6 letters)
- 18) RIT's *real* No. 1 PrioRITy (5 letters):
- 19) Melvins, Schmendricks, dweebs, geeks... (5 letters):

Top Ten Ways to Pick up an RIT Guy

- 10) Tell him you're from Geneseo.
- 9) Buy stock in IBM.
- 8) Mention your Mom's BMW.
- 7) Join a sorority
- 6) Join a sorority
- 5) Join a sorority
- 4) Tell him you want to interface his hard drive with your mainframe.
- 3) Offer to generate his D&D characters.
- 2) Offer to do his labs.
- 1) Steal his pocket pen protector.

Top Ten Ways to Pick up an RIT Girl

- 10) Tell her you go to U of R.
- 9) Buy stock in Weight Watchers.
- 8) Mention your Dad's chocolate factory.
- 7) Casually drop \$100 in front of her and complain about loose change.
- 6) Join the hockey team.
- 5) Join the hockey team.
- 4) Join the hockey team.
- 3) Hanging food trap.
- 2) Moose call.
- 1) Forklift.

Answers on page 13

JOCK STUFF

The More Disgusting The Better

Approximately 5,000 fans turned out last weekend for the first annual RIT Disgusting Body Function Tournament. The event, sponsored by the Student Life Offense Board (SLOB) was a tremendous success. Many local favorites took top honors in the various competitions.

The first event of the tourney was the nose picking competition. Seventeen mucous-fiends probed their proboscises with olympic frenzy. Contestants were judged on the length of finger inserted in

the nostril, quality of the snot, and artistic impression. Points are deducted for drawing blood, greenish color, and lengthy nostril hair. Coach Ricky Iceberg advanced to the finals, only to suffer a humiliating defeat by a freshmen computer major, who produced over an eighth of a pint of snot.

Another delightful display of digital dexterity was shown in the freestyle pick/scratch contest. A jubilant spectator

observed, "This had to be the most disgusting thing I've ever seen in my whole life. Our daughter, who's a diver, scratched her rear end perfectly. I was moved to tears."

Less popular with the public was the flatulence contest. As expected, athletes were scored on duration, smell, and sound. Unfortunately, the contest was ruled invalid when it was found that several contestants had illegally built up their bowels via steroids. In the end, everybody "aired" their differences, and the tournament continued unabated.

Finishing out the tournament, was the grotesque and intriguing Scab competition. Athletes compete against one another to display sores of all types: open, healing, pus-filled, and bleeding. Of course, the more disgusting the sore, the higher the score. The champion, Eddie Lymph, won decisively with a combination of sores rivaling leprosy. Says Lymph, "First I jumped out of a moving car doing 65 MPH. Of course I was naked. Then I went swimming in some stagnant water, to get the infection spreading. After that it was easy. I just kept picking and picking my way to victory."

All in all, a hideously macabre time was had by all in attendance, and participants look forward to next year's competition. See you all there!

—BARK STIFFENME

Deadbeat of the Week

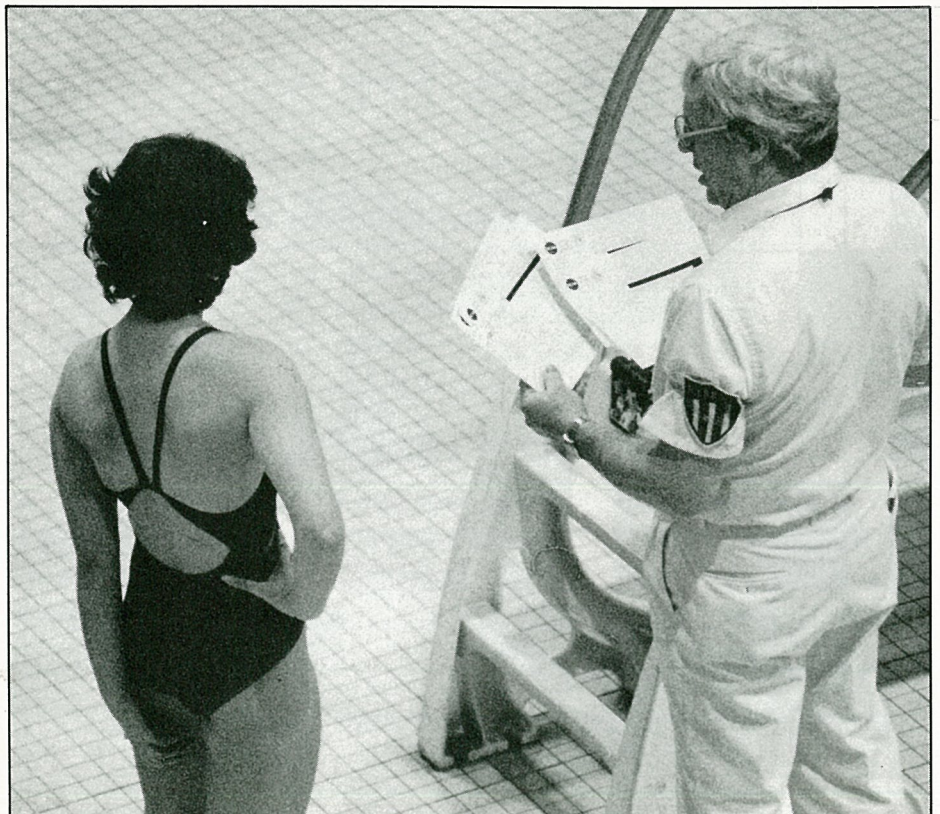


Grimy Reaper

This week's honor goes to our own Grimy Reaper, a familiar sight to all at hockey games.

Mr. Reaper, also known as Buzzard to his friends, won this acclaim due to his enormous involvement on campus, and a combination of other factors. Taken into consideration was the fact that it took forever to get his degree (becoming a role model in the process), and also his long-winded replies on the Institute computer conferences.

Scythe in hand, Reaper has the distinction of being the most fought-with personality at collegiate sporting events. His biting, witty insults are shouted at a decibel level worthy of the Metropolitan Opera. The offensive remarks usually result in a bench-clearing brawl, thus ensuring complete enjoyment of the game for all in attendance.



DON'T WORRY, IT'LL GROW BACK.

RIT's professional hair styling salon Hair Hackers announces their annual April Fool's student discount. Stop by for some trim and get a coupon that entitles you to pay double on your next visit.

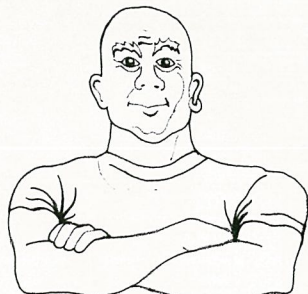


BEFORE

Considering the diverse environment of the RIT community, we've seen everything from slicked-back geeks to multi-colored fine art majors.

Regardless of the person, we treat them the same way—lousy.

The disco—loving wenches that we hire give personal treatment to everyone that walks through our door but we ruin everyone's hair the same way.



AFTER

Stop down to the Hair Hackers and take your chances. All you've got lose is your hair.

Lost and Not Found

LOST— One "nightstick" to a female freshman lost in the heat of passion. Please return to Angel at Campus Safety.
LOST— All of my hair. Near Campus Cutters. Please return to Johnny Appleseed.
FOUND— Feminist value systems at various departments on campus.
LOST— One Taylor Dayne concert. If found, DO NOT, repeat DO NOT return to RIT. Disgruntled Students.
LOST— Memory. If found, um, if found, uh...
LOST— My virginity. Can't remember where— I was drunk at the time— but it wasn't at RIT, I'm sure of that. If found, give to a needy RIT geek.
FOUND— Several pads full of sexually offensive Bad Ads.
LOST— My dick
FOUND— In your mouth.

Denouncements

TyPin and wurd prOCessen reel chEep? Perfeshunal jobs, nex day delivuhry, call 475-DUMB.
BAGG is proud to announce the 1st annual "Slap da Bitch" contest open to all RIT students...
TIGER RIDES— From \$13,000/year. Ride the Tiger for five years and get a Bachelor's degree in your favorite major for free!
ATTENTION— There will be a HUGE Keg Party on Sat. April 9 at Grace Watson. Sponsored by Can't Piss Safely. LOTS of Free Beer, no age requirements.

Impersonals

Mark, Matt and Poo Man— I'd like my shoes back please— they're stuck to the carpet at your last party. Go circle jerk with New Kids.
L.L.— "Well gee, Ms. Attica, my mommy would always just SPANK me... Why, what did YOU have in mind?" One of your Exec. Producers.
Dr. Bob's Favorite Sexual Position of All Time: By himself, jerking his cocktail weiner!
Susie— I see you've harvested the tree! Love, your part-time roomie.
How do you tell the Student Officer in the Fish Bowl to fuck off? Twirl your finger and drive on by...
Just go get a Lambadamy!
Hey KDR! Want some coffee with those donuts?
Globals from Hell for everyone!
REPULSIVE.

How does one screw up Spring Concert at RIT? Bend over and let the special interest groups do the driving... "I find your lambada dance masturbatory and obscene... yet I am drawn to it like a moth to a flame." Dieter.
L.L.— I killed Tom Cruise. So come on over for some beer and "bubble gum." Guess Who.
Nick— Do what I say or I'll tell the parents about you and Biff!
DISTORTER Production Crew— It was a long night, but it was worth the laughs (especially when Kris and Dee dropped their...!).
Hey Mike! Find those orange striped undies yet?
SUGE— She's dressed in black again (and I like it). Speechless.
What's the difference between RIT women and Geneseo women? Well, what's the difference between pocket change and hundred dollar bills?
Would you like to touch my monkey?
Marco— You were the best Editor-in-Chief ever. Let's go hot-tubbing. Love Bubbles.
YABBA DABBA SLAM-ARAMA!

What's the difference between RIT guys and real men? Real men don't make excuses for their sexual inadequacies.
Why are RIT women fat? Food is more satisfying than sex with RIT MEN!
Or Maybe you fat bitches can't find any men.
Can't Piss Safely— Do you enjoy being pseudo-NY State troopers?

Lips, Sarge and the other Reprotogs— Stay psyched! Zeta's got nothing on us. ISO Love Forever.

Wildman Mike's a virgin!
If any RIT guy has sex before he graduates, the Tiger's nuts will fall off.

DISTORTER readers— So you think this magazine is offensive? Well, fuck you!

To the cool Lude who chowed 4 Aguave worms in one hour— How was your trip to Nebraska driving the porcelain bus?

Dr. Rose— Sorry about smashing your Porsche. Hope my tuition covers the damages.

Hey Ratz! Once and for all: Enough with the goddam Mexican Pizza!

The residents of 140 Colony have no sexual preference.
Hurray, Hurray, the first of May. The outdoor fucking begins today!
I WON'T PAY!

For all those who feel this issue of DISTORTER is rude, lurid, crass, and sexist, I like it too.

Shoot that boot! Shoot that boot! Shoot that boot!

She was so loose I had to tie a board to my ass!

Sonya— I'll love you for ever and ever. Or at least until the library extension is completed, whichever comes first.

To this year's distinguished graduates— Hah! You suckers! RIT degrees ain't worth crap! Have fun trying to get a job!

To whoever stole the condom machine from Gleason— don't spend 'em all in one place!

DISTORTER staff says, "No tell-tale watches this time!"

Thanks for all the help, Raeganne. We knew we could depend on you.

You too, Karen.

SW sheep looking for fraternity pledge for warm, intimate relationship.

"How strange that a fellow with wit enough to write satire has folly enough to publish it!"—Benjamin Franklin.

D— I know what you're burps sound like!

Hey, RIT! This Gas Face is for you! Blaahhhh! Blaahhhh!

They say the first sign of alcoholism is denial. I don't think so.

Dr. Bob's Sexual Position Of The Week— On the WALL!!!!

Feces Happens.

Buster D! Hey Cutie, I'm impressed! Come on over sometime and meet my mom! R. Givens.

A Rose by any other name still has some tremendous eyebrows.

I wonder what RIT will be like in 50 years. 'Course, Campus Safety still won't have guns...

Hey Ruptort STaf— Doo you gyze tHInk that I cud rite fore Yu? I mite wanta kwit my jobb at Kampis SaffEe and I Wuld lik yu to cuhnsider this my uHfficiul Applikashun. Anjul Gwakamole, KaMPis SaffEe.

I've got an idea! Why don't all the Geneseo girls come here and trade places with all the RIT girls? After all, I hear that Geneseo has some good grazing land down there.

Oh, what's the use? Everything sucks. School sucks. Frat parties suck. The weather sucks. The Quarter Mile sucks. About the only thing that doesn't suck is my girlfriend.

Q. What do you get when you send an NTID student to the Swiss Alps?

A. One of the best damn yodelers you've EVER heard.

M. Richard Rose says, "It's gotta be the shoes..."

Give it to Marco! He'll eat anything... Hey, he likes it! Hey Marco, Hehhh!

Hey 184— What's goin' on in the basement?

Who's ready to go DOWNTOWN??

From all of us at DISTORTER— See you in HELL!

ANSWERS to DISTORTER Crossword:

ACROSS: 1) Bursar, 2) VAX, 3) Twat, 4) ROTC, 5) Gamework, 6) WITR, 7) NTID, 8) Kittens, 9) Yes

DOWN: 10) BACC, 1) B-Lot, 12) Ritz, 13) RIT, 14) Tiger, 15) Dick, 16) Merle, 17) Greeks, 18) Money, 19) Nerds

LARGER THAN YOUR MAMA AND TWICE AS UGLY

IF THEY'RE HAVING FUN, IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD, WHO YA GONNA CALL? IF THEY'RE DRINKING BEER, AND THE MUSIC'S GOOD, WHO YA GONNA CALL?

PARTY BUSTERS!

SOMEWHERE IN RAQUET CLUB... I AM THE KEGMASTER OF HOSER, ARE YOU THE GATEKEEPER?

NO, I'M REALLY DRUNK. CLOSE ENOUGH!

WE MUST PREPARE FOR THE COMING OF DROOL! SUBMIT TO MY DREAD POWER, SUBCREATURE!

EWWW! YUCK! THIS IS JUST LIKE ALL THE FRAT PARTIES!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR... PARTY BUSTERS! OR A GOOD MAID SERVICE.

CASH!

I THINK I HEAR "DARK SIDE OF THE MOON" COMING FROM THE BEDROOM, I'M GONNA GO CHECK IT OUT.

BE CAREFUL, SOME OF EM MAY STILL BE CONSCIOUS.

ZZZ

OK YOU LITTLE DEGENERATES, I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE AND -

NO! AAAAUGH!

BROOORK!

HE SLIMED ME.

OOH, I SHOULD'NTA DONE ALL THOSE KAMIKAZES AFTER EATING A GARBAGE PLATE!

THE GATEWAY INTO THIS WORLD IS OPENED! CHOOSE THE FORM OF DROOL!

THE FORM IS CHOSEN.

WAIT A MINUTE! WHO CHOSE? I DIDN'T CHOOSE!

OOPS!

I COULDN'T HELP IT, SO I THOUGHT OF THE MOST HARMLESS, WIMPY THING I COULD IMAGINE!

OH NO! YOU DON'T MEAN...

YEAH.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A MICRO-E MAJOR!!!

SMASH!

DEPLOY PHOTON PROJECTOR BEAMS!

THESE ARE FLASHLIGHTS.

AND THIS IS A TECHNICAL SCHOOL, SO I CAN CALL THEM PHOTON PROJECTOR BEAMS IF I WANT TO!

HEY! THAT WASN'T VERY NICE! OK JUNIOR, LET'S SEE SOME I.D.!

SPLAT!

WHOOOPS!

ZAP!

HAVING SLIPPED AND FALLEN, THE GARGANTUAN GEEK ROLLS DOWNHILL OUT OF CONTROL...

ZAP!

... AND INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE GENESSEE RIVER, WHERE HIS CALCULATOR WATCH SHORTS OUT, DESTROYING HIM INSTANTLY!

BOY, COULD I GO FOR A SLUSH-PUPPY NOW!

I'M GONNA NEED A SHITLOAD OF CARPET-FRESH TO CLEAN ALL THIS UP!

I THINK I'LL STAY HOME NEXT WEEKEND!

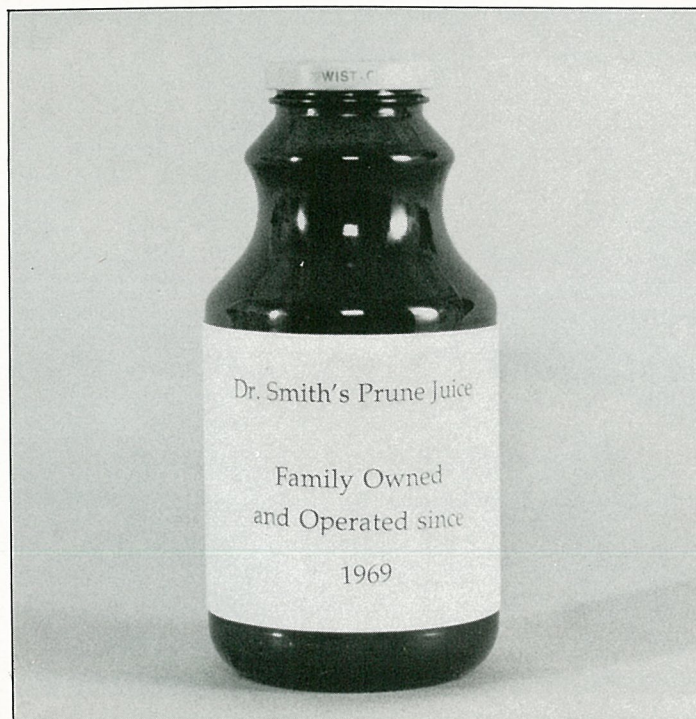
THE END

CHRISTIAN '90

Ever feel . . . irregular?
You know . . . the kind of feeling
you get after downing three slices of
Mexican-Egg-and-Pancake-Pizza down at the **Ratz**?
If so, then have we got a surprise for you!

**Dr. Smith's Prune Juice is just the
thing you need. It'll have you back and
regular faster than you can say
"confiscate those DISTORTERS!"**

We've been in business for years,
and we've handled some of the biggest cases this
campus has ever seen!



**So the next time you feel your bowels squirming like a
basket of snakes, reach for Dr. Smith's Prune Juice!**

Slamma Nutha Lambda Greek Catering

If your fraternity or sorority participates in any sexually immoral or otherwise disgusting hazing practices, then **Slamma Nutha Lambda Greek Catering** is for you.

We specialize in sheep, goats, cows and other cloven hooved specimens.

Just call **1-800-BAA-AAAA** for a FREE catalogue.

Lubricants included with your order!

- Choose from:
- **Peanut Butter (Chunky or creamy)**
 - **K-Y jelly**
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Remember—You can't go Greek 'till you go all the way!!

**There is a \$50.00 surcharge for any animals returned
overheated and/or agitated.**