

# DISTORTER

April Fools 1987



THE DIPLOMAT



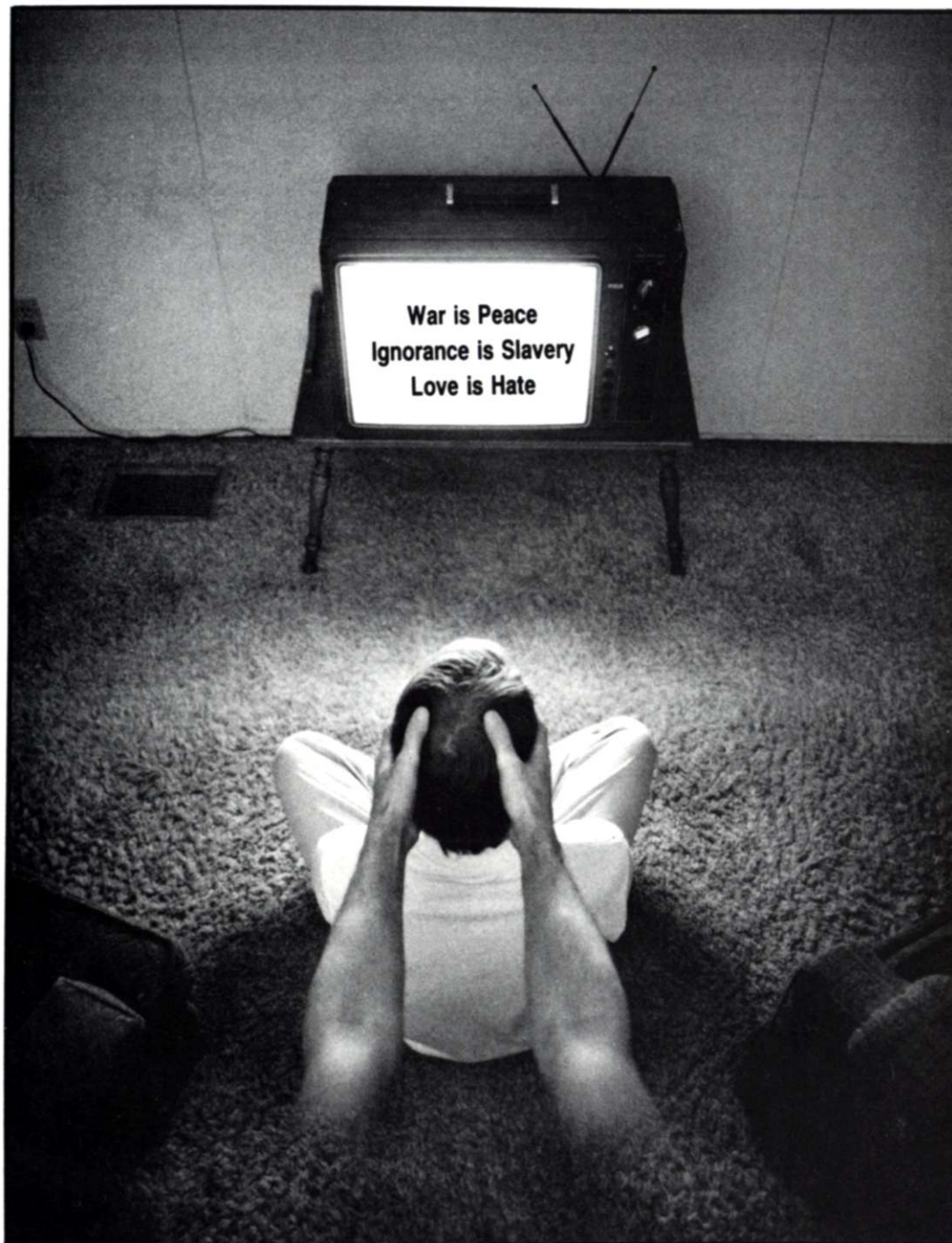
THE CONTRA REPRESENTATIVE



THE PRESIDENT

## THE MCKENZIE REPORT

RIT CONTRA FUNDING SCANDAL—EXPOSED



**We're RIT: Shaping Young Minds  
For a Better Tommorrow**



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## DISTROFILE

This Distrofile is aimed primarily at those people who may find this issue of Distorter shocking, inflammatory or otherwise unacceptable. At this point in time, you are advised to turn to the token apology page and drop this issue now. For your own good, don't continue to read this article. That is if you don't want to be told things about yourself you may not wish to hear.

We knew you couldn't resist. This wonderful free country of ours is besieged by those who would decide for us what is acceptable and what is not. This worries me. As they say at Faber Academy (of Animal House fame) "Knowledge is good." Whether it be carnal knowledge or scientific knowledge, there is no justification for hiding it from the people. Thus, you have before you the product of a group of individuals who support the idealisms associated with the somewhat antiquated term 'freedom of the press'. Simply put, censorship sucks. Most of you reading this issue will eventually graduate. As a result, many of you will submit to unconstitutional urinalysis tests and screening for the dreaded disease of AIDS. All this just to get a

goddamn job.

Of course all of these silly examinations are meant to protect you. Just like the censorship campaign spearheaded by Edwin Meese is meant to protect you. After submitting to this sort of mentality it makes sense to listen to the Fundamentalists who proclaim that Tom Sawyer and Uncle Tom's Cabin should also be abolished. After all, its for your own good. Following that, the Good Wives of Spineless Congressmen Everywhere will announce that pictues of nude infants on toilet paper packages (which were designed by RIT packagers and graphic artists) contribute to child molesting. Get with it! Start thinking for yourself, say no to censorship and support Distorter!

Distorter is a release. Much like an orgasm is a release. And it feels just as good, if not better. There is sweet satisfaction in letting it all hang out. In the spirit of the existentialists, we proudly proclaim "Take no prisoners." Irreverence is the rule here this week. We don't have to justify it. It simply is so. Take it or leave it. This is Distorter. A celebration of all the comic red tape and beauracracy that sadly prevails at

this institution of higher learning. Distorter is a parade of charades. That is really all this is about. You, the average Reporter reader, tend to forget what it takes to produce thirty two pages of palpable pulp each week. We at Distorter have not forgotten. It takes guts to go beyond the boundaries of what our readership may or may not consider humorous. If this magazine offends you, ask yourself why it offends you. Is it because what you see before you is what you would deem immoral? Or is it because you are hung up? Either way, we don't care. Let the presses roll!

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# DISTORTER

## Magazine

### Editor in Chief

Slim Organ

### Mismanagement Editor

Banished To Corsica

### Rerun Reactionary

Leprechaun Minidick

### Senior Drooler

Sensible Speller?

### Meeting Today?

Firm Penis

### Sloppy Editor

A Bone To Pick

### Late Writers

I am innocent  
Sue My Ass  
Micro Bean Counter  
Fart n' Fish

### Show Biz Editor

Jump and Whine

### Show Biz (interesting) Writers

Kiss Argentina Croak My Veins  
Interesting Rat Killer  
Shady Lips

### Jock Editor

Salty Bobby

### Jock Writers

Martini and Rossi  
Chicken and Giblets  
Salisbury Steak

### Pornography Editor

Slip And Slide

### Finger Painter

Mi Ker Whine

### Reproduction Manager

Ain't Marrying

### Reproduction Staff

I like Anal Santa Clause  
Walking Quaalude Pet My Zagnuts  
Offensive Tackle Burp and Puke  
Squid Vicious Porridge Daily  
Smiles and Tears Boredom Is Ringing

### Lies Coordinators

Vicious Virility

### Lies Seller

Bullshit Artist

### Check Bouncer

Brass Petri Dishes

### Ball Buster

Brockport Beauty

### Van Abusers

Mark Contra Jr. Minidick

### Island Hopper

Elaine Spilane

# BITCHES

## I Love This Place!

Well, this is it. I've had enough. What the hell is with this institute anyway? I mean, here I am, in my second year at RIT, and nothing has gone wrong! I demand an explanation.

In my senior year of high school, I applied here, (I'm too embarrassed to tell what major), and was accepted. I didn't even apply anywhere else! RIT welcomed me with open arms. That summer, RIT said I needed to attend a freshmen orientation program, and that it would cost, well, I don't remember, I guess it was \$250. Anyway, they said that they'd pay. How could I refuse? I don't know how, but I did.

Then I arrived at RIT in the fall. Now, I had heard about the dreaded phenomena of 'tripling', but RIT told me my room was in the nearby Hilton, complete with daily maid service, as well as free HBO and MTV. Wow! Not only that, but they said that for this inconvenience, RIT would reimburse me. Well, I thought that I should be upset, but I never was.

So, I attended my classes whenever I felt like it, or didn't have a hangover, and my grades were, to say the very least, not quite up to RIT's standards. So, I figured I'd go on academic probation. But, I talked to my department head, and I did tell him I was sorry, so he told me it was cool, and not to worry about it. Well, I got OK grades the next quarter, but that Spring I got suspended, both for Academic and Disciplinary reasons. I don't recall exactly, I think an RSA caught me drinking a glass of Spring Water out in the lounge, so it was 'Bye-bye RIT' for me. So, I panicked a little over the summer, but called a department head of another major, and he said, "W.T.F, we need some more students, so just switch over into this program. It's like starting fresh." Too much! Most of my friends would be out on their asses, but not me, I go to RIT, and I'm their number 1 prioRITy! Never could they do anything to arouse even the slightest anger from me. What a place!

This year was too much. I mean, I messed up some more. I accidentally dropped a piece of lint that I'd picked off my shirt, and it went off the balcony. "Oh, shit, it's curtains for me now!" I thought. Even though I was written up, and charged with a criminal act, and faced a mandatory five year jail sentence, RIT said as long as I'm willing to agree not to let it happen again, they'd forget about the whole thing. On the other hand, my grades were also terrible. You know, how when your GPA drops low enough, your Financial Aid is supposed to get 'read-

justed' (taken away completely)? Well, the Registrar told me that my grades got goofed (even though they didn't) and that really I had a 3.82, and had been on Dean's List since fall of '85. Most of my friends, like at Penn State, or Cornell, would have put the pistol to their heads by now. But not RIT. They fixed everything. I was a happy man.

So, what the hell is my point? This place is UTOPIA! I mean it. Nothing could go wrong here. I don't have a clue why Campus Safety even exists, except to say a cheery "Hello, there! Have a nice day" to all of us. And the women! Oh, I couldn't begin to tell the stories, but let me say that I could not print it here. (However, for the very curious, watch for next month's Penthouse Forum, it's all in there!) Parking tickets — I just go to Campus Safety, they tell me to rip it up. Absolutely amazing.

Marked A. Phony  
second-year, yellow journalism student

## See You In Hell!

Awright, dickweeds! I hope all of you contract pubic crabs, and die a virulent, scratching disease. I have had enough of this shit from the Rottenchester Institution of Screwing-over-ology. You, you, filth that engage in maternal intercourse, you have attempted to destroy my life once and for all. What is this thing that I am so vehemently complaining about? It is my damn floor, of which I am the Ultimate Ruler of. I mean, these ass-wipes can't even follow my simple orders to kiss my ass, and follow my every command. I tried to control them, but they seemed to rebel against my every wish.

So, any of you can see, I was forced to take drastic measures, even if that means suing the asses off of you goddamn-commie-pinko-fascist-pigs, that practice yellow journalism. I hope all of you on the Distorter staff burn in hell for an extremely long eternity. And, I hope you know that when you do, I will be there to take on-the-spot photographs of it, to display to the rest of the world so that they will realize just what heinous acts are being committed under their noses. I mean, everybody knows that Distorter is just trying to sensationalize our news to make it interesting to the general public. Now what the hell kind of news is this? Certainly not the kind that our predominantly god-fearing public wants to be subjected to. Some may ask, "Just what the hell is this guy complaining about?" Well, I'll tell ya. My floor is out to get me. They have sent me letter bombs to my on-campus address (how they got that I'll never know!), and have attempted to put Ben-Gay in certain articles



of my clothing in a deliberate attempt to cause me great distress. Here comes the clincher: A floor member of mine tried to dick me over by insinuating that I in fact persuaded him to shoot a spitball at another floor member.

You see, I claimed that such an action was not in fact punishable under RIB code, yet, this slime-bucket-from-hell seemed to be delirious with the notion that such an act was in fact completely acceptable, an in fact, desirable in some certain situations. This is not to mention that he claimed that I had coerced him into testing whether or not an M-80 would go off, if he put a flame to the fuse, and threw it in the shower while someone was in there. And then he had all of the floor members flush all of the toilets and turn on all of the faucets and showers in an attempt to mess up the plumbing. Then, they all pulled fire alarms, and claimed that I told them that nothing would happen if they did. Filthy liars! This floor member of mine could have saved himself from being suspended, and then put in jail if he had only bent over when I asked him. But, he did not cooperate at all during this process; he tried to put me on trial for raping him. But even so, that does not excuse the terrible thing that he did, even if fifty people or more consider me to be a homosexual with an extremely high risk of contracting AIDS. I even heard some students wishing me to catch this vile disease. Hey, but I'm not scared of this shit, I know that my friends use prophylactics (well, some of them might have been used more than once, but I find it kind of exciting, if you must know ) It keeps Cum Piss Safety around to harass us and make our lives a living hell, so I'm content; I just have to let my hand rest for a while. I should hope that the entire RIP population should wake up, and sniff the used rubbers, to coin a phrase, so that they will

be aware of the intense discrimination taking place on campus. Some may say, so what? Well, to you, I hope you develop a new strain of venereal disease specific to those who engage in only heterosexual activities. Get out your wallets, 'cause you'll be hearing from me IN COURT! Suck on that for a while, boys.

*Iggy DeFazio  
sixth-year finger painting*

## Bogus Bricks Found

This past Monday, members of the RIT Brick Lover's Union (BLT), which have been affectionately known as the "Bacon, Lettuce and Tomatoheads", made a singular discovery which may change RIT's reputation forever: while all the bricks of RIT's buildings have three different hues of brick red (known as Alpha, Beta and Gamma variations), the bricks comprising Ross Memorial Building (Building 10) were scientifically measured to have slightly different variations than the standard. A spokesman for RIT's Physical Plant, when interviewed Wednesday, had no explanation for this variation. Indeed, the special committee appointed during an emergency meeting of ISC and Physical Plant Tuesday night called a local state of emergency. Small amounts of brick samples were taken from the back of the building (where the offensive destruction would be less obvious to potential visiting parents) and sent to Rochester Forensic Science Center (RFSC) via a popular 'overnight' delivery service. Unfortunately, the samples ended up in UCLA Wednesday morning, where they were discarded into a simple wastebbin; obviously, they thought it was all a rude joke. "I just hope that this isn't some sort of virus of some kind, because if it is, we just spread it all over California," exclaimed another prominent

member of Physical Plant after being tortured with feathers and whips by RFSC scientists. Please also read the obituary of said Physical Plant staff member in another section.

A variety of theories have cropped up as to the origin of the strange hue variation. One member of ISC, who wished to remain unnamed, but let's call him Andy for short, theorized that as the color of brick is actually a structural condition of various iron oxides baked into other materials (which vary from clay to animal excrement, depending on which country you live in), it is theoretically possible that the various DEC VAX and IBM Mainframes housed in Ross Memorial building had changed this Iron Oxide structure due to high-level programming and low-level logic operations. "Just think of it: A BIT, let's call it Foo, wanders outside of the Mainframe's metal enclosure, say, through a cooling vent. It encounters another BIT, say, Bar, and they join to form FooBar... a dual bit integration potential. This potential, on the order of several Megaelectronvolts, could easily rearrange the molecular structure of said Iron Oxide lattice!"

Another theory, proposed by an eccentric professor in RIT's College of Science, proclaimed that the color change was due to cosmic radiation which differed for Ross Memorial building from the others due to it's location on a Positive Ion-belt Migration (PIM) within the earth's crust. This theory was quickly dispelled, however, when another College of Science professor mentioned the fact that the entire RIT campus stood upon a PIM. This claim is yet to be investigated, but is seems to be quite feasible, as a direct result of the location of a building on a PIM is a proven statistical decrease in female occupation of the premise.



RIT invites all students to a series of lectures by government agents *M.N. Trouble & V. Bowen*, addressing such vital topics as:

- Talking your way out of suspensions
- Tampering with Campus Safety Vehicles
- Mass Production of Fake ID's
- Launching Objects Off Balconies
- Tampering with Institute Computer Accounts
- Dorm Pranks: "Leaners", Water Fights, more!

Both agents successfully graduated from RIT, but it took them eight years to do it!



# DISTORTAGE

## Faculty "Anus" Contest Yields Winner

This past week the judgments were held in the largest asshole faculty member on campus contest. The contestants were chosen based on their utterly inhumane treatment of the students at RIT and humanity in general. The initial judgments, based on sheer volume of ego, were held on the departmental level. The tension was thick as faculty member after faculty member acted like themselves much to the annoyance of all present. The aura put out by a truly egotistical faculty member is one of those things that, like a vacuum, nature despises. Based on this knowledge, and with the interest of fairness in mind, the judgments were not based on the reactions of humans, but plants. An early favorite was the third contestant, Mr. Harry "Scrotum" Saclong of the Motel Hell department. Through his decision not stay within the prescribed safety zone, two of the judging plants, a pansie and a cactus, were suffocated by contact with Saclong's ego. Saclong went on to win the preliminaries for his department and advanced into the finals.

The finals were held based on the faculty members' ability to shit on students. Nine assholes each of the size and smell of a real asshole were drawn around the mouths of the finalists from

each of RIT's nine colleges. Eliminations were then held as the professors were forced to tell increasingly more inhuman stories of their treatment to students. Saclong came through strong in the early stages of the competition. His strongest competition was offered by the noted egotists in the electrical departments. After only two rounds of competition, there were only four professors left. Their moderate unkindness to their students was more than the worst that could be offered up by the other professors.

Boy "Cluj" Czechslovakia of Microelectronics, Cock "Slime" Garrote of Electrical Engineering Technology, Codger "BJ" Flaker of Computer Science, and Saclong each advanced to the finals. Flaker was somewhat of an underdog coming into the finals. After the defeat of the seemingly unstoppable Warning Piss-shivers in the preliminaries you could fairly feel his ego swell. His momentum built as he kept up with the largest assholes on faculty round after round. The assholes drawn around the mouths of the four remaining professors were three times their normal size as the third round of eliminations began.

The third round began with Garrote boasting of his absolute refusal to regrade tests regardless of the severity of the

grading error. Flaker, momentum at his back, snowballed past Garrote with his grading policy of taking points off for arguing a grade. Czechslovakia folded at this point. Saclong strived to keep afloat in this rising wave of shitted-on students by swelling his ego to massive proportions and boasting about his own superiority and the superiority of his department. After the initial laughter died down, the judges realised that he was serious. "What an asshole!" was heard from several areas of the room. Thus Saclong advanced to the next round.

Round four led to the final victory of Cock Garrote. Garrote utterly smashed the plaintive twitterings of the other contestants with his bid for the title. Garrote, with a asshole drawn across more than half of his face, recalled a recent example of how he failed a kid for the sole reason that he turned in a project three hours late. Flaker mumbled something about a blowjob for a grade, but couldn't beat Garrote's story. Saclong just sat with a glint in his eye but said nothing.

Thus Cock Garrote wins the 1987 year's nomination for the largest asshole among the RIT faculty. Let us, as students, try to give him back as much shit as he gives us.

## You Deserve A Parking Violation Today

On Wednesday March 25, Cum Piss Safely hit the 4 billion mark for tickets served. They became the only college Cum Piss Safely organization to reach such ridiculous levels of screwing over students in the nation. Stun Perri, Investigator for Cum Piss Safely, expressed, "We are very proud of the team work in the past year in regulating the overflow of parked cars on the sides of parking lots across campus. When people are late for classes or appointments it is our job to screw them over with violations to make them realize if there are no spots in the parking lots-don't park there, just turn around and go home. Hey, I don't know what your beef is, you (students) only pay twelve thousand a year and you expect to be treated as human beings. What ever that has to do with it, you know I'm getting a little forgetful in my old age. You are not going to print any of this, my supervisor will...."

An anonymous group of students wanted to express their gratitude to Cum Piss Safely by planting explosives in the Cum Piss Safely vehicles, and trying to ransom the department. The vigilante

group wanted their tickets to be erased to show the stupidity of over zealous ticketing. They left a pre-recorded message of their demands to free some of their friends (who were suspended for such obscure reasons as pulling fire alarms and urinating in front of dormitories) released from the outside world back into the RIT prison camp. The cocky Cum Piss Safely Officers and other officials denied the requests of the students, as usual, and went ahead to drive the vehicles around campus. On Thursday March 26, two Cum Piss Safely vehicles exploded on campus. According to Phuque U. Too, Director of the Bursar and RIT Billing, there will be another increase in tuition to compensate for new 1987 Hugo 2 door vehicles expected within 4-6 weeks. Letsbe Friends, Director of Cum Piss Safely, commented, "The situation of ticketing has gotten way out of hand and something

must be done about it in the immediate future." The group of vigilante students was apprehended by Camprick Safety by using voice synthesizers to identify the culprits. All RIT students are voice recorded at Freshman Orientation when they say *This place is the greatest, Where do I sign?*. Perri and the other BATMAN detectives used the BAT COMPUTER to decipher and distinguish the voices of the vigilante students. The incident with the group of vigilante students will be taken to Slander McPanzie, vice-president of Judicial Affairs, sometime this week. McPanzie voiced, "This is a very serious crime against the institute. I mean, students just can't go around destroying Cum Piss Safely cars and defacing RIT property whenever they feel like it. Students pay a lot of money for the RIT image and should not abuse it, but enjoy the fringe benefits."

## Diet Coke—The Big Lie



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# Big Beer Bash To Be Held At Liberty Hill

RIT President Pick Nose recently held an Open Forum in which many topics of interest to the institute community were discussed.

Nose, who directed most of the questions over to his staff to answer, mumbled several times, "Tuition must be raised", and "Vacations, vacations," while students and faculty members attempted to coax answers from him. Certainly one of the more dramatic portions of the evening was when a group of students, wearing multi-colored athletic supporters on their faces, interrupted Dr. Nose. The group, refusing to identify themselves on the grounds that slurs about their majors might be uttered, took the floor, and issued their statement. The main points brought out by the jock-people were that RIT was "an incredibly boring place that tries to pacify the students with idle promises of improving student life and morale," and that "the Administration had better get off their dead asses and show us that they really DO know how to party!"

Pick Nose at this point seemed to perk up, and found the comments quite interesting. He responded to the jock-people by asking them, "Is this all you beer-swilling, incompetent, pathetic ex-

cuses for students have to bitch about? Don't you even give a damn about building more study areas, upgrading the equipment in the labs, and weeding out instructors who couldn't teach their way out of a paper bag?" The reply was a unanimous "NO!" One of the jock-people, identified only by a t-shirt emblazoned with the name "TUMOR" on it, then issued a challenge to Dr. Nose, saying, "OK, now that we've got your attention, we propose something that will shut us up, at least for the rest of this quarter. We want to throw a big party at YOUR house! And the best part is, YOU pay for everything! How much could it cost you? Just pretend that one less student is attending right now; there's twelve grand right there! You oughta be able to get quite a few kegs of Coors with that, eh, Picky?" The president then grimaced, but soon chuckled as he pondered the idea. "What the hell," he said. "You're on — but I am going to make a little deal with you before this is over. At this party, you will send me three of your best men or women to take me on in a chugging contest. I'm not talking about piss-ant little games like quarters, ten-cents, funnels, or beer bong; I'm talking some hard-core chug-a-pitcher-as-fast-as-you-can! Now, If any of them last longer

than I do, then I'll let everyone have the next quarter free, no tuition charges. If you lose, then you pay the institute normal tuition, and also pay me the same amount, IN CASH." The crowd at the open forum was spellbound. Again, "TUMOR" spoke up by saying, "All right, pres, ya gotta lotta balls, but you're on!" The other jock-strap wearers expressed their excitement, and had to be calmed down by our Campus Cops, who also wanted a piece of the action. At the end of the night, this had turned into a battle between Administration and students, and therefore President Nose rescinded his previous rules, and altered them, stating, "We'll keep chugging until all kegs are kicked. Then, whoever has the most left, standing, wins!" The administration people also required Nose to change the stipulation about tuition to be divided evenly. Everybody agreed. The meeting had run late, and no other exciting topics arose, except for one student who asked if Dr. Nose was in fact an old drinking buddy of the Ayatollah Khomeini's. Dr. Nose responded, "No comment." The beer bash is still being planned by both parties, and as soon as DISTORTER knows when it's going down, a follow up story will be run, listing the time and location.

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## Fine And Applied Arts Gone—Only A Gaping Hole Remains

Last week's severe rain storms caused minor floods and softened the foundations of several buildings on the RIT campus. The cost of damages will cost the Tech (I mean the students) thousands of dollars to reinforce building foundations. The College of Fine and Applied Arts literally sank into the swampish marshland. The building's main support base was supposed to be reinforced and renovated last Spring. Will U. Forget, Director of Physical Plant, said, "We were supposed to get that money, but it never came. I really did not know what to do with myself and my staff during the Spring. We decided to plant some more bushes around campus and dig some holes to keep ourselves busy." Eddie Johnston (ex-New York Ranger), Dean of College of Fine and Applied Arts, "Well, uh, plantin' bushes and digging holes, ya know, didn't help save da building 7A from sinking into da mud. Hey, did ya know I used to play hockey? I bet ya couldn't tell 'cause me takin' speach lessons."

Hey, did ya see where me put my dentures." Art students are extremely upset at

the loss of their building. Classes will have to be held outside and all their assignments not handed into the teacher will receive a failing grade for the many lost projects. Ron Patmyass, Creative Positions instructor, said, "It's a shame that we have to suffer because silly Dr. Nose did not budget the repairs on our wonderful building. But, it will be so delightful to have class outdoors. I have a beautiful shawl that will go... well anyway, that's all I have to say." Early Friday morning, March 27, students walked across the quarter mile to where building 7A once stood only to find a large gaping hole with swampy, oozing mud encaving the crevice. A few art assignments floated to the top, and students tried to fish out whatever they could. According to Anita Brush and Afelia Pencil, both Graphic Design students, there were many tears for lost projects that took many hours of to create, but more importantly all the stash that went down with the building. "We feel it is the fault of the School for American Craftsmen. They have all that heavy machinery and wood around, it just caus-

ed too much weight on the wet foundation and caused the building to sink into the ground," said angry graphic design students.

This comment heard by all graphic design students and illustrators caused them to unite and hang the one person responsible for *The Great Sink of '87*, as the crowd named the incident. They were out for Franz Kaiser (a non-convicted Nazi war criminal), Chairperson, School for American Craftsmen. Graphic Designers picked up their pens and pencils, and illustrators carried their easels and brushes to Kaiser's home to pay back the favor. When the cutty-pasties arrived at Kaiser's home he released 25 of his doberman pinshers into the angry crowd. The cutty-pasties ran in horror of getting nipped in the ass, and returned to the barracks of RIT. Some of the beaten cutty-pasties assembled around the Sun Dial and proclaimed, "Well at least we tried to get the RIT faculty member responsible for *The Great Sink* to pay for his mistakes. But, as usual the RIT faculty member only passed the blame onto someone else."



## Domed Stadium and New Football Team On The Way

To all of you assholes who've been bitching at RIT with the question, "Why doesn't RIT have a football team?", well, now you have an answer. The RIT brass has been keeping things quiet and hush-hush, but Distorter managed to dig up some shit that will answer some of the underlying questions concerning the formation of a team.

The first item Distorter received is that the season is scheduled to start in the fall of '88, possibly '89. The delay is because of the hopeful construction of a 10,000-seat domed stadium in the area where the track is located. A new track will be included in the stadium, which will be built with official RIT bricks, in keeping with the Institute's image.

In another major move for RIT, they will, as of fall '87, start a rigorous program of awarding sports scholarships to some of the finest high school athletes in football, hockey, and swimming. When Distorter asked about a potential coach for the new football team, one big name popped up: John McKay, former coach of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. In order to check this lead, Distorter tried to contact

with McKay. But, when Distorter asked McKay, he declined to respond. As Distorter was looking through the list of possible scholarship candidates, several outstanding high school students came up: in Texas, Oklahoma, and a wide receiver who runs a 3.85 in the 40-yard dash from Michigan.

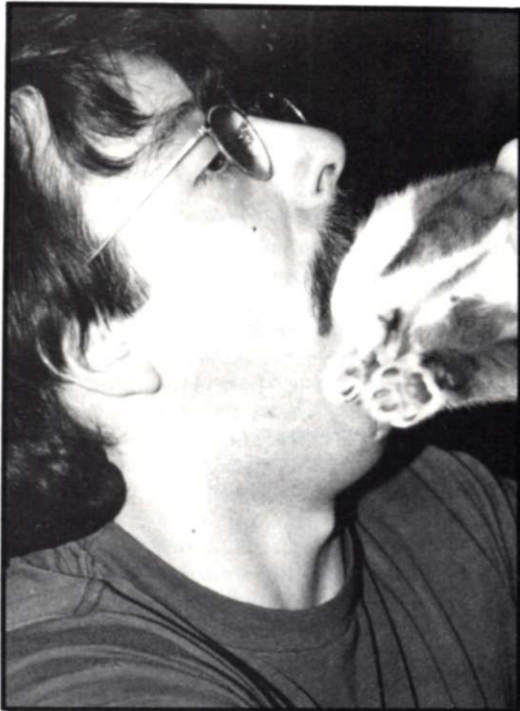
The team is going to be Division III, and as of the 1990 season, RIT will be going Division I, with the five teams needed for this to occur being: Hockey, Football, Swimming, Lacrosse, and Soccer. Information that pertains to this has been filtering down a little bit at a time, and has proved to be both interesting and informative. This year's increase in tuition of \$777 isn't being used fully for academic purposes. Rather, 20 percent is being used as a starter for the stadium account which will cost somewhere in the neighborhood of 35-40 million dollars. Also, revenues from parking violations will comprise another 65 percent. This money is needed in order to make the '89 season deadline.

While digging for information concerning the football possibility, Distorter

found information concerning a scrimmage game being played between the Soviet National team and our own RIT Tigers. The details were sketchy, and things depend on future political considerations. But, the possibilities remain, and things are looking a little brighter for RIT, as it attempts to pump some much-needed life into a sparse social framework.



## ATTENTION RIVERKNOLL RESIDENTS



Are you sick and tired of the increasing population of cats running rampant over newly greened lawns? If so, call Schultz. He'll swallow even the fattest of 'em, and he'll love it, cause they squirm.



# DISTRODIAC

## Buy Crack Now

ALIENS HAVE ARRIVED!!! At the Rochester Institution of Bonology, some strange happenings have been occurring. Numerous students have reported sightings of UFO's in the near vicinity of the Grace Watson Dining Hall. The RIB Campus Safety Officers, in commenting on the sightings, said, "Well, you know, RIB was built on a shitload of swamps, so I'd guess you'd have to expect a little sawmp gas here and there." Some of the disgruntled students are attempting to file criminal lawsuits against the RIB administration. However, the people involved in this alleged scandal claim that a combination of eating the dining hall food, and subsequently viewing the discharged swamp gasses from the RIB swamps caused the students to have delusions about the supposed flying saucers. One student remarked, "The goddamn thing landed in the parking lot outside of my dorm, and a purplish-grey man knocked on my door. When I answered, he asked if I'd like to perform an oral sex act on him. I said NO. He said, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it!" and left. i was so petrified.

## Buy Crack Now

Thought that you'd heard it all? Well, listen to this. At a prominent, middle sized college in Western New York, one of the most bizarre occurrences in medical history has taken place.

The story unfolds in a fraternity house, where a brother has just picked up a freshman girl, who's fairly naive to the ways of the world. Both have had several beers, and this guy is pretty horny. Well, He manages to get this young lady into his room, where he lavishes her with compliments such as "Oh, you're SO hot, I want you," to which she readily responds. He at this point took off her shirt and began rubbing his face in her breasts, and moaning.

The story gets a little stranger when this girl's boyfriend from back home finds her at the frat house. The young man managed to find out her location, and unknown to all, he had a loaded gun. When he found his girl, the startled frat brother stood up, with his pants down, and was shot rather rudely in the left testicle. The sperm-coated bullet broke through the window, penetrating two young ladies who lived in a nearby sorority who were practicing aerobics. Both girls survived, and strangely enough, BOTH became pregnant from the shot to their midsections. Both girls gave birth to boys,

who looked normal in every respect except that their heads were a bit conical at the top. Hard to believe? You be the judge.

## Buy Crack Now

GOOD EATIN' A recent survey has found that among colleges in the U.S., Rochester Institute of Technology has consistently been in the top ten for having the best food service. One RIT dining hall in particular, Grace Watson, known to students as "Gracie's," has proven to be a culinary experience not to be missed. Students cited the fact that eating at Gracie's is



usually an adventure for several reasons. Students will often be surprised to find one or more of the lines closed; when they get to the serving area, often their favorite food has just run out, especially with the popular french fries. This makes for anticipatory behavior, which makes the students happy when they finally DO get the food. Once out of the lines, students may have to walk up several levels to get to their favorite beverage, although kegs are still not available. This is also fun, as the soda machines have carbonation problems, and makes it a gamble to fill your glass. This, combined with the fact that soft bread goes stale once you reach your seat, and the food gets cold quickly, forcing students to play with the fascinating *Microwave Oven*, the eating experience is kept a mystery. Said one student, "Hell, this way eating is more interesting. It's

like, I could be lazy and just eat at Mcdonald's or Burger King or something, but you can't really sit and stare and try to figure out what the stuff is. There's just no sense of mystery to it, you know?"

## Buy Crack Now

Good news for all of you heavy beer drinkers! Scientists at the Rochester Institute of Technology have recently developed several devices which will make the lives of all beer drinkers a more enjoyable one. The devices are designed to alleviate the common problem encountered when beer drinking; chronic urination. With these devices, there is no longer a need to lose that prime seat at the bar, just so you can go 'shake the weasel.' Now, all one has to do is wear the inconspicuous 'Dick Hose.' The hose is securely fastened to the appropriate location, and is run down one's pantleg, with an opening behind the shoe. When the call of nature strikes, simply find an inconspicuous place (perhaps in a crowd) and let 'er rip. When somebody slips, it can be explained away be casually saying, "Oh, some airheaded frat bitch spilled her beer." Some of the other deives still in the testing stages are the do-it-yourself catheter, and the bladder sponge pill. The catheter operates on much the same principle as the 'Dick Hose,' but is more painful. It is, however, still being tested with the possibility of adapting it for females. The bladder sponge pills are taken before drinking, and soak up the accumulating urine. There is a drawback, however: the sponge does expand quite a bit, and has to be surgically removed each time. Perhaps losing that seat at the bar isn't so bad after all.

## Buy Crack Now

University of Southern California established an investigation team of famous anatomists and gynecologists to analyze and conclude on the myth of women with hairy arms and upper lips having an abundance of genital hair. The investigation team drafted 100 normal hairy women to participate in the experiment. The average ages of the women ranged from 19-36 for the experiment. Dr. Mike Literuss concluded that 97 percent of the women with hairy arms and upper lips did in fact have a hairy genital area. The other three percent were members of the national association of Beavers Forever, a group well known across the nation. Literuss commented that, "The extra hair should not get in the way of conventional intercourse between homo sapiens."



# Marine Buddies Reunited In Scandal

As the Iran-Contra controversy continues to unfold, its far-reaching implications have finally touched the lives of those in the RIT community. Institute Judicial Affairs Coordinator Curly McKenzie has assembled a secret report implicating student and administration officials. DISTORTER has learned that, through a complicated plot, Student Defectorate and RIT President, Doctor N. Richard Nose, were involved in a complicated scheme of diverting student and Institute funds to aid El Salvadoran rebels.

In a memorandum to Bud MacFarlane dated April 11, 1986, Lieutenant Colonel Ollie North expressed concern that remaining Contra funds would soon be insufficient. He advised that efforts be made to seek \$15 to \$20 million in additional funds from the current donors and to seek additional donors. MacFarlane enlisted the help of his Marine beer-swilling buddy Richard Nose to tap into RIT's \$160 million budget. In the spring of 1985, the cunning Ollie North discovered some of MacFarlane's political and social ties and recruited Roberto Arevalo, North's former bridge partner, as a rebel representative to attend RIT. Arevalo, a native of El Salvador, was a perfect candidate for recruitment. He rose to power quickly in Student Defectorate and eventually came to dominate those who worked with him.

A series of high level meetings involving Fawn Hall, Bud MacFarlane, Tammy Bakker and Arevalo reportedly planned the elaborate scheme in a series of meetings at Liberty Hill. Bud MacFarlane reportedly used the Stern lecture series as a cover to validate the visits to RIT. One of the schemes allegedly involved the diversion of student funds to purchase valium for MacFarlane and Bakker. Arevalo then overcharged MacFarlane and Bakker, sending the surplus money to "Project Democracy's" secret bank account, where Arevalo's new secretary/lover, Fawn Hall (having been rejected by Ollie North, who is now dating Vanna White), diverted the funds to the El Salvadoran rebels.

Arevalo's thirst for sex led him to seduce Bobby Foul Mouth, Student Defectorate's Finance Director, in the hopes of depleting the already dwindling amount in Student Defectorate's Roll Over Fund. Foul Mouth reportedly stated "Roberto put the rebel's needs in a new perspective for me. Its only money; we don't need a Roll Over Fund anyway." Evidence of budget tampering became apparent when



an alarming number of people petitioning for club status were denied money because of a 'low amount of funds'.

The Commission's investigation led to the seventh floor of the administration building. Vice-President for Corrupt Relations Dr. Billy Castration, seems to have single-handedly dominated President Nose's affairs. Dr. Castration transferred surplus funds from budget lines of various departments. Department heads were given offers they couldn't refuse. Wild Bill Doomsday Vice-president of Bean Counting and Disorganization, along with Elaine Spilane of Student Affairs were dispatched to handle objecting department heads. In a last ditch effort to obtain the crucially needed funds, unnamed members of the Financial Aid Office were forced to divert TAP awards to non-existent needy students attending RIT's heretofore unknown sister college in El Salvador. These TAP diversions were later known as the Perve Stingy equation; 130 diverted TAP awards equals one TOW missile. This is the lower order of the North equation; 100 TOW missiles equals one hostage.

As all of this came to light, Dr. N. Richard Nose, President of RIT, was in the hospital fighting Rehashitosis (an unfor-

tunate condition which causes him to say the same thing each time he meets with students. Known in laymen terms as redundancy or repetitiveness. See also double-talk). Distorter visited Dr. Nose, who commented on the situation saying "It is unfortunate that a student leader and my friend Bud MacFarlane got all messed up in this. But the capital campaign is doing well, and we almost have enough money for the Student Life Center..." —Dr. Nose was going into a relapse, and Distorter was asked to leave. When Dr. Nose was asked if he recalled approving any of the transfer of funds he said "I may have given verbal approval, but I really don't remember."

According to members of the McKenzie Commission there are still several faculty members to be interviewed before the report is released. McKenzie says the report will be released next Thursday. McKenzie also commented that 'the rights to the report have been sold for two million dollars to Bantam books. This should be a self-sufficient scandal, the profits will pay for the crime.'

Meanwhile, during all this period of scandal and turmoil, G. Gordon Liddy and Alexander Haig have not been seen.



STEVE CASINO'S

# HOW TO KILL A DEADHEAD



HAVE YOU EVER BEEN AWAKENED AT 3:00 A.M. TO THE SOUNDS OF "SHAKEDOWN STREET" BLARING THROUGH YOUR WALL? DO YOU THINK JERRY GARCIA IS A BIG, FAT, COKE-SNORTING ASSHOLE? IF NOT, THEN I HOPE YOU SOON SUFFER AN ATTACK OF INCURABLE DIAHRREA. IF SO, THEN READ ON!

1. REPLACE THE WATER IN HIS BONG WITH GASOLINE...
  2. PLANT A SMALL BOMB IN HIS HACKEY-SACK. (THIS IS A GOOD WAY TO KILL LARGE GROUPS OF DEADHEADS AT ONCE.)
  3. PUT CYANIDE ON HIS "ROLLING" PAPERS...
  4. MIX HIGHLY CORROSIVE ACID WITH HIS DYES WHILE HE IS TIE-DYEING T-SHIRTS...
  5. FIX HIM UP WITH A FEMALE DEADHEAD WHO HAS A.I.D.S...
  6. TELL HIM JERRY JUST DIED IN A PLANE CRASH AND WATCH HIM COMMIT SUICIDE...
- \* IF THE ABOVE METHODS FAIL, FEEL FREE TO URINATE ON HIS "DEAD" TAPE COLLECTION. THAT'S THE CLOSEST THING TO DEATH A DEADHEAD CAN SUFFER.  
AND REMEMBER: THE DEADDER, THE BETTER!

Distorter

1981



## You Can Never Tell

Amid all the confusing details of the PTL Club scandal it has been learned that the plot of this conspiracy goes much farther than anyone could have imagined. Let's review the already known facts about the "Jim and Tammy Bufoonery". First we heard that Tammy was addicted to cold pills. Can't you just picture Tammy smearing lip-stick all over her face and swallowing a hand full of "Sudafed"? (Now I don't know about you but I have a difficult time believing that anyone could get hooked on medicine that is formulated to unclog one's nose). It is now generally believed that Tammy Baker's doctor prescribed Valium for her sniffles. To cover the horrible signs of her drug addiction Tammy began to cake large amounts of make-up on herself. It has recently been revealed that this craving for 'cold pills' combined with the cost of mascara and various other preparations for the skin drove Tammy Bakker to the streets of Heritage U.S.A. where she whored herself to lustful fundamentalists. (I am told she gave half the proceeds to Oral "Sex" Roberts).

It was then discovered that Jim Bakker had some deviant tendencies of his own. Jim masqueraded as a

man of the cloth while the fact of the matter was that he was a raging queen. He reportedly dressed as a cheap middle-aged cocktail waitress and drove around town in his stretch limo porking the most wretched looking prostitutes he could find, but you have probably heard all this before.

What you may not know is that Jimmy Swaggart found out about Bakker's lieure time activities and began black-mailing him. Apparently Swaggart and *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione hatched a plan in which Bakker was forced to fornicate with Vanessa Williams while Guccione took Polaroids. Bakker was told that if he didn't have sex with Williams then Swaggart would expose him. All this never would have come to light except that Vanessa Williams was engaging in similar activities with Oliver North.

It seems North fancied himself an amateur photographer and his favorite subject was Vanessa Williams having lesbian sex with Fawn Hall. (North kept a scrap-book of sorts which he shared with Bob McFarlane). When Williams told Hall about her involvement with Jim Bakker, Hall then told her boyfriend, Ayatollah Khomeini's nephew, and

he called United Press International. U.P.I. sent out the story but deleted the names of North, Williams, Hall and Khomeini because they knew the public would never buy it. Once Jim Bakker was exposed Swaggart thought that he could take over The PTL Club and Heritage U.S.A. (in case you don't know, Heritage is a resort community built by Bakker and reputed mafia crime boss Frank Giotti). The main activity there is going to prayer meetings. How fun!) It was at this time that Jerry Falwell stepped in and bought a controlling share of PTL stock, thereby blocking Swaggart's takeover attempt.

At the time this story is being written Tammy Bakker is at the Betty Ford Clinic undergoing treatment for her addiction. No, she's checked out. No, she's back in, back out, back in, back out....

If you believe this article you'll probably believe that God wants you to send your money to a hypocritical slimy asshole who preaches about morality on T.V. and then goes and pops some bimbo in a Miami hotel room.

## "Iron Metal" Puts On A Deadly Show

The world's most heavy metal band, "Iron Metal," was in town last week. They blew the the roof off the War Memorial. Well, almost. According to War Memorial officials, the noise level was too high and it weakened the structure of the building including the roof. A small section of the roof collapsed during the show abruptly ending the show. "Like, we didn't think 200 decibels would do that," claims Lucifer Steal, lead singer and spokesman for Iron Metal.

Their music is as controversial as Jim Bakker. With lyrics like "I love Pat Boone because he worships the devil," Iron Metal draws criticism from both sides of the critics. "Pat Boone?" quips Thrash Feed of the Pillage Rejoice.

Weathering the stormy seas of the critics, Iron Metal's music always sells millions and millions of records. A fact that has Iron Metal's lead guitarist, Biron Ore, saying "So there,

Jerks!" Ore and Steal met in their Northern England mining town's high school. After a brief fist fight, they decided to form a band. Ore and Steal still hate each other. The only thing that they can seem to agree on is how much they hate each other.

Iron Metal's latest release "Praise the devil," has songs ranging over the full spectrum of death. From 'death in your sleep at 105,' to 'hot young bitch raped and killed,' Iron Metal has kissed the face of death and tells all on "Praise the devil."

"Death is special to me" says Steal. "It's the last thing I'll ever experience, so I might as well be familiar with it when I get there." Steal goes on to say the sooner I roast in hell, the better." Several of the songs on 'Praise the devil' speak of his urgency. Witness '50 ways to cash the bowl' and the beautiful "Death, my lover." Steal says of '50 ways to cash the bowl': "It's like a collage of

imagery based on death. It's got it all," he says as he kicks back and sips on his Iron City Beer. "I've even got Mum and Dad's double suicide from an O.D. while driving into a wall at 90 miles per hour after slashing their wrists."

'Death, my lover' is outstanding in their live show. Steal and the rest of the band members hang from nooses throughout the song. They end the song on a depressing note as all of the ropes break simultaneously. From there they launch into their classic hit "Kill me, Burn me, Bury me." Their real show stopper, at least last week, was "Kill the poor and eat the rich." One of the power chords was so loud that it cracked the roof on the War Memorial, showering debris on the audience. No one was severely hurt from the falling debris. "Too bad," says Ore, summing up the band's attitude in two words.



## It Doesn't Get Any Better Than This

Metal clanking, humans grunting and the swish of machines in movement; these are the sounds one can hear as the walk by that den of physical activity: *The Weightroom*. Just what are all these people doing and for what purpose? A question for which there are many discernable answers but which answer is the REAL one. Not unlike a game of *Clue*, let us consider the possible solutions.

**SOLUTION 1:** The men and women that are in this room are here for either body improvement or body maintenance. They say they truly care about their body and the way they are perceived by society and their peers. They want to look as attractive and 'fit-as-a-fiddle' to the opposite sex as possible. Hmmm... These are the same type of people who say they buy *Playboy* and *Penthouse* for the 'superb' literary content of the said magazines. In simpler words, they are full of shit.

**SOLUTION 2:** This arena of physical perfection is an ideal 'pick-up' place for the opposite sex to meet each other with future commingling

or copulational activities in mind. Well, it does contain very muscular specimens of the male species whom females might find attractive if they can cope with the fact that the average I.Q. of these 'specimens' is about the same as that of your blender. The female specimens that are seen down here do seem more mentally equipped but unfortunately have the physique of the former East German swimmer "Helga" Piscopo. They appear to have reverted to the neanderthal race and would probably be very attractive to cavemen but no one else. No, there must be a deeper and more subliminal answer to this complex question.

**SOLUTION 3:** (Hint: Pick this one! Pick this one!) Perhaps, just maybe, this is the last true bastion for those REAL men to hang out together at. Here they can make their moronically dull jokes that most of us tired of in high school and laugh at it like it was the first time they heard it. They can slap each other on the back and chuckle about how they got

thrown out of Coco's because they acted like a bunch of assholes on ladies night. Yes indeed, the smell of rank fetid sweat and the 'no pain, no gain' philosophy combine together to bring back those fond memories of the old high school locker room. The playground bully, the defensive line for the football team and Killer, the All-American wrestler who goes to college because he had pinned twenty consecutive opponents, all have found a new home.

Another important part of their stomping ground is the large mirrors that cover the back wall. What good is it to have that kind of physique if you can't primp in front of the mirrors and flex your muscles. Watching the sweat drip off one's biceps while curling an awesome amount of iron is a very integral part of a good workout. The scientific studies involving chimps and baboons should be eliminated. It would be cheaper and just as effective for the scientists to stop by any weightroom and conduct their experiments here.

## Just What Makes A Movie A Work Of Art?

As a film critic, I am disillusioned and disappointed with the general direction in which the industry has been heading in recent years. Gone are the days when a movie could stand solely on the merit of its story. Today the emphasis is on violence, gore and over sensationalized material. Such is the state of the movie making business that once in awhile this nostalgia buff reaches far back into his files to pull out an honest story. A story that leaves you with the feeling that the people who made it put their names on the line to bring you a story which stirs your emotions, touches your heart and ultimately leaves large stains on your underwear. *HARD ACTION* is one such movie. In the days of yesteryear movies had integrity, they had honesty, and in the case of *HARD ACTION* they obviously had no money. Now don't get me wrong, the makers of this movie can't be accused of trying to make it something it's not. It is trash and they know it. That's the beauty of the whole thing.

What makes one porn film better than another you ask (and if you didn't ask then some sleazy, slimy,

scum-covered pervert did)? First, as a general rule, the less acting there is the better the movie is. There are really two types of contemporary porn flicks. On one hand you've got the porns that realize what they're doing is a joke and therefore their acting conveys this insight. On the other hand... on the other hand you've got something that really should be washed off before we go on!... (clean? good, you may continue) The second kind of flicks are the ones where they actually believe their acting will somehow bring the world of porn some artistic merit ("Long Dong" Silver has a better chance at being a part time telephone pole). Made in the early 70's, *HARD ACTION* is neither of these. As a matter of fact, I think they made up the whole damn thing as they went along. Being the financial wizards they were, the producers undoubtedly realized how much money they could save by not hiring writers. Brilliant!! I'm not going to bother telling you the names of the actors and actresses (and I use the terms loosely). To see these names in print would only disgrace and humiliate their families even more

than these scum already have. However, I will mention that since this movie came out one actress' career has really blossomed. After patiently waiting through several years of measely promotions, she has finally reached the highpoint of her career. She's doing voice overs of female dogs in Alpos' new line of commercials aimed at the "Yuppy Puppy". Yes, she is the standard by which all other porn stars now measure their own success.

At this point you're probably saying to yourself, "But Red, what could all this possibly have to do with this movie review?" The answer is simple: NOTHING. But if you think about it the movie has nothing to do with this movie review either. And if you go one step further you'll realize this movie isn't worth reviewing anyway. So what the hell are you still reading it for? Man, you are stupid! Turn the page. Go to class. FOR GODS SAKE DO SOMETHING SOCIALLY RELEVANT WITH YOUR LIFE!.....

On second thought, it's a nice day. I think I'll go hang out on the beach.



# BAD ADS

## Snails and Skirmishes

**You Too** can become a complete asshole! Do you like to write people up, breed contempt and hatred among a well-populated floor? Do you risk losing friends by seeing them get put on probation, or even suspension? Then, apply for an R. A. position now! Bitching abilities a must, AIDS victims preferred.

**Professionell Typin** done cheap! Real good proofreadin. Fast Service. Call Mohammed at x8180 (Leaf massage on machine.)

**Fake ID's**— Need to add a few years to your life? For just \$5, I'll make you an ID that does just that! Just have your picture taken at the ID window, get validated, and bring it to me with your desired birthdate. Within 15 minutes, you're 21! Call x2853 for more details.

**Have you pushed burgers** at McDonalds? Swept floors at a factory? Been a bouncer for Coco's or Memories? Washed dishes in a restaurant? If so, you are eligible for co-op credit in the College of Business. If you can't hack a real degree, give us a call.

**Normal Sale** at the Ordinary House of Guitars. Many items: normal prices on normal merchandise. Normal sales people to help you. Hundreds of typical records and tapes, all sorted (in an easy-to-find order) to serve you better. Come see our new building reduction.

**Photographers**— save your out-of-focus, poorly cropped pictures. . . The Photo Fine Arts program is now accepting pictures for their new show entitled, "We can't be real photographers, so we majored in Fine Art."

**Attention Med. Tech. Students**— Make extra money! We need campus representatives to sell our world famous line of preserved fetal pigs. Call Nancy at 232-8822 for more info.

**Typing**— A few misspellings, but I work cheap. Raoul x8767.

**TYPING / RIDES**— Rides offered to all locations. Will share expenses. Riders must be typists. No mistakes: no accidents. Slow keyboarding w/ high accuracy: destination reached slowly. High speed w/ low accuracy: troopers outrun, emergency room destination.

**Wanted:** Males and females to work nights and weekends. Must be willing to submit to cuffs, collars, leather, and chains. 69 skills a must. Excellent pay. Contact the madam at the *House of Mary*. An equal opportunity employer.

**Learning Development Center** offers weekly seminars: Gays are People Too. This week's topic. . . Gay cats aren't worth the effort to kill — Gay dogs are people too.

**Have you been libeled, slandered, abused, raped, or beaten** as a result of on-campus publications like this one? If so, contact RIT's free legal service. They'll help you sue our asses off! Pay off your tuition! Vacation in the Bahamas! Buy a car! But YOU must take the first step. . .

**Fags! Lesbians! Jobs on Ships!** Foreign? No experience required. Great pay! Around the world travel. Summer Job or Career. For info, write to: FagFax, Box 69069, San Francisco, CA 91923.

**Help Wanted**— The Neverside Book Bindery seeks the employ of eager students in printing (or hotel management) to do page sorting for magazines. Minimum wage, no experience necessary, except for sleep-related experience.

**Horny RIT Men**— Not a frat boy? Stuck out with all the members of the "200 Club"? Are your palms getting hairy? Going blind? Well, your troubles are over! Anal sex, tonsil hockey, "69" and AIDS virus sharing techniques are yours for the taking! Contact the "Evil Emperor". Beware— You risk getting written up when it's all over.

**To All Aspiring Young Evangelists**— Keep your eyes peeled for the new major: Business & Evangelism. Learn how to gain a big following, beg for money, buy condos and Rolls-Royces. Sexual history is not mandatory, as long as nobody else knows. Contact the Intercourse Chapel.

**Remedial Reading Tutors Needed**— To teach total illiterates. Apply to: The School for American Craftsmen.

## Denouncements

**Faculty and S. D.**— Remember: Secret meetings for some great event will happen somewhere, soon! Remember not to leak a word. . . the students might show up!

**Zeta Pi Mu** presents "Farewell to Phi Sig Party."

**CAB Staff:** Thanks for another kick-ass year! Really! I especially enjoyed the last ig event. . . The Kinks Concert!

**The Learning Development Center**— Join the fun in Building One.

**We're rebuilding our church** (and amusement park) and need lots of money! To donate, dial 1-800-CALL-JIM or 1-800-A-NEW-PTL.

**Police Academy 5**— "Campus Safety Gets Off Our Backs" will be playing at Talisman this Friday and Saturday at 7.30 and 10:00 pm.

**The Non-Counseling Center** is sponsoring a special speaker, Ronald Reagan, on improving your memory. I forget when the time and place, but you can't miss the signs.

**Wanted**— Any woman willing to assume "the position". Please come down to Cumpiss Safety, and ask for the night-shift.

**Art Show:** Saturday and Sunday, we will display slightly damaged works of art (if you can call them 'art'). For further info., contact the college of Fine and Trying Cutty-Pasty's.

**On March 25, 1987**, a reliable source close to G-d was quoted as saying, "Yes, Mr. Oral Roberts has recently purchased a plush condominium at the foot of the Diablerie Mountains." Mr. Roberts purchased this extravagant lodge for a reputed one million dollars. Please send any contributions to Distorter, in order for Oral's son to purchase a similar condo. A season's ski pass will be sent to anyone contributing \$10,000 or more.

**Anyone interested in any RHA position** next year is welcome to apply. In fact, if anyone applies, he's got the job!

## Carousing

**Things Never To Be Said in Reporter Office:**

—"We're going to get out early tonight!"

—"Toss me that knife, Eugene!"

—"I wish Jordan would stop by. . ."

—"What are Techmill's hours?"

—"Perfection. . . I think we've achieved perfection!"

—"I want to change the chemistry in the developer."

—"Are we having fun yet?"

—"Can we squeeze in another story?"

—"How do you spell. . . ?"

## Lost & Even More Lost

**Has Anyone Seen** Linda Letvan's left shoe? How about her pencil case? Her head? They're around here somewhere! If found, leave at the 24-hour desk, her mailfolder, or on an empty chair somewhere.

**LOST: Virginity**— If found please return to Kim or Donna or Sue or Heather or Lisa or Nancy or Tanya or Marcy or Deb or Rebecca or Terri or Jennifer or . . .

**FOUND: Surplus Balloons**— A large supply of slightly stretched, lightly sticky latex 'balloon-like' items found behind Building 99. The owners should contact Campus Health within 72 hours, to identify their lost items.

**LOST: Scorpion**— A large black scorpion was lost in the dorms this week. People sighting it should try to catch it, without letting it come in contact with them. Spotters are also asked not to tell Residence Life about this illegal pet.

## Impersonals

**This week's secret message:** EJE ZPV FWFJ XPOEFS XIBU UP EP XJUI BO FSDUJPO? XFMM, ZPV DBO FBU, TVDL, CJUF, G\*\*L, OJCCMF, HPCCMF, DIFX. . . TIJUJZ - BTT, XBDL - PGG, QJTT, DVOU TDSFX!! — BO PMEZ, CVU HPPEJF GSPN DBNQ EBZT! BSF ZPV PGGFOEFE? MFUT IQOF TPI! —Bad Ad Setter

**Hey Kush**— You're a dick! You prejudiced male-chauvenist little shit! Have you cheated on your wife lately?

**Marco, you Pooch-ball**— Stop hanging 'round, you "hound".

**CSCH**— Try to KEEP members instead of KICK members! Good Luck Next Year— Out in the street!

**'o Monday**— NOW!!!

**Monday:** Get a real typesetter!

**Let's Twist!**

"**Ralphie**. . . we're all sensitive, caring beings here. . . let your emotions flow!" — "Well it's my girlfriend. . . she caught me reading a *Ladies Home Journal* yesterday [ . . . ] and then she called me a . . . a . . . WIMP!!"

**When do feminists smile?** —When you turn them upside-down.

**89.7** . . . What is that? Could it be the combined IQ of the campus radio station's DJ's?

**Bill**— M D Y M

**Get National or Get OUT!** —Signed, Greek Council.

**Bill**— You Meyer!

**Move over MCC**, here come the Women of RIT, with their very own HOT calendar?!

**Bill**— You Melon!

**Hey South Henrietta**— Fire Code THIS! Oh **Billy Boy**— you're such a TKE and the babes go wild!

**Take my job, please!**

**Steve**— Take both our jobs. . . you deserve them!

**B. says** Photo Science Labs Suck!!!!

**What happened S.D.?** How come you're bankrupt, and you still give out money? What happened to all the money? An S. D. trip to Aruba?

**Does Dana** have any friends — or does she pay for them all?

**I wouldn't piss** in his ass if his guts were on fire.

**My name is Scott**, and I'm a "yes man". Call me or leave your name on the wall in the bathroom in Baker F. Don't worry, I promise never to return your calls. Photos a must.

**I bet she could do squat thrusts** on a fire hydrant.

**Alice B.** in the ACA office, are you available? You sure are HOT! How about a date?

**Hey Mono-Speed**— Don't kiss any Fish women. . . see what happened!

**You double-revolving**, interlocking and interfornicating brass-bound son-of-a-bitch!

**Jose**— Who's next on your list?

**David Hoover Sisters**— You have only four more rooms to vacuum at Phi Sig.

**Hey Biff**, what's this about you and Francie?

**Hey Pinnie**, Where's the vacuum?

**Lisa can suck** a golf ball through a garden hose.

**The Green Yellow Greeks:** One step Behind!

**Debbie is hotter** than a fresh-f\*\*ked fox in a forest fire.

**Hey Dave P.**, who wears the pants?!

**Elderly man looking for young**, intelligent, sexually active woman. Send resume and picture to Dr. Rose's office, Building One.

**John's so dumb** that he thinks cunninglingus is an Irish airline.

**Yo, HABA**, What's wrong with playing 11 games in one season?

**Contrary to popular belief**, Dave H. is the true pig of Phi Sig.

**Well, who gives a rat's ass**, you puke-faced gargoyles?

**Where** are the girls at R. I. T.?

**Mark P.**, What are you doing on the sink with that girl? Dave's got to use the bathroom!

**Who** are the girls at R. I. T.?

**Lies, It's all Lies**. . . DH.

**To all you women weightlifters**— do you shave your pits?

**When** are the girls at R. I. T.?



# FRUIT OF THE BLOOM

But Sully, it doesn't taste good. I'm going to spit it out!

Poggi— who's the girl with the white overalls and the big rear-end?

WHY Are The Girls At R. I. T.???!

Luanne, welcome back to Rochester. Take off your coat and stay a while... Love ya. GTD

What do you call nuts on a wall? —Walnuts.

**Better keep** that waterbed warm because this sex starved slut wants some more!! Please!! FMO!!

What do you call nuts on a chest? —chestnuts.

Hey Lice Lick, Be careful or that girl from Perkins will piss on you. By the way, how does it feel to be pussy-whipped?

What do you call nuts on a chin? —A Blowjob.

Packagers do it in boxes!

Billy, welcome to the family!

Go Eddy, Go Eddy!

Go Charlie, Go Charlie!

Go Missy, Go Missy!

What's the difference between mononucleosis and herpes? —You get mono from snatching a kiss, and herpes vice versa.

Photogs use telephoto lenses just to find it!

The Roof, The Roof, The roof is on fire. We don't need no water, let the mother-f\*\*ker burn!

What's the difference between a proctologist and the fraternity bartenders? —A proctologist only has to deal with one asshole at a time.

Computer Scientists do it terminally!

Hey Fat Chicks— Get out of our lives! We don't need or WANT you!! —RIT Men.

Wanted: Photos of Dr. Kortellarjeyk for dartboard manufacturing firm. Contact us at: Box 63636, Rochester, New York 14623.

**Hode Adebadebado** - You are the King; the Master; the Master Bater.

What do you get when you cross a total lack of communication with greed and stupidity? —A Cumpiss Safety Officer writing tickets.

Why do dogs lick their balls? —Because they can.

How much money does RIT make from parking tickets? Where is that money going to? Shouldn't they be doing more important things, or are they subsidizing the Hess Mart with their "Parking Violation Slush Fund?"

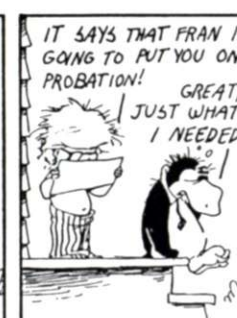
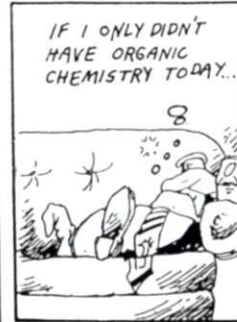
Why are department heads like diapers? —Because they're always on your ass and full of shit!

If people come to you for sympathy, tell them they'll find it in the dictionary between sodomy and syphilis.

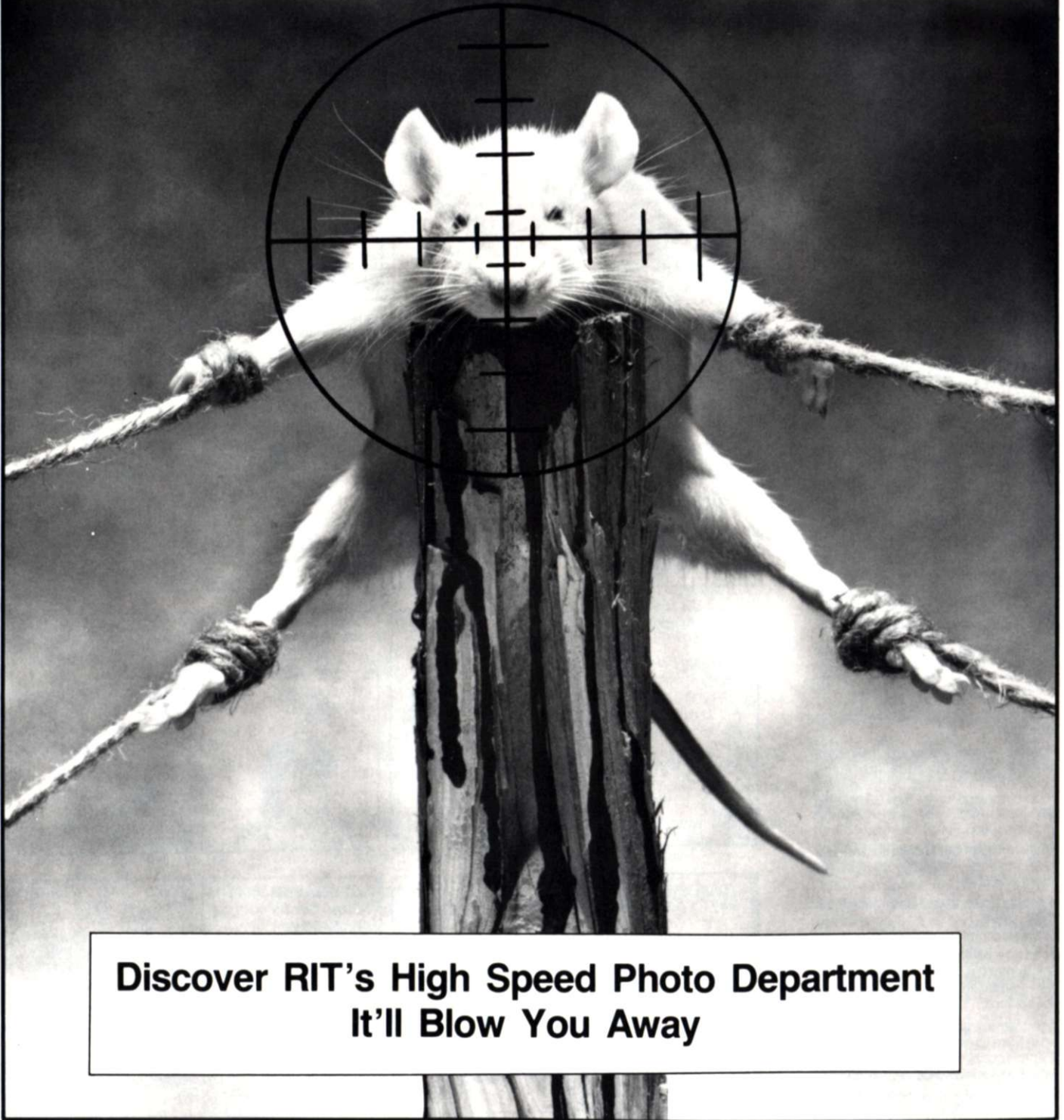
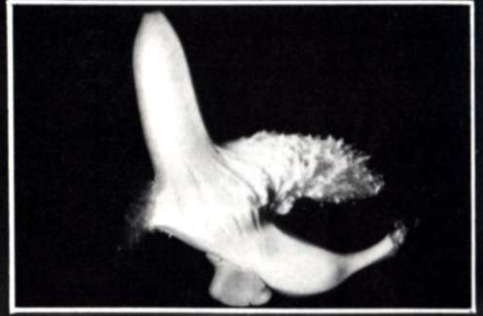
Seen on a bathroom wall: Flush hard—it has to make it all the way to Gracies"; "RIT—where men are men, and animals are nervous."

If you were a guy, and you were called up at 2 am, by some guy who'd pay you \$50 to accept some head from a girl, would you take him up on the offer?

Apologies to all who are not yet insulted!! We tried our best!!







**Discover RIT's High Speed Photo Department  
It'll Blow You Away**