

DISTORTER

April Fools 1988



*Nude Skateboarding
Sweeps Campus!!*

westcott / TIPS FROM A PRO

5

Subject: Leslie Scoville
Location: Campus Safety Office, Rochester, NY
Camera: 35mm SLR w/motordrive
Lens: 105mm f3.5 Macro Lens
Lighting: Fluorescent
Light Control: None
Film: Tmax 400 pushed to 1600
Exposure Metering: Relatively close
Exposure: 1/60 second at f-2.8

Sparkle like this is a combination of a strong composition, dynamic lighting and an equally dynamic subject in the persona of pretty Leslie Scoville.

Leslie came in from Arizona recently for a private portrait session. I booked top Hollywood hair and make-up talent for the session, and Leslie's own impeccable wardrobe and accessories to style the shoot.

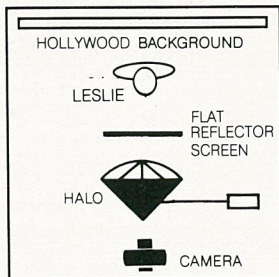
To achieve a medium contrast exposure I positioned a 32-inch Halo light modifier about four to five feet from Leslie. The Halo allows great versatility. Bounce it into the Halo's reflective back surface for a softer rendition. Or shoot it through the Halo's front diffuser for a bit more contrast, specularly and impact—like I did in this shot.

Behind Leslie is a Hollywood background of specular gold, manufactured by Westcott exclusively for Sibern International. It was taped to the studio wall and curved onto the floor for a no-seam effect. Adding to the specularly is a small silver reflector—placed slightly below Leslie's chin. The reflector further softens the mainlight while adding a second catchlight to Leslie's dark eyes.

It's incredible what you can do with a single light and a Halo!

Paul Nisley

For more information on Paul Nisley's creative lighting techniques, order his "Magic of Photography, Vol. 1" videotape available in VHS or Beta. Call 1-800-537-0283



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Distorter publishes an exclusive interview with Mr. X, the man who really runs RIT. Jimmy Swaggart dons many hats. Dr. Elaine Spaul lecture for Lunch 'n Learning series.

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Nude skateboarding storms the campus. Nude skateboarders talk about the sport and upcoming events.

Distroview 12

Distorter brings you a three act play — Death of a Campus Waste-Me. Country great C.W. McCall releases new greatest hits. *Barnyard Frenzy*; German blue film critically evaluates current rural recreational activities.

Scorebored 13

Ice Beavers shut out Tigers 69-0 in a tough battle. Ice Beavers go on a post-game rampage.

Departments

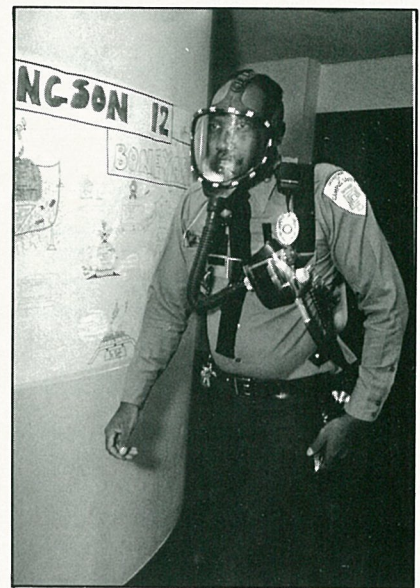
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Transcendental meditation helps the rugby team. Story on page 19.



Skateboarders say you gotta lighten the load before you hit the road. Story on page 10.



Campus Waste-Me officers raided a record setting smokers toker this weekend. No injuries were reported, but one officer was taken to Strong Memorial for smoke inhalation. Story on page 17.

Cover:
Nude Skateboarding!

Photo by:
Kick Her

DISTROFILE

Once again, the REPORTER staff presents its' yearly April Fool's parody, DISTORTER. Some have never seen this publication before, others have seen previous issues which are considered total filth and libel by some.

One thing should be made clear up front: this issue is not designed with the purpose of degrading others. Maybe this sounds a little bold, but if you're offended, you've taken it far too seriously. If you can't enjoy a little parody of people and events at this institute, then toss this in the trash, or

give it to someone who can enjoy it. RIT, if you have not noticed by now, is a complex organization. Its sole purpose should be to give the students an education, which encompasses more than academics. Because this is not always the case, students here have a tendency to get frustrated easily. Many gripes are made, but seemingly little is done about it.

The point of all of this is that DISTORTER attempts to celebrate the fun side of RIT, or more accurately, vent pent-up feelings about issues

which normally nobody has the nerve to speak up about.

So, if you've become bored of all of this intellectualizing, may I suggest that you put your morals on hold, lighten up a little bit. We hope you will enjoy the pages to come.

Bark and Tickleme

DISTORTER MAGAZINE is published whenever we damn well please, by whoever is in the mood at Rochester Institute of Technology, One Lomb Memorial Drive, Rochester, New York 14623. The location of the editorial and production facilities are none of your business. Subscriptions \$54.00 per year. The opinions expressed in DISTORTER are never those of the Institute. RIT has not reviewed or approved the contents of DISTORTER and will not accept responsibility for matters contained in DISTORTER. • DISTORTER takes pride in its membership in the John Holmes Memorial Fan Club. • © 1988 REPORTER MAGAZINE. All rights reserved. No portion of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from REPORTER.

DISTORTER Magazine

Discreditor-in-Grief

Big Firmrod

Mismanaging Editor

Oh Can I

Executed Editor

Hot Pimento

Old Editor

Slim Organ

Sieve

Porko Againdo

Lies Editors

Crispy Loops
Heraldo Rivera

Lies Writers

Spartan Martini
Bloody Last Night
Bend Down

Space Filler Droolers

Spaghetti Marinara
Bark and Tickleme

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Blue Massengil

Fun'n Games Writer

Dong Jerker

Jock Editor

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Jock Writers

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Big House

Pornography Editor

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Pornographers

Spruce'n Long Luscious Thighs
Pugly

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Regime Spider

Bullshitter Manager

Sloppy Wildabeast

Bean Counter

Sly Hook

Retribution Staff

Anklehigh Minidick
Skinhead

BITCH

Ruined Virgins

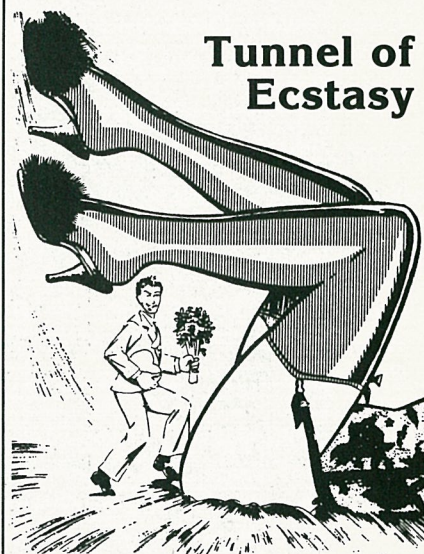
This letter is in complaint of the practices of the DISTORTER staff. In fact, I wish to complain about the whole organization in general. After many quarters of being in the dark, I have now been enlightened about the true debauchery taking place down in your den of antiquity.

I know this information from a very confidential source (my roommate, who spilled his guts about it in a drunken stupor, who works with you guys). I am appalled. Is it true that your staff sacrifices virgins each month? I find that hard to believe. I mean, where can you find one on THIS campus?

Anyway, I am really pissed off. I wrote a letter to the editor, and your editor edited it! It was about how you guys don't print our letters unless we are making fools of ourselves, and you chopped it up. Not only that, but I understand you make up news, instead of doing investigative reporting like real journalists do. I mean, look at the Democrap & Chronic Cold. They print the real news, not like you poor excuses for a college rag. From now on, I think I'll just pull out the comics and personals, and burn the rest of your ridiculous piece of trash!

Ben Dover
First-year, proctology

"Tunnel of Love" Car Wash has undergone major renovations and a name change.



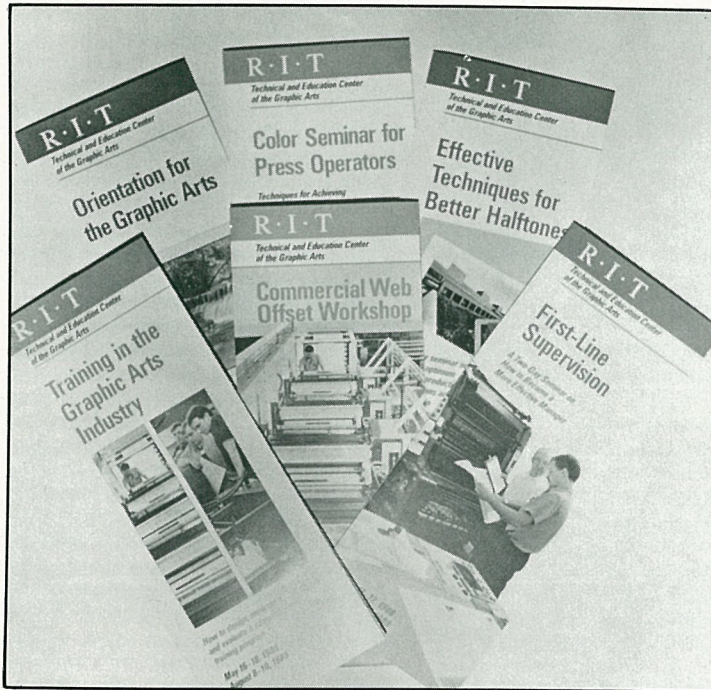
The Car Wash with
Drive-Through
Safe Sex

FREE WAX JOB With This Ad



Trial & Error Center for the Graphic Arts

Our Motto—"If it didn't work the first time—well, let's try it again"



Spring Seminar Schedule

Disorientation for the Graphic Arts—April 4-6

Designed to further exacerbate the problems encountered when graphic designers attempt to purchase printing.

How to keep a Paper Recover Corp. in Business April 6-10

Groups will receive personal instruction from the T&E Center Night Web Crew. Class will be involved first hand in various methods of creating web waste in an interactive Wednesday evening session. Identifying different kinds of waste will also be analyzed.

Hip Shooting Halftone Exposures—April 12-14

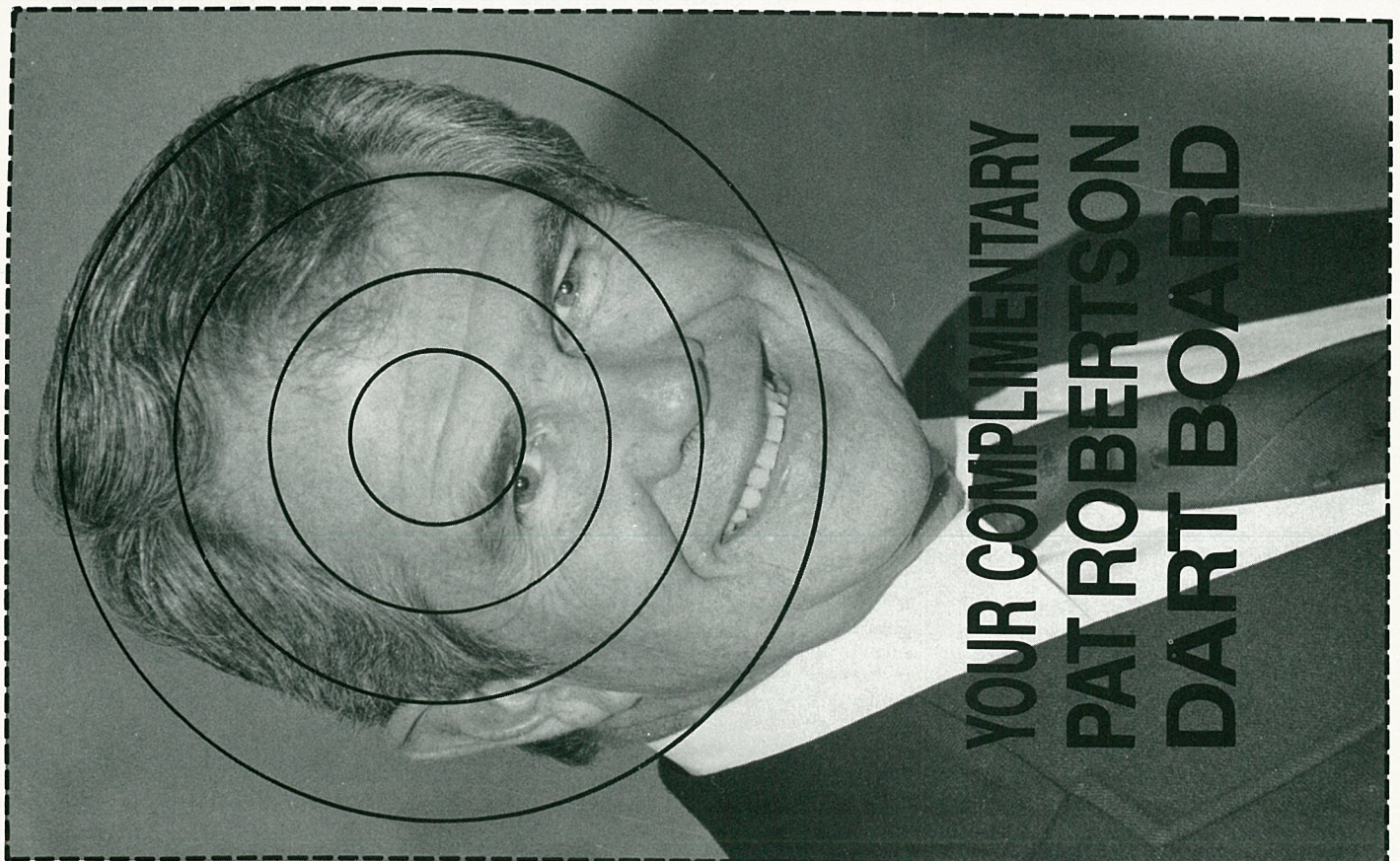
Instructor—D. Conan of the Darkroom

Current methods of Kentucky windage will be discussed. The best-three-syllable words for counting will also be discussed.

Stripping Procedures—April 15-18

Instructor—Hans Christian Anderson

Participants will conduct a comparative survey of current graphic arts methods and the semantic differences of stripping at the Half Dollar, The Barrel of Fun, and Loui's Cordial Cafe' to determine the most effective way to achieve a happy client.



YOUR COMPLIMENTARY
PAT ROBERTSON
DART BOARD

DISTORTAGE

Interview With The Man Who Runs RIT

Editors Note: DISTORTER proudly presents this candid interview with the man who REALLY runs RIT, known only as Mr. X. This feature offers some rare insights into what actually goes on at this institute. The entire interview is printed in full.

DISTORTER: Thank you for this opportunity, Mr. X. I assure you that this interview is in the strictest of confidence; I will not print anything that you do not want me to.

Mr. X.: That's good to hear. I trust you're not tape recording this. You seem trustworthy to me, so maybe I can tell you a few secrets, just so long as you don't print them...

D: Of course not. If I may, let me start with a broad question: What is the mission of RIT?

X: To provide a quality education to students at a competitive price, to remain on the cutting edge of technology, to create well-rounded members of society, who are experts in their fields.

D: No, really. What is the true goal, off the record?

X: To make a fast buck.

D: I see. This applies to all of the administration?

X: Of course. Remember, this is off the record. I am the one who decides all policy, makes all the rules. I have set this institute up to function in a specific way, all for the ultimate goal. Well, actually, I hope to have a little fun, too. You see, I was abused as a child, so I get my jollies off of making life hell for all students here.

D: You don't say! Off the record, could I ask you to elaborate on certain issues? I think that by knowing what's really going on, I can easily twist the facts in this story to your advantage, you know what I mean?

D: Now, let's talk money. Does RIT break even, ever?

X: Break even! Hell, we make one of the largest profits in the US! We just cheat on our taxes, and alter our records to make it look like we're hurting, but actually, we're sitting pretty. Tuition — I raise it every year, whether it's necessary or not. Inflation, rising costs of education, poor enrollment; they're all excuses that students and parents fall for. I get RIT involved in projects that look like we don't have the money for, but we do. The Student Life Center...I could buy two of those out of my own pocket! I just say to my people "Raise some money!" And they do. Then we all go out on a Caribbean cruise for two weeks, and get really drunk, all at our alumni's, student's and their parent's expense! Isn't that cool?

D: Wow. That's wild. All this time I thought RIT really was trying to do something constructive. All you want is a good time, huh? What about the Imaging Science Center? What about the Bausch & Lomb Visitor's Center?

X: Imaging Science was my idea. It gets the students psyched, and I can ask for more money. Bausch & Lomb, well they offered us money if we put their name on the building, so I said OK. I hope Kodak tries the same thing...

D: Let's talk about student life a little bit. Don't you realize that students are angry with this place? It seems every which way you turn, RIT makes your life miserable.

X: Aw, poor babies...Isn't that awful? Well, you know, like I said before, I thrive on this stuff. Whaddaya want? A bunch of candy-asses? By having all of these obstacles against them, it weeds out the sissies and only the strong survive! Don't you get it? See, even you are still here, and you must have gone through some shit during your career. I'll bet you changed your major from Engineering or Computers or something to Packaging Science, didn't you?

D: Well, that's not important.

X: Oh, I see. So you did. Which is my point. I make those majors so tough that even Einstein would be in tears. Look, if I get a student's money to be a Micro-E or something, then they flunk out, big deal. I wind up twelve grand richer! Those that want to stick it out change to a lesser major, and I don't have to tell you the names of them; everybody knows which majors are for losers.

D: If you don't mind my saying, your values seem a little twisted. Are you a member of some weird religion or group?

X: No. I was shaped in my ideals as a young boy by my mentor, a Mr. B. L. Zeebub, who I now keep in contact with on a daily basis. He inspires me and gives me many ideas which make this place such a success.

D: So, B. L. Zeebub has a lot of say in what goes on here?

X: You could say that. One of his masterpieces is the way he devised that social scene here. I just implemented it. His ideas were: Let's soak the students for money by tacking on a "Student Activity Fee" on their bill, which they think is going for entertainment, and stuff like that. But I think you know where it really goes. Hell, if that money really went for that, I have the Grateful Dead play in the Ice Rink, and it would be FREE. That would please some, I'm sure. Mr. B. L. Zeebub says they're his favorite band. But instead, I'm charging the students to see Debbie Gibson, you know, "Top 40" dribble that really pisses off the Led Zeppelin fans.

D: OK. The bricks here. Explain.

X: Well, again, not my idea, although I wish it were. You see, it's kinda philosophical. All elements of aesthetics and nature should be removed. This 'aint Harvard you know! So, no ivy crawling up the building (unless it's poison ivy), no trees, birds, etc. That's why we built on a swamp. Rats, cockroaches, the works, they all get into the food services units and residence halls, you know. Sure, they're part of nature, but they're the part nobody likes. We really didn't have to cut those trees down for the Imaging Science Center. We just thought they were too pretty. We want the atmosphere to be unpleasant. You notice things really get bad in the classrooms. We crank the heat up to 85 degrees, and have limited ventilation or windows, except for where the view is nasty. I especially love it when bulldozers plow up the

ground, and then it rains. It's awe-inspiring. It also increases the chances for something to go wrong.

D: What about Cumpiss Safety? What's the scoop with them?

X: Ah, I knew you'd ask. Wait a second—have you been recording any of this? You better not. Remember, it's all off the record.

D: I know. Don't worry about it. Now, please continue; this is fascinating!

X: Cumpiss Safety's job is to be as annoying as possible. They have no authority at all, but the students don't realize that. They are a major source of revenue, what with parking tickets, speeding tickets, etc. Their radar guns are built to be off by 10 miles per hour, so they can legally get away with pulling over innocent drivers. Parking tickets are great. We don't make it known what the little rules are, so people can get screwed and not even realize they were breaking a rule. Incredibly frustrating, wouldn't you say? The best part is, you don't pay up, you don't get your diploma. Terrible, aren't we?

D: Indeed. Speaking of drunks, let's talk about the departments that handle tuition, and classes and grades.

X: Well, the computer software for these departments is what makes it all happen. Messing up bills, overcharging, losing financial aid, inability to get classes, purposely lowering grades; they're all a special part of the computer system to make things difficult.

D: Talking about difficult, do you know how hard it was for me to find a parking space? I had to practically walk a half mile!

D: What about recent concerns about prejudice on this campus?

X: I started it. It gives the students somewhere to direct their energies, besides sex. You see, that I must stifle, because some jerk brought a sample of AIDS into a bio lab to run tests on it, and it got out. So, I'm worried that students will die off from too much of the horizontal mambo, then we lose a whole lot of money. Can't have that. So, I make sure that the Emissions Office only accepts a limited number of females. Everybody's a little bit more tense, but, that's not my problem, just ask my secretaries.

D: Well, I think I've got enough here. This just really confirms everything I've ever suspected about RIT.

X: Wait a second here. Did you get anything down at all?

D: Oh, sure, "RIT's mission is to provide a quality education, etc."

WRITTEN BY T. PHONY



Swaggart Wants Ass

Hallelujah! On March 23, 1988, TV. evangelist Jimmy Swaggart declared to the Associated Press that he's "stepping down from his post as host of the nation's most popular religious broadcast." The self proclaimed "old-fashion revival preacher" has recently admitted his inability to resist a "good piece of ass." Mr. Swaggart has agreed to receive counseling and penance in the form of spankings from those of his followers who donate in excess of a thousand dollars to the Assemblies of God Ministry. Reverend Swaggart has joined two other creme de la creme Assembly of God Reverend 'shaman-Jims', Jim Baker and Jim Jones, who have made 'faith healing' a reputable form of southern spellbinding and an effectual slice of Americana. According to the good reverend, "I am receiving much support from my people and encourage them to continue. As it says in the scriptures, "Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. . . . Praise the Lord, Hallelujah!" When asked if this meant that he was to have his penis removed, Swaggart replied, "You can't take the bible so literally, a good spanking is what is in order, Hallelujah!" When asked about the recent death of porn star John Holms, Swaggart replied with a sly grin, "I haven't seen Johnny in years. . . the last time being in early '83 when we tag-teamed that United Airlines stewardess. John appeared as healthy as a horse, he sure was hung like one. . . . Lord have Mercy!"

Spaull Speaks

Dr. Elaine Spaull, assistant vice-president of Student Affairs, is conducting Monday's upcoming Lunch and Learning Series. Spaull's lecture will be entitled "How To Dress And Style Your Hair For Success." Spaull will discuss the evolution of hairstyles and skirt lengths, and their relativistic effects on career advancement. Spaull will highlight the recent resurgence of the long hairstyles of the late '70s. Spaull believes hair styles of the 60's are coming back as well, and she will lead the pack by putting her hair in a bouffant. The lecture is sponsored by the Long Island Retailing Major Association. Open to all students, bring your lunch if you'd like.



Eight Year Study Of Dr. Rose's Eyebrows Concludes

The eight-year, multi-million dollar study based out of the University of Chicago has come to an end with some exciting conclusions. Ludwig Caterpillar, leader of the study, says, "Some of the information learned from Dr. Rose's eyebrows could benefit millions of men around the world who have hair loss problems."

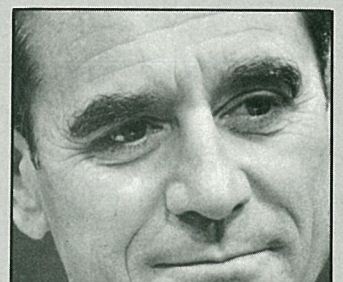
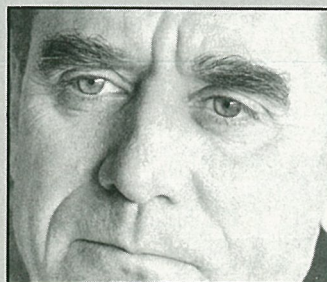
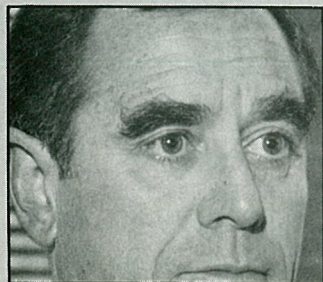
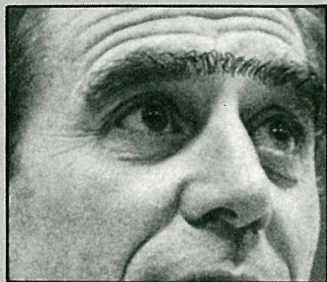
Caterpillar chose Rose's eyebrows as the centerpiece of his study because he believes they have more character and emotional expression than any other hair follicles known to man. Rose's

hair follicle count per linear inch is also one of the highest numbers Caterpillar has had the pleasure of observing.

Having such wonderful eyebrows would be nice but for Rose it does cause some inconveniences. Rose's eyebrows grow at such a fantastic rate that he burns out one Remington Microscreen shaver a month. When he is not looking, the eyebrows play tricks on him and quickly connect into one large eyebrow. This has plagued Rose on two occasions speaking to the board of trustees.

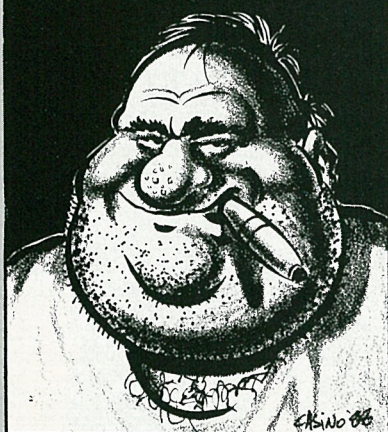
Caterpillar calls this phenomenon The Bert & Ernie Effect (Sesame Street).

According to Caterpillar, in five to ten years, cloned patches of Dr. Rose's eyebrows will be commercially available to the balding public for skin grafts. With Rose's eyebrows fully grown on top of heads, Caterpillar believes facial expressions will take on a new meaning—encompassing the entire head. □



Pictured from left to right are the many exciting expressions of Dr. Rose's Eyebrows. One can easily see why Ludwig Caterpillar was so excited at the prospects of study. The far left photo is one of Dr. Rose's dreaded Board of Trustees Meetings, where he was suddenly plagued with the Bert and Ernie syndrome in mid sentence.

HUGH G. RECTION'S ASSTRAL PREDICKIONS



ARIES (March 21-April 20): The start of this month will find you itching to go to Student Health as a result of your wanton ways during spring break. Better get rid of those little buggers quickly, because mid-month brings your lust of three years knocking at your door. Forget borrowing a cup of sugar, this babe is interested in one thing only; too bad your jock roommate is better at it than you are. Not to worry—Gays, Lesbians, and Friends is always excited over new members.

TAURUS (April 21-May 21): Congratulations! For the third consecutive year you are the winner of the "Hairiest Palms On Campus" contest. The first prize, a year's supply of Vaseline, guarantees you as a shoe-in winner for next year's contest. That man you've been trying to bag finally notices you—after you fart in the history class you have together. Your fat, balding professor promises you a passing grade if you agree to performing oral sex on him in front of his wife.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21): That drunken night you can't remember comes back to haunt you when your friend shows you your photo in a national magazine—Hustler's Beaver Hunt section. Signs indicate poverty and a thirty pound weight gain brought on by nightly Corner Store binges at the end of the month. Your parents become born again Christians, decide you are devil's spawn, and cut off all funds to prevent you from doing the dark lord's work.

CANCER (June 22-July 23): A "Dear John" letter from home sends you into a drinking frenzy. For your sorrow, you are rewarded with thirty hours of pot scrubbing at Gracie's after Cumpiss Safely discovers you urinating on the sundial at 3:00 A.M. Your roommate purposely gives away your favorite childhood stuffed animal to a local charity and tries to make up for it by offering to let you use her vibrator.

LEO (July 24-August 23): There's a strong possibility that you will get caught cheating on a test or shoplifting from the bookstore. Your best friend comes to visit for the weekend and leaves with a new boyfriend—yours! Your roommate's pet ferret escapes at the end of the month and devours your \$20,000 bag of premium weed.

VIRGO (August 24-September 23): Mercury girls, the time is right to take on a new hobby—try showering on a daily basis. Your roommate confesses that he was mad at you two weeks ago and put pinpricks in all of your condoms. Too bad you're already on a new box. Your Easter at home becomes a disaster when your fifteen year old sister reveals that she's pregnant and you're still a virgin.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): You try pot for the first time and then find out your Co-op is giving mandatory drug testing the next day. A blind date commits suicide afterwards, and you can't help feeling partly responsible. Watch out for ground glass in your food. An anonymous letter mid-month informs you that your best friend has been "doing it" with your dog Rex.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Dad gets laid off and you must turn to prostitution to pay the rent. You finally pass that calculus class after the fifth time only to discover you didn't need it in the first place. After passing out in a fraternity basement, you wake to find yourself tied to a pool table with your genitals shaved.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21): The "new" washing machine finally spits out your clothes—after ruining a \$100.00 jacket and eating ten dollars worth of quarters. Sex is especially satisfying this month—compliments of Rosie Palm and her five friends. Good news for the archer women, you will outgrow your bras; along with the rest of your clothing. Beware of short women with razor-sharp teeth.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Now is the time to get those annoying venereal warts removed. It seems probable your mate will undergo a sex change after seeing you naked. Costly video game addiction will cause you to adopt a new diet of boogers and water. Postpone all fun indefinitely.

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): Signs indicate your nightly bed-wetting problem will become public knowledge; excellent chance of being over-exposed to radiation, which will render you impotent. An old lover resurfaces with a bundle of joy that you made together, chances are the child inherits her low, simian forehead. Go with the flow.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): An attack of flatulence during lovemaking seems likely, and you don't have any pets to blame it on. A badly-aimed frisbee will ruin your new nose-job, earning you the nickname "Snuffy". Your spring formal will be marred as a sudden visit from the monthly menace soils your \$300.00 gown. A good time to take up traffic-dodging.

DISTRODIAC

Epileptic Sex

(QT) Kodak scientists may have stumbled on the pleasure drug of the century. A chemical substance found in one of Kodak's Rochester labs was found to cause epileptic-like seizures in laboratory animals. As a side effect, however, the drug also produces orgasm-like effects in the convulsing animal when given a chance to perform intercourse. The drug, it seems stimulates the pleasure centers of the brain, making each thrust of the convulsion add to the peak of ecstasy that the animal may be feeling at the height of intercourse. Other than the convulsion, the drug has no side effects, and it wears off in a matter of hours. Just think, if this drug ever was made available to humans, the most cold, prudish person could be made not only to enjoy sex, but to give some of the most pleasurable sexual stimulations ever thought possible.

Age-Old Proverb Repealed

(QT) It seems that the old saying, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away" may no longer be true. Doctors at U. of R. Medical Center, in cooperation with MIT have found that the chemical combinations existing in the common red delicious apple may be toxic, and more hazardous to the health than smoking, drinking, or drugs. When the pulp of 3 mashed apples was injected into the veins of a rat, the rat instantly succumbed to a death worse than cancer. When an autopsy was performed, the innards of the rat had the consistency of apple sauce. It must be stated, however, that in smaller dosages, the apple puree was not only non-toxic, but helpful to the body. When asked about the peculiar results, one U. of R. scientist stated, "Well, maybe this theory is just a pile of mush."

Tiger Kills Three

(QT) It seems that the RIT Tiger mascot has escaped from its cage at the APO fraternity office, and is on the loose. Cumpiss Safely Officer, Angel Guacamole, has been chasing the cat all week, but to no avail. When asked to comment on the situation, Mr. Guacamole said, "He's a sneaky little beast. . . I hope we get him soon." The tiger has thus far trampled the bushes behind Grace Flatsome Hall, killing three. A representative of APO, when asked to comment stated, "It's just a guy in a costume. . . I don't know why you



guys are taking this so seriously." Cumpiss Safely has just requisitioned a tiger trap.

Meyers Are Morons

(QT) The "Missing Link" may have been discovered, right here at RIT. It seems that *homo meyerurnass*, or meyers for short have been at RIT for years. What is a meyer? Well, a meyer is a slimy, sleezy academic leech. They can be found in daylight hours in computer labs, but at night, they return to their native domain of sewer holes. They are generally a greasy sort of character, seemingly working hard, but actually robbing those around them blind. For years, this form of life has eluded scientists, disguising itself as a "computer geek" or "super-nerd", but some clever RIT Biology student caught on. He claims to have seen the meyer in both stages: geeky and leechy. This biology student claims to have trapped the meyer by offering it brussel sprouts at the dining hall. When

the meyer refused them, the bio-major new he wasn't dealing with a geek, but a meyer. All that can be said in closing is: Beware, meyers can be anywhere!

Earthlings Beware

(QT) What's that 'hump' on your back? Is it a deformation? Nope. It's more likely that it is just one of the many parasitic aliens roaming the RIT campus. What are they? It seems they are small, basketball-sized creatures that attach themselves to their human 'host' via the spinal cord, and rest below the clothing, between the shoulder blades. They control the mind and actions of their hosts. They also seem to have the ability to choose a more-desirable host, one with a higher I.Q. They would then detach from their current host, and reattach to the smarter specimen. They are not harmful to humans, except that a human host can't expect to achieve above a 2.10 GPA. It seems they came on a bus with some SUNY Brockport hockey players.



Nude Skateboarding

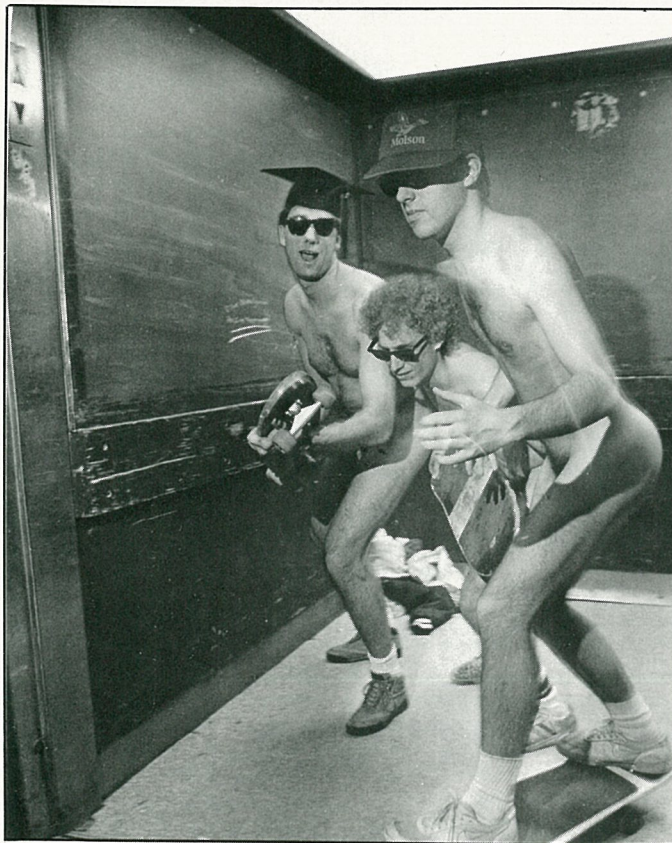
WRITTEN BY SPILLS, HARPO AND SID

Nude skateboarding, the current wave at RIT. It has become the most popular spring and summer pastime in Rochester. How did it all start?

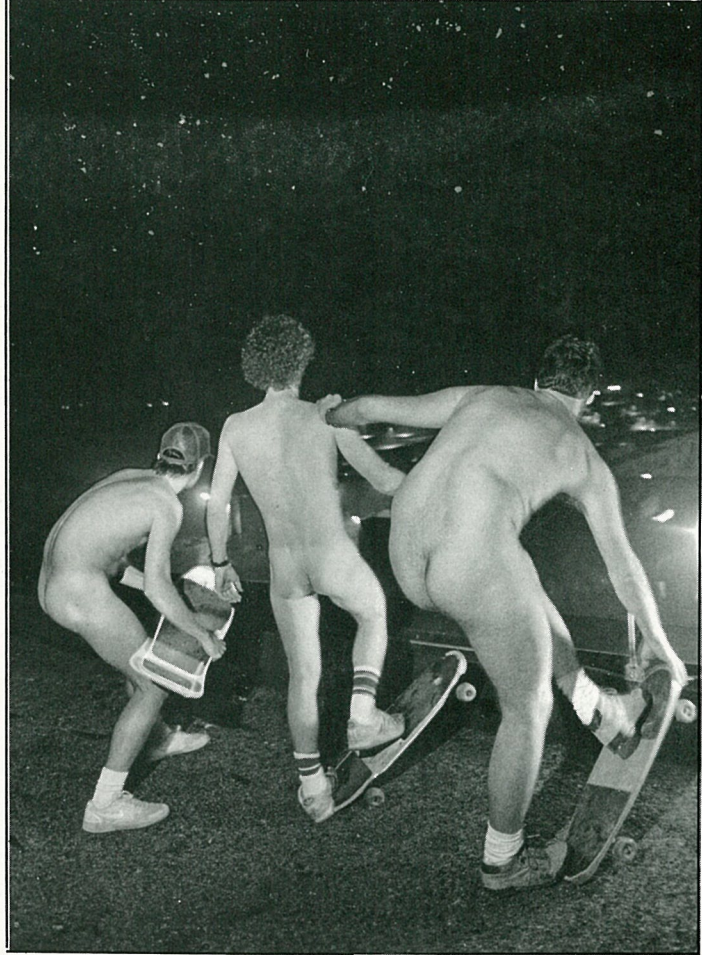
According to Harpo, one of Nude Skateboarding's Founding Fathers, the sport's origins are rooted back in the summer of 1986. Five students were gathered in a hot sweltering dormroom drinking chilled potato vodka after an unsettling encounter with a Nick Tahou's garbage plate. Several Founding Fathers brought up the question of whether flatulence can propel a skateboard. After several unsuccessful attempts, Sid (another Founding Father) commented that "a sudden unbelievable feeling overcame everyone, we wanted to get naked, scream, and pillage the campus. We needed a release." Nude skateboarding was the answer to these primordial urges that overcame these young men on that fateful evening in July 1986.

The Nude Skateboard Guild quickly established a strong following and subsequent ground rules for the exciting sport. 1) In the interest of modesty, footwear is a must. 2) No covering your genitals when encountering strangers. 3) The Nude Skateboarding Guild accepts no responsibility for impotence incurred during skateboarding. 4) NO HOMOSEXUALS!! Other than this anything goes.

Academically the Guild members are no slouches. They proudly boast the ability to combine athletics and academics. During finals week this spring the Guild will be working closely with the Learning Development Center conducting evening sessions quizzing on wheels for all interested women. Future plans include parade appearances, development of a Winter Polar Bear Club, and Guild sponsored trips to Florida to keep our wheels



in top form. Recruitment-wise, Spills says, "If you like skinny dipping you're going to love nude skateboarding." Sid emphasizes that "nude skateboarding gives benefits similar to those of wearing boxer shorts by promoting healthier sperm development and higher sperm count. This is achieved by the excitement and reduced temperature of the testicles." Har-



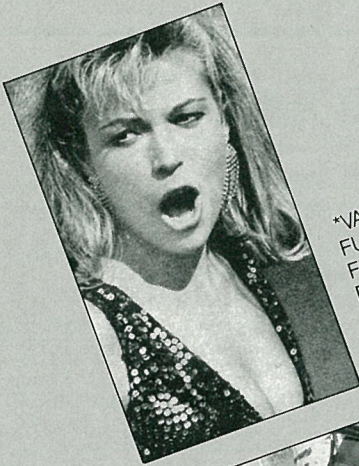
From left clockwise: Guild members frequently travel together. Here members attack yet another school day with their usual enthusiasm. Members take a breather from an evening of boarding to absorb one of RIT's spectacular views. Members securing funding for an overnight excursion to the U of R.



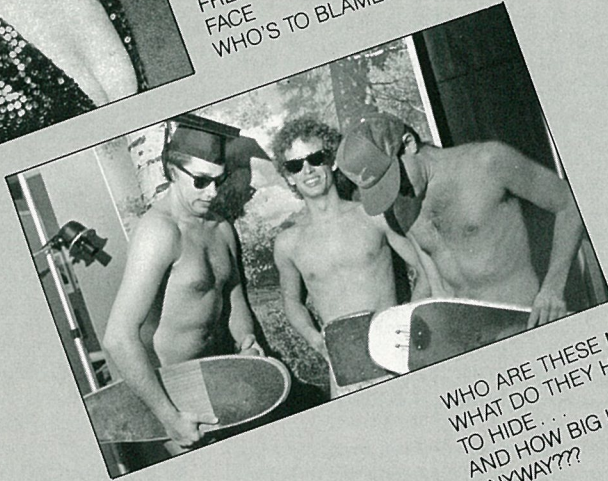
po adds "it's a must for every man, just like nude skydiving, but vertical—fun for women too."

Currently, the Guild is planning a 24-hour nude Skate-A-Thon from Rochester to Niagara Falls to promote AIDS awareness and safe sex. The participants will each wear a prophylactic of their choice for the duration. Upon completion, the participants will ceremoniously piss off their prophylactics in a triumphant arc over the falls. We look forward to your continued support and personal athletic support of our Guild. And remember, whenever you see a nude skateboarder, treat him with respect, and see if you can determine his exact speed by the angle of dangle.

DISTORTED MINDS WANT TO KNOW



*VANNA'S
FUN
FELLATIO
FROLIC
FREEZES
FACE
WHO'S TO BLAME? ...



WHO ARE THESE MEN?
WHAT DO THEY HAVE
TO HIDE...
AND HOW BIG IS IT
ANYWAY???



*IS MARIO
CUOMO GETTING
SLEAZY SEX
NOTES
FROM
LADY
DI????



WHY ARE THESE MEN SMILING?

These men are smiling because censorship works for them. They all agree that censorship is the single best way to promote agreement on an idea. Even on a bad idea. Censorship worked in Nazi Germany, and censorship works today in Iran, Cuba, and the Soviet Union.

Our country, however, was built on the freedom that can be obtained only within a society without censorship. It is this freedom on which DISTORTER is

based. The freedom that allows us to read books like *Huckleberry Finn* and *Ulysses*, or magazines like *Ms.* or *Penthouse*, also allows for the publication of DISTORTER.

DISTORTER would like to thank those people listed at the right for not obstructing our freedom from censorship. If this freedom was not in place, people would not be able to enjoy this non-violent, non-destructive parody of RIT's society presented here.

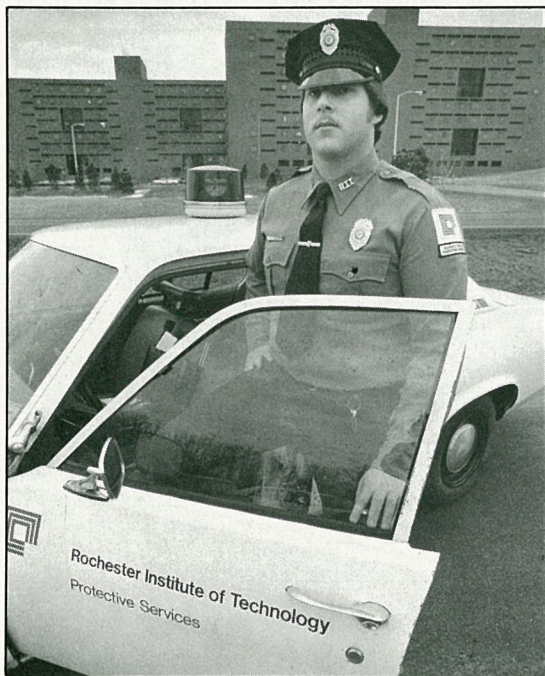
Thank You for not
obstructing our
freedom from
censorship:

Elaine Spaul
Ronald Reagan
Fred Smith
Oliver North
Jesse Jackson
Richard M. Rose
Campus Safety
Pat Robertson
All Greeks
Walter Mondale
S. U. N. Y. Geneseo
Oral Roberts
Jim & Tammy
Computer Majors
Micro-E Majors
Mom & Dad
Mikhail Gorbachev
RIT Cheerleaders
The Mafia
Gary Hart
Bob Dole
Iran Contras
George Bush
Canadians
Americans
Illegal Aliens
AIDS Victims

and especially:
You, the readers!

STAGE

Death of A Waste-Me



DEATH OF A WASTE-ME
(a three act play on words)

CAST

Johnny—the innocent, unknowing, feeble-minded fool.

Dad—his equally feeble-minded father

Officer Foodcake—the revenue hungry, ticket writing, student hating, Waste-Me Officer

Runny—or two

Class—a group of hopelessly twisted individuals

P.O. 'ED Student'—the hero of the story

Voice Over—the voice of reason

ACT I—"I Wanna Be a Waste-Me"

TIME: Present

PLACE: Typical High School Graduation

SCENE: Johnny and his Dad are standing outside the high school.

Voice Over: (play pomp and circumstance) This is a story about what not to do with you're future!

Dad: So, Johnny now that your done with high school what do you want to do with your future?

Johnny: Well gee Dad, I thought you knew I wanted to go to RIP.

Dad: Why that's a fine choice son, they have lots of innovative majors there that...

Johnny: Wait a minute pops, I do not want to go there for classes (play ominous music)...I want to be a Waste-Me ticket writer (sings to the tune of *I want to be a Lifeguard*) I-I-I want to be a Waste-Me, I-I-I want to ticket your car, I-I-I want to be a Waste-Me, I-I-I want to waste my life!

V.O.: So Johnny went off to RIP to become a Waste-Me. We see tragedy (da, da, da, dum) headed his way from start.

ACT II—Runny Foodcake

V.O.: Upon coming to the Waste-Me office, Johnny is locked in a room for two weeks and forced to watch old Don Rickles Roasts.

SCENE: Two weeks later, a brainwashed Johnny is in a room with other hopeful Waste-Me's-to-be.

Officer Runny: So my little hockey pucks, what are the three primary objectives of the Campuss Waste-Me officer?

Class: (in unison) -1 ticket the cars, all of the cars!, -2 suppress student!, -3 ticket the cars, all of the cars!

Officer Foodcake: And do not forget to give out dual fines, after all you do want to move up in this organization, don't you?

Johnny: Yes, Officer Foodcake, I want to be a Campus Waste-Me officer just like you someday!

Officer Foodcake: Good, uh... Runny, do you think I'm big enough for this job?

Officer Runny: The biggest one I know, next to me that is! (Laughs)

Officer Foodcake: (Laughs) Alright you little hockey puck, get out there and ticket some cars. The one back with the most tickets gets to watch more Don Rickles.

Class: (sings) Heigh ho, heigh ho, its off to ticket we go, we must suppress the students, oh yes, heigh ho, heigh ho, heigh ho.

ACT III—Tigers 1

Voice Over: So the class sets out with high intentions, but the smell of tragedy is in the air. (sniff, sniff) Or maybe it's just the fact that Officer Runny has not changed his shirt in three weeks.

SCENE: A standard parking lot on the RIP campus. Johnny is merrily ticketing cars even though all lots within a five mile radius are full.

Johnny: (talking to self) ticket the cars, all of the cars...suppress the student you hockey puck...ticket, ticket, ticket...(aloud) Boy at this rate I'll be Chief Waste-Me in no time, heigh ho, heigh ho, HO, HO, HO...What do we have here?

Voice Over: Suddenly Officer Johnny sees the rare triple violation. An unregistered illegally parked car with one tire on the yellow line of a legal parking space.

Johnny: Oh boy, a \$45 triple violation...this must be my lucky day!!

Voice Over: Johnny could not have been further from the truth. The auto in question belongs to none other than P.O. ED Student! And here he comes now..

P.O. 'ED Student: What do you think you are doing? Can't you read in the script that there is no parking spaces in a five mile radius?

Johnny: I'm really sorry (snicker, snicker) but you should have (guffaw) parked there and walked if you didn't (laughs) want to pay. (cracks up)

P.O. 'ED Student: Why you little S.O.B.! That's it for the sake of students everywhere...I'm-a gonna keel you. (grabs Johnny)

Voice Over: POW! BANG! ZOOM! (and other BATMAN fight cards)

P.O. 'ED Student: Singin' in the rain (kick, kick) Just singin' in the (kick, kick) rain. What a glorious feelin'. You won't ticket me again!

Voice Over: So that concludes our story. Johnny spent six weeks in traction and is now a vegetable available at your grocer's freezer.

P.O.'ED Student: I scared off the other ticket writers and it was once again safe to park at RIP... THE END

VINYL

C.W. Redefines "Cult Classic"

O.K., that's it! I can't keep this one under my hat anymore! I've found one of the hottest, most exciting sounds to ever hit the music world. We're talking bigger than life, hotter than a blue flame (for those that haven't gotten the hint yet; this is great stuff!).

His album is blowing the top off all the charts, from college to top forty. His music has created a new meaning to the phrase, "cult classic." Who is this man, or is he a

higher being? Is it Elvis?, Johnny Rotten?, Michael Jackson? No! It's none other than C.W. McCall. Yes, that's right, good old C.W. has created something bigger than even U2's *Joshua Tree*. McCall has put together a twelve-song compilation L.P. consisting of the classics that have set the airwaves ablaze over the last few years.

This unbelievable album opens with that trucker's favorite, "Convoy". There is something about the way C.W. ties in CB

calls like, "Let them truckers roll, Ten Four!" that sends shivers up my spine. A special club beat mix of this timeless classic can be found on a soon-to-be-released EP. McCall created this mix for those who just can't get enough of the tune.

"Four Wheel Drive," my personal favorite, has a driving sound that has caused a ruckus among punks all over the U.S. The screaming sound of the lead banjo

reminds me of guitar licks from bands like The Jesus and Mary Chain or the Ramones. C.W. McCall's *Greatest Hits* continues with other great tunes like "Old Home Filler-up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe," "Round The World With The Rubber Duck," and "Crispy Critters."

This album is on its way to platinum as we speak and there is talk from critics about Album of the Year. It's hard to tell how far this LP will go but I have a feeling McCall has only begun! C.W. has just recently launched a major 300-city tour supporting the *Greatest Hits* album. C.W. stated that he chose small, hick towns and backwoods bars for his tour instead of major stadiums because the country is more his style. If you're planning on catching McCall's show, be sure to buy tickets early; his shows are selling out incredibly fast and lines of hostile people have been found at Ticketrons all over the U.S.

Oh! To support the spirit of the "Convoy" tour, C.W. and the band are traveling across the 'States in 18-wheel rigs. Also, if you own a CB radio, be sure to listen to C.W. and the boys on channel 38 as they "keep on truckin'" across the U.S. So, "Let them truckers roll, Ten Four!"

—LOU MASELLA

Germanic Frenzy

The Germans have done it again. Leave it to those alcoholics to make a movie not fit for children, animal lovers or those with a religious state of mind, where the lead roles are played by animals. That's right!

Max's prime movie flick is one not to be viewed by all! This classic blue movie, *Barnyard Frenzy*, is not your ordinary X-rated flick. The scenes include outstanding performances by various farm animals, like chickens and mules, as well as guest performances by a deep sea dweller, the eel, and also man's best friend. That's right, even Spot worked his way into this one. Of course, those in this film capable of talking don't speak English. So, for those viewers not fluent in German, the movie is subtitled for convenience. Although, I have to admit, most of the dialogue in this film needs no translating. Some words, and sounds, are universally understood.

Let me tell you, no ordinary sick-minded person could create something like this! Only someone excelling in the world of pornography could put together something like this. But, I imagine, after a while the scenes and sounds were ad-lib.

I'm sure this masterpiece can be found in all the finest, most respectable video establishments in America. But, you had better reserve a copy soon because I'm sure this blue box office hit won't be on the shelves for too long!

Oh, I must say this in closing: the actors and actresses in this production are professionals and I wouldn't advise anyone, even those with the most twisted minds, to try any of these, shall we say, techniques in your own home! Otherwise... Enjoy!

—MAX ARBOS

Ice Beavers Bone The Ice Studs

Excitement abounded as the Ice Beavers defeated the Ice Studs Hockey team last week in an exhibition game, 69-0. The drama of the evening did not end there, however, as the overzealous victors were involved in a criminal incident.

The first period began with a quadruple cross-check on senior stud "Puck" Offandeye, which sent him flying into the boards, sustaining a collarbone injury and a nasty groin injury. The fans would attest to the fact that these boys were scared, as the women gritted their teeth and played some "old-fashioned hockey."

Carnage continued throughout the first period as the women pounded the men into bloody pulps. The men, whose spirits were broken by the taunts of the women, played miserably. The fans were upset, until a seemingly good goal was scored by the men at 8:15, only to be discounted because it rebounded off the goalie's left tit, which is un-sportsmanlike conduct.

Overtly sexual gestures were made by both teams toward the referees, who by the way are both males, and very much in love. Their anger resulted in the men's team spending many penalty minutes in "the hot box." The men's team, while in "the box" became extremely tired. Their playing suffered as the women slammed them into the boards. The referees, too busy looking at each others' bulges, were preoccupied

enough not to notice major penalties.

The second period showed much of the same, with the women dominating in more ways than one. Some had to be peeled off of the men's goalie. Three of the Ice Beavers became extremely unruly, peeling off their jerseys in front of the goalie, and exposing their swinging breasts in an attempt to break his concentration to allow their teammates to "score."

By the third period, the women were up by 56-0, so most of the fans left. Those that remained, including myself, were treated to the most raucous, erotic hockey game they have ever seen. Nobody was left in the stands—all wound up on the ice, indulging in various carnal delights. Let me tell you, those hot Ice Beavers really know how to stick-handle! While all of this was going on, Liz Bean, a senior right wingnut, single-handedly scored the other thirteen goals.

After the game, the Ice Beavers sexually assaulted the men's coach (inspired by their male peer's escapades) in the locker room, demanding that he show them how to "put the puck in the net." He was found the next day in a bush, looking half-dead. No lawsuits are pending at this time.

The Beavers, who were checked for damage, did not fare too well. 98% failed the "Pencil Test" because of excessive breast tissue damage.

Deadbeat Of The Week



The RIT Tiger, the ever-present mascot from Rochester, New York, has been named Deadbeat of the Week. The Tiger was selected for his recent escape from the Grace Watson Drug Rehabilitation Center.

Tiger was placed in the Center after it was discovered he was selling counterfeit, ugly orange 'tiger gloves' to support his \$2,000-a-day cocaine habit. RIT Apathetic Director Lou Spitoon had this to say about Tiger: "He was one of the best mascots we had, but I guess we now know why he was always so excited and high strung."

Tiger resigned from the position immediately after he was caught and submitted himself to treatment which consists of sucking 'Gracie Burgers' through a straw while looking in a mirror. After the treatment the patient gets extreme gastric distress whenever they look in a mirror. According to R.E. Hab, treatment coordinator, "This makes it impossible for the patient to do massive lines without farting up a storm."

In an exclusive interview with DISTORTER after his escape, the Tiger reported he was headed to Colombia. When asked about the treatment, Tiger responded that he always had gastric problems anyway and he "kind of likes the way the smell builds up in the costume."

FRUIT OF THE BLOOM by Berke Farted

Do You Sandy Seman take Harry Hyman to be your jawfully wetted husband?

I do.
And do you, Harry Hyman take Sandy Seman to be your jawfully wetted wife? I do.

Then by the tower incrustrated in me, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may jiz the bride.

Dr. Rob's Sexual Position of the Week— On a crumpled stack of DISTORTERS.

Dr. Rob's Sexual Position #2— With a nude skateboarder!

Hey Watusis— GET PSYCHED! You made it to 21—Get Real Psyched! Tonight we drink too much, break various laws, embarrass ourselves in front of friends, do irreparable harm to our reputations, have sex with people we don't know, spend the night puking into a toilet, have major hang-overs and fail all of our mid-terms!

Richard— You're such a meyer!

Meyer— You're such a dick!

To My Sunday Dinner Man— Sorry to hear about Grandma's sudden illness! Oh, I'd do yoga with you anytime!

TKE— The K-Mart of Fraternities...

My Name Is Slage. Slage I Am!! I throw up green spaghetti and ham!

Oh John, Let's not park here!

Oh John, Let's not park!

Oh John, Let's not!

Oh John, Let's!

Oh John!

OH!

To The Man Who Snores So Loud He makes the room shake—I know the four of us are close friends, but it really only takes two to tango. There are other ways to share a room. PS: Thanks for the pizza—next time it's on me.

Everyone at RIT— L. M. B.!! For those of you who don't already know, that means: LICK MY BALLS!!! —Colby D.

To My Favorite Little Pickle—I couldn't have asked for a better Big Dill. I Love You!!

C.L.A.W.D.I.A.: We laugh, we cry, in fact, we're the biggest fags, spuds, retards ever born. But, if I could only take one person in a space ship to Mars—it would be you. As long as you didn't fart a lot. You're the best.

If you have trouble pissing and find that you can't cum at all, I think Pokey would be a good name for you...

To My Big Unic Fatty— It's O.K. for you to come over for dinner now—all my good food is gone. Spud!!

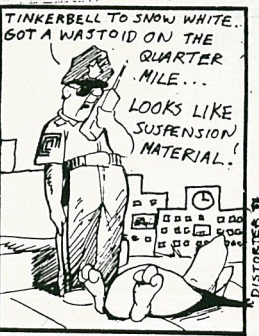
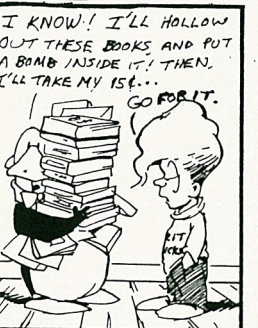
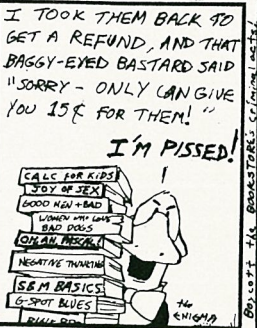
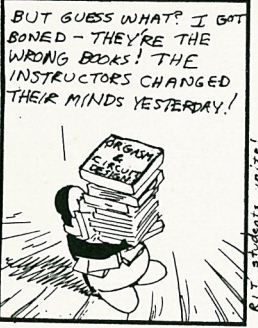
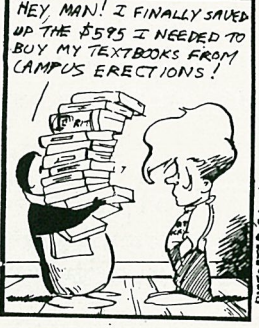
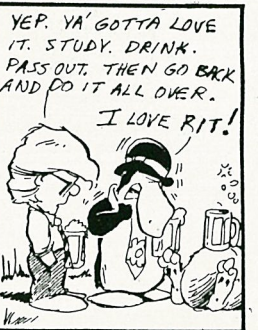
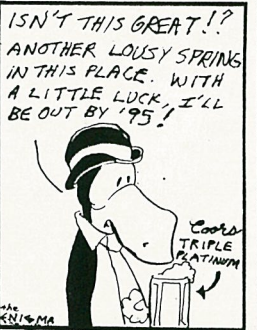
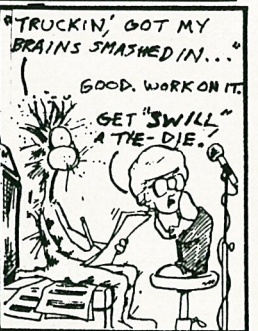
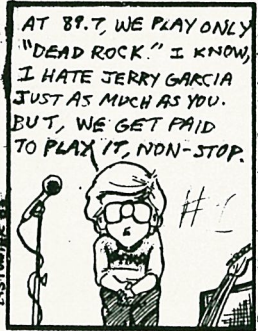
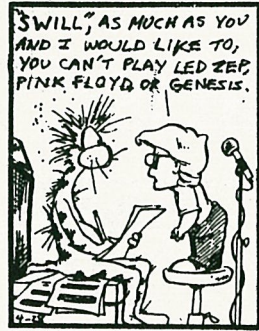
I'm Sure I Felt a Hymen! My dad's a gynecologist—I know about these things!

To The New Apartment Owners— Love those informative lunch sessions. The three of you never cease to shock us. Who ever knew being bad could feel so good, all over. It's so tingly. Boom! Love Laudiacly Nefurdary.

The Pre-Ejaculation Club—Come early or miss all the fun. Meet in the 18.29 room 7:00-7:05 p.m on days that don't end in 'y'.

1988 BAD ADs Have "Fine Print" Too—

BAD ADs can't be submitted by any full-time, or part-time RIT students, except those that we like here at DISTORTER. Other people can submit BAD ADs at a charge of \$25.00 per ad. BAD ADs go in whatever damn section we please to put them in. BAD ADs cannot be submitted in person, unless you wear a mask. Then they must be submitted before the shitty deadline passes, and are limited to 4387 words. BAD ADs without profanity will not be published without the explicit permission of the editor in chief. There is a limit of 46 BAD ADs per person, place, or thing (any more will be spit on). Free BAD ADs will run only once, unless you have sex with all our production personnel. DISTORTER reserves the right to piss all over the authors, but will never release their names, as the originals all burned in a freak fire. The Editor in chief apologizes for the inconvenience, but will puke on you if you bother him.

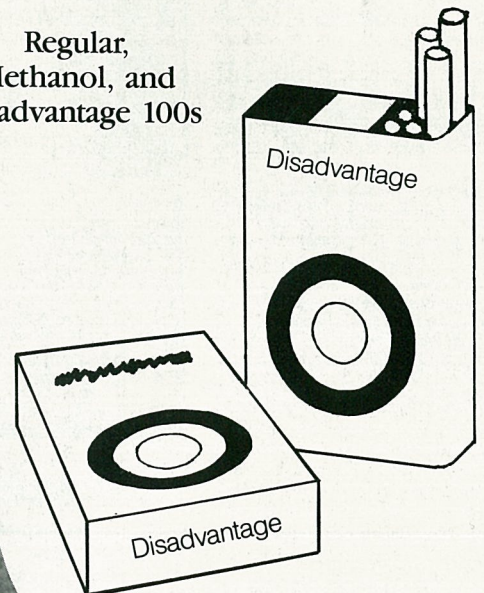


'I smoke because I'm an asshole.'

"Why Kid anyone? I get pleasure out of filling my lungs with filth and smut. And even though I say I can quit anytime, I know deep down that I'm well on my way to the grave.

"So I searched out a cigarette that speaks for my habit. Why do I smoke Disadvantage? Because only death stands in the way of my smoking."

Regular,
Methanol, and
Disadvantage 100s



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cancer Is Dangerous To Your Health.