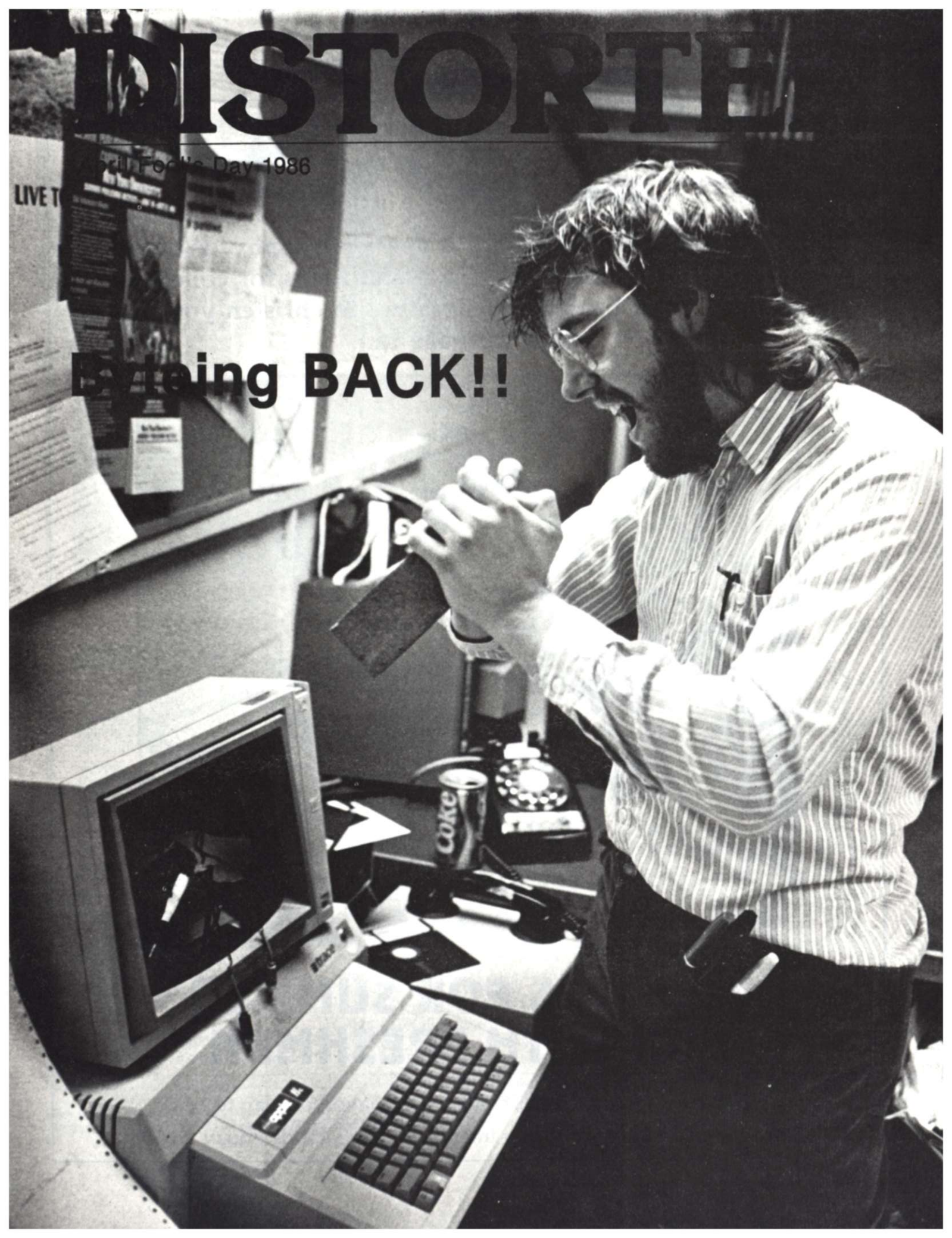


DISTORTE

Skill People Day 1986

Being BACK!!



SOS *Student Orientation Services*

The 86-87 SOS Exec Board has a new philosophy. We believe the SpiRIT Kit should contain useful items for collegiate orientation, not a bag full of literature to christen your dorm room garbage can.



JOIN SOS FOR SUMMER FUN WITH FRESHMEN

Applicants must be on disciplinary probation or plan to be.
There will be an informal group interview at Al's Fields Friday 9:00pm

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Cover:
Distorter destroys perfectly good equipment for the sake of an eye catching cover.

Photo By:
Oingo Boingo

DISTROFILE

There has been a rumor about an alarming transformation taking place right here at RIT. Now, it is not official yet, but it seems that certain men on campus are becoming extremely susceptible, thus yielding to an outrageous epidemic. Instead of their usual tame and effeminate selves, they are turning into wild foamy plebeians. No longer can the women of RIT contain their passive beasts. Why is this, you might ask? While skimming a very old and trusty Distorter magazine, I stumbled upon the answer in definition form. Men are GWATS.

GWAT Def: 1) a hairy part of the human foot ie: preferably the big toe 2) usually seen detached from its natural habitat 3) causes chaos and destruction, wreaking havoc upon the female species.

GWAT is hazardous to all confined parts of society, namely RIT campus. If

seen, GWAT must be boiled in hot water (preferably from the Genesee River) and chopped into itty bitty pieces to render it useless and limp. Upon completion of this task, GWAT will be destroyed unless a GEEK brotherhood finds GWAT, takes GWAT into its confines, and sprinkles GWATS remains with in the groin hairs. I beseech you. Do not let this happen. GWAT can occur and manifest itself in a variety of forms-namely RIT men-deceiving even the most cautious of the female species. One word of advice-BEWARE!

Do not touch GWAT, eat GWAT, smell GWAT, screw GWAT, smoke GWAT, snort GWAT, piss on GWAT, drop a load on GWAT hang GWAT in your ear, talk to GWAT, or ... have I made myself CLEAR?! You have been warned. We all have been warned. Your boyfriend, professor, friendly college administrator, or any one or all of your

favorite-kind-of-guy could possess these lecherous qualities. Symptoms to look out for are: wanting too much oral sex, misuse of the toilet, and smoking the cat. If any of these occur, you know you have got a genuine case of GWAT on your hands (figuratively I hope). So before GWAT increases to epidemic proportions we women must unite and burn these flaming assholes once and for all.



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DISTORTER

Magazine

Bogart in Chief

Ben here 2 Long

Mismanagement Editor

Wild Bill Possidente

Head Shrimp

All Forehead

Late Stories Editor

Backdoor George

Late Stories Writers

Maxy Pad Jack Black

Andy Runna Hawaiian Cruiser

Show Bliz Editor

Kris Kerwin

Show Bliz Writers

Dean of Movies Polish Writer

Fancy Francie Kris' Brother

Pomo Raygun

Page Filler

Fart n' Fish

Jock Chargers

GET Sick Long Gone

Jock Writers

Splashing Marty Loud Bob

Bouncing Betty

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Back Again Les We Bury Men

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Fast Talking Hendo

Lies Sellers

Loose Lou Irish Lier

Check Bouncer

Brad's Beau

Ugly Ties

Thkippy Dan Chem Printer

Court Jester

Doctor Who

BITCHES

You Folks Suck

Thank you Cum Piss Safely, for towing my car on the worst day of spring quarter. Along with thirty of forty other outraged people, I publicly decry your organization as a group of hapless no-minds destined for the annals of Police Academy fame. Why don't you spend your time doing real things? Like catching the asshole who stole the stereo out of my car while parked in the circle in front of the Union. Here is an even better question. Why don't you make your tickets out of real paper, instead of the toilet paper you sign your names to and place on our windshields. I really do enjoy peeling a parking ticket off my windshield after it has been glued on by frozen rain.

It seems to me that I see more Cum Piss Safely vehicles parked in front of the Hess station or 7-11 drinking free coffee than I do at any 'emergency' situation at RIT. Does it really take three quarters of an hour to believe someone has fallen off a building? That's ok, an officer is supposed to have all the facts before they act, so the right procedure is to spend your time getting names and addresses before going to look and see if someone really has been hurt.

Lately the atmosphere on campus has been that of a police state. Every day, Cum Piss Safely is out there towing cars, and stopping people for speeding or for other minor violations. It seems that every time I turn around, there's someone else being annoyed by Cum Piss Safely. I wonder what the director of Cum Piss Safely has bought with the kickback from giving Murray's towing service the RIT contract? It's not hard to make an analogy between Cum Piss Safely and mosquitos. No matter where you go, or who you are, they will find you. They suck your blood, and then regurgitate it back into you to leave an annoying rash that will bother you for the rest of the day. Too bad you can't just smack them with your hand and snuff them out like real insects.

Here's a few suggestions to get these idiots off our backs. First of all, never, never register your car. It simply isn't worth them knowing who you are until they absolutely have to. Next, obtain a parking permit from some unsuspecting person at the entrance bubble, and take it home with you. Find a friend who is a printer, and have them make thousands of copies. Distribute them to all of your friends who own cars and have them fill them out with a green pen. You'll never get another ticket.

If you should get pulled over for a moving violation, don't pull over. Just ignore them as if they're after somebody

else. Eventually they will wimp out and go away. If at all possible, obtain a set of lock picks and disable the lock the next time they boot your car. Take the boot with you and keep it as a souvenir, this gets them extremely pissed off. Do you have any idea how expensive those boots are? If you are really distraut with these bunch of misguided pigs, try this neat trick. The next time you are at Gracie's, grab a handful of real sugar packets, remember, only real sugar will work. When you see a Cum Piss Safely officer leave his vehicle, for whatever reason, approach the vehicle and remove the gas tank cap. Quickly toss in about six or seven of your recently confiscated packets and walk away, or run. On your way back home, think of the sound the engine will make as the sugar carmelizes inside the crankcase. Can you say "Expensive repair bill." ? Maybe Cum Piss Safely will have to take it to Murray's to have it fixed.

These screwballs deserve no mercy, someone should apply the thumb screws with sadistic pleasure. If someone out there has the ball's to do this, please do it. Replace the official motto, "To serve and protect.", with the following: "To hassle and annoy."

Fart n' Fish

Bunyon Writes Again

Godless Communism abroad, Liberal Humanism in this country! And what about Central America? Not enough food to eat? Send everybody into the cane fields while the rest of the country flounders. Noisy opposition from the church? Jail, the clergy or create a government church.

Further wanning the moral fiber in this country are the "itty-bitty bikini contests" held during Spring Break... "and the lord said, thou mayest not bear thine bosom to the pagan hords, least yee be stricken with anthrax." *Epicretus 3:28* Amy Grant would never take part in such vulgarities.

Speaking of Amys... has anyone seen a recent photo of Amy Carter... "copulate not yee elderly parents, least yee offspring shall appeareth to have been strained through the sheets o' thine bed." *Dildonicus 20:6*

And what of the auction on public television? That's right support McNeil/Lehr and all the pernicious nonsense they spew forth... "blessed be the barnyard animals, for they shall attain mediocrity on PBS." *Romuns 5:40*

I warn you, repent while there's still time.

Ames C. Bunyon
Evangelical College Professor

Get The Least Out Of Intercourse

with our expanded collection of rubber prophylactics



Better safe than sorry,
but you'll be sorry you used one.

The Corner Whore

Free delivery at the spur of the moment.

DISTORTER

would like to apologize to the following people who may have been offended by this publication. If your name or organization is on this list and you are not offended please do not look for a reason to be. (You may find one!)

SORRY:

Elaine Spaul
John Roman
Ronald Reagan
Ned Chatt
Kris Argento
Muammar Khaddafi
Bill Dempsey
Jim Bingham
Dr. Rose
James C. Runyon
Rugby Team
Muammar Kaddafi
Angela Strode
BACC
Phi Sig
Campus Safety
Joe Hostetter
SOS
Muammar Kaddafi
Men's Hockey Team
Greeks
GDIs
Dr. Fred Smith
Professor Aslam
Scott Stockham
Mr. Melonhead
Muammar Kaddafi
Leslie Scoville
Computer heads
Mike Lutz
Malcolm Spaul
Meyer Stoleburg
Muammar Kaddafi
NASA
Homosexuals
Heterosexuals
WITR
Dave
GET
Kevin Mini-Dick
Imedla Marcos

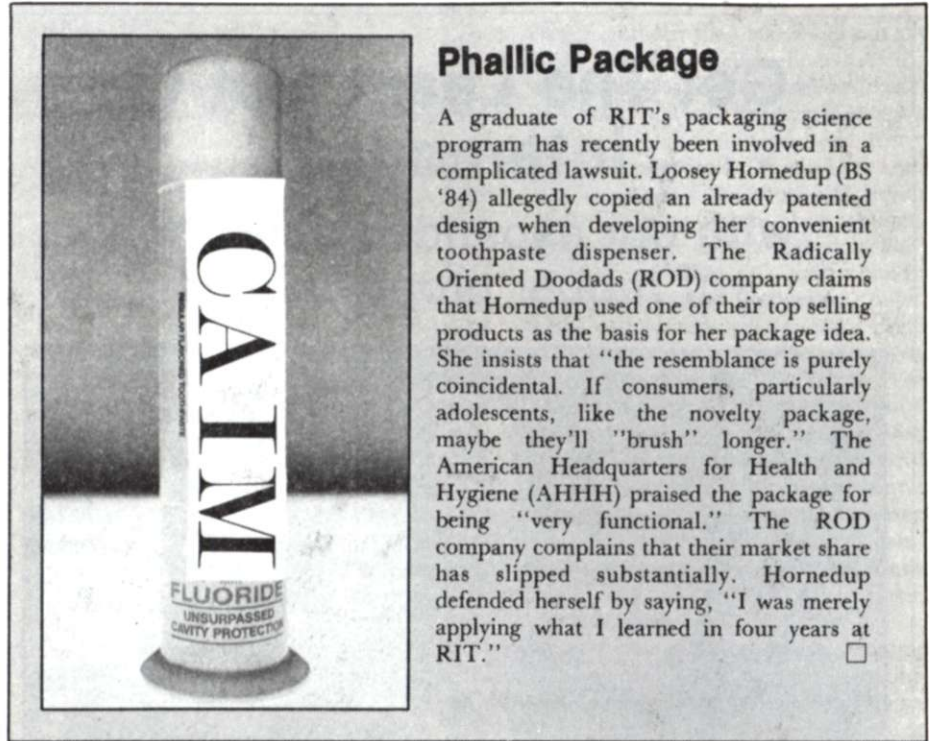
DISTORTAGE

WITR Changes Format

WITR bowed under to mounting pressure on Tuesday of this week and announced a change in their programming format. The change in programming took place immediately. According to former program director Bent Conoli, the changes would reflect the musical interest of RIT on a whole. Conoli went on to say "We thought it was cool to play music that could never possibly be popular, or even likable, then one day I ran out of drugs and it occurred to me that I was wrong and that WITR ought to give the people what they want, not to mention what they paid for." Conoli says of his resignation "My mohawk and I have been out of the mainstream too long, WITR needs some fresh, realistic ideas."

Will Burnt, a D.J. at WITR said "We will now play what people want to hear as long as it does not interfere with the Top-40 stations, and, we will no longer discriminate about our D.J.'s by requiring them to have earrings and multicolored hair." Whitey Johnson, the new program director for WITR, announced that one day during each week the doors would be open to the students of RIT to be D.J.s and play whatever they want to.

There were cries of horror in building seven as a result of the abrupt changes. Art and Photography classes were cancelled Tuesday in a day of mourning. Cries of "WITR was beautiful in its ugliness" and "WITR was aesthetically beautiful," echoed through the halls. An ugly mob of art students formed outside of the doors of WITR chanting "Death to Whitey." A cow with the name "Johnson" printed on



Phallic Package

A graduate of RIT's packaging science program has recently been involved in a complicated lawsuit. Loosey Hornedup (BS '84) allegedly copied an already patented design when developing her convenient toothpaste dispenser. The Radically Oriented Doodads (ROD) company claims that Hornedup used one of their top selling products as the basis for her package idea. She insists that "the resemblance is purely coincidental. If consumers, particularly adolescents, like the novelty package, maybe they'll "brush" longer." The American Headquarters for Health and Hygiene (AHHH) praised the package for being "very functional." The ROD company complains that their market share has slipped substantially. Hornedup defended herself by saying, "I was merely applying what I learned in four years at RIT." □

its side was spontaneously slaughtered when lead into the mob. In buildings Eight, Nine, and Ten the note was more upbeat as students brought portable stereos into their labs to hear the new station format. One lab assistant in the Freshman Computer Lab said: "This really helps, the students are becoming less nerdy. So far today I haven't met one person in the lab with sunglasses on."

The station kicked off the new format with an entire day of music from the students' youth. Some Van Halen, Pete

Townshend, and Peter Gabriel albums were played in their entirety. The actual programming changes were outlined by Johnson. "We're now trying to ride the cutting edge in music, not predict it." Johnson said that along with playing bands that are critically acclaimed, but as yet widely unplayed, there would be music played that was popular when the average RIT student was in high school. Johnson sums it up by saying "We want a station which is easy to pick up, listen to, work to, learn from, and masturbate to." □

BUNG Thrusts 4 Power

At the weakly meeting of Student Defectorate, a group representing Brazilian students petitioned the SD bored for a voting position on the executive bored. The organization, calling themselves The Brazilians for Unification Now Group (BUNG), feel they are not being represented on the RIT campus. The chairman of BUNG, Igor Dejusus in explaining the proposal said, "we BUNGs have special needs which the student government, student press, and the administration refuse to acknowledge." Dejusus added that most students refused to associate with BUNGs, and need special facilities, where they can associate freely. He continued "the seventh floor would be an ideal place for us to associate with our own kind."

Several members of the SD bored, voiced strong objection to the proposal. One who spoke frankly after the meeting on the condition that he not be identified

said he was "sick and tired of these damn foreigners trying to muscle their way into RIT politics." SD Advisor, and Very Important Person, Joe Jones, added that he thought the seventh floor would indeed be an ideal place for the group to congregate, but said "there is no room up there for any more BUNGs."

The meeting got very heated, and the BUNG members left after vowing they would put a curse on anyone who did not vote in favor of their proposal. The Chairman of SD, Angel Spade, said he was not at all impressed with BUNGs proposal, but would appropriate funds for hiring a pagan priest to ward off any incantations BUNG members had left.

In other business SD Director Jim Horseandpepper reported that damages to the newly acquired SD Bus were extensive. The damages were caused by an unfortunate collision with the Genesee Brewing Company's central storage tank. Members of the Rugby team, who had

borrowed the bus, had apparently run out of beer and were in search of more when the unfortunate incident occurred. Rugby team members on hand said they "were only trying to poke 'a little' hole in the tank, but the accelerator stuck sending the whole bus through instead of just the hood ornament as planned."

The Greek Council president Muffy Shoesnort's only comment concerned the investigation into a sororities gang rape of the hockey team. He said he "felt sorry for the traumatized hockey team. The organizer of the stunt has not been identified, and the sisters are being surprisingly close-mouthed about the whole affair."

Spade ended the meeting abruptly when several BUNG members were spotted outside the SD doors in war paint mumbling incantations and voodoo prayers. □

Dick Nose Talks

At the state of the Institute address, President Dr. R.M. Nose issued a proclamation stating "all committees, task forces, advisory boards and any other such organizations are to be eliminated." Nose feels these meetings are counterproductive, and any RIT officials caught in the act of meeting will be immediately fired.

The president went into a seemingly senile tirade condemning these problem solving committees "as an excuse to socialize and to exchange recipes." In perhaps his most interesting comment he said "RIT has no problems to solve, if we did I would know it." The overtired president was led offstage into a waiting coach accompanied by two men wearing white coats.

Minister of Bucks and Trucks, Tightwad Gimpsey, who accompanied Dr. Nose to the stage, tried to regain control of the meeting, and attributed Dr. Nose's off-color remarks to a caffeine dependency he has been trying to kick. Gimpsey commented on the financial health of the Institute, noting that although the Libyan bonds had not performed as well as expected, the RIT-owned quiche factory in Beirut was operating at capacity.

To: ALL STUDENTS
From: THE ADMINISTRATION
Subject: Special High Intensity Training

It is now and always has been the policy of this Institute to assure its students that they are well trained. Through our "Special High Intensity Training" program (S.H.I.T.), we have given our students more S.H.I.T. than any other school in the country.

If any student feels that he or she does not receive enough S.H.I.T. in their education, or that he/she could change to another major taking more S.H.I.T., see your advisor.

Our placement people are especially trained to assure that your will get all the S.H.I.T. you can handle.

Any individual who feels that he/she has not received sufficient Special High Intensity Training, tell your professor so that he can put you at the top of his S.H.I.T. list.

Commented Gimpsey, "there must be a lot of faggots in Lebanon."

The meeting ended with a special

presentation of the RIT Gospel Groupies singing the polish polka "Roll Out The Barrell." □

All-American Guy Seeks Young Girls

And I Mean "Young Girls"

Moms and Dads, give your daughter a real thrill. Set up an appointment and I'll teach her things beyond your wildest dreams.

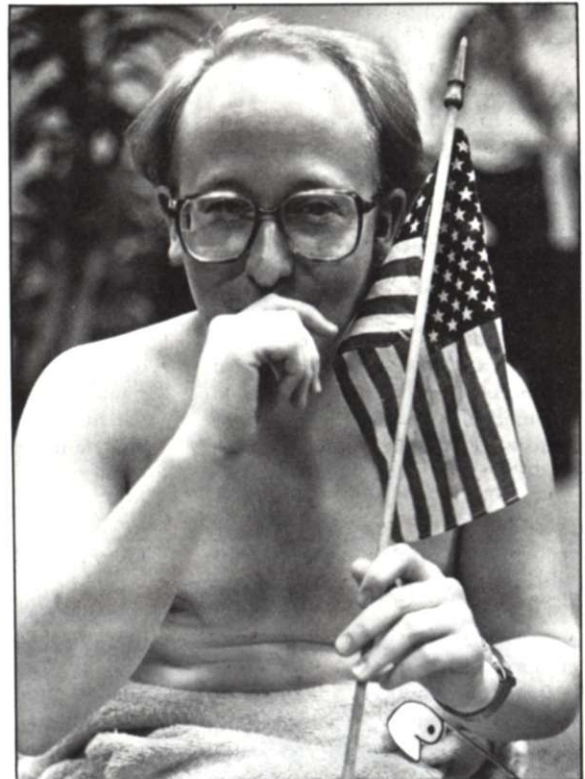
- Prefer 2-7 year-olds, but will take any age
- Diapers and pacifiers provided
- No experience or toilet-training required
- Get her experienced without the fear of pregnancy

Send letter, photo, and dirty diaper to:
Youth

Rochester, New York

Or call:

ILO-VEY-OUTH



Airwave Aggravation

"American musical preferences have changed," states a recent *Rolling Stone Magazine* study. They went on to add that "kids love to hear a choice few songs ten to fifteen times a day. We experimented with the Tears For Fears song "Shout" this summer. We intentionally had radio stations all over the country play the song over and over again. People still loved it. One young woman commented, 'I like it more and more every time I hear it.'" Radio stations across the country have caught wind of the study and will begin to play their most popular songs up to twenty times a day. Wow! Won't that be great. Who needs diversity—it makes you think. Repetition is easy, and more fun.

Par Excellence

Scientists have discovered the origin of evil. It has been traced to a small town north of Watertown called Philadelphia, New York. Attila the Hun, Adolph Hitler, Moammar Khadafy, and most recently, the evil one, Evil Amy all hail from the area. A strong magnetic field combined with too many full moons may be the problem. Dr. Louis Awesome believes that a cure is possible, but highly improbable.

Real Horny

Have sexual preferences among twelve year-old females changed? A recent University of California at Berkeley study strongly suggests that they have. Among the 200,000 young, succulent females questioned, an alarming 95 percent feel that sex with rock star Prince would not only be acceptable, but desired. Many commented that they would omit the use of any contraceptive protection, hoping to become a mother in the royal family of this clown who calls himself by only one name. What has this guy got that Shawn Cassidy lacks? "I just love the way he straddles his motorcycle on MTV," one ecstatic female screamed while she thrust her young hips and smiled. Dad, do you know where your daughter is?

Inmate Infantry

The State Department announced today a solution to the inmate overcrowding conditions in the prisons of the U.S. Instead of letting them die for nothing, they

have been drafted for deportation to Libya. In the State Department's plan, these men will be the first wave of a short assault on the Libyan coast. The advantage will be a useful waste of lines as the State Department admits that the average life span for an inmate from the time his foot first hits the water, to when he almost reaches the beach will be about seven seconds. This will provide great cover for the troops that really count. If the inmates survive they will be allowed to stay in Libya as ambassadors for the U.S. The statistics the life span for U.S. ambassadors in Libya are not available at this time.



Ludicrous Litho

Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton have announced that they will add printing to their curriculum. They claim that it will raise the average admitting SAT score from 1510 to 1580. "We feel it is important to offer that added challenge to an already rigorous and demanding curriculum." If the students survive this new major, plans include the eventual addition of packaging science.

Fool's Paradise

Lack of sleep is said to be the motivation behind a group of anonymous students who have gotten together to write stupid little fictitious articles which are going to be published and distributed to 10,000 unsuspecting upstate New York students who will be way too smart to believe even a bit of it. Many of these students have "lost the will to live," and remain content in

their boxed in world of a drafty basement under tons of cement and glass. Did you know that the CIA hires more graduates from RIT than from any other college in the country? They say it is because we are extremely normal, average, and boring people. Are we?

Operation Erection

Male students in the RIT dorms will be seeing a new addition in their Good Stuff boxes next year. Soviet scientists have discovered a new miracle drug, that when added to beer, gives the drinker the impression that all women he encounters are 35 pounds lighter. RIT has been chosen as the test market, said soviet scientist, Igor Vladvich, because "all the conditions are right."

Orgasmic Hackers

There may be joy for Syracuse University (SU) basketball fans. After watching the performance of the SU basketball team against Navy, the Avon corporation offered to hire the team as perfume salespeople. "We haven't seen a better bunch of women since Charlie's Angels," claimed the Director of Marketing, Joseph A. Seikaly. "We have given up on them as basketball players, but I know they can sell Avon." The SU coach was unavailable for comment. He was taking a perfumed bubble bath.

Lipstick Lay-up

A computer science professor claims to have discovered a new natural aphrodisiac: sitting in front of a computer terminal for more than six hours. He explained that after many years of watching students freak out in front of their terminals, he realized that they were not just happy to get their programs to run, but they were in fact experiencing orgasms. His research revealed that computer monitors give off radiation that causes extreme sexual stimulation. No wonder geeks always smile.

Soothing Smoke

In order to keep in tune with recent trends of "new, improved" products, Colombian dope growers have breded a new strain of marijuana that is 50 percent less harsh than the standard weed. It is being marketed under the street name "Tender Toke", to contrast it from the classic 'Lumbo Gold.

Passionate Improper Lust

FILM



Last Thursday night *Talisman* ran a rare RIT student made feature film to a sparsely filled classroom in the liberal arts building. *The Doctor and the Italian Stud* is an epic tale. A young man falling in love with the more mature female. She is helpless, attracted by his young hard body. A timeless romance, no blondes this time, two brunettes. The characters seem real. Jed, a young student at a prestigious university has to fight off

women with a bat (reluctantly). Jane, the popular administrator who half the male undergrads lust after.

The romance begins innocently, a fabricated meeting here, a longing glance there, and the stage is set. Lunches at the local hotel translate into missed classes for him, afternoons off for her. His grades are plummeting, her American Express has reached its limit. The plot thickens. The families have found out,

his parents, her husband—none approve. Even the brothers in his fraternity have begun to wonder when Jed's latest romance will wind down.

Their worlds fall apart as his parents have refused to pay for school, her husband has threatened violence. The excitement rises as a chase through the halls ensues. The tall graying husband clutches Jed's neck as the dean of the school rounds the corner...

This September to May romance was doomed from the start, what with the despicable moral implications of the co-mingling of dated flesh with that of the untainted young stud this relationship was destined for failure. The two have little in common except for an animal attraction to one another. She eats Pita sandwiches, he eats tacos. His musical tastes run heavy metal while her favorite is Wynton Marsalis. The dialogue is hilarious as the two stumble their way through conversations neither has any real interest in.

The director takes the love scenes to some peculiar spots, The presidents office, the school bus, the hotel pool, and Jed's favorite, the pressman's locker room. The acting is real as both seem to enjoy the parts they play. It is a great movie but in real life it's sick, so stop it!

Ronnie's Rayguns Backfire

SHOW

A new band has recently hit the music scene. They are called Ronnie and The Ray Guns and boy do they suck. What do they suck you may ask? Well, just about anything that they can get their hands on. These guys are just about as horny as they are bad.

The band consists of Ronnie "You know who" RayGun, Nancy, and a couple of Ronnie's favorite AIDS. Nancy was on the bass all night with George Shulls blowing his horn in the background. Casper Hindburner sat in the corner and tickled the smooth ivories. Ronnie was either blowing horns or doing the orals while Larry Spikes beat his stick on the drums.

They recently did a "show" in Buffalo where I had a chance to get a "peep" at them. They put on a good show (only 25 cents), they just could not play worth shit. I think that Larry

showed a lot of talent. The things that he did with his stick were gross, but incredible. He really knew how to get down. In fact Ronnie and his AIDS all took turns going down. Ronnie sure knew how to pump out the rhythm as George continued to blow his pipe.

The band only played tasteless originals from their uncut, unmade, unreleased album. They started out the show with "Kiss My Missile Of Love" and then led right into their recent hit "Rock Me Khadafy." They then followed with a ballad entitled "What Do I Say Mom, My Teleprompter's Broken." If those three songs did not clear the place, Ronnie's favorite tune called "Welllll" sure as hell did. By the end of the fourth song I was the only one left, and after I heard "Contra AID Blues" I had to go throw-up.

If you ever get a chance to see these guys, do not. These guys are a disgrace to America. They are the pariahs of the world (except Libya and Russia). Why, Jerry Feltwell and his Oral Majority would shit their pants and die if they ever saw or heard these guys. Of course, if you are into S&M, by all means go. This is probably the best way that you can inflict pain upon yourself without even lifting a whip.



Something To Be Proud Of?

WRITTEN BY AMAD COMPSI PEDAGOGUE

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAMB CHOP



What a total fool I am. Who the hell else would take Data Organization and Management, Scientific Applications Programming, and Assembly in the same quarter? I asked for it, I got it. Well, it is five in the morning and here I am—lost in the swamp, up to my armpits in late labs. At least I've got dial-up capability, so I don't have to deal with all the idiots at places like Ross Loser Computer Center or the "Pro" lab. The last Pro I saw in there blew away his entire directory structure and lab files with one simple asterisk in the wrong place. My mind begins to stray from the screen in front of me. The torment of three years at RIT are taking their toll. All the frustration of every program that never worked, every system that crashed, all of this heats my mind to a boil.

I am fed up with the whole Computer Science department. Let me start with the biggest blunder I have yet witnessed at any college I have ever been to. Anybody out there recall a certain Arabic/Indian professor they recently hired as an adjunct (or is that add junk) this year? Kudos and congrats to the man who hired him: My Klutz.

Too bad nobody can understand this new guy. If they could he might not have had to pad everybody's grades by twenty points. Of course, if he could have refrained from accusing certain students from stealing from him perhaps he might have been able to obtain tenure. As it is, I hope he is out on his ass by next year. Too bad DISTORTER can't print his student evaluations, hoo boy wouldn't that be something? He is the only professor to have his entire class walk out on him. (No joke folks, this is real) I'll bet the Computer Science department feels proud about hiring this guy.

One simply has to marvel about the requirements placed on the applicants for professorial positions within Computer Science. First, the more obscure your native tongue is, the better your chances are. Second, it is imperative that you assign labs and tests that simply cannot be done in the time required. Third, the more you look like a hacker (i.e. social reject) the better impression you will make. When was the last time you saw a programming or engineering professor that you wanted to seduce for a better grade? Almost makes

you want to puke, eh ladies? After all, it just wouldn't do to have the students feel good about their majors. Or their professors.

How about those two hackers who managed to defeat the "Ultra Impenetrable Super Secret RIT Computer Security System?" So what if they pilched a few files from their professors? If they managed to pull such a stunt, the extra couple million bits should stay in their accounts. But noooooo, instead they get ousted from their school for academic dishonesty. The question is, if they knew they were probably going to get suspended for their hacking, why didn't they wipe out every single file and account they could get their hands on?

This is it. I've got the last changes made in my programs, all the pointers are in their places and all the lists are sorted. Now just to submit them to the compiler and wait. *What?! Bus Error?! Core Dumped!!!* This is too much, I can't take it anymore. It is time to get even with this useless pile of silicon. What better way to get even? Computer meets brick! This is fun!!

DISTORTBORED

Libya Loses Game to U.S.

The United States took its first place record out to sea last week and neatly disposed of lowly Libya, 6-0, in their first North African Military Conflict (NAMC) contest since 1982. Libyan coach, Muammar Khadafy, had boasted about this meeting for months, but at game time, his team, which is currently in the basement of the NAMC, proved unequal to the task.

Libya's best scoring opportunity came unexpectedly during the first period. The U.S. had been in total control, freely maneuvering in and out of the Libyan zone, when, suddenly, Libya broke out with two shots that flew wide of the target. In all, Libya only managed six shots in the first period. Two of them also went wide, and two were blocked by the American defense.

The U.S. finally showed its strength in the first period when they scored three tallies on the Libyan goal. Harm Missile, a

U.S. draft pick before the 1984-85 season, showed his stuff by firing one right past Sirte, the Libyan goaltender. The other two goals were harpoon shots scored by the famed American "A-6" line at 8:26 and 15:15 of the period.

During the second period, the Americans began to play a control game to defend their advantage to that point. The strategy proved to be a good one as Libya, totally in the dark, was unable to mount any kind of an attack.

Throughout the entire game, Libya found it impossible to penetrate the American zone. In the third period, the only two threats by Libya produced two more scores for the U.S. The first coming from the point by American defenseman York Town, and the second, the third of the game for the "A-6" line, at 7:07 of the period. Harm Missile rounded out the

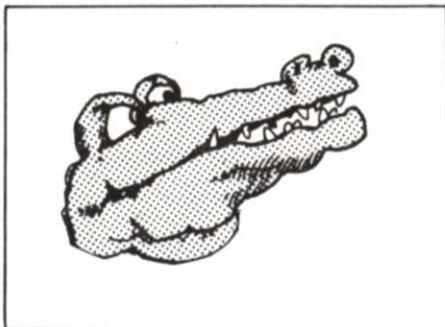
scoring at 12:54 of the third by firing a shot that looked identical to the one that beat Sirte in the first period.

The last time these two teams met in NAMC competition was 1982, when the U.S. defeated the less advanced Libyan club 2-0. The U.S. has had up and down success on the road since. The most significant efforts being the invasion of Grenada and the bombardment of Lebanon. Coach Khadafy has again promised a rematch and retribution after this most recent loss, but American General Manager, Casper Weinberger isn't worried. "We've put together the finest team money can buy," says Weinberger, "We're not going to let the petty ravings of a last place club intimidate us."

Beaver Training

The RIT Beavers Crew will open their first season this spring. The Beaver paddlers have been training all winter. They have just recently moved their practice site from the Genesee River to the swamp behind Grossies. Despite old tires, partially rotted 2 by 4's, and other assorted sludge the swamp could not provide the stiff challenge the team was looking for.

However, crew season is in question as no member of the team has been seen since they entered the swamp. A Campus Waste Me source who refused to identify himself (what's new) informed DISTORTER that he saw several alligators heading into the swamp last Wednesday. The alleged alligators are supposedly the mascots of the Everglades Community College, our major rival. We at DISTORTER think there may be something funny going on. (or maybe just something stupid, namely this article).



Deadbeats of the Week



Muammar Khadafy

The unsung athlete of the week is Muammar Khadafy. His performance has never been exceptional, but he showed great promise early last week. In time, according to wrestling God Hulk Hogan, "he could be a great professional wrestler." Indeed, Khadafy has all the traits of a good wrestler, a loud mouth, a clever cheat, and an affinity for eating turnbuckles.

His most recent attempt to enter the big league ended in a humiliating defeat as the opponent, Bonzo Ron, had him pinned down in the first few minutes of the conflict. Khadafy is a man not easily put away, and nearly everyone expects more from this contenders next effort. Better luck next time.



Imelda Marcos

Imelda Marcos wins this weeks female athlete of the week, with two stunning victories. Marcos' recent wins include the "Philippines, Manila, Hong Kong, Hawaiian family run", and "The Fifth Avenue Marathon." In the family run, she led the Marcos family to a safe finale, just barely in front of the Aquino team. The more interesting Fifth Avenue Marathon pitted four great runner/chargers against one another. Mrs. Andropov was left in the dust near Woolworths as the other three contenders fought for the lead early on. However, Mrs. Reagan lost wind as she neared Tiffany's and the scene was set for a catfight between Mrs. Marcos and Mrs. Duvalier. Mrs. Marcos pulled out at the end though to cross the shoe counter at Saks for another win.

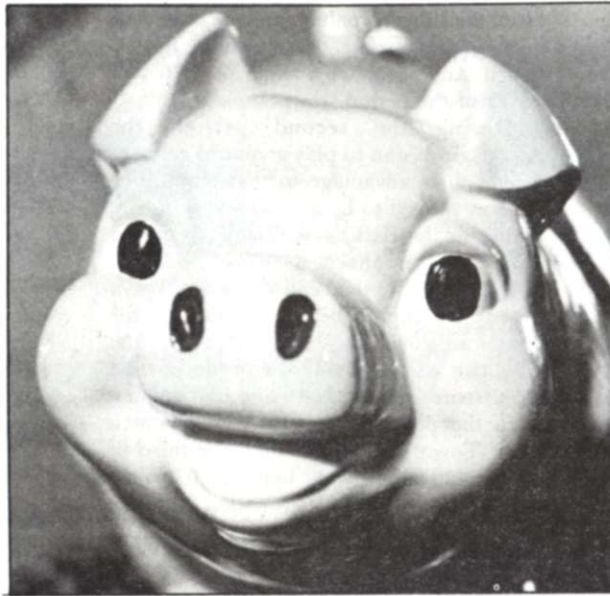
OUT OF FOCUS —Flash The Pig

His name is Flash, and he is a pig. From the fame of continual bad-ad appearances, Flash is this weeks Distrofocus. Plain and simple, no bullshit about it, this man is swine. He was born in the Black Hills of South Dakota on the Triple X Bar and Grill ranch. His mother was a prize winning hog, his father well he's not exactly sure just who his father is, but he does know he's human.

Our interview is being held in a place familiar to Flash's breeding ground of filth and feeding troughs: our rendezvous is at Gracie's. The sun is setting on a brilliant Rochester skyline. Flash looks out to the west and sighs, recalling a saying passed around the mudpen late at night, "The Triple X Bar and Grill, where men are men and the pigs are nervous."

Flash likes his life at RIT, he says that most of the men here are pigs, so he felt very much at home as a freshman (freshpig?). While the women are colder than the winds of a Dakota blizzard, it doesn't matter. Flash is here to learn. Is it hard for a pig to be socially accepted at RIT? Flash sits back and

grunts, trying very hard to think about the question. "I can never really recall a time when anyone bothered to say anything to

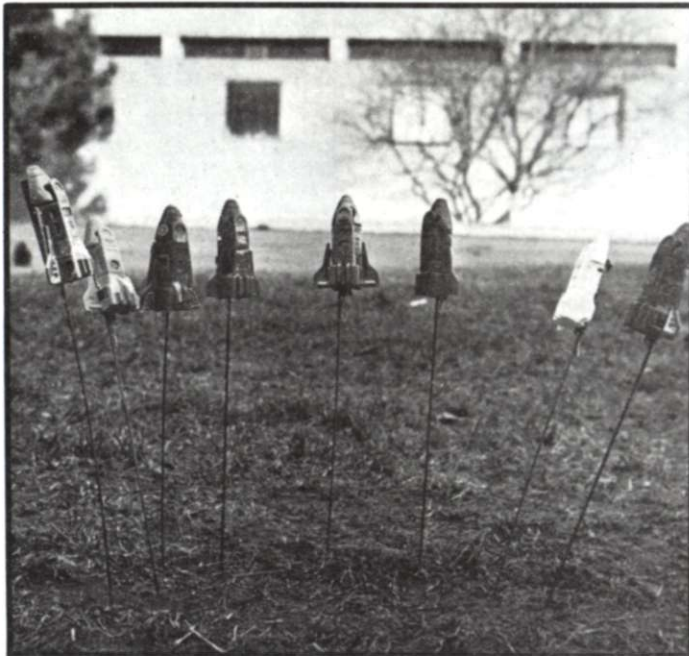


me, I seem to just fit in and be another face in the crowd. It's nice to feel so homogeneous."

How does Flash feel about being the only

cross breed of human and hog? "Well, I remember that for my very first years of life, mom had a hell of a time finding me in all that mud and pig shit. After a few years of crawling around in the slop and trying my hardest to squeal and grunt like the rest of the gang, I realized that there was something different about me. I had something they didn't, I think they call it animal intelligence. Right then I knew I wanted to be a printer. Then one day, I managed to escape from the pen. I was in search of anything I could find written in print. I found an old dictionary (Websters New International) in the farmhouse, open to the "P" section. I fervently glanced at the page, scared of being caught acting intelligent. There was an entry for "Pig", and right there under the description of what I was physically, was another definition. In printing, a pig is a pressman, I was so happy I cried little piggy tears, I knew it then, printing would be my life."

Flash's identity has been kept top secret at Distorter. But, Flash has decided to come out of the closet, this is the first picture ever published of him, and Distorter has it first!



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With every gross ordered you will receive
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BAD ADS

Disservices

Need a better GPA? Gamma Epsilon Tau, RIT's honorary printing fraternity, will professionally typeset you a transcript that any employer will believe. Place your order at the GET office today. Next week: Special, \$10 for fake RIT ID's!

Out-of-touch Professors: NASA is now taking applications for the next teacher to fly the shuttle. Representatives will be on campus in Monday and Tuesday from 1-4p.m.

Earn upto \$17,000 for college by taking advantage of the new, 2 year mercenary program in Nicaragua.

SPRING BAKE 86—One of America's biggest alcoholic beverage distributors is looking for campus representatives to sell tickets for this annual college tradition. If interested, call 1-800-GET-ZORD.

Overseas Jobs: The State Department is looking for Food Service and Hotel majors to manage embassies in the Middle East. Resumes must be submitted to Campus Misplacement by Wednesday.

Truck Load Sale: Dozens of 19" color televisions will be on sale for rock bottom prices, from 3-4a.m. next Saturday, behind Building Services. This is a one time offer, so get them while they're hot.

Wanted to Buy: One, two person loft for a dorm room that will meet '86-'87 requirements and still leave me enough room to breathe.

WE NEED WRITERS! Distorter Magazine is looking for students with backgrounds in Yellow Journalism or Political Science to write features. If you like stretching the truth, you're right for us. Applications are available at Distorter and the Student Indentured Servant office.

Campus Dicombobulations sale on pencils with instructions translated for printing majors runs through Friday.

Free Baby Sitting Service—Contact C. Manson, 37461, California Penal System.

Callmark—\$200 a night callgirls—when you care enough to send the very best.

For Sale—Halfnote dots \$35, Warm Inc. \$18, 100 feet of shoreline \$15, left handed smoke shifter \$8, and sky hook \$125, complimentary dehydrated water tablets w/purchase.

Denouncements

Police Academy 4—"Campus Safety Learns Something," will be playing in Talisman, this Friday and Saturday night at 9 and 11p.m.

Afraid to pledge a real house? Try Alpha Phi Omega. We have shirts with Greek letters too!

SCAB Bus Trip to the RIT Swamp Crew meet in Portland, Oregon. Sign up in the SCAB office today because we have to leave tomorrow.

Gulf of Sidra Cruises. There may be openings, soon, for suites and state rooms aboard some of the most beautiful ships in the 6th Fleet. Spend a glorious vacation in one of the most exciting parts of the Mediterranean Sea.

Coming Next Week: The Distorter Guide to Middle East Travel.

Open Forum: "How to Spend a Billion," with Imelda Marcos, 7p.m. Thursday in Webb Auditorium. Free food and beverages will follow the presentation.

Now is the best time to be an RSA! RIT policies are so strict that spitting may even be illegal. If you're the kind of person that would write up your best friend's mother, but are too much of a wimp to go through with it, come talk to us. We'll give you a shirt, flashlight, and the assumed authority to do it.

Attention Greeks! Drag your best drinkers out of the basement for the 5th Annual Greek Chugging Tournament (we number them because most entrants can't remember if we had one last year). It happens two weeks from tomorrow in the CAU Gameroom. All houses not on probation are eligible.

Earn your Master's Degree at the prestigious, American University of Lebanon. Special courses in guerilla warfare and terrorism are now being developed to compliment our retailing and business administration programs.

Become an RSA—Travel to exotic NTID floors, meet exciting people who want to kill you!! —Ex-Senior Unit 340.

Wanted—Any woman willing to assume the missionary position, please come down.

Have you ever wondered what RIT does with our money? Dr. Fickle Woes will be showing his slides of his 2 month vacation in Aruba Wednesday 7:00pm, Ingle.

Reward—For information leading to the apprehension of the persons who stole my Porsche—Free year of tuition at RIT. Contact Slick Hose.

Students: Don't forget Dr. Will Doze is having another forum on, "How RIT is going to make this a more exciting place to live." Bring your pillow, blanket, 2 hrs. of uninterrupted slumber guaranteed.

Dislodging

U-Haul has tents and trailers for rent to anyone who couldn't find a place to live from this year's lottery.

Riverfront Space Available. Family of 12 living in three room hut along the lush banks of the Genesee River on East River Road is willing to rent space for up to 7 students. If interested, leave name and number with OCSA.

Deported Hatian Dictator wants to sublet an on campus apartment for Summer Quarter. If interested, leave name and number with the French ambassador to the U.S.

Impersonals

Congratulations to last week's additions to the MUFF LIST, which included one confirmed double dunker. However, we're still behind last quarter's pace. You guys may have to start hanging out at Whale Beach or something.

QUESTION—What kind of self proclaimed stud rejects oral sex from three of his lady acquaintances?

What is a train in Greek Slang?

Mayra, You look great in a bathing suit.

ANSWER—If you would have seen them, you would have to rejected anything from them... the true pride and joy of ugliness was shown!

Anita, What are all those mirrors in your bedroom for?

Mark— I just had to blow you off on Friday night because you are such a stud, and to keep up with the tradition. I really don't know if I could have handled you sufficiently to satisfy your study cravings for me. Also don't ever make a move on me again!! S—I.

TEPs are TOPS . . . ST floats.**

Is it true that Dr. Rose and Imelda Marcos are having an affair.

Is it true that hockey players shave each others private parts for initiation? If so, isn't that a little queer?

Imelda Marcos could spend her fortune in one day at Campus Connections.

If this is Spring in Rochester, then where's the rain?

To the self claimed stud on Fish A—Stop lying to yourself and listen to A. e. she is right all of the time.

Is there a lonely girl out there who would want a stud to RULE over them, be awesome, don't ever treat you nicely, and not be able to handle him because he is SO SO SO HUGE????!! If so contact Runt, he'll do this job, or at least try....

Building Services is now installing patios for faculty and staff.

Springsteen sucks Jersey water!

Send New Jersey to Khadaffi.

Is anyone taking this seriously?

Which Alpha Xi woke up in Florida with 6 guys?

THE PURPLE HEADS have arrived for another slurping session of goopy fun!

Here's to Khadaffi, that son of a bitch, may his pecker fall off with the seven year itch. And may they beat on his balls with a big brass hammer 'til his asshole whistles the Star Spangled Bunker.

Anyone Wishing for a stimulating conversation with a real live homosexual by the name of Dave, should go to hell with pitchfork up his ass.

RIT Administrator—Thank you for the Pogo Pump last Friday at the Liberty. You made my Friday a "Good-Friday", Love and swallows, Lester.

Episode 1: Tommie meets Rosie...

Anyone interested in the job of Governor of BCG Quad is welcome to apply. In fact, if anyone applies, you got the job!!

Episode 2: Tommie takes interest in her techniques...

Do you like to be physically abused? Then pledge Phi Beta Sigma. Great medical benefits included.

You know the saying "It's not who you know it's who you blow." Well RIT government affairs must be doing more than going to pork barrel cocktail parties in Washington D.C.

Flash is a wonderful human being.

It's still April Fool's Day dammit!!

Episode 3: Tommie employs it in daily activities...

The Tigers wish they ate some Beaver in Minnesota.

All a packager needs is a soft, warm box. . .

Bursar Dweller's eat their young.

Hi Mom, Guess where I slept last night?

Attention: Dennis the Menace is loose on the grounds of REPORTER Magazine... look out for the skinhead... he is a real worm!.....(this one's for you Gro)

Scooter, Your forehead is growing.

Someone should audit CABs books.

How did a Black guy win the best tan-line contest? Can you say "fix?"

AMADEUS SUCKS!!!

Pacho— It is a never ending battle for you to get "Hooked Up . . ." obtain oral sex, or anything else wanted

GLFSO meets on Thursdays. Do you know anyone who seems to disappear on Thursdays?

Allison plays football with William Perry.

To all the RIT women I've loved, My herpes tests came back positive.

Love in the kitchen is so utterly stupid, clean up your act somewhere else.

Hey Khadaffi! Why are you such a spaz . . . Do you snort your line of death?

Campus Safety makes hourly patrols of the 7-Eleven.

89.7 . . . Is that the station or the I.Q. of its audience?

What, do we have lice, herpes, aids, cooties, or just plain smell bad, is this the reason you can't sit near us or is it that we are not good enough for you Mr. Conceited???

How many pairs of shoes does Mrs. Resident Hose have?

Campus Safety officers suck the titties of pre-pubescent girls and love every minute of it.

Hollywood— home of hot tubs, jacuzzi's, cocaine, the 1984 Summer Olympics and movie stars that don't kiss anymore . . .

Elephant hunter beware, the beast you fear may be stalking you.

Be A Melon

Phi Sig—You are a bunch of meyers.—MDYM.

Kevin—Get well soon.

The School of Food and Hotel—Where Chris Stevens made beds at a hotel in the sun and got co-op credit.

A cure for AIDS—Don't get shit in your dick hole, or don't get dick in your shit hole, or both.

Why can't I get just one kiss, Why can't I get just one kiss, Believe me it is something I couldn't miss, but when I look at your pants, I need a kiss.

Won't you listen to my story about a man named Jed, who took Elliemay and he threw her on the bed, he whipped down his pants and out came a worm, and up from the worm came a bubbling sperm, -sperm that is, white gold, Texas tea.

Well the first thing you know ol' Elliemay's a mother, the kinfolk say, Jed you shoulda used a rubber, they say California is the place you oughta be, so they packed up the truck - and that's T.V.

Eddie's-Your Complete Store



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Shit No!!

**But Every Day You
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